THE

THEOSOPHIST

A MAGAZINE OF

Brotherhood, Oriental Philosophy,
Art, Literature and Occultism

EDITED BY

ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

Vol. XXXII

PART II. April 1911 to September 1911

THE THEOSOPHIST OFFICE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1911

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DIVINE WISDOM it is truly *Lucifer*, the Light-Bearer. May its Light shine more and more brightly, until the risen Sun of Truth shall make all light-bearers unnecessary.

***

I have been much interested in reading in *The Students' Chronicle*, issued by the Serampore College, Bengal, that that College holds a Royal Charter as a University, given to it in 1827 by King Frederic VI. of Denmark, who was its first Patron, and who was the great-grandfather of Her Majesty the Queen-Mother. The College was founded by William Carey, Joshua Marshman and William Ward, three Christian missionaries, who supported it out of their earnings. They used from Rs. 25 to Rs. 50 each for family expenses, and paid over the rest to a common fund, which supported the College and the Mission. Mr. Carey earned Rs. 1,300 a month as Professor of Samskṛt at Fort William and Bengali translator to Government, and the others earned about the same amount by an English school and a printing-press. They thus gave some twelve lakhs of rupees between them. All the funds raised were lost in 1830 by the failure of the banks in which they had been placed, and these brave and noble pioneers of English education in India died, without having been able to utilise their Charter. All honor to them, none the less, for they worthily played their part, and sowed good seed. Now, in 1910, the Charter is to be put in force, and Serampore Christian College will grant degrees in Divinity. Our good Christian brothers are thus the first in the field with a University duly chartered, under private control. I had no idea of the existence of this University, when I set to work to draw up a Petition for the granting of a Charter to the University of India, but I cannot but be glad that the splendid labors of these good Missionaries are bearing fruit eighty-three years after they gained their Charter, and I am quite content to play second fiddle to these self-sacrificing pioneers. The College itself

was founded in 1818. Students of all religions and countries are admissible to it, although the instruction is Christian, and while its main object is Christian Divinity, it has also an Arts Department.

***

Lieut. Colonel Nicholson writes to me that the Eastbourne Town Library recently refused a gift of some Theosophical books and of the *Theosophist*, though it has on its shelves a copy of the *Ancient Wisdom*, which, when these were offered, was out on loan to a subscriber. The Chairman does not wish people to read Theosophical literature, and the good town of Eastbourne should rejoice in his fatherly care for its orthodoxy. It would be a good thing to start a Theosophical Reading Circle in Eastbourne, and later form a Lodge; Brighton and Folkestone have both strong Lodges, and could help a younger sister. Lieut. Colonel Nicholson has found four Eastbourne booksellers to sell pamphlets and books, so that the Chairman of the Town Library has not succeeded in preventing the shining of the Light, and his action has also led to the discovery of some Theosophical students in the town. The Tunbridge Wells Library has accepted with thanks an offer similar to that refused by Eastbourne. Was it not in the neighborhood of Eastbourne that King Knut in vain commanded the flowing tide to stop?

***

The Animals' Friend publishes a sad account of the sufferings of the ponies used in the coal-pits of England and Wales. The miners complain of the cruelty, but are powerless to prevent it; the boy driving the pony must, according to a miner who recounted what went on in his pit, draw forty-two tons of coal during the working day, and if he fails is discharged. The ponies are very small, Highland or Welsh, and in many places the galleries are only 3 ft. 9 in. high, and the ponies have to get through on their knees. When, in a recent strike, the ponies were

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OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS. 11 FEB 1911 MADRAS.

Vol. XXXII No. 1

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE milestones on Life's Road seem near together as age advances, while in youth how huge a length of way stretches between them. This magazine, born in my own month of birth, had the opening of its Thirty-first volume just a year ago, and since then eleven numbers have indubitably followed it, so that it now stands complete on the book-shelf, bearing witness to the fact that twelve months have run their course since October 1909. And yet it seems so brief a time ago. The Watch-Tower which opened our Thirty-first volume was written in New York City, on August 2nd, 1909, at the beginning of my last American tour. This one is written in the President's Room, Adyar, where our President-Founder penned many an article for his beloved *Theosophist*, and where many another President will sit in many a year to come. For Presidents may come and go, but the Theosophical Society lives and will live, the Ark which bears within it the seeds for the New World, the Ark which may be storm-tossed, but never will be wrecked. The *Theosophist* is only its flag, and it floats gaily on the breeze. Carrying far and wide the message of the

brought to the surface, the day-light revealed such a shocking condition "that every one of them had to be shot". As *The Animals' Friend* remarks, machinery should take the place of the ponies. Many mining companies in France, Austria, Belgium and Holland are using specially designed locomotives instead of ponies, and find them cheaper. Even South Africa has had some engines sent out, but England lags behind. Will some horse-loving M. P. take the matter up, and persuade the House of Commons, if it can spare time from its quarrel with the Lords, to pass a Bill prohibiting the use of ponies underground?

***

The Bishop of Tasmania has been giving a very interesting public lecture on Reincarnation. He distinguished four phases of the belief: Transmigration, the simple passing of the soul from body to body, a belief found among savage peoples, widely spread, and crystallised in folk-lore; then re-incarnation, as in Brâhmanism in India, and as in the Orphic Mysteries in Greece, based on a moral law; then metempsychosis, as in Buḍḍhism, in Plato and Plotinus, based on a philosophical and metaphysical idea as to the nature of the soul and its origin, looking on the earthly life as a stage in the upward progress of the soul to God; the fourth stage was exemplified in Schopenhauer, the union of metaphysics and modern science: the will to live builds up a body which is the expression of the soul. The Bishop did not give his own view, but propounded certain theses:

(1) Every argument that could be used for immortality could also be used for pre-existence. (2) Then there was the question of affinities. "You air my affinity," as the woman said to Artemus Ward. There was a speculation that true love was the coming together of a divided soul, split up, as it were, by the accidents of time and space. (3) Another problem was that of character. Could everything be put down to heredity? He believed there was something unique in each individual, even at birth. (4) Another deep problem was that of the evolutionary process. Why should not our souls progress from zero to infinity, evolving to a higher and higher type? As to the end of the process, he believed that we would in time come to the similitude of God. We would not become God, or then our personality would disappear.

Such a lecture is surely a sign of the times; Bishop Mercer seems to have omitted—but I have only a newspaper report—the doctrine of pre-existence in the form largely held by the Jews and the Early Church; this is surely a sub-division of importance, though perhaps falling under his second stage. Bishop Mercer, I see, has lectured to the Hobart T. S. Lodge. Would that the Church had more Bishops of this type.

***

The *Paisa Akhbar*, in commenting on my scheme for an Indian University, says that there is nothing in the scheme to which exception can be taken, and therefore it has won the support of men of light and leading belonging to different creeds and nationalities. But if the Charter be granted, it opines, then the pretended Indian University would throw off its borrowed colors, and become a Hinḍū University. But does the *Paisa Akhbar* know that it would have been far easier for me to obtain a Charter for a Hinḍū University than for one which is to be undenominational but religious? I should have had much warmer support from Hinḍūs; some of the leading Musalmāns would have gladly signed a petition for a Charter for a Hinḍū University—I have letters stating this—but refused to sign one for an undenominational one; the Anglo-Indian Press has said that it would be easy for me to have the Central Hinḍū College raised to University rank. If a man deceitfully sails under false colors, he surely does not choose those which would put him at a disadvantage. I deliberately chose the harder task, because I believe that denominational Colleges, or hostels, are needed at present, but that an undenominational University might act as a unifying force, so that men, professing different faiths, might have a common Alma Mater, and so feel a bond of union. It may be that India is not yet ripe for this high ideal; if so, I shall

fail, and some one else can take up the easier task of making Hindū, Musalmān and Christian Universities. In the future, if not now, my ideal will be realised by some one more capable and more powerful than myself, and to us, who work for the future in the power of an unending life, immediate success or failure counts but little.

***

As we are going to press I hear that the petition to H. M. the King-Emperor for a Royal Charter for the University of India has been forwarded by H. E. the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India, and it now remains on 'the knees of the Gods,' to be granted or not, as is best for the great work. I am profoundly grateful to the Viceroy that he has been good enough to forward it, and for the sympathy with its object that he has expressed.

***

There was a very fine meeting in Madras on August 23rd, to bid Godspeed to the Indian deportees, who are starting again for South Africa to continue the struggle against the tyranny of the Boer Government. The ill-usage of the British Indians in the Transvaal was one of the causes of the war in South Africa, and now even worse treatment is meted out to them under the British flag, to the dishonor of the Empire. It skills little that the name is changed; it is the same oppressor who now works under the shield of England; it makes the Indian's case the harder. This imperial scandal is working much harm in India, and is stirring up anger and resentment. The only good thing it does is that it unites different creeds and nations. We had Hindū and Musalmān and Christian speakers all standing shoulder to shoulder and claiming justice for the much-wronged sufferers, and two of the strongest speeches were by an English clergyman and an English resident, who, as

Englishmen, felt the shame of the evil wrought under the English flag.

***

A step of the greatest importance in China has been taken; an Imperial Decree has made the study of English compulsory in all the schools of the Empire, and instruction in everything except Chinese literature, history, geography and ethics is to be given in English. Thus the huge population of China is to adopt the English tongue, and amid the multifarious vernaculars English will become the *lingua franca*. English has lately been rising into the position of the dominant world-language, and this decision of China renders its supremacy invulnerable.

***

A number of witnesses bear witness to the fact that a strong fragrance as of Oriental incense is noticeable about the precincts of the ancient Abbey of Glastonbury. This phenomenon is familiar to many Theosophists, who have suddenly found themselves surrounded by such a fragrance; it is ever indicative of super-physical Presences. In Spiritualistic séances, also, similar sweet odors are often experienced. The 'odor of sanctity' is not wholly figurative.

***

A poster sheet, with a very striking design in colors of the Society's seal, has just been issued by some friends in England. The design is in the corner of the sheet, and the sheet is blank, so that anything may be printed on it. It would do admirably for lists of Theosophical books, to stand outside a shop. Fifty can be had for 10/-, carriage extra, or a set of blocks can be had for £5-5-0. Application should be made to Mrs. Sharpe, Theosophical Society, 106 New Bond Street, London, W.

***

It is suggested that the Kaiser should appoint a Peace Commission to confer with that appointed by America, and should transform himself from the War-Lord to the Peace-Lord. Further, that the Rulers of the Powers who sign the international agreement, the World-Federation, should preside over its Congresses in turn. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is much interested in the peace movement begun in America, and is likely to take an active part in it. All eyes are turned to Mr. Roosevelt as the right President of the American Peace Commission, and, if he accepts it, he will be strongly helped from 'the other side'.

***

A very influential Town's meeting has been held in the Town Hall, Benares, in support of foreign travel for Indians. The outcasting of some leading townspeople—members of the T. S.—for their refusal to take part in the outcasting of Bābū Lakṣhmichand, a Master of the C. H. C. School, who went to England with a Government Scholarship to study weaving, has caused much excitement. The Town's meeting was presided over by Mahāmahopāḍhyāya Suḍhakar Dviveḍi, a Trustee of the C. H. C., the only Paṇḍiṭ of his rank who has stood by us throughout. He gave an admirable address, pointing out that the Hinḍū Scriptures made no distinction between Princes and ordinary people, and that travelled Princes were not outcasted while ordinary people were. H. H. The Mahārāja of Benares made a strong speech in support of foreign travel, and among the speakers were Munshi Ishvar Saran, Bābū Ayoḍhia Ḍās, Bar-at-Law—himself outcasted for being called to the Bar in England—Paṇḍiṭ Igbal Narain Gurṭu, Headmaster of the C. H. C. School, and Mr. Arundale, Principal of the C. H. C. They are all devoted members of the T. S., and it is pleasant to see members of the T. S. and the C. H. C. leading this battle for freedom. Fifty, nay, twenty-five, years hence people will marvel that men of high education and spotless character were persecuted and made social outcastes for advocating foreign travel.

MYSTERIOUS TRIBES [1]

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS

BY

RĀḌHĀ BĀI (H. P. B.)

(*Continued from Vol.* XXXI, *part* ii, *p.* 1522)

CHAPTER VII

Tempore mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

Ich bin der Geist, der stets verneint.

GOETHE, *Faust*

OUR wonder-tale has come to an end. Although I could fill three big volumes with the evidence I have collected to prove that sorcery is practised in the Blue Mountains, the cases mentioned must suffice. My aim was not so much to give publicity to the powers of the Ṭoḍas and the Mala-Kurumbas, as to divest sorcery of its semblance to the miraculous by showing the *modus operandi* of these tribes in their handling of white and black magic. I endeavored to show the truth of the saying: *Vox populi vox Dei.* The only thing needed is to approach all problems which step out of the narrow compass of general experience with an impartial and unbiassed mind. Now to the moral of the tale. I intend to prove that the materialism of Bücher and Moleschott, as well as the positivism of Huxley and other English followers of the

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

protoplasmic theory, including their German bard Hæckel, though it does not exactly lie in the death-throes, has yet received a mortal wound, and carries the cause of its destruction within itself. Since the London Society for Psychical Research has published its Transactions, and informed the public of its scientific investigations of all kinds of psychic occurrences, the time has perhaps come for Russian men of science to consider seriously the transcendental phenomena of mediumship. We must remind ourselves that *Abusus non tollit usum*; the best leading European newspapers no longer deride that which is one of the most impenetrable mysteries of all ages, and science has begun for the first time, at least in England, to study the manifestations of psychism in man. In the face of the phenomena of thought-transference, those who are looked up to as the highest authorities in the realms of physiology and biology (even the inflexible Huxley) have been obliged to lay down their arms. A thought hidden in some corner of the experimenter's brain is transmitted without the help of any of the five senses to another man's brain, and becomes part of his consciousness. Already this faculty of thought-transference is almost recognised by science, while but a few years ago the uneducated considered it as miraculous, and the educated as madness. What has been branded as superstition, as fraud, and as chimera is thus gradually gaining citizenship in the realm of science, and its nomenclature is penetrating into the vocabulary of scientific terminology. Irving Bishop and his rival Stuart Cumberland may or may not have been charlatans; yet both, especially Irving Bishop, possessed the faculty of reading the thoughts of the most sceptical investigators. It is for initiating experiments like these that everyone who is interested in psychological phenomena owes a debt of gratitude to the above-mentioned Society.

But what does this Society for Psychical Research stand for? The answer to this question is as follows:

Seeing that Crookes had only earned scorn instead of appreciation for his three years' experimenting with mediums, none of the leading English men of science dared to follow in his wake. But the spiritualistic phenomena did not stop. On the contrary, they increased in number and in variety. Upon this some men of science banded themselves together in great secrecy for the purpose of experimenting along these lines. Having investigated some of the phenomena very carefully, they boldly declared them to be facts. At this juncture the big guns of the Royal Society stepped in and wanted them to stop their proceedings, whereupon they took a desperate step; *i.e.*, they founded a Society of their own, which they called the Society for Psychical Research. This happened in 1881. The new Society recruited its members from amongst Oxford and Cambridge men; also Professor Barrett of Dublin joined. Branches were formed and, so to speak, 'travellers' engaged for the investigation of psychic occurrences; a vast correspondence which soon extended all over the globe was another feature of this unique departure. Lastly they formed an investigating-committee for the purpose of supervising mediums. All phenomena of spiritualism, mesmerism and second sight were duly observed and registered.

They showed great skill and business capacity. Owing to donations and members' dues, the Society possessed large funds which enabled it to establish a whole net-work of international committees of impartial and scientifically minded men. Spiritualists are not eligible on these committees.

These investigating-committees have nothing to do but to gather information about striking cases of the appearance of the double. They do not look for them in the spiritualistic camp, but rather amongst cultured people, not connected with that movement, who have been eye-witnesses of the incidents. In this manner seven thousand cases were reported during the first year in England alone.

In order to examine the cases reported, investigations are made in which men of science, judges and lawyers take part. The minutes of their proceedings are checked by other men of science, who sift the most striking cases and in their turn experiment with the mediums in question along the lines laid down by Crookes and Zöllner. From the very first they acted cautiously and advanced step by step. The majority of members went only so far in the beginning that they determined to keep an open mind and take an expectant attitude. But by this time many of them have been convinced by the facts in the reality of which they firmly believe.[1]

The force of evidence was so powerful that several French and English men of science felt compelled to join the Society for Psychical Research. Its actual presidents are the well-known Professors Balfour Stuart and Sidgwick of Cambridge; among the co-workers are Professor Oliver Lodge, a rising star in the realm of Chemistry;[2] Professor Barrett, and others, most of whom are Fellows of the Royal Society. If you should like to know in what kind of work these men have been engaged during the year 1884, you have but to glance at the July issue of the journal published by the Society for Psychical Research. The object of the Society as stated therein is to collect and investigate cases of the appearance of real ghosts. According to the rules of the Society, evidence of such occurrences is only accepted from eye-witnesses and these have to be:

(1) Well-known and respected people.

(2) Non-spiritists.

The evidence of persons who are avowed spiritists, if accepted at all, is taken *cum grano salis*. Despite these restrictions, the number of cases collected both of the

[1] A good number of them are also members of the Theosophical Society, and serve to bring the two Societies into touch with one another.

[2] Now risen to the zenith!—Ed.

appearances of the living and of the dead surpassed the expectation of even the Spiritualists themselves.

No one outside spiritualistic circles would have dreamt that even now-a-days so many ghosts still appear in England. After three years' activity the Society for Psychical Research was able to verify three thousand ghost-visits, partly from the other world, partly from this one, these latter being cases of the double. At the last monthly meeting in London at which Professor Balfour Stuart presided, the minutes were read and the characteristics of the manifestations commented upon. The hall was crowded; the aristocracy, which in England is so eager for ghosts and ghost stories, largely attended; also many Spiritualists were present. Those in favor of the theory of ghosts triumphed, while others remained quiet, silently waiting.

The address of the Secretary, Edmund Gurney, was noteworthy. He said:

> It is not so much in the realm of transcendental physics as in that of physical psychology that we must look for the cause of these manifestations. Our undivided attention is centred for the moment on the phenomena of the phantasms of the living, *i.e.*, on manifestations which we have known for a long time under the name of the 'double'. We leave aside for the present all cases of phantasms of the dead, as they occur less frequently. We have to make our choice between the theories of the spiritists and of the philosophers. The one sees in these manifestations the spirits of the dead, the other considers them as manifestations of living persons or of people who recently died. Up to this date the results of our investigations seem to favor more the doctrines of the Theosophists rather than those of the Spiritualists.[1]

This is exactly what we want. Once the existence of the double of living men is scientifically proved, it necessarily follows that the cases we mentioned, where a Kurumba appeared in his astral body to his victim, are,

[1] See *Proceedings of the S. P. R.*, July number, 1884. (Trübner, London.)

to say the least, possible; the theory of the double explains many instances of 'sorcery'.

Only when this explanation is accepted can magic enter the sphere of scientifically proved laws and its workings become understood. To do this would mean to advance a bold step in the history of mankind. Not until then will the light of truth pervade all dark corners of superstition, and divide the chaff from the corn. In the realm of spiritualistic manifestations many puzzling and unexplainable incidents will then gain in probability and become explicable, while they are now rejected as improbable if not impossible. Sorcery with its uncanny magic potions and general witchcraft will then be recognised as what it really is: a psycho-physiological phenomenon, the investigation of which should have been the principal care of biologists ever since tables began to rap and move in our days.

Let us grant for a moment, for the purpose of comparison, that such a semi-material double exists in man,[1] and let us bear in mind the reality and power of the hypnotic and mesmeric phenomena witnessed by so many impartial people and recognised almost in their entirety by scientific observers. This done, let us consider in what the logical impossibility of sorcery and its manifestations consists.

What is understood by 'sorcery' in the real meaning of the word? Let us begin with the so-called evil-eye and with imprecations. Both consist simply in some invisible and intangible method of causing disease, accidents, and even death among men and animals; if our biologists and physiologists deny these facts, it would be but fair of them to reject a process running on parallel lines, *i.e.*, the process of infection. And yet they believe in this latter. If we admit the hypotheses of invisible germs or bacteria

[1] *L'Humanité Posthume* (d'Acier) shows us a positivist and materialist who believes in a double in every living being, animal as well as human.

in the air, why can we not transplant the same process into the realm of psychism?

Science has reluctantly recognised the force emanating from a man's eyes and finger-tips, which force, if directed against some one else, takes possession of this other man's thoughts and of his organism by the mere power of will, or by the help of metals, as is done in hypnotism. So far so good. But science cannot stop here. It must take the next step. It has no right to deny the effects of the same force in cases of so-called sorcery as long as it proudly refuses to study the latter. We boldly maintain that sorcery is a kind of rough mesmerism, and that the ills it causes are by no means a fable. The day cannot be far distant when sorcery shall be as much recognised as mesmerism is now, after so long a struggle, under its new name of hypnotism. And this weird faculty in man once admitted by science, the law will step in and put an end to its misuse. There is a conscious and an unconscious sorcery. Induced somnambulism and hypnotism are identical. The more powerful will remains victor and rules the weaker. The somnambulistic subject acts in a twofold way under the influence of his own impulse and under a foreign one, that of the magnetiser.

If the latter is wicked and depraved he can inflict great injury on his subject without himself running any danger by doing it. When the magnetiser directs on his subject his own currents of thoughts, poisoned by vice, he will awake all kinds of passions in that person, especially if the latter is much weaker than himself. He can implant in him the germ of diseases, and even kill him in course of time. A hypnotiser can take full possession of the thoughts of his subject. He can make a hale and sound person sit on a chair fancying it to be a horse. The subject will believe he is riding, he will imagine the horse bolts and throws him off, and he breaks his neck. If any ordinary hypnotiser can achieve this, why not a sorcerer?

I have shown more than once in my narrative that the difference between the two is only a difference in quantity and quality of the magnetic current emanating from them. If the one can influence the organs of thought so powerfully that a temporary derangement is the result, or restore the equilibrium of the shaken brain by directing towards it a beneficent current, the question naturally arises why it is considered so foolish to believe that a sorcerer can kill man or beast by his 'basilisk-like' looks, *i.e.*, by a magnetic current emanating from his eyes.

I shall give below another proof that the difference between a sorcerer and a wicked and revengeful magnetiser exists but in the name.

Dr. Charcot and other *savants* convinced themselves of the reality of animal magnetism, as soon as its name was changed into hypnotism. One almost feels tempted to tell them that if it is true that a magnetiser imparts to his patient part of his vitality, it might be equally true that, like a vampire, he could draw the last remnant of his patient's strength and vigor out of him. If you believe the one, you must necessarily also believe the other. These two possibilities once admitted, one cannot help recognising that one and the same force—innate in man—manifests itself in sorcery as well as in the effects of hypnotism.

There are cases, which have been legally proved, in which hypnotisers have committed crimes in comparison with which that of the Mala-Kurumba who bewitched little Simpson was a mere amateur effort. The will-power of such a man is witchcraft; his foul thoughts play the part of magic potions. If such a man has, moreover, the faculty of using, for his vicious purposes, his own double or the double of his victim, in what does he differ from a Mala-Kurumba? The wickedness latent in him may, in such cases, take enormous dimensions; we have such instances in the mediæval phenomenon of the

'possessed of Loudun' and also in the 'witches of Salem'[1] in the chronicles of New England.

Science knows nothing of the true nature of vital force; nothing of the conditions necessary for its manifestation and for its trackless disappearance; nothing of the currents and the forces of animal magnetism; we therefore protest against its judging these problems. If, owing to difficulties of all kinds, a man has not thoroughly investigated a force, he has no right to dogmatise about its qualities, functions, strength, and least of all about its dimensions and its effects. We maintain that our modern physicists, chemists and biologists have no right to call a person superstitious and foolish, because he believes in things which these *savants* do not know, and worse, which they refuse to study. How can they expect us to submit to their authority in this matter, if they are unable to give a rational explanation of the main principle of 'vital force' and if they have no idea of its proteus-like adaptability? One thing we know for certain: this force will not only strike the death-blow of the materialistic theory, it will also inundate the world with a flood of superstitious madness, if science does not come forward in time and stem the rising tide. As long as men of science are not willing to do this, we deny them the right to sit in judgment on us.

The antagonism which the representatives of science evince for all such kind of investigations is caused by their fear that these new doctrines might upset their cherished theories of the origin of the world. They consider it their main task to allow no one to grapple with the problems of life and consciousness, outside the narrow limits of physiological and physical laws; it is here that we have to look for the reason of their inveterate opposition to the study of spiritism, and kindred forms of 'superstition'. There is no doubt that a good

[1] Vide *Salem Witchcraft*, by Upham.

deal of superstition is mixed up with these mysterious manifestations. But whose fault is it, if not that of the men of science? Once the public realised that the methods so glorified by our *savants* could never satisfactorily explain the problems of life, they began to look for the solution in their own way, *i.e.*, in that superficial manner which is ever characteristic of the masses: the result of this search for truth was alienation of the mind and gross nonsense.

Some S. Petersburg friends inform me that at some spiritualistic séances which took place recently in Tzarskoje Sselo, the spirit of a drunkard manifested, and that this apparition began by asking for some brandy and drank it. Another regular visitor from the other world was a fair child of sin, who had not yet lost the tastes and habits of a courtisan, though she had died several years ago. Finally there materialised in this circle the very donkey on which Jesus rode when entering Jerusalem! If this last story is true, we should consider this materialisation as an undistorted reflexion of the sitters themselves.

The same things happen in France and in England. The repentant thief on the cross reincarnates as an spiritualistic shoe-maker, and identifies his non-repentant comrade in a marquis of the Faubourg S. Germain. Not pleased at being thus found out, the marquis smacks the shoe-maker. Tableau! The two ex-thieves on the cross are brought to the next police-station.

(*To be concluded.*)

The study of the problems brought before us by recent investigations leads us to the conclusion that ordinary material systems must be connected with inviaible systems which possess mass whenever the material systems contain electrical charges. If we regard all matter as satisfying the condition we are led to the conclusion that the invisible universe—the ether—is to a large extent the workshop of the material universe, and that the phenomena of nature as we see them are fabrics woven in the looms of this unseen universe.

J. J. THOMSON, D.Sc., F.R.S.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

INTRODUCTION

IN all times, throughout human history, man has been searching for God, and the various Religions of the world are God's answer to the search, made through men in whom more of Himself was manifest than is the case in ordinary people. These men are variously called Prophets, Ṛṣhis, Divine Men, Sons of God, and They may be thought of as composing one great Spiritual Brotherhood of God-inspired men, the Guardians and Teachers of Humanity. We should think of all of Them with reverence and admiration, whatever may be the particular religion to which we belong, for every one of Them brought the same Divine message to the world, taught the same fundamental spiritual truths, proclaimed the same changeless moral law, and lived a noble and

inspiring life. They put the one message in different ways, each choosing the way which would most help the people to whom He came, and which would develop in them the quality which the world most needed at the time of His coming. At one time it most needed a sense of Duty and Order; at another Purity; at another Righteousness; at another Beauty; at another Knowledge; at another Individuality to be followed by Self-sacrifice; at another the recognition of the Divine Sovereignty. For this reason religions are different, but all the differences go to the making of perfection, and to the enriching of the world as a whole. They are not, therefore, differences to be regretted, but to be utilised, and while we love our own religion best, we should be ready to learn what any other religion has to teach us. To the people of each religion the Founder of that religion is the dearest and the most honored, and should be loved and reverenced above all others. But all the Founders, and all the great Teachers who followed Them, are worthy of our homage:

Through such Souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His Light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

In ancient times, the various countries of the world were much more separated from each other than they now are, and religions were national and local. There was little idea of proselytism, and a man was born into a religion as he was born into a country. As a man might occasionally leave his native country and become a citizen of a foreign one for personal reasons, so he might occasionally leave his hereditary religion and become a proselyte in another. But such cases were exceptional, and no religion made definite efforts to strengthen itself at the expense of its neighbors.

Thus, looking back at the old nations, we see the Egyptians with their own religion, the Assyrians with theirs, the Hebrews with theirs; the peninsula of India belonged to Hinḍūism, with Jainism as a divergent; then the great reform of Buḍḍhism spread through it, and Buḍḍhism sent out missionaries and established itself in other countries—the first great missionary movement known to history, overstepping the limits of country and race. Christianity, like Buḍḍhism, almost left the country of its birth, and spread far and wide, uniting the western nations into Christendom. Islām, founded in Arabia, while not abandoning its native land like its two predecessors, is the third of the great missionary religions, and established itself firmly in Asia. Both Christianity and Islām have been embraced by warlike and conquering nationalities, and these have carried their religion with them and have planted it in the lands subdued by their arms. Zoroastrianism, long regnant in Persia, was driven from its home, and now survives chiefly in Pārsī colonies in India, its land of refuge.

Sects have arisen in all the religions, and divide their adherents from each other in various matters of teaching and administration; the Hinḍūs have their Shaivas, Vaiṣḥṇavas, Shākṭas, and many subsidiary sects; the Christians their Greek, Roman, and non-Roman Catholics, and Protestants of many denominations; the Buḍḍhists their Mahāyāna and Hīnayāna, and Northern and Southern Churches; the Musalmāns their Shiahs and Sunnis.

Yet as these sectarian divisions group themselves respectively under the banners of their different faiths, as Hinḍūs, Christians, and so on, so may all the religions of the world be seen as Branches of one Tree of Life, the Universal Religion, whose roots are struck deeply into the soil of the DIVINE WISDOM, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. They all have one treasure: the Knowledge of God, which is Eternal Life.

They use many methods, but all have one object: the helping of man through purification to perfection. They have the essential truths in common; but, for the reason given above, differ in many details and in the relative stress laid on each.

In modern days, the ease and swiftness of communication between the countries of the world no longer permits any religion to remain isolated and unaffected by its neighbors. Thought is more and more becoming international, cosmopolitan, and each religion is enriching itself by contact with others, giving and receiving fruitful ideas. Nor is this interchange confined wholly within the circle of living religions. Antiquarian and archæological researches have brought to light pictorial, sculptural and literary relics of religions now dead, belonging to vanished nations and perished civilisations; scholarship has gathered and classified these, and has established on an impregnable basis of facts the truth of the fundamental Unity of Religions. There are fundamental doctrines, symbols, rites, precepts, which are common to all, while the lesser variants are innumerable. It thus becomes possible to separate the essential from the non-essential, the permanent from the transitory, the universal from the local, and to find *quod semper, quod ubique, quod omnibus*. When this is done, we have a religious and moral teaching which may fearlessly be given to the young, on the testimony of the religious consciousness of humanity, as the expression of the facts concerning God, Man, and the Universe, borne witness to by the Elect of Humanity—the loftiest and purest human beings who have appeared in our Race—and capable of being reverified by all who reach a certain spiritual stage of evolution. No other facts are declared to be true on so weighty and united an authority as these, an authority stretching back beyond the dawn of history—for it is found established and ruling on the oldest fragments yet unearthed—and constantly re-inforced by new witnesses at the dawn of each successive civilisation, from Oannes to Muhammad. Nothing taught in history or science in our schools is endorsed by Teachers so august, and if we are justified in teaching anything to our children which they cannot verify for themselves, we are justified in teaching them these facts of religion and this moral law.

Each religion has its own inspired literature, *i.e.*, books written by its Prophets and Teachers; the value set on this literature in different religions is not the same, and varies at different epochs in the history of the religion. All Hinḍûs accept the *Veḍas*, but are not wholly agreed as to their interpretation, certain opposing schools maintaining opposite readings; they have many other Scriptures (Shâsṭras) of various ages, and of debated values. The Zoroastrians have their *Gâthas*, with *Zendavesta* and other sacred books. The Hebrews their *Books of the Law and the Prophets*. The Buḍḍhists their *Tripiṭaka*, and many others. The Christians their *Bible*, with Apocrypha of challenged authority. The Musalmâns their *Al Qurân*. All these books, and others belonging to dead and living religions, are worthy of study, and should be read with an open and candid, but sympathetic mind. Scholars alone can decide on their historical authenticity, but the spiritual man alone can decide on their inspirational value; whatever debates may rage round their dates, their authors, their accuracy, men of all faiths may read them as documents venerable from their intimate association with human life and evolution, and instructive from the light they throw on past history. They are quoted in this book in support of the statements of the Universal Religion; not as infallible authorities, but as witnesses that the religion to which they belong has taught the doctrine in question. Each student must decide for himself as to the weight he attaches to any one of them. This question is obviously outside the scope of the Universal Religion, and must be decided by the believer in any faith for himself.

The doctrines of the Universal Religion, incorporated in the several religions of the world are:

The Unity of God—One Self-dependent Life.
The Manifestation of God in a universe under Three Aspects.
The Hierarchies of Spiritual Beings.
Incarnation of Spirit.
The Law of Causation.
The Three Worlds of Human Evolution.
The Brotherhood of Man.

These doctrines, in broad outline, without denominational and sectarian details—which necessarily differ—should be taught to all children, and should form part of every school and college curriculum. Denominational schools and colleges can, at their pleasure, add their own details for their own adherents, but the broad teachings, found in every faith, are a common possession, and are the only sure foundation for morality. They form Part I. of this book. Part II. contains brief statements of the special doctrines of the various religions, with their chief rites, written by their respective adherents. Part III. deals with Morals. The three Parts will be issued and paged separately, so that members of any faith can, if they please, bind up the universal Parts I. and III. with their own special Part II. School books and catechisms may be based on the standard Text-Book, and used in denominational schools with the special Part II. or in undenominational without it.

The Unity of God

This is the central doctrine of Religion and the one sure foundation of Morals. "One only, without a second," says the Hindū.[1] "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," proclaims the Hebrew.[2] "There is none other God but one," declares the Christian.[3] "There is no God but God," assents the Muslim.[4] And all other religions re-iterate the same statement. Even savages, who worship various forms, have ever behind them the 'Great Spirit,' often described by some name which implies His omnipresence.

He is Self-existent, Infinite and Eternal, the One Life on which all lives depend, the One Existence from which all existences are drawn. Everything that exists is in Him; "In Him we live and move and have our being."[5] He has been compared to an Ocean, whose billows are universes, whose spray is myriad forms; to a Fire, whence millions of sparks proceed, and every spark a Spirit; to a Tree, bearing innumerable leaves, and every leaf a life. He is vaster than Space, and in Him move the uncounted myriads of stars, each one the centre of a system. He is minuter than an atom, for He is within every atom as its indwelling life. There is nothing so huge that it can over-stretch Him; there is nothing so tiny that it can escape Him. "He hath no form nor color, nor outline"[6] but all forms draw their beauty from Him, all colors are portions of His white Light, all outlines are expressions of His thought. When we see the immemorial mountains, they tell of His strength; when we watch the ocean, ceaseless in movement, it speaks of His activity; the depth of primeval forests at noontide is still with His silence; the torrent, the streamlet, the song-bird, the breeze-driven branchlets, are notes in His

[1] *Chhāndogya-Upaniṣhat*, VI. ii. 1.
[2] *Deut.* vi. 4.
[3] 1 *Cor.* viii. 4.
[4] *Al Qurān*, viii.
[5] *Acts*, xvii. 28.
[6] *Ādi Granṭha Sāhab*, Sorath, 1.

voice; the sleek cattle knee-deep in odorous grasses, the flower-spangled meadows, the reaches of snow, the fire of the sun, the cool shade of the grove, are modes of His beauty; He speaks in the highest flights of the sweetest poesy, in the stateliness of noblest prose, in the linked melody of exquisite symphonies and the mighty harmonies of crashing chords; He is the root and the end of the mystic's aspiration, and the heroism of the martyr; He whispers in the mother crooning over her babe, throbs in the bounding pulses of the youth, smiles in the shy glances of the maiden, soothes in the gentle hand laid on an aching wound; He reveals Himself through the prophet, the saint, and the scientist; He is strength for the weak, shield for the defenceless, repentance in the sinner, and compassion in the righteous. He fills the worlds, but dwells in the heart of man. The heavens declare His glory,[1] but "as one whom his mother comforteth,"[2] so does He comfort the sorrowful. He is Father, Mother, Husband, Friend, to the Spirits who come forth from him. He is "the perfect Spirit," by whom "all this is pervaded."[3] Yet He is greater than all universes; "I established this universe with a fragment of myself, and I remain."[4]

While the fact of the Divine Unity is the foundation of religion and morals, the realisation of it gives strength and sweetness to life. For man is a life in God's eternity, and, sharing in His nature, he cannot cease to exist. This One Life expresses itself in endless varieties of form, and all lives are one in Him. Hence we are ever children in the Father's house, and we are all brethren. As we learn to see the Divine in everybody and in everything, we realise that all is moving towards a blissful goal. Being but fragments of Divinity, we are each imperfect, and our separate imperfections

[1] *Psalms*, xix. 1.
[2] *Isaiah*, lxvi. 13.
[3] *Shvetāshvatara-Upaniṣhat*, iii. 9.
[4] *Bhagavad-Gītā*, x. 42.

cause our disharmonies; but we are fragments which are growing, growing towards perfection, as the Christ has commanded: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."[1] When that is reached, we shall have reached the Unity.

These many Selves—superhuman, human, and subhuman—are all fragments of the One Self, and therefore destined to perfection.

> They are but broken lights of Thee.[2]

Good is our inevitable destiny:

> The one far-off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves.[3]

For whether on this earth or on any other, whether in bliss of highest heaven or woe of deepest hell, we cannot go outside the all-embracing circle of the Divine Unity, and therefore we are safe eternally. In the beautiful language of the Hebrew singer:

> Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.[4]

Moreover, since we are fragments of Divinity, we may find God by plunging into the profoundest depths of our being, beyond our changing feelings and thoughts and wishes, into our Spirit, who came forth from Him and ever has his being in Him. That which is eternal in us, our deepest Self, is Divine. Hence the Hindū Scriptures teach that as by knowing one clod of clay all clay is known, as by knowing one piece of gold all gold is known, as by knowing one piece of iron all iron is known—by whatever names men may call the objects made of each—so to know one Self really is to know *the* Self, to know God.[5] Hence also the Christ declared, that

[1] *S. Matt.* v. 48.
[2] *In Memoriam.*
[3] *Ibid.*
[4] *Psalms*, cxxxix. 7-10.
[5] *Chhāndogya-Upaniṣhat*, VI. i. 4, 5, 6.

to know God was life eternal,[1] and again: "Behold, the Kingdom of God is within you."[2]

But the Divine Self may be found only by those whose lives are pure, who are self-less, devoted in heart, and concentrated in mind. Only "the pure in heart shall see God".[3]

He who has not renounced evil ways, nor is controlled nor concentrated, nor of subdued mind, even by knowledge he may not attain Him.[4]

The Self must verily be obtained by the constant practice of truth, of devotion, of perfect knowledge, of the duty of a Brahma-student. He whom the sinless devotees behold is verily in the midst of the body, is of the nature of light and pure.[5]

Such is the narrow ancient way by which alone the paradox of S. Anselm may be solved: "Become what thou art."

ANNIE BESANT

(To be continued)

[The above forms the Introduction and the First Chapter of the forthcoming *Universal Text-Book of Religion and Morals*. The first Part will consist of Introduction and seven Chapters. The Chapters themselves will appear here, and criticisms, emendations and objections will be gratefully received from any school of thought in any faith, and will be considered before final publication, so that as large a consensus of opinion as possible may be obtained before the book itself is issued. It is not proposed to print here the texts from the various Scriptures which support the doctrines outlined, but these will be added to each Chapter in the completed volume, proving to demonstration the identity of teaching in the great world-faiths.]

[1] *S. John*, xvii. 3.
[2] *S. Luke*, xvii. 21.
[3] *S. Matt.* v. 8.
[4] *Katha-Upanishad*, I. ii. 24.
[5] *Mundaka-Upanishad*, III. i. 5.

THE MASTER-BUILDER

(Concluded from Vol. XXXI, *p.* 1541.)

IT has been very truly said of Henrik Ibsen that he has a striking power of compressing an immense amount of thought into what seems a very simple matter. Owing to this seeming simplicity—and many never seem to get beyond it—people think after reading the play once through, that there is very little in it. For them the inner meaning remains untouched and unsuspected, and some evident eccentricities and apparent improprieties merely puzzle and shock them. But a student of Ibsen's plays, with some knowledge of the man, his life, his writings, his intellect, his earnestness of purpose, finds in such points as, for instance, the three nurseries in the house of the Solnesses, who have no children—and again the nine lovely dolls which Mrs. Solness lost in the fire—so pertinent and so vital a significance, that any singularity of outer setting cannot interfere with his appreciation of the essential ideas conveyed.

Let us take these two points.

First, as regards the nurseries. In the house in which the Solnesses live there are three nurseries, but they have no children. I must here go a little way back into their history.

A grim old robber's castle was the family home of Aline, who represents the emotions. Its burning down means the "release of the ego from the tyranny of the desire-nature".[1] There is, I take it, here symbolised some emotional crisis of intensely severe suffering in the life of

[1] Arnold S. Banks, *T. R.* July 1906.

the soul, when the desire-nature, or a great part of it, was burnt out. Twin children escaped the fire, but died from the effects of it on their mother, who was nursing them.

These two little boys, born at the same time, are Love and Happiness. The fire itself, the intense suffering, does not kill them, but the searing and blasting of the emotion-nature, which is unable to withstand the fire, does; hence the empty nurseries. These are three in number; threefold, I take it, because love and happiness are threefold. Ibsen has adopted S. Paul's symbolism of the Master-Builder, and also apparently his threefold classification of the principles of man—body, soul, and Spirit. The empty nursery in the Solness' house, *i.e.*, the empty chamber or void in the consciousness of the ego, caused by the dying out of love and happiness, is accordingly conceived as threefold. There is the earlier, younger, transitory stage of love, connected with the bodily form; and the happiness resulting from it—such as the instinctive love of the parent for the newly-born offspring, evidenced even by the higher animals. Then there is the love of soul for soul, more enduring, but not yet the highest, and its twin, soul-happiness; and lastly the highest love, the love of Spirit for Spirit, which is twin, Siamese twin, to the highest happiness; or rather the highest love and the highest happiness are one—the imperishable consciousness of Unity, which is the highest bliss.

So in the play, Mrs. Solness instals Hilda on her arrival in the second or middle nursery. The seat of the emotions is the soul, and it is here that she, in her character of emotion-nature, is conscious of the empty chamber.

Again, Solness says to Aline, the morning after Hilda's arrival: "So we have found a use for our nurseries after all, Aline." Hilda Wangel, later on, speaks of "all the empty nurseries I slept in". She has only been in the house one night, so the meaning seems clear.

Now as to the dolls. There is mention made in the dialogue, by Mrs. Solness, speaking to Hilda, of nine lovely dolls, which she lost in the fire. On the face of it, and if the remark be accepted only at its surface value, it is likely enough to raise a laugh, but not, I think, if one goes a little deeper into it.

What do these nine dolls mean? Certainly Ibsen had a meaning, and it must have been a meaning of some importance, or he would hardly have used so peculiar a metaphor. Mr. Arnold Banks, in the *T. R.* (July 1908) suggests that they are the Nine Muses. I came across that expression only the other day, used to denote the collective appeal of Art, as embodying all the different aspects of life, to the human consciousness. Now Art makes its appeal to the consciousness largely by way of the emotions. In this soul the emotion-nature was so to speak lifeless, the emotions, for the time being, dead. How then could these Nine Muses be living realities for Aline Solness? How could this emotion-nature perceive them as living realities, nourishing her with the wisdom distilled from Life? "The dolls and I," she says, "had gone on living together". For her, they still remained dolls, and dolls, mere play-things, the Nine Muses are and must be to every undeveloped soul. When the emotions are active on a higher level, because lower desires are dead, *and higher ones have been substituted for them*, then the reality behind all forms of Art can be perceived, then the Nine Muses will be no more nine dolls. Mrs. Solness says: "For you see, in a certain sense there was life in them, too. I carried them under my heart, like little unborn children."

The portraits, dresses, laces, trinkets, etc., which Mrs. Solness laments as having been all burnt, probably means the pleasures which were parted with in the past, when there was that great burning out in the desire-nature.

The effect of the coming of Hilda upon Mr. Solness is very noticeable. It is this emotion-nature that is still

weighing the man down, preventing him from rising above the intellectual level, where his consciousness is chiefly centred, to the intuitional level or plane of Unity, above. This emotion-nature cannot pull him down, it is true, but he has to pull it up. Hence all the sufferings. The consciousness, ever moving on, reaching and functioning on higher levels, says to the desire-nature: "Let go the lower object, and take the higher." But the desires are stubborn, they have to be wrenched away from the lower, and that wrench means pain, suffering, agony. Just as when we will to do a certain thing in a certain way—a fresh and better way—on the physical plane, we have the automatism of the physical body to reckon with and to overcome; so the consciousness, working ever at higher and higher levels, has to overcome the automatism of its lower vehicles, which, accustomed to vibrate in a certain way, very strongly tend to go on doing so.

In the second Act, it is perceptible that Aline, influenced by Hilda, is beginning to show unselfish feeling. She does not know it; she only knows she is suffering. Solness does not know it; he knows that she is making him suffer. They are both suffering keenly, but the raising of the emotional level is evident enough.

In the following passage, the Dramatist enters very clearly upon the domain of Occultism. Solness is talking to Hilda about the fire, telling her about its origin; there was a crack in a flue. He had noticed this crack, and realised that it might cause a fire, and he put off mending it, for there was a dim idea in his mind that—perhaps—it might open a way to his success as a builder. He thought, and planned, and willed. The fire broke out one day when he and his wife were out. But it had originated, not in the crack, but in a distant cupboard. "Why then," says Hilda, "talk all this nonsense about the crack?"

Solness. (Confidentially). Don't you agree with me, Hilda, that there exist special, chosen people who have been endowed with the power and faculty of *desiring* a thing, *craving* for a thing, *willing* a thing—so persistently and so inexorably—that at last it *has* to happen! Don't you believe that and black-haired devils? If only you could always tell whether it is the light or the dark ones that have got hold of you! (Paces about.) Ho, ho! Then it would be simple enough!

Hilda. (Follows him with her eyes.) Or if one had a really vigorous, radiantly healthy conscience—so that one *dared* to do what one *would*.

One point suggests itself before coming to the subject of Occultism here involved. Solness, talking to Hilda, says of the first sight of the smoke of the fire: "That's how I wanted it to be." Here the man tells us that he wanted to transmute his desires from the lower to the higher, that he anticipated doing it easily and painlessly. He had even planned the method. But not so does the thing actually happen. Instead, the catastrophe is sudden, unexpected, tragic, and terrible in the after sufferings it causes. Such periods of agony, of intense suffering, I suppose, every one of us has to go through, in some of our lives, at least. It is at such times that those parts of our nature which are weighing us down are quickly and effectually burnt away.

Now for that significant passage which seems to point so directly to Occultism. The servants had made good fires, as his wife was likely to be cold on her return, and Solness remarks, that not only will is wanted to bring about a result, but also "helpers and servants".

What are these helpers and servers? Forces—intelligent forces set in motion by the power of the will of a man who has reached a certain stage of development. Knut Brovik, who stands merely for the desire for material success, and who had not yet built up his individual centre of consciousness, could not command these helpers and servers. Solness, whose individual centre of consciousness is fully established, who is ready for the next step upward beyond the intellectual, can and does command them. And he commands them without clearly knowing it in his own brain mind. The man of highly developed intellect and

strong will acquires powers which his brain consciousness does not necessarily know he is wielding. Since, then, the will of the highly developed intellect has such potency, the transmutation of the desires and emotions to a higher plane becomes of a hundred times greater moment. I take it that is one of the messages of the play, and it seems to me that here Ibsen gives us a piece of real, practical Occultism.

A phrase, "robust conscience" occurs several times. Hilda says that she should like his conscience to be "thoroughly robust". And again a little later she says: "Or if one had a really vigorous, radiantly healthy conscience, so that one *dared* to do what one would." And again, elsewhere, she reproaches Solness with having a "dizzy conscience," a "sickly conscience". I think this eulogy of the "robust conscience" might easily be misunderstood. Solness having reached the stage he has attained to, cannot remain there. The next stage of his existence, whatever it may be, will be beyond that of the ordinary human family life. But in this human family life are very many whom his presence influences greatly; many leaning on him, dependent upon him, tied to him in many ways. His going onwards to a higher sphere of work will therefore mean the breaking of many such ties, and this will be the occasion of pain and suffering to many. His conscience must be strong enough to bear all this, knowing that he must fulfill the law of his nature, and that to hesitate would in the end do not good, but harm. He must see the highest and follow it steadfastly. His conscience must be robust enough to disregard even temptations to falter which present themselves in such appealing guise as this.

Here is a passage, the meaning of which is far from clear on the surface. Solness is talking to Hilda about the time, ten years previous, when he climbed up the scaffolding of the tower he had built on the old church, the time when he first met Hilda. He says:

When I stood there, high over everything and was hanging the wreath over the vane, I said to him: 'Hear me now, Thou Mighty One! From this day forward I will be a Free builder, I too, in my sphere, just as Thou in Thine. I will never build any more churches for Thee, only homes for human beings.'

Who and what is this Mighty One whose service Solness thus renounced? While I was thinking about this, I came across a poem which seems to me to answer this question so simply and clearly, that I transcribe it here. It is by Whittier, the American poet:

In the Minister's morning sermon he had told of the primal fall,
And how, henceforth, the wrath of God rested on each and all;
And how, of His will and pleasure, all souls, save a chosen few,
Were doomed to the quenchless burning, and held in the way thereto.
Yet never, by faith's unreason, a saintlier soul was tried,
And never the harsh old lesson a tenderer heart belied.
For, after the painful service on that pleasant Sabbath day,
He walked with his little daughter through the apple-blooms of May.
Around on the blossoming glory the Minister looked and smiled:
"How good is the Lord, who gives us these gifts from His hand, my child!
Behold in the bloom of apples and the violets in the sward,
A hint of the old, lost beauty of the Garden of the Lord!"
Then up spake the little maiden, treading on snow and pink:
"O father! these pretty blossoms are very wicked, I think.
Had there been no Garden of Eden, there never had been a Fall;
And if never a tree had blossomed, God would have loved us all."
"Hush, child!" the father answered. "By His decree man fell;
His ways are in clouds and darkness. But He doeth all things well."
"Oh! I fear Him!" said the daughter, "And I try to love Him, too;
But I wish He was good and gentle, and kind and loving as you."
The Minister groaned in spirit at the words of the little one;
Had he erred in his life-long teaching? Had he wrong to his Master done?
To what grim and dreadful idol had he lent the holiest name?
Did his own heart, loving and human, the God of his worship shame?
And lo! from the bloom and greenness—from the tender skies above—
From the face of his little daughter—he read a Lesson of Love.
No more as the cloudy terror of Sinai's mount of law,
But as Christ, in the Syrian lilies the vision of God he saw.
Thereafter his hearers noted in his prayers a tenderer strain,
And never the Gospel of Hatred burned on his lips again.

Then, after this, he builds "no more churches, only homes for human beings". That, it would seem, denotes a period of agnosticism, of even atheism. He tries to build souls, to teach, without the aid of God or of Religion of any kind. But it turns out to be of no use. "Building homes for human beings is not worth sixpence, Hilda. Men

have no use for these homes of theirs, to be happy in, and I shouldn't have had any use for such a home, if I'd had one." Who is it says: "Life is a bridge, pass over it, but build no house"?

Then Hilda asks him the question the answer to which is his declaration that he is ready, that he has determined to take the step onward and upward, that she will at last see him again: "Free, with the wreath in his hand, high, high up, upon the pinnacle of the tower."

Then comes the closing scene of the play; the ceremony of the hanging of the wreath on the tower of the new house, the house that Solness has built for Aline, his wife's sake.

The scene is the Solness verandah.

From it a glimpse is caught of the lower part of the new villa, with scaffolding round so much as is seen of the tower. In the street, also partly visible from the verandah, a crowd of people has assembled, vaguely seen through the trees. Music of wind-instruments is heard far away behind the new house. Mrs. Solness, with a fur collar round her neck, Doctor Herdal with her white shawl on his arm, and some ladies come out on the verandah. Ragnar Brovik comes at the same time up from the garden.

Ragnar Brovik represents the younger generation in its aspect of scientific materialism, as Hilda represents it in its intuitional, spiritual aspect. Solness goes down to the foreman who has the wreath, which is to be hung on the vane of the tower. Ragnar mockingly says that Solness dares not to climb the top of his own house, while Hilda says that they will see him "high up by the vane". A man is seen climbing; the foreman, says Dr. Herdal; but Hilda cries exultantly: "It is the master-builder himself." There is wild excitement, which Dr. Herdal tries to restrain, lest it should attract Solness' attention and cause his fall. Then:

Hilda. There, he's standing on the topmost planks! Right at the top!

Dr. Herdal. Nobody must move! Do you hear?

Hilda. (Exulting, with quiet intensity.) At last! At last! Now I see him great and free again!

Ragnar. (Almost voiceless.) But this is impossible.

Hilda. So I have seen him all through these ten years. How secure he stands! Frightfully thrilling all the same. Look at him! Now he's hanging the wreath round the vane!

Ragnar. I feel as if I were looking at something utterly impossible.

Hilda. Yes, it *is* the *impossible* that he's doing now (With the indefinable expression in her eyes.) Can you see any one else up there with him?

Ragnar. There is no one else.

Hilda. Yes, there is one he is striving with.

Ragnar. You are mistaken.

Hilda. Then do you hear no song in the air, either?

Ragnar. It must be the wind in the tree-tops.

Hilda. *I* hear a song—a mighty song! (Shouts in wild jubilation and glee.) Look, look! Now he's waving his hat! He's waving it to us down here! Oh, wave back to him! For now it's finished! (Tears the white shawl from the Doctor, waves it, and shouts up to Solness.) Hurrah for Master-Builder Solness!

Dr. Herdal. Stop! Stop! For God's sake!

(The ladies on the verandah wave their pocket-handkerchiefs, and the shouts of "Hurrah" are taken up in the street below. Then they are suddenly silenced, and the crowd bursts out into a shriek of horror. A human body, with planks and fragments of wood, is vaguely perceived crashing down behind the trees.)

Mrs. Solness and the Ladies. He's falling! He's falling!

(Mrs. Solness totters, falls backwards, swooning, and is caught, amid cries and confusion, by the ladies. The crowd in the street breaks down the fence and storms into the garden, at the same time Dr. Herdal, too, rushes down thither. A short pause.)

Hilda. (Stares fixedly upwards, and says, as if petrified:) *My* Master-Builder.

This catastrophe makes an exciting climax to bring the curtain down, but its real importance, of course, lies in its inner meaning. Taking this closing scene of the play, the climbing of the tower-scaffolding, and the fall

and death of Solness, at its literal meaning, it is just a very uncommon and unlikely incident, romantic, but by no means impossible. It is quite conceivable, that even a man of Solness' age, spurred on by an intensely enthusiastic and energetic girl, who has great influence over him, and also, it must be remembered, by the mocking attitude of Ragnar and his friends, might do such a thing as Solness does. Men of equal or greater age no doubt have taken as great or greater risks and will do again, on no greater provocation. But still from this point of view things are unsatisfying. The action seems rather quixotic, and more or less uncalled for, and the reader who narrows his perception to the obvious aspect of the occurrence, might well suspect that when Solness fell and his "head was all crushed," the quantity of brains dashed out would not be large. But it seems to me that, if the play means anything, this closing scene is full of the deepest significance. The man, spurred on by his higher consciousness, at last, deaf to all selfish considerations, regardless of that "dizziness," which would prevent his climbing, keep him on the ground for fear of falling, of losing his footing, his reputation, with the wreath in his hand, climbs fearlessly to the topmost pinnacle of the tower, and there before all, deliberately hangs the wreath. I take that to mean that he disregards all such considerations as these of expediency, or of a "sickly conscience," and gives boldly and freely to the world the very highest truth that is in him. Again, when he is at the top of the tower: "There is one he is striving with". Then once more there is the song in the air, and: "Now it is finished." That means the crowning achievement; he has already striven with and renounced the false God; now he realises the true one, the God within.

One dominant ideal can be seen through Ibsen's works in different aspects, that of self-realisation, and this to him is no small matter, but the *Magnum Opus*. The development of this ideal may be briefly traced. In a letter written in 1871 he says: "There are actually moments when the whole history

of the world appears to me like one great shipwreck, and the only important thing seems to be to save one's self." In 1882 an advance is to be seen in the sentence: "So to conduct one's life as to *realise* one's self—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it." But the third and last stage of the ideal is expressed in this play, *The Master-Builder*, published in 1892. The play is a re-statement of the idea of realisation of self, but now Self may be said to be spelled with a capital letter.[1]

The crushed and mangled physical body which falls into the quarry (and which Hilda never sees at all—she never looks down after he has climbed the tower), I take to be all that is human and perishable in his work, his achievement, his message, the truth he has given out. This part only falls back into the quarry as material for future working.

Two points before I close. First: The meaning of the "Kingdom of Orangia" which Solness promises Hilda when they first meet, would naturally be intellect—the intellectual kingdom. But Hilda says of it, a little later in the play; "I won't have anything to do with that stupid kingdom."

This at first seems puzzling. But Hilda's standpoint, or rather the standpoint of the principle she symbolises, is the plane *above* the intellectual. It is one thing to look up to the intellect, but I imagine it might be quite another thing to look down upon it. The off-hand manner of Hilda's expression of this idea is quite in keeping with her character of the modern young girl.

Second: It is of the first importance to remember throughout the play, that the two characters, Aline Solness and Hilda Wangel, are parts of Solness' consciousness, and have really in the inner meaning of the play, no existence apart from him.

KABER HARRISON

[1] Arnold S. Banks. *T. R.* July 1908.

EDUCATION AND THE WILL

IN the ranks of our Society, there must be many who are engaged in the education of the young. Of these, some may only seek in Theosophy a relaxation and relief from the monotony of the daily round of duties, without thinking of relating its theories to the platform and the desk; but keener students cannot but find their whole view of the theory and practice of education affected by their knowledge of the inner nature of the child, and the principles of his complex constitution.

This knowledge must play an important part in determining the factors of modern education. The reaction from the old methods tends to make all things indiscriminately new. Instead of the school being the place where the child studies the book, it becomes a happy hunting-ground for the master to study the child—in bewilderment, often, at the many unexpected sides to that simple-looking childish nature! Instead of the thorny paths of knowledge, the teacher seeks ever new ways along flowery meadows of games, object-lessons and excursions; and 'French without tears' is to be surpassed by 'wisdom without effort'.

We feel the reaction tends to be extreme. There was something in the old dominie with book and cane that the new education is in danger of missing; and the object of study when young surely ought to be more than a well-stored mind in a sound body; it should be the aim of those in charge of the young to develop every part of their nature in due proportion, and to do so, every part of that nature must be known. We must have the best physical development of the young bodies. The Theosophist only knows all that implies. It is not only a

matter of pure air or microbes. The preparation should go further back, and deal with the parents. It must go wider afield, and deal with food, and things which, from the astral, affect the physical body. How few teachers deal with the causes that affect the child's frame, or know anything about them!

Then there should surely be a training of the senses, helped by the knowledge of the true centres of perception in the supra-physical body, and showing how to make the most of the powers of sense, by purity of life and thought; so leading to the development where possible, or advisable, of latent senses; or at least a hinting at their existence and possibilities. Then the mind must be dealt with as a machine that should obey the owner, when he is expert; not merely as a sack to be filled with information. All this time the teacher will be watching for indications of the stage at which his pupils have arrived, when this life begins for them, in the light of his knowledge of Reincarnation, and so can more easily prepare to counteract tendencies for evil, as they show themselves, or encourage and train the powers that point to 'genius,' and advise parents as to the future of their children.

But perhaps it will be in regard to the *will* that the Teacher with a Theosophical training will most differ from the usual 'dominie'.

He recognises the will as the real battle-ground of the forces that play around his pupils; and will aim in every way to strengthen and purify the will, so that the pupil may not only know right, but *do* it.

What part does will-training play in an ordinary school? It is never mentioned in a syllabus; it is left chiefly to the discipline of the school-bell and the athletic field! The discipline of the school is left indirectly to deal with the fundamental part of the pupil's nature; and often the boy is made or marred by almost

haphazard words and actions of companions or masters, never guessing that his destiny is in his own hands, that his will is the prize for which the forces above and below him are engaged in constant warfare, and that he must determine for himself whose the victory shall be, and to which he shall join himself.

While there is the real danger of a strong will that is not purified, the dangers of the 'left-hand path,' there is just as much to be gained by a trained will that always makes for right.

Perhaps some 'more expert brother' will be induced to give the world a manual of pedagogy from the Theosophical point of view, and though it may not be accepted at present by teachers in general, it will be of the greatest service to those who feel the responsibility, and realise the opportunity in their hands, as guardians of 'The Coming Race'.

MASH-MAK

The preceptor is the lower piece of wood used for kindling the sacred fire. The pupil is the upper piece of wood. The teachings form the middle portion of the wood where the stroke is made. Vidyâ is the pleasing fire that comes out. The pupil by constant questioning should extract the fire of wisdom from the Guru. The pure wisdom that is thus acquired from the Guru shakes off the Mâyâ that is begotten of the Guṇas.

Bhāgavata Purāṇa

AN ESTIMATE OF THE PROBABLE EFFECT ON THE MODERN WORLD OF THE LIFE OF A MASTER OF WISDOM

THIS is a subject which is occupying many minds just now, when those who watch the signs of the times are straining their eyes to catch the first gleams of a new Sun of Righteousness, already being heralded in the East.

For its due consideration we need, in the first place, to review what history can tell us of the lives of great Teachers in the past; secondly, to inquire in what particulars our modern world resembles, and in what particulars it is an advance upon, that past; thirdly and lastly, we must determine, at least approximately, the unknown quantity in a proportion which can roughly be stated thus: As past conditions to modern conditions, so is the measure of the public effectiveness of a bygone Master to His anticipated effectiveness if re-incarnated to-day.

To this it may be objected that we are not dealing here with mathematical quantities, so cannot fitly so formulate our problem. Yet, it can hardly be controverted that if we could measure our first ratio, the second would equal it with mathematical precision, for the 'good seed' is sown by every Master of Wisdom, and the harvests reaped vary only with the quality of the soil. Those that have ears are alone able to hear! Hence our understanding of the problem before us must depend on our understanding of the world's present condition, as related to its past and its future.

First, then, let us turn to history. Barely three thousand years may we go back without reaching periods deemed

pre-historic, perchance only because we have not yet learned to read the language in which their history is written. Still, those three thousand years include the lives of two great Masters of Wisdom, the Buḍḍha and the Christ, lights respectively of the East and the West. Many more than two of the Disciples of the Wisdom has the world seen during these centuries, but even to such Sages as Pythagoras, Lao-tze, Confucius, Plato, and Apollonius must we deny the title of Master for purposes of this consideration, to mark our sense of the pre-eminence of those Great Ones who, having reached the utmost limits of human evolution, have voluntarily stooped under the burden of the cares and sorrows of the world; who, having transcended individual consciousness and realised union with the Logos, in His second, or Wisdom aspect, have become living centres of divine light, redeeming the world from the darkness of ignorance and materialism.

In studying and comparing the effects of the lives of Gauṭama Buḍḍha and the Christ, let us first look at immediate, then at eventual, results. The receptions accorded to these Teachers were different. India has always loved and reverenced her Sages, and Shākyamuni was able to live out to the full His beautiful life, preaching the Good Law of Love and Duty. On the other hand, the Christ met with such hostility that His public ministry was most unduly shortened. His own nation rejected and spurned His physical presence among them, so that the instructions on which His Church was founded had to be given to His disciples in His secret intercourse with them, after the physical body had been done to death. This difference depends on a difference in the national temperament, and we shall have to ask ourselves which of the two races our modern western Society most resembles, the gentle, submissive and reverent Hinḍûs, or the children of Israel, with their attachment to an empty formalism sanctioned by long use, their craving for the material loaves and fishes rather than for "the Bread

that cometh down from Heaven," and their national bigotry and exclusiveness, as the one race favored of God among the children of men.

Yet, beyond the immediate differences, there are many points of likeness in the world's eventual reception of these two messages.

Both the Buḍḍha and the Christ came as true Sons, though reformers, of an old religious system; each was rejected by the official exponents and guardians of that system; and the religion founded by each as a superstructure on the old foundation had finally to betake itself to other lands and races, bitterly repudiated by the parent religion to which it should have been a crown and a fulfilment.

Yet, the reason is not far to seek! Both Teachers had to break down forms which were imprisoning the Spirit of Religion. But these forms were also of divine institution, had grown with the national life, crystallised with it, and must decay with it, in a natural order. The old could not be patched with the new: old bottles would not be safe receptacles for new wine. We need not regret this, for in each case, before the new teachings were finally repudiated, they had done much to revivify the orthodox religious tradition of the land.

Having then briefly considered the first terms of our two equal ratios, let us turn to the second, and look at the conditions of the modern world. First we notice that it is led by the Teutonic sub-race, which has developed along Christian lines.

Many are the likenesses between modern Christendom and that Jewry to which a Master came two thousand years ago. We too have our Pharisees, too easily recognisable to need indication, and materialistic Science provides us with the Sadducees, incredulous of aught but that which their senses can perceive. One point strikes us in which the Jews notably had the advantage of us;

THE ASCETIC'S REVEL, OR THE SIMUL IN FLOWER

[After WALT WHITMAN]

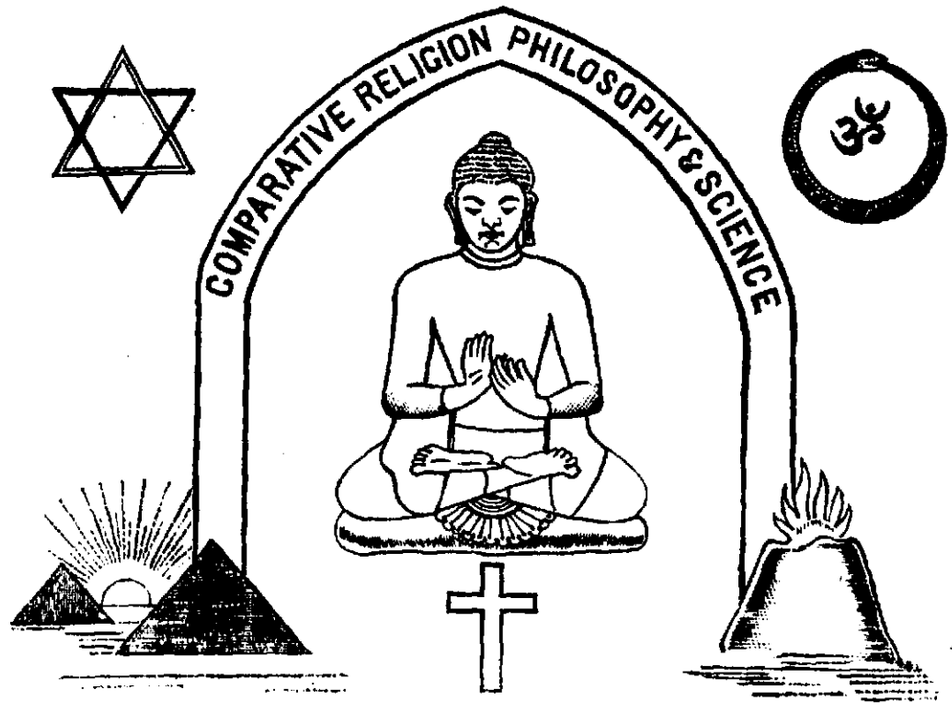
[Bereft of leaf, and reduced to sheer skeleton-bareness, the *Simul* (Sk. *Salmali*), the tall and strong Indian Cotton tree, becomes, in mid-spring, covered, trunk and bough, with thousands of large, flame-colored but scentless flowers, smoky-dark in their undermost petals, looking, from a distance, as though it were entirely ablaze, having caught fire simultaneously at several points.]

What incarnadines the crimsoned Simul?
On withered boughs, above, below,
In smoke-chaliced fire of clustered flowers.
Whose passion burns, hot, impetuous, devoid of shame?
On yonder winter-bared and leafless tree
What magic hath been wrought by touch of Spring?
Through merest bones gush sprays of scarlet blood,
fiery with quintessent desire!

Art thou, O tree, a tranced ascetic,
Naked, with obtrusive ribs:
For having sought to kill the flesh, the chosen mark
of envious Indra's ire?
Wine-frensied, deep-dyed,
And circled to make a pouting kiss—
Whose lips, flower-guised, smother thee with their
eager multitudinous contact?

No fragrance, but color merely:
No love hallows this rapture red:
To what cruel mockery of blandishment art thou
perforce a victim?
Has Ûrvashî come, bodied in Spring,
And all around thee thrown her hot embraces,
Setting a hundred carnal flames to thy long-nursed trance?

B. C. MITRA



REINCARNATION: AN ISLÂMIC DOCTRINE

THIS will perhaps come as a revelation to the majority of the Muslims, and to others who are not acquainted with the inner meaning of the teaching in the holy *Qurān;* and also with certain sayings of the Blessed Prophet Muhammad.

Al Keyseri, a learned Muslim Sūfī and a great author —in his commentary on *Fusoos-el-hikem*, a work of great merit, composed by Mohiyadeen-ibnu-Araby, the most learned among the Muslim Sūfis, by the direct instructions of the Holy Prophet Muhammad, at Damascus, where the Prophet appeared to him in Mushada, a trance induced

during contemplation, and commanded him to reveal those teachings to the world—says, in speaking of Ilyas: "Ilyas is Idrees," and then observes: "Idrees lived before Nooh (may peace be on him), and that Ilyas lived long after Nooh, and shortly before Eesa (Jesus)." Here he states:

> This is not to be a confirmation of the doctrine of Tanasikiyas, which teaches that a soul is reborn into the world immediately after death, but the fact is otherwise.

The inference here is that reincarnation takes place after the lapse of certain time after death, as in the case of Idrees and Ilyas.

Mohiyadeen-ibnu-Araby, in his book, *Futoohat il Mkkiya*, the author's greatest work, which is regarded by all Muslims as an unquestionable authority—a work written at Mecca under instructions from the Prophet, as in the case of *Fusoos*—in the chapter 'Resurrection,' states:

> There is some difference of opinion among the Muslim (Ulemas) learned men, as regards the method of Resurrection. Some of them say that resurrection will be by reincarnation, and quote passages from the *Qurān* and authenticated sayings of the Prophet, in support of their contention. Those who oppose this teaching also adduce arguments from the *Qurān* and Hadeez, traditions, against it.

Ibnu Araby declares both sides to be partly right and partly wrong, because neither has understood the teaching correctly, and says that this difference of opinion will not affect their claim to be regarded as Moemin, the faithful. The belief in some sort of transmigration of the soul was prevalent among the Arabs in the time of the Prophet, and He does not appear to have ever denied it, for after the time of the Prophet there arose a sect among the Muslims known as 'Tanasikiyas'. It should be noted that no sect could be formed, nor was it ever formed, among the Muslims contrary to the teaching of the *Qurān* and Hadeez. The founder of the Tanasikiya sect would not have counted upon the support of the Muslims if he had no valid ground for doing so. The promulgation of a doctrine contrary to the teaching of

the *Qurān* and Hadeez would cost the promulgator his life.

It is clear that if there was any controversy on the subject, it was a question of immediate or deferred reincarnation. In the *Qurān* the doctrine of reincarnation is taught under the allegory of hell. The *Qurān* teaches that when a sinner is cast into hell, he will be in charge of nineteen Zabanias (angels, or devas, serving in the hell), and they are under the superintendence of a Malik, King or Chief. The nineteen Zabanias are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and the seven planets of the week, under whose influence every mortal born into the world passes his life of suffering till relieved by death. The Malik is Tabeeah, Nature. It goes on that every time the skin of a sinner is consumed in the hell, he is clothed in a new skin, and that this would continue to be the case till every stain of sin was purged off, and the Divine principle in him had manifested itself in its purity.

The above is another allegory, the sense of which is that the sinner will be born into the world time after time, till he attains Union, Wusool, with God, when man's personality will be absorbed and he will live in God.

It is taught that the action of every human being will be weighed on the Day of Judgment in a balance, fixed on the bridge Siratelmutakeem (the straight path), consisting of three parts, one end of which rests in hell and the other end in heaven; that one part of this bridge leads downwards as into a well, the middle portion is a level, and the last portion leads upwards; that it would take thousands of years for a soul to traverse the bridge; and that the scale, if heavy with good deeds, will ascend and the author of those good deeds will enter heaven, while the scale with bad deeds will descend and the author will go to suffer in hell under the Zabanias, till redeemed by the intercession of the Saviors, who are the different

Prophets and other blessed Ones. Since actions are not concrete objects, their weighing in a balance and the heavy scale going upwards and the light one going downwards, can have only an allegorical meaning; otherwise the whole idea is absurd. The explanation of the allegory is as follows :

The bridge over hell is the material world. The human ego descends from its spiritual height into the mineral kingdom, in which it unfolds its capacity to evolve, and after gaining experience in that plane for ages, it enters the vegetable kingdom, where it gains experience and qualifies itself to enter into the animal plane. Up to the vegetable kingdom, is the descending part of the bridge. The animal kingdom except the human, is the middle portion of the bridge, for the beasts and reptiles, etc., have a horizontal motion, and the last part of the bridge which ascends upwards is the human kingdom, from which the soul ascends to heaven. The scale is the human body; the soul is weighed in it, a chance being given to rise higher by purifying itself from the taints of matter, and at death, if the soul was pure from all attachments to earthly objects, it ascends to the spiritual plane; otherwise it is cast into rebirth, after staying for some time in Barzakkthe, the intermediate state.

It is also taught that when God sits on the throne to judge people (according to the Sūfis this is always happening, there being no fixed time for it, although the illiterate people think that there will be a day in the future for such judgment), hell will be brought to the plain where all will be assembled for judgment by its keepers. It will resemble a big beast, with a long neck like that of a camel, and it will have its mouth wide open, and all the sinners will be thrown into its mouth; after swallowing them all, it will ask for more, till at last the Lord will place His foot in the mouth of the beast, when there will grow in it water-cresses. Here the whole idea is an allegory. God sits in judgment in

the hearts of men; the long-necked beast is desire born of the wickedness and ignorance of His creatures, which increases in proportion to the measure in which its demands are met, and it can never be satisfied; at last his conscience cries out to him to desist from his wicked ways, and at certain moments of a man's life, the voice of conscience is heeded and the individual begins to mend his ways; this is the idea of the Lord placing his foot in the mouth of hell.

It is also taught that God will order the sinners to be taken to the shade of a tree with three branches, called Shajeru zakrom, to taste of its bitter fruit—this again signifies the earth, with three dimensions—taking rebirth on the earth.

Passages similar to the foregoing could be quoted by the dozen from the *Qurān*, all of them implying reincarnation.

The question will naturally arise why this was concealed from the people, and why the Muslims do not accept this doctrine.

The answer to this is given by the Prophet Himself. He has said: "Speak to people according to their wisdom." The Prophet said that when He made His night journey, which was to Him a spiritual exaltation, He was given to drink out of four vessels, meaning that four different kinds of knowledge were communicated to Him; and that He was commanded to give the first to the world at large: this was Shareeat, the Law. The second was for the advanced people: this was Tareekat, the Path. The third was for a select few: this was Hakeekat, the Truth. The fourth was not to be communicated to any, as God Himself would impart it to those with whom He was pleased: this is Maurifat, Divine Knowledge.

It is clear that certain kinds of knowledge were withheld from the illiterate mass; they were however taught in the form of allegories. At the time of the preaching of

Islām, the Arabs to whom He first preached the creed were all idolators, immersed in sensuality. It was no easy work to wean them from their sensual life, and lead them to enter a path of spirituality. It would be a vain effort to appeal to their sense of morality and spirituality and purity. They could appreciate no pleasure nor pain outside the physical body, and it was necessary therefore to adopt certain tactics. Truths were taught under the form of allegories, and in terms relating to physical pleasure and pain; it had the desired effect.

No sooner a person was found fit to understand the real significance of these allegorical teachings, then he was duly initiated into their real meaning. Were the Prophet to have told the hot-blooded Arabs that for their sensuality and voluptuousness they would be born into the world again, and therefore they should be less sensual, there would have been little chance of his obtaining their hearing. It was the idea of physical suffering in a material hell, and of enjoying the pleasures of a material heaven after death, that induced the majority of them to adopt a more sober life. And the result has proved the wisdom of the Prophet.

Abbas, one of the immediate followers of the Prophet, said on one occasion: "There are certain gems of knowledge, which, if I were to reveal, I would be condemned as an idol-worshipper, and the Muslims would consider it an act of merit to cut off my head; and they would little know that they were perpetrating a great crime."

O. S. M.

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE

From an Indian View-point

THE idea of dealing with Goethe's religious and philosophical views from an Indian standpoint—with the double object of bringing the greatest German nearer to the East and showing him from an unknown side—will very likely be found highly objectionable by most western *literati*. Goethe, the strong one, the apostle of action, the realist, the individualist, the ideal of perfect humanity—how can one dare to compare him with the dreamers of the Ganges? But the writer of these lines has reached the conviction that the science of Indian religions—which is, in his opinion, the most complete religious measuring scale of the world[1]—whenever applied (with the necessary caution, of course) to the profound thinkers of the West, will bring to light facts unfindable by any other method; and he indulges in the hope that the following essay[2] will prove at least that even by this seemingly inappropriate way of treatment less violence is done to our poet-philosopher than, for instance, by pressing his ideas, as is the custom, into the Procrustean bed of Spinozism. Goethe worshipped Spinoza, but no Spinoza could have sufficed him.

[1] The same view is held by Prof. Harnack with regard to the science of Christianity, but his works show that he is wrong.

[2] Which is an elaboration of a lecture or lectures I gave on various occasions. My sources are the materials I have collected, in the course of years, from Goethe's works and letters, Eckermann's Dialogues, and the Goethe literature, and lastly two recent and particularly useful books, *viz.*, *Goethes Selbstzeugnisse über seine Stellung zur Religion und zu religiös-kirchlichen Fragen. In zeitlicher Folge zusammengestellt von D. Dr. Theodor Vogel. Dritte Auflage. Leipzig* 1903, and *Meine Religion. Mein politischer Glaube. Vertrauliche Reden von J. W. v. Goethe, zusammengestellt von Dr. Wilhelm Bode. Zweite Auflage. Berlin 1901.* There is also a third edition (1903) of the second book, but in it certain sayings on reincarnation, etc., have disappeared, apparently because the compiler has meanwhile adopted the standpoint of the first book, according to which all such sayings have to be ignored as mere caprices of Goethe.

A few words of introduction, for Indian readers, on the import of Goethe's personality. He is very likely the most comprehensive genius ever heard of in the West. His writings are to many an educated German what, to an Indian, Kālidāsa, Upaniṣads and *Bhagavadgītā* may be *together*: the highest possible satisfaction of artistic, religious, and philosophical need. And more than that. For Goethe was also a man of science. He studied chemistry, physics, anatomy, zoology, botany. He took a keen interest in history, geography, the development of commerce, technical sciences, education, nay, there is almost no branch of human knowledge on which something important has not been said by Goethe in the course of his literary activity which, indeed, extends, apart from the attempts of his boyhood, over a period of sixty-five years (1767—1832). He was a sage and a poet in one person: a *kavi* in the Vedic sense. His mind belongs to those extremely rare ones in which science is in a complete and unobjectionable harmony with art, religion, and philosophy. Of this his *Farbenlehre* (Theory of Colors), his *Wahlverwandschaften* (Electic Affinities), his *Metamorphose der Pflanzen* (Metamorphosis of Plants) are instances.

Now to the subject itself. I am perfectly aware how risky a thing it is to bring into a system the religious ideas of a great man who has himself never cared for systematising his creed. Yet the attempt is surely justifiable, and the danger we may practically avoid by confining ourselves to the general features for which there is sufficient material, and giving the reader every possible chance of judging for himself. Accordingly, I shall not so much speak about Goethe as make Goethe speak for himself, and I shall add to the German original an English prose translation,[1] even in the case of metrical quotations, and at the risk of spoiling the beauty of the original. He who wants to enjoy the latter has to learn German anyhow.

[1] With the exception of one longer passage (of *Faust*) rendered in a masterly fashion into metrical English.

Young Goethe did not attend any school, but, together with his sister, received a very careful and comprehensive private education in the house of his parents, and, the latter being Protestants, he had also to pursue a continual and progressive religious instruction. This, however, was not at all congenial to him. He wrote about it, later on, as follows:

> The ecclesiastical Protestantism handed down to us was, indeed, not much more than a kind of dry morals: there was no shade of an original exposition, and the teaching could please neither heart nor mind.

Thus the idea arose in the mind of young Goethe that he had to approach the Deity on his own account, and he did this in quite a particular way. Already at that time his idea of nature and God was a pantheistic rather than a theistic one: he understood the world to be a manifestation of God, and so he decided to address himself to the greatest visible symbol of the Deity, to the *sun*. After much pondering, he found that he had to perform a *fire*-sacrifice; that he had to get the fire for it from the sun itself; and that the appropriate fuel would be neither wood nor coal, but incense-sticks, because—his own words—"this gentle burning and evaporating seemed much better to express what is happening in the mind, than an open flame". So he took a small table, fastened on it some incense-sticks, and kindled these by means of a burning glass, as soon as the sun (which had already risen a considerable time) appeared over the roofs of the neighboring houses. Now the devotion of the boy was perfect, and, at the repetition of the ceremony, the absorption was so deep that he noticed too late the damage done by the burnt-down incense-sticks to the fine flowers painted on the table.

To this *Sandhyā-vandana* Goethe came, as I said, quite spontaneously. He did not know anything about India or Parsism at that time. Yet I believe that already then, as later on, he liked to compare the energy of the soul

with that of the sun, and that something was in the mind of the boy like that idea which is the esoteric key to the *Sandhyā-vandana* of the twice-born, the idea expressed, *e.g.*, in the *Ānanda-Vallī* of the *Taittiriya-Upanishad: Sa yaç cāyam purushe yaç cāsāv āditye sa ekah*, "This one who dwells here in man, and that one who dwells in the sun, they are one." And here is also the place for a splendid saying of *old* Goethe, spoken a few days before his death to Eckermann, his Secretary:

> If you ask me whether it suits my nature to pay to Him (the Christ) adoring awe, I say: By all means! I bow to Him as to the divine manifestation of the highest principle of morality. If you ask me whether it is in my nature to worship the sun, I again say: By all means! For he is likewise a manifestation of the Highest, and that the most powerful one which we children of the earth are allowed to perceive. I worship in him (the sun) the light and the generating power of God, by which alone we live and breathe and are, and all plants and animals with us. If, however, you ask me, whether I am inclined to stoop to the thumb-bones of Saint Peter or Paul, I say: "Spare me, and keep at a distance with your absurdities!"

We are told by Goethe that his doubt of the Christian God had already begun when he was hardly seven years old, namely in consequence of the earthquake of Lisbon. The report of that fearful catastrophe in which the angry God, without a visible cause, not only killed sixty thousand human beings, good and bad, but even destroyed His own temples, produced a very strong impression on the young mind, and his distrust was still more confirmed by a most violent hail-storm breaking out soon after, which desolated the corn-fields and even broke the windows of his parents' house.

The growth of the seed of unbelief, however, was retarded during all the years he was at home, by the Christian *milieu* in which he had to live, and the many edifying stories of the Old Testament he became acquainted with.

All the more complete was the self-emancipation of Goethe during his University career, when he developed

into an unmistakable *atheist* (*nir-īçvara-vādin*), in the sense in which the word is understood in the Christian Church. Once for all he freed himself from the religious and social prejudices he had been so far subject to, and in the proud consciousness—thus he tells us in his autobiography, in the kārmic consciousness, I should like to say—of his having to thank nobody but himself for whatever he was and would become, he wrote that grand poem with which we have now to acquaint ourselves: the *Prometheus*.

There is hardly anything like it in Indian literature. We might think of certain hymns of the *Ṛgveda* (ii. 12; ix. 112; x. 119), full of a secret scorn about the King of the Gods (Indra), or of the fine speech of Draupadī in the Vanaparvan of the *Mahābhārata* (Adhy. 30), where that brave lady reproaches the Īçvara with arbitrariness and ill-naturedness: *Na mātṛ-pitṛ-vad rājan dhātā bhūteṣu vartate; roshād iva pravṛtto'yam yathāyam itaro janah.* "Not like a mother or father, O king, the Creator behaves towards the beings; but he is carried along by his passions like an ordinary man."

But all this is feeble, when compared with the *Prometheus*. Judge for yourselves!

Prometheus belongs to Greek mythology. He was a Titan, a sort of Asura who rebelled against Zeus, the King of the Gods. He formed from earth-slime the first men, and stole for them fire from heaven. He is imagined by the poet as sitting before his hut and watching the rise of a thunderstorm sent by his deadly hated enemy.

> Bedecke deinen Himmel, Zeus,
> Mit Wolkendunst,
> Und übe, dem Knaben gleich,
> Der Disteln köpft,
> An Eichen dich und Bergeshöhn;
> Musst mir meine Erde
> Doch lassen stehn
> Und meine Hütte, die du nicht gebaut,
> Und meinen Herd,

Um dessen Gluth
Du mich beneidest.

Cover thy sky with the vapor or clouds, Zeus, and like a boy who pleases himself in decapitating thistles with his stick, practice at oaks and mountain-tops; must yet leave to me my earth and my hut thou hast not built, and my fire-place, the glow of which thou enviest me.

Ich kenne nichts Ärmers
Unter der Sonn, als euch, Götter!
Ihr nähret kümmerlich
Von Opfersteuern
Und Gebetshauch
Eure Majestät,
Und darbtet, wären
Nicht Kinder und Bettler
Hoffnungsvolle Toren.

I do not know anything poorer under the sun than ye Gods! You miserably feed your majesty by sacrificial taxes and puffs of prayers, and would have to starve, were not children and beggars hopeful fools.

And now, on a sudden, the poet acts out of character, the following verse being fit for *his* childhood, but not for that of the former denizen of Heaven.

Da ich ein Kind war,
Nicht wusste, wo aus noch ein,
Kehrt ich mein verirrtes Auge
Zur Sonne, als wenn drüber wär'
Ein Ohr, zu hören meine Klage,
Ein Herz, wie mein's,
Sich des Bedrängten zu erbarmen.

When I was a child, not knowing where to turn, I lifted my strayed eye to the sun, as if beyond there was an ear to hear my complaint, a heart like mine, to have compassion for the distressed.

Wer half mir
Wider der Titanen Übermut?
Wer rettete vom Tode mich,
Von Sklaverei?
Hast du nicht alles selbst vollendet,
Heilig glühend Herz?
Und glühtest, jung und gut,
Betrogen, Rettungsdank
Dem Schlafenden da droben?

Who helped me against the haughtiness of the Titans? Who saved me from death, from slavery? Hast not thou done every thing thyself, thou sacred-glowing heart? And thou, glowing in youth and goodness, deceived, gavest thanks for deliverance to that sleeping one above?

Ich dich ehren? Wofür?
Hast du die Schmerzen gelindert
Je des Beladenen?
Hast du die Tränen gestillet
Je des Geängstigten?
Hat nicht mich zum Manne geschmiedet
Die allmächtige Zeit
Und das ewige Schicksal,
Meine Herren und deine?

I to pay homage to thee? For what? Hast thou ever soothed the pains of the afflicted? Hast thou ever dried the tears of the anguished? Have not almighty time and eternal fate forged me a man, my masters, and yours?

Wähntest du etwa,
Ich sollte das Leben hassen,
In Wüsten fliehen,
Weil nicht alle
Blütenträume reiften?

Didst thou fancy perhaps, I should hate life, flee into the deserts, because not all my flower-dreams have ripened?

Hier sitz' ich, forme Menschen
Nach meinem Bilde,
Ein Geschlecht, das mir gleich sei,
Zu leiden, zu weinen,
Zu geniessen and zu freuen sich
Und dein nicht zu achten,
Wie ich!

Here I am sitting, forming men after my image, a race which shall be like myself, to suffer, to weep, to enjoy, to rejoice and to despise you, as I do!

So far the *Prometheus*. Now let us compare another poem entitled *The Limits of Mankind* (*Grenzen der Menschheit*), which originated only a short time after *Prometheus* and yet seems as opposite to it as possible; in reality, however, it does not at all mean a change of opinion, but is only the expression of *another* religious feeling which, alternately with the first, dominated our poet's mind, until the idea of the pantheistic One and All definitely conciliated the two; it is the *feeling of dependence*, the idea of a necessary dependence of mankind on higher beings or powers, of a dependence on what people like to call fate.

Goethe alludes to it already in *Prometheus*, but it is eclipsed there by the gospel of freedom from the Gods. Every one of us has this feeling, and every one has the other one also. Whenever we look inside, we find ourselves independent and free; we feel the presence of a something within ourselves which will last from eternity to eternity, indestructible, not liable to the least loss. That is the Prometheus feeling. And on the other hand: when we look outside; when we see how helpless we are against old age, sickness and death; when we behold the sun and moon and stars moving aloft according to iron laws, and see the irresistible change of the seasons; when we consider that infinity surrounds us everywhere, then we feel how small and dependent we are; then we understand the "limits of mankind".

The condition at the beginning of the poem, is the same as in *Prometheus*: a thunderstorm; but in the place of the challenging Titan we find a deeply devoted worshipper of the Gods.

Wenn der uralte,
Heilige Vater
Mit gelassener Hand
Aus rollenden Wolken
Segnende Blitze
Über die Erde sät,
Küss' ich den letzten
Saum seines Kleides,
Kindliche Schauer
Treu in der Brust.

When the ancient, holy father with gentle hand from rolling clouds is sowing blessing lightnings over the earth, I kiss the last border of his garment, with childlike awe in my faithful heart.

Denn mit Göttern
Soll sich nicht messen
Irgend ein Mensch.
Hebt er sich aufwärts
Und berührt
Mit dem Scheitel die Sterne,
Nirgends haften dann
Die unsichern Sohlen,
Und mit ihm spielen
Wolken und Winde.

For with the Gods no man should himself dare to compare. When he rises upwards and touches the stars with his crown, nowhere then his unsafe soles are clinging, and with him clouds and winds are playing.

Steht er mit festen,
Markigen Knochen
Auf der wohlgegründeten
Dauernden Erde:
Reicht er nicht auf,
Nur mit der Eiche
Oder der Rebe
Sich zu vergleichen.

When with firm, marrowy bones on the well-founded lasting earth he is standing, he cannot dare even with the oak or the vine to compare himself.

Was unterscheidet
Götter von Menschen?
Dass viele Wellen
Vor jenen wandeln,
Ein ewiger Strom;
Uns hebt die Welle,
Verschlingt die Welle,
Und wir versinken.

What is the difference between men and Gods? That many waves are rolling before them, an eternal stream: *us* lifts the wave, devours the wave, and down we sink.

Ein kleiner Ring
Begränzt unser Leben,
Und viele Geschlechter
Reihen sich dauernd
An ihres Daseins
Unendliche Kette.

A small ring limits our life, and many generations are perpetually being added to the infinite chain of their existence.

So we see that Goethe was at the same time a bold atheist and a humble theist: the first in that he firmly declined the idea of a God who governs the world from outside; whom you may bribe by prayers; who, whenever he likes, may disregard the laws of nature; the second because he was thoroughly convinced of the existence of superhuman powers to the influence of which man is subject.

To a more definite *Weltanschauung* (*darçana*) Goethe did evidently not attain during his student's time, it being

just this vacillating between the two extremes which seems to me to characterise the student Goethe, as far as religion is concerned, and, indeed, in other respects too.

We therefore take leave here of young Goethe, and, overleaping the mediating links of the next decennia (a description of which is excluded by our plan), we turn to the last quarter of our poet's life, with but occasional references to earlier years.

Once more we must remember here that Goethe was all his lifelong not an abstract thinker but a poet, full of life, whose thinking always followed his feeling, rather than *vice versā*. His confession concerning his study of the history of philosophy, *viz.*: "In the most ancient men and schools I liked best that poetry, religion, and philosophy wholly coincided into one" (*Aus meinem Leben, II*), may, indeed, be claimed not only for his youth but for all his life.

Such being the case, it is only to be expected that the two great philosophical view-points known in India as *Advaita* and *Viśiṣṭādvaita*, and in the West as *Idealism* and *Pantheism*, have been *both* felt as true by a man like Goethe, so that it is sometimes the one, sometimes the other view which predominates in his mind, as I have now to show.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRĀDER

(*To be continued.*)

ANCIENT INDIAN MEDICINE

(*Concluded from Vol.* XXXI, *part* ii, *p.* 1572.)

THE second point of difference—which is a vital one and upon which the causes of diseases depend—is the result of the food digested. According to the eastern system, out of the digested food there arise two things, *viz.*, Prasāda (nutrient substance) and Mala (refuse). This double aspect of nutrient substance and refuse is carried on throughout, as the nutrient substance is converted from one stage to another. In the course of digestion in the duodenum, there occurs the froth according to the East, and the soaping process according to the West. This is the refuse of it, just as in boiled rice there is the foam or froth over it. This refuse is due to fatty or oily matter. But the ancients say that it is due to the sweet matter of the food—probably sugar or starch is also there. After this mass of food goes into the small intestine, we find that the juice is separated into two kinds by the villi, —one entering the capillaries as blood and the other entering the lymphatics and becoming the chyle, which is milk-white. The latter, according to the East, is the refuse of the rasa or juice; the froth, which is called phlegm, becomes liquid here. Where does this go to? It goes to the thoracic duct, and empties itself into the superior vena-cava. Why should this division take place in the smaller intestines and why should they again join in the thorax? It is not explained by the West. The East says that the phlegm is formed at the thorax through this process. In describing the different places in the body where phlegm resides, Charaka says:

The thorax, the head, the throat, all the joints, that portion of the stomach which holds the undigested food and the

fat, are the seats of phlegm. Amongst these all, the thorax is especially the seat of phlegm (Lesson xx).

Now mark the word 'fat' as one of the seats of phlegm. Hence there cannot be any doubt that the fat floating over the food is identifiable with phlegm. Moreover the lymphatic vessels go to the thoracic duct to discharge their contents there, and this shows clearly it is for forming phlegm, which is found proceeding from the throat of all men.

Then coming to the bile, we find there is no difficulty in tracing it, since it, as a tangible thing, emanates from the liver and joins at the duodenum the mass of food. We have to know what becomes of it afterwards and what result flows from it. When the absorption of the food into juice takes place in the small intestine, does this bile go with the blood into the capillaries or with the chyle into the lacteals? It is with the former, as in the analysis of the blood, the salts, etc., are found in it only. The question now to consider is about the result the bile produces in its combination with blood. According to Charaka, the refuse of blood is bile. Hence, when this blood is converted into flesh, etc., we find there is in each stage certain refuse appropriate to each, and these are fully described by Charaka.

Vāyu

In the description of vāyu, there are two things to be noticed. One is the seven fires. It is fire that digests things. The author, after making mention in the text of five fires, at once goes to the enumeration of seven fires according to the elements. The other is vāyu. This naturally brings us to the third cause of diseases. In vāyu, we have more difficulties to encounter when we compare the old system with the new. In what stage is this vāyu produced? When the soluble mass of food goes to the small intestine, where the separation of rasa (juice) takes place, then it is from such a solid mass that arises vāyu, as the text says: in Pakvāshaya the food cooked

by the fire is converted into a sodden mass. From its condition of pungency arises vāyu. As the author elsewhere says:

> The hypogastric region .... and surrounding parts are the seats of vāyu. That portion of the stomach where digestion goes on is among the seats of vāyu.

It is in respect to vāyu that we cannot get any endorsement from modern Science, its researches being confined to dead bodies, when prāṇa, or vāyu, has fled from the body.

I may state that the Upaniṣhaṭs use the word vāyu for energy in the universe, and prāṇa for that in man. But Charaka does not use it in this manner. He divides vāyu into two, of the universe and of man. In each division there are two sub-divisions—*viz.*, excited and non-excited. In the ordinary or non-excited state, vāyu tends to the formation of an organism, and in its excited state, to its destruction. This is how he describes its function:

> Vāyu upholds the constituents of the body (such as blood, flesh, marrow, fat, etc.) and then courses through the body. It exists in the fivefold form. It is the urging cause of movements of different kinds. It restrains the mind (from all undesirable objects) and concentrates it (on objects that are desirable). It causes all the (10) senses (of knowledge and action) to perform their functions. It bears all the objects of the senses (after contact with the senses) to the mind. It holds together all the elements of the body. It assists the cohesion of the particles of the body. It causes speech. It is the prime cause of touch and sound and the root of scents. It is the origin of joy and cheerfulness. It excites the heat of fire. It dries up all humors. It throws out all impurities. It pierces through all the ducts of the body, gross and fine. It gives form to the embryo in the womb. It furnishes evidence of the existence of life. The vāyu, when unexcited, achieves all these functions. When excited within the body, it pains the body with diverse afflictions. It destroys and injures strength, complexion, happiness and period of life. It agitates the mind. It injures all the senses.

From the foregoing it is clear that, of the three mentioned, vāyu, bile and phlegm, it is vāyu that cannot be understood from the modern standpoint. Probably

as the moderns begin to go more into the constitution of air, they will begin to understand it, and then we shall have some suggestions about it. We find that the breath in the body, so long as there are inspiration and expiration, denotes life.

How then are physical diseases caused? When these three are normally working in the body, then there is no disease; but when their normal condition is altered, then they become sources of evil. Hence the book says in Chapter xvii. thus:

The humors of the system, *viz.*, vāyu, bile and phlegm, have three kinds of causes; first, they may be attenuated, or remain in normal measure or be increased or excited; second, they may range upwards or downwards, or in transverse direction; and thirdly they may travel into the stomach, the branches or subsidiary ducts, or all vital parts and bone-joints.

Hence if they are normal, there is no disease; but if they are abnormal, *viz.*, less or more, then disease is produced. Generally it is food that, taken in excess, with a certain quality or qualities involving vāyu, bile and phlegm, that generates disease. The food has to be taken according to different seasons or constitutions, mental or physical. The food that is suited at one time or to one person is not suited to another person or to that same person at another time. Hence it is stated by the author that these three when normal are even called the strength of the body. For instance he says:

The phlegm that is normal is called the strength of the body. When the phlegm changes its normal condition, it becomes those impurities that are evacuated by the system. When the normal condition becomes altered it becomes a source of evil. All acts and functions are due to vāyu as their cause. Vāyu has been called the life of all living creatures. It is through vāyu that all diseases are generated. It is through vāyu also that all creatures meet with destruction ..... The digestion of men arises from the heat of the bile. The bile when excited produces all kinds of disorders.

Hence we find that, of the three, the primal cause of disease is the humor called vāyu. How is the abnormal state of these three to be made normal? By administering food or medicine which is adverse to the cause that produced the abnormal state.

Vāyu, which may be dry, cold, light, subtle, unstable, clear and keen, is cured by objects which have adverse attributes. Bile which may be cold, hot, keen, soft, sour, liquid and bitter, is speedily cured by objects having adverse attributes. Heavy, cold, mild, watery, sweet, stable, and slimy—these attributes of phlegm are cured by objects having adverse attributes. The sweet, the sour and the salt check vāyu; the astringent, the sweet and the bitter check bile; the astringent, the pungent and the bitter check phlegm. Diseases being generated by these three either individually or in combination, medicines and diet are prescribed to create the attributes adverse to the fault or faults generated.

Cure of Physical Diseases

It may be thought that these physical diseases are cured by medicines or food producing qualities contrary to the humors generated in the system. But Charaka mentions another cure, which may not be admitted by the moderns. Each disease has its own Devaṭa, or intelligence. According to Hinḍūism, there is no life without form, nor form without life—no Spirit without matter, and *vice versâ*. Hence each humor has its own Devaṭa. Hence in order to cure physical diseases, Charaka says thus:

The first kind (*i.e.*, bodily disease) is cured by medicines founded upon acts in respect of the Deities and upon reason.

In these days the remedy of diseases through the propitiation of the Deities will be laughed at by the moderns.

Ojas

Let Charaka himself explain:

When the element called ojas becomes attenuated, the patient yields to causeless fears, becomes weak, indulges in anxious thoughts ceaselessly, and feels pain in all his senses. His body again loses all its splendor, he becomes cheerless; a dryness pervades the whole system; and a languor comes over him so that he feels fatigue upon the slightest exertion. There resides in the heart a quantity of pure blood, which is slightly yellowish. This blood in the body is called ojas: through attenuation of this blood or its loss, even death may overtake the man.

In some texts, there is a verse of two lines on the subject of ojas. It is as follows:

That which is called ojas at first appears in the bodies of embodied creatures, endued with the color of clarified butter. In taste, it resembles honey. Its scent resembles that of fried paddy. As honey is gathered by bees from diverse kinds of flowers and fruits, even so is the ojas of men gathered by vâyu, bile and phlegm, from the several elements mentioned above.

In another place Charaka says thus:

To the heart are attached ten great ducts. They produce mighty results. Mahaṭ and Arṭha are said to be the synonyms of the heart by the wise. The body consisting of the six limbs, intelligence, the senses, the five objects of the senses, the soul as invested with attributes, the mind and thoughts, are all established in the heart. Since the heart is the refuge of these existent objects, therefore it is regarded by persons who speculate on the meanings of things as the top beam of the wooden or bamboo frame-work of the roof. One suffers from swoons or loss of consciousness from wounds inflicted on the heart, and death from the bursting or piercing of that organ. That which is the well-known consciousness of touch is that which is called the life that is situated in the heart. The heart is the seat of the foremost ojas. It is also the seat of the supreme Brahman. For these reasons, the heart is called Mahaṭ and Arṭha by the physicians. Because the heart is the root of the ten ducts, therefore these are called the great roots. These bear the ojas and run into every part of the body. All embodied creatures vivified by ojas move about or act. Without it, the life of all creatures becomes extinct.

From the above quotation from Charaka, he clearly means that ojas is a fluid, *viz.*, blood. The question is whether it is physical or ethereal. I would incline to the latter view. It is said to be yellowish in color and sweet to the taste, having the scent of fried paddy. If it is physical blood, then some proof should come from modern physiology. But as yet there is none. It is located in the heart and said to be the life-sustainer and life-destroyer. It sustains life through its presence and destroys life through its absence. Hence is accounted the fact that wounds inflicted on the heart produce loss of consciousness, and that the bursting or piercing of the heart produces death. Hence ojas plays an important part in man's constitution. If a person has to preserve it, then he has to be free from the mental worries which deplete, in more or less degree, the heart of its ojas. Hence the necessity of calm for man.

This ojas, which is the source of all and which is supplied to the heart by vâyu, bile and phlegm through the blood, passes from the heart to all other places through ducts (nâdîs). One statement is made in the book which deserves to be noticed. It is that the body is composed of ducts everywhere, different ducts playing different parts. Hence in one place the author says:

Whatever bodily phenomena occur in a person are all only especial forms (or conditions) of ducts. All phenomena, (visible) in a person never make their appearance or never disappear without (the action of) the ducts. Verily the ducts are the conduits of the ingredients of the body for bearing them (from one place to another) during the process of their development or transformation.

In the quotations made, we find that the mind, senses, etc., are all located in the heart. How can that be? In order to understand it, we have to go deep into the constitution of man. We all know that man has three bodies—the gross, the subtle, and the causal. In the first two bodies, gross and subtle, there are the senses, etc., in their gross and subtle states. But how can the senses, etc., be localised in the causal body?

Causal, it is called, because it is the cause of the other bodies. It is then necessary that in the cause the effect should be, though in a latent form. In the effect, the subtle and gross bodies, there are the senses, etc. Should not these also be in their cause? Theosophical works make of the causal body an auric egg, without explaining about the senses, etc., in it. In the ordinary Hinḍû works, they dismiss this body with the statement that it is a body of nescience, functioning in high trance. But if we go to the Upaniṣhaṭs, we find this causal body located in the heart, with different gates, as they are called, in which are posted these different things of the lower bodies (see the *Chhâṇḍogya Upaniṣhaṭ*, III, xiii). Hence it is into the centres of the heart that all the energies of the different senses, etc., are withdrawn in high trance; and again when man has to awake from

it, it is from these centres the ojas of the heart has to run to the different ducts, to give strength to the subtle and then to the gross body.

K. NĀRĀYAṆASWĀMI IYER

One of the interesting signs of the times is the tendency towards a more liberal religious policy on the part of the Indian Maṭhs, religious bodies, analogous in their wealth and power to the Monasteries of the Middle Ages in Europe. The Hampi Maṭh is being led at present towards educational and social activity by Mr. G. K. Harkare, a man of considerable energy; he is endeavoring to put pressure on Brāhmaṇas to perform their duty of teaching gratuitously, according to ancient custom. The Kolhapur Maṭh, largely guided by Dr. Khedkar, F. R. C. S., and Mr. G. S. Pishivikar, is issuing a well-printed little magazine, *The Vedāntin*, and lately gave a warm welcome to Mr. F. T. Brooks, who lectured in the Maṭh and was given a shawl of honor, as a token of its satisfaction with his "deep study and impressive lectures on the real spirit of Karma Yoga for the good of humanity". The Jagadguru (world-teacher) further expressed his appreciation of "the good work done by all Branches of the Theosophical Society" "in bringing the people of the West and East in closer relations, as desired by the original Founders of the Society". If these wealthy bodies would spend a little of their money in placing the Central Hindū College in a secure financial position, they would win the approval of the English educated class, which at present looks on them with much suspicion.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE GREAT SELF IN WESTERN PHILOSOPHY

(*Concluded from Vol.* XXXI, *part* ii, *p.* 1565.)

KANT'S philosophic system, wonderful, startling and bold as it appeared to most of his contemporaries, had yet a great defect in the eyes of many of them. That man, the creator of the world, should be unable to fathom the spiritual essence of the Universe, that he should only know the phenomena and never 'the things in themselves,' was a thought which his pupils were loth to accept, and which is therefore lacking in the philosophy of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, the founders of the School of Transcendental Idealism in Germany. Although the latter accepted most of the doctrines of their old master, yet Kant in his later life disclaimed all connexion with those young enthusiasts, who had an unbounded belief in their power to explain the Universe in terms of the mind, but who showed a sovereign contempt for the methods of science. As for Kant, he was of far too cautious, logical and critical a nature, ever to leave the safe ground of experience built up from sensation; he had taught that Ultimate Reality could not be found in this way, but he emphatically denied that it could ever be discovered by 'transcendental methods'. The difference of opinion between him and his pupils was really a psychological question. A man of such predominantly intellectual cast of mind, of such a habitually self-controlled disposition, could have but little sympathy with the dreams and ideals of those young enthusiastic philosophers, who did not only use for the foundation of their structure the products of

the intellect, but also the uncertain and changing elements of the feelings and the will. There cannot be any doubt that Fichte, Schelling and Hegel were all endowed more or less with the artistic temperament, and that Schelling was even a poet of no common order. The development of the emotional aspect of the race was showing itself in them as the faculty to see the truth before them in concrete pictures, ideals projected outward in bold majestic types, startling as well as convincing the intellect, and satisfying at the same time one's deeper spiritual nature.

But in spite of the fact that Kant would not recognise the idealists, after they had proclaimed their own systems, it cannot be denied that the doctrine of the Great Self is implicit in the *Critique of Pure Reason*. It is definitely stated in his theory of cognition that the process of gaining knowledge would be impossible without the unity of consciousness, which Kant calls 'transcendental apperception,' and without reference to which in Kant's phrase "no representation of objects is possible".

But this unity of consciousness, or awareness of the fact that we are the same person, no matter how many sensuous representations enter the mind, is intimately connected with the 'unity of functions,' by which all the phenomena that become objects of our knowledge are grasped in a necessary synthesis or unity according to laws.

But both, the unity of consciousness and the unity of functions, pre-suppose a larger consciousness than the personal self, which expresses itself by constantly shifting mental states, thoughts and feelings, while the higher ego keeps these disunited elements together. And what are the inborn forms of Space and Time by which sensations are unified, and the 'Categories' by which we "think phenomena into objects," but the faculties of that larger mind which only partially expresses itself through our consciousness?

The existence of the Higher Self having been established in Kant's philosophy, let us see now how Fichte, the great disciple of Kant, develops his system from the former:

"If I can never know the true nature of things," Fichte seems to say, "and if the outer world can be only such to me as is represented in my consciousness, then my thoughts, feelings and volitional acts are the only reality to me, and there is nothing beyond it; for, what I can never know does not exist for me".

So Fichte, in doing away with the 'thing in itself' makes our subjective states of mind the expression of both the phenomenal and the noumenal factor.

Now the question arises: "If there is nothing but this inner mental condition, how is it then that we became aware of an objective world?" The answer of Fichte is: By activity. The individual self in going out into the world finds itself confronted by a not-self, something it has to influence and to conquer. This imposes a task on the self, it gives it an opportunity for action; and by acting upon its surroundings it comes to a realisation of an outer world. Now, according to Fichte, the objective world is nothing but the embodiment of our duty. The fact that I was born in a certain family, that I am living in a larger community, a village or a town, that I am a citizen of a State, imposes certain duties upon me, and causes me to act along definite lines, by which I come to a recognition of my relation to the larger body, the community, the country of which I form a part, and in doing this I actually create the world to which I belong.

We have here another difference between Kant and Fichte. Both philosophers teach that man creates the world around him. Kant says that is done by the native power of the intellect, which imposes laws on the materials furnished by the senses, and reduces the multitude of phenomena to unity. Fichte claims that we make our world by fulfilling the duties in the particular sphere of life into which destiny has placed us. Both thinkers however realise that the finite mind is only used as

an instrument in this act of world-creation; that it is practically unconscious of it. Kant claims that it is beyond the sphere of knowledge to explain *why* the mind has the obvious tendency to combine the multiplicity of facts according to the laws which he saw in the categories; but Fichte says that this is done by the action of a larger Self which only partially expresses itself through our consciousness. In Fichte's philosophy there seem to be however two Selves larger than the ordinary self of which we are conscious: namely, the individual Higher Self which creates my world for me in determining my position in this life, and the Universal Self. The former we would call in Theosophy the Higher Ego and the latter the Ātman.

Now the question may be asked: "How can it be said that the Higher Individual Self creates the world for each of us; do we not see all the same world around us? Do I not live in the same world as my neighbors?" The answer is: Only partially so. Our common human nature certainly enables us to see the same things around us, the same houses, people, trees, mountains, the sun, the moon, etc. But these are unrelated phenomena, *disjecta membra*, until the intellect reacts upon them and forms these mental perceptions into *objects*, by ascertaining the relations into which they enter with the *subject*. What do the heavenly bodies I see overhead mean to me? Are they specks of fire in the sky, a legion of demons, a host of angels, or infinite worlds, the same in substance and kind as the earth on which I stand? What is my relation to the people with whom I live? What is our relation to the people outside our house? Such questions and a myriad of others would have to be answered first, before my world is built for me.

A Cabinet Minister and his valet, going on a tour all over the country, would probably be in the same surroundings most of the time. They would visit together

large industrial establishments, factories, shipyards, docks, military barracks, educational institutions; they would both be present at political assemblies, public functions, court ceremonials, etc. Yet, could it be asserted for a moment that the uneducated man has the same idea of the complex machinery of the State as has his master? So, in a certain sense, it must be admitted that the minister and his personal attendant are living in two completely different worlds.

It cannot be repeated too often that it is the mind which creates our world by acting on the material of the senses; this is the great truth which Kant has won for us. Now Fichte really accepts this doctrine; only he says it is the activity side of the mind, and not the intellect, by which we become conscious of the world; by working we build it. There is, however, another important point in Fichte's system.

By acting upon the objective world we not only realise ourselves and become conscious of our position in the Universe, but we also become aware of other selves who are working with us in the family, or outside, in the world of business, of education, or in any of the numberless departments that form the large body of the State. We see that similar tasks are imposed upon them, that each has his special duty to perform, and yet that all are co-operating to the same end, namely the welfare of the community. The fact then which, according to Fichte, constitutes the true *Vocation of Man* (the title of his representative work), is the co-operation of the individual self with the other selves in the fulfilment of the world-task, which is based on the recognition that all the apparently separate selves are part of the great Universal Self, in whom we all live and move and have our being.

So, to Fichte, the Infinite expresses Himself through the moral will, and the scene of His action is the home,

the civic community, the country at large; where great numbers of people are living together and where they have to respect each other's rights. In this way the chief virtues of the race are developed, and the drama of civilisation is daily enacted before our eyes.

Although the idealism of Fichte had definitely formed and proclaimed the important truth, that the conscious mind is by no means the whole of the Self; yet there was one weak point in Fichte's system, namely the explanation of the objective Universe. That the outer world is "an embodiment of my duty" is certainly true as far as my immediate surroundings are concerned; but it is perhaps not so easy to explain, in what relation my duty stands to a jelly-fish or a star. Schelling proposes to solve the problem of the relation between the subjective and objective worlds in his famous work entitled *Naturphilosophie*, which is the most complete account of his philosophic views.

Now how does Schelling, the eloquent lecturer, the young professor, who had attained to fame before he was twenty-five, view the world-problem? He seems to say:

> I realise that my states of consciousness, my feelings and my actions are manifestations of the Great Self; but there is an infinite realm beyond those, there are myriads of solar systems in space, of magnitudes so overwhelming, at distances so enormous, that the contemplation of the infinitude and the majesty of the cosmos makes the human brain reel and man's intelligence stand speechless.
>
> We are dimly aware at such moments of the presence of the great World Spirit, who expresses Himself in the mystery of gravitation, in the wonders of electricity and magnetism, in the phenomena of light and heat; who works through the seemingly magic forces of crystallisation and who is present in all vegetable and animal life. When rapt in mystic contemplation of the wonders of Nature I see by intuition that this is the same Great Self who speaks through my states of consciousness, and that the great book of Nature is really a record of my past lives; not, of course, as an individual (Schelling had probably never given any serious thought to reincarnation) but as the various modes of existence of the great World Spirit, who is thinking and feeling in me now, and who since the beginning of time has worked His way up through the mineral, the vegetable, the animal, until He finally became conscious of Himself in Man.

We cannot help noticing how near Schelling is coming near to Theosophical thought; but, of course, he never developed in his teaching the descent of the human Monad into the body, and its taking possession of the matter on different planes.

It is believed by competent critics that Schelling never expressed his system of the philosophy of Nature more concisely and clearly than in the fragment of a poem which he wrote, so to speak, under the eyes of his lady friend Caroline von Schlegel, that wonderful woman who was the centre of the romantic circle at Berlin, in the early twenties.

The poem which bears the humorous title: *Epicurean Confession of Faith of Hans Bristleback*, gives us the experiences of a thoroughly worldly-minded man, who, disgusted at the asceticism and the superstitions of the priest-craft, determines first to live completely a life of the senses, but not finding satisfaction in this, he begins to reflect how it is that world attracts us so; and, having turned mystic for the time being, he explains this mystery by the presence of the great World Spirit, the Soul of the Universe, who is the same Being who thinks and feels in our minds. For the poem itself, I must refer the student to the translation of Dr. Josiah Royce of Harvard.

In the philosophy of Fichte and Schelling, the Great Self, which formed the central doctrine of both their systems, had assumed, so to speak, a definite form, *i.e.*, in the teaching of Fichte it was represented by the World State, the community of individual selves all working together for the benefit of the whole. In the metaphysics of Schelling it was the cosmos personified; the great World Spirit with his flashing aureole of suns, and his trailing robe of stars, enthroned beyond the realms of space and time.

In the philosophy of Hegel, however, the third of the transcendental idealists, the Great Self is devoid of shape or form, for it is represented simply by the Idea. By this is not meant, however, merely the knowledge of some truth, but it is a creative force, showing itself in the World-process, revealing itself in history, and attaining to its crowning development in philosophy.

We see in Hegel's system the unfolding of the Absolute in the great events of the world, in historical epochs, national characteristics, forms of culture and faith and philosophical systems.

God is not, as in Fichte's system, embodied in the more or less stable conditions of the State, in the form of the co-operative Commonwealth, where every member has his fixed duties, and all are performing this regular work day after day for the benefit of the whole.

Hegel's Absolute is the Idea in a constant flux; it is the Divine Spirit struggling and striving in the nations towards an ever higher degree of freedom and happiness, which is the result of an ever nobler and greater ideal of perfection. He is the youth who is carrying his banner on the mountain heights, and having arrived on a summit, cries "Excelsior!" and instantly proceeds on his upward journey.

Now what is the aim of this ceaseless struggling on the part of the Spirit against his environment? It is Self-realisation. The Spirit is striving to become conscious of himself, and, in reflecting upon himself, to get the deeper meaning of the drama of life, as represented by the onward march of civilisation, from gray antiquity to modern times. This is done by Philosophy; because it interprets the events of history, it explains the facts of Nature by pointing out their relation to higher spiritual principles, and it helps us to solve the difficult problems of our personal existence by upholding the Idea as triumphant, by showing that a sound rationality reigns above all the conflicts of the spiritual life.

So we see that Hegel's philosophy is essentially optimistic, and that it is thoroughly in harmony with the Theosophical teachings.

We find his system best developed in the *Phenomenology*, for this work has been characterised as the picture of the Hegelian philosophy in the making, at the stage before the scaffolding has been removed from the building.

You will ask perhaps now: "What was the effect of the idealistic philosophy on the world?"

The effect of great ideas is not easily traced, for it is subtle and far-reaching; but there cannot be any doubt that Fichte's passionate appeal to the patriotic spirit of Prussia, his *Addresses to the German Nation*, in which he set forth the creative and regenerative power of the Self, helped to bring about the very important social and military reforms which enabled Prussia in 1813 and 1814 to throw off the yoke of Napoleon.

We have here the elevating spectacle of a great people, rising by its innate vitality and spiritual force, from a state of moral and political degradation to the position of one of the leading nations of Europe. It is the philosophy of Idealism vindicated.

In England the idealistic school of philosophy had an enthusiastic adherent in Thomas Carlyle, who developed his idealistic teachings not only in his well-known work *Sartor Resartis*, but who, in his many literary essays, criticisms and pamphlets, would always uphold the right of the Spirit to triumph over empty forms, meaningless customs, insincerity and cant. Also Coleridge was a warm admirer of German Idealism, and his poetry, as well as that of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, is nothing if not thoroughly idealistic, showing the Divine Spirit under the manifold forms of Nature, the sea, the mountains, the woods, the daffodils, the daisy and the cuckoo.

In America, transcendental Idealism found its chief representative in Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose famous

Essays show the fundamental teaching of Fichte, Schelling and Hegel, namely the Immanence of God in the world.

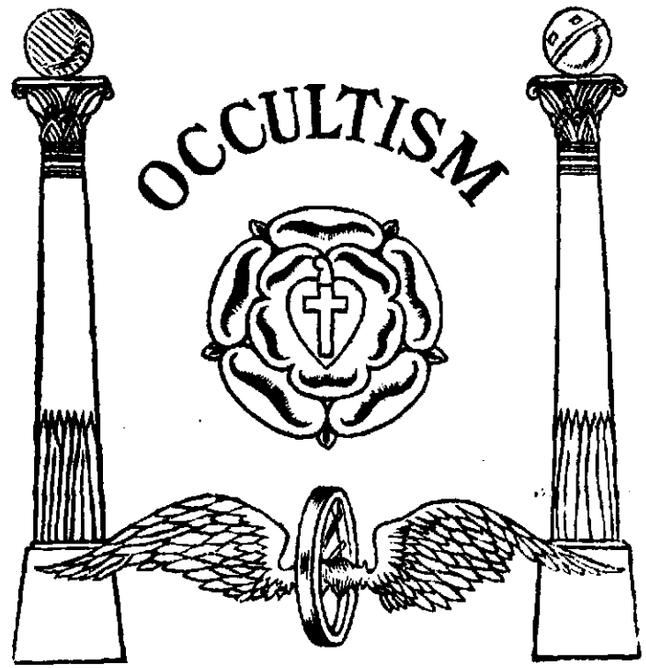
Taking Europe and America together, we might say that on both continents Idealism has without doubt exercised a refining and ennobling influence on the public mind, and counteracted to a large extent the vulgarising tendencies of the pride of rank and the worship of money.

It is true that a current of materialism and agnosticism, which flooded the western countries, roughly speaking, from the middle till nearly the end of the nineteenth century, kept back the tide of Idealism for the time being. This movement was partly the result of the great development of science, and partly of the great increase of wealth, brought about by the utilisation of steam in the various industries and manufactures.

But the reign of unbelief in the existence and efficacy of spiritual forces is over, and Idealism has returned once more, although in a somewhat different form. She no longer spurns experience and the investigation of matter, but she is even re-inforced by the fruits of science, since the latter has declared her inability to solve the problem of existence alone.

At this juncture, when apparently solid Matter has melted away and is being defined in terms of force, we need not wonder that Idealism has once more commenced to influence men's lives, and that the people in every land are listening now to the doctrine of the Great Self, whether in the eastern or the western garb, whether presented by the Vedāntin or his younger Āryan brother, whose spiritual vision could pierce the more troubled atmosphere of western thought, and enable him to catch glimpses of a truth, of which the Indian Sage, in his more peaceful life, doubtless had a fuller realisation.

H. S. Albarus



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

The Lives of Alcyone

XV

TWELVE thousand years before the Christian era there existed in the country which we now call Peru one of the most remarkable civilisations that the world has ever seen. This is not the place to give a full account of it; that may be found in a series of articles in *The Theosophical Review*, vol. XXV. Here it must suffice to say that under an absolute autocrat who reigned by divine right, we find in full operation all that is intelligent in the ideas

propounded by the Socialists of to-day, with the result that poverty was entirely unknown, and the general average of public health and happiness was out of all proportion higher than in any country at the present day. The organisation was so perfect that death occurred almost only from old age or accident, that no one needed to work after the age of forty-five, that there was practically no law but that of public opinion, and no punishment except the expulsion from the community of any one who by uncivilised behavior was considered to have forfeited the privilege of belonging to it.

This most marvellously successful of civilisations lasted unchanged for thousands of years, much as did that of Egypt; but eventually it became effete, as do all races after a sufficient lapse of time, and the degenerate descendants of its mighty heroes were overcome by another and far less developed nation. The conquerors, though in many respects far inferior to those whom they displaced, had the grace to recognise the advantages of that ideal form of government, and tried to carry it on as far as they could. But they lacked the education, the strength and intelligence of the men of old, and it was but a pale reflexion of the original glory of that mighty empire that was found by the Christian barbarians who invaded the country four hundred years ago, and perpetrated there perhaps the foulest crime of which history tells us.

One interesting fact for us about this splendid kingdom is that every line of incarnations which we have yet examined takes us back to it, so that we find there almost the whole list of our *dramatis personæ*. For some reason the great Lords of Karma thought it well that all those who are now prominent members of the Theosophical Society should pass through the utopian experience of a life in ancient Peru, and so among the rest we find Alcyone born there in 12,093 B. C., as the son of Uranus and Hesperia, and thus closely

connected with the royal family, since Uranus was the brother of the Inca Mars. Alcyone was the younger brother of Sirius, and the nephew, on his mother's side, of Mercury, Calypso, Crux, Selene and Vesta, who were all children of Saturn. He was a very handsome child, red-bronze in color, with wavy black hair and flashing black eyes. As a little child he wore a curious double necklace of magnificent emeralds, the largest I have ever seen. He was born near Cuzco, in a great rambling house of reddish stone, built on a steep hill-side, which was cut into terraces leading down to a river, over which there was a wonderful bridge with enormous piers.

The education which he received was an exceedingly practical one, though not at all in accordance with modern ideas. He learnt reading and writing, and very great care was bestowed upon the art of caligraphy. There seem to have been two scripts—the cursive script of ordinary life, and what was called temple-script, a writing done with the accuracy of engraving, which presented a very beautiful appearance, as it was usually executed in a kind of illumination of many colors, red, blue, black and gold. At this latter Alcyone was particularly successful, so that even while still a boy he was employed to write some manuscripts for some of the principal temples in Cuzco, and was very proud of being chosen for this service. It does not appear, so far as I can see, that any occult significance is to be attached to the order of the colors; but it was certainly the custom to write particular texts always in the same colors, and to preserve the same order.

The ancient Peruvians had no arithmetic in our sense of the word, and all their calculations were done by means of a frame and beads, in the manipulation of which they were very dexterous. Astronomy was their prominent subject, all the stars having special names of their own, though they seem to have been grouped in a manner quite different from that which we employ at the present

day. They were also studied from an astrological point of view, and each was supposed to have its special influence, much attention being paid to this and to the exact moment at which certain undertakings were to be commenced. Geography was only imperfectly known, and the history at their command was chiefly local, and even so was studied only by a few specialists, and not at all as a general subject. Many folk-tales were current of the doings of ancient Gods and Heroes, and some of these were founded upon events of Atlantean history. There was also some vague knowledge that a new race was being founded on the other side of the world, but they had no definite information about the matter.

They made much of an elaborate system of physical culture, a series of exercises not unlike the modern jiu-jitsu of the Japanese, the knowledge of which was confined to the ruling class. It enabled them to perform what looked like miracles in the eyes of the common people and the barbarian tribes. Chemistry was liberally studied, but purely from a practical point of view, connected, for example, with the making of manures and plant-foods of all descriptions. They had a good deal of machinery, though much of it would seem to us at the present day very clumsy in construction. Both painting and music were taught as a matter of course to the higher classes, though Alcyone did not take any special interest in either, devoting himself almost entirely to the production of beautiful temple writings. The painting was curious, being done with rapid dashes which dried instantly, and could not be altered. They had some exceedingly fine colors, more brilliant and yet purer than any that we have now; indeed, color seems to have taken a very prominent part in this civilisation. The clothing of the people was of bright, yet tasteful and harmonious color; Alcyone, for example, almost always dressed himself from head to foot in a most lovely shade of pale blue. The very food which they ate was colored, for the upper

classes at least lived almost entirely upon a sort of cake made of flour very much like wheat, and these cakes were flavored in many different ways and colored according to the flavor, red, blue, yellow or variegated with stripes. Fruit also was extraordinarily plentiful, and a great deal of it was eaten, even by the poorest of the people.

The books in which Alcyone wrote were composed of thin sheets of enamelled metal of some kind; the surface was almost exactly like porcelain, but the plates were flexible. The characters were painted on, rather than written, and then the whole sheet was subjected to great heat, so that the characters were rendered indelible by it—fired in, as it were. These books were of course of different sizes, but the most ordinary kind was about eighteen inches by six, the writing running along the page from left to right, as on a palm-leaf manuscript. The sheets were fastened together at the upper corners, and when not being used were kept in a shallow metal box. These metal boxes were frequently ornamented with carved horn, which was inlaid in some curious manner, and caused to adhere to the metal without rivets or glue. Such books were sometimes of gold, a metal which seems to have been exceedingly common in Peru then, as in later days.

The innermost shrine, or holy place, of the temples was usually hung with plates of gold, and also in connexion with the temples it was not uncommon to see basso-relievos with quite a thick coating of beaten gold. These temples were vast, but according to our ideas generally rather low in proportion to their other dimensions. There were however also a number of step-pyramids, with small temples upon the top of them. At this period no animal sacrifices of any sort were offered in Peru, —only fruit and flowers. Much praise was offered to the Sun as to the manifestation of the Deity, but no prayer, as it was supposed that the Deity knew best what was good for His creatures. They believed in a progressive

existence after death, the conditions of which depended upon the man's actions during life, and it was considered wrong and ungrateful to mourn for the dead, because the Deity did not like to see His children suffer. Reincarnation was not clearly present in their teaching, though there were some texts which were probably really references to it, or at least appear to bear that as their most natural interpretation.

Alcyone had many young friends of both sexes, but he was always attracted most of all towards one whom he had known in other lives, Mizar, the daughter of Vesta and Mira, the sister of Orion, Bellatrix and Achilles. She was a timid and shrinking young lady, but clinging and affectionate. She in her turn adored Alcyone, and when they were married with the glad consent of the families on both sides they formed a most united couple. As they belonged to the ruling class, public opinion exacted from them ceaseless activity in the interests of the community, and their course in life was practically marked out for them by the mere fact of their birth.

The business of this ruling class was always to rule —but to rule entirely in the interests of their people; and so the usual course for a young man was to begin first as an assistant governor on a very small scale over some small village or quarter of a town. After that he gradually passed onward, acting as assistant to some governor of somewhat higher position, until at last he was entrusted with a village or a small sub-division himself. Alcyone had to go through this routine like all the others, and he acted as assistant for a time to his father Uranus, and later to his elder brother Sirius. They worked together in closest fraternity with the fullest mutual understanding. Alcyone had a special attachment to the second son of Sirius (Vega), loving him more than the rest. The family was a very large and united one and had many distinguished connexions, but they all stood well together.

Alcyone worked under Sirius for many years, as they were transferred from one post to another, but eventually a good opportunity offered for him to take a separate charge, and then his long experience in the subordinate capacity stood him in good stead, so that he was able to rise rapidly to the command of a large border district, of which he became the Tlecolen, that is, the governor and judge. The governorship of this border district was an onerous charge, for it involved not only the management of the district itself but also of its relations with the more or less savage tribes beyond the border, over which he had a sort of suzerainty or loose jurisdiction.

At a very early period of his tenancy of this office Alcyone conceived the idea of civilising the nearest of these savage tribes, and adding them to the empire, and he made this to a great extent his life-work. This imposed a very heavy strain upon him, because in addition to the business of his province he was constantly travelling among these tribes, making friends in the most intimate manner with their chiefs, and gradually trying to educate them into Peruvian methods. He was especially interested in educational schemes, and one of his plans was to get hold of promising children from among the barbarians (the sons of chiefs when possible), bring them into his province, and have them educated on the Peruvian system, and brought up to understand the current ideas as to the responsibility of the rulers for the welfare of their people. In this way he had presently succeeded in forming quite a large band of young barbarians, who were in truth barbarians no longer, and he entrusted to them the preparation of their people for the revolution which he hoped presently to bring about.

In fact, for years before he ventured to propose the formal incorporation of the new province into the empire of the Inca, he had already the whole machinery of its government in working order, according to the Peruvian methods. So that when the time was ripe the transition

was very easily managed. He made the principal chief a sort of sub-governor, but still stood ready to check any arbitrary exercise of authority. This incorporation of a new province was considered a great achievement, and brought him very great credit at court. He was specially sent for by the Inca, and publicly thanked for the work that he had done.

The remarkable and very obvious improvement introduced into the conditions of life in this new province attracted the attention of other and more savage tribes lying beyond it, and a number of their chieftains came as a kind of deputation to offer their submission to the governor, and to ask for a similar extension of benefits to their people. Alcyone received these people in the fullest possible state, in order to produce an impression upon them. His robes on the occasion were of the most magnificent description, the same that he would have worn if presented to the Emperor—made of some sort of cloth covered with small scales of gold, which gleamed in the sunlight with a dazzling splendor. Some curious scientific arrangement was also introduced by which the governor was surrounded with flashes of blinding light, so that the savages prostrated before him, evidently regarding him as a supernatural being, or some kind of Deity. This electrical display was arranged for him by Cygnus, who had spent much of his time in studies of this sort. He was a relation by marriage of Alcyone's, and had attached himself to him and followed his fortunes. When Alcyone became governor of this border district, Cygnus was put in charge of the principal town as a kind of mayor, and did his work faithfully.

Alcyone's interest in educational work was so great that when he reached the age at which it was permissible for a governor to retire, he petitioned the Inca to allow him to transfer himself to the priestly caste, and devote himself entirely to this educational work. It was more usual for governors to work on until extreme

old age, or even until death, although they were at perfect liberty to give up their work on attaining the age of sixty. This petition was granted, and he at once transferred himself to the department presided over by his uncle Mercury, under whom he had the privilege of working for some years. So great was his enthusiasm and aptitude for this particular work that at the death of Mercury he was appointed as his successor in the responsible office of Director-General of Education for the empire. The natural successor of Mercury in this office would have been his son Sūrya, but he and his brother had been sent by the Inca on an important mission to the City of the Golden Gate, and on the invitation of the Emperor had settled in Atlantis, where they held high office. Alcyone invented various new methods, largely teaching by objects, and by combinations of building-blocks and designs—a kind of primitive kindergarten. He also made a great point of the use of varied colors in many ways, and tried to train the eyes of the children to distinguish artistic shades. There was a doctrine in the religious teaching that beauty of form and color was especially pleasing to the Deity, and that the production of such beauty might be regarded as an acceptable offering to Him. Alcyone took up this matter, and brought it prominently forward, making this value of beauty his especial gospel. He maintained remarkable vigor even up to extreme old age, and continued to travel constantly all over the empire to oversee the various educational establishments, until within a few days of his death in 12,003. His wife Mizar had died four years previously, in 12,007, at the age of eighty-four. This was a valuable life, in which much useful work was done for others, and so great progress was made.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

First Generation

JUPITER: ... *Inca. Wife:* Vulcan. *Sons:* Mars, Uranus.
SATURN: ... *Wife:* Venus. *Sons:* Mercury, Calypso, Selene, Vesta. *Daughters:* Hesperia, Crux.
PSYCHE: ... *Wife:* Libra. *Son:* Algol. *Daughters:* Mira, Rigel.

Second Generation

MARS: ... *Inca. Wife:* Bṛhaspaṭi. *Sons:* Siwa, Pindar.
URANUS: ... *Wife:* Hesperia. *Sons:* Sirius, Alcyone, Centaurus. *Daughters:* Aquarius, Sagittarius.
MERCURY: ... *Wife:* Lyra. *Son:* Sûrya. *Daughter:* Andromeda.
NEPTUNE: ... *Wife:* Crux. *Sons:* Melete, Virgo. *Daughter:* Tolosa.
CALYPSO: ... *Wife:* Avelledo. *Son:* Rhea. *Daughter:* Amalthea.
SELENE: ... *Wife:* Beatrix. *Sons:* Aldebaran, Albireo, Leto. *Daughters:* Erato, Spica.
VESTA: ... *Wife:* Mira. *Son:* Bellatrix. *Daughters:* Orion, Achilles, Mizar.
ALGOL: ... *Wife:* Iris. *Sons:* Helios, Draco, Argus.
RIGEL: ... *Husband:* Betelgueuse. *Sons:* Altair, Demeter, Viola, Cygnus. *Daughters:* Hector, Auriga.

Third Generation

SÛRYA: ... *Sister:* Andromeda.
SIWA: ... *Inca. Wife:* Proteus. *Sons:* Corona, Orpheus.
PINDAR: ... *Wife:* Tolosa. *Son:* Olympia. *Daughters:* Herakles, Adrona, Cetus.
SIRIUS: ... *Wife:* Spica. *Sons:* Pollux, Vega, Castor. *Daughters:* Alcestis, Minerva. *Adopted Son:* Fides.
ALCYONE: ... *Wife:* Mizar. *Sons:* Perseus, Leo, Capella, Regulus, Irene. *Daughter:* Ausonia.
RHEA: ... *Sons:* Sirona, Lachesis.

MELETE: ... *Wife:* Erato. *Sons:* Hebe, Stella.
VIRGO: ... *Wife:* Aquarius.
ALDEBARAN: ... *Wife:* Orion. *Sons:* Theseus, Fomalhaut. *Daughters:* Arcor, Arcturus, Canopus.
ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Hector. *Sons:* Pegasus, Berenice.
BELLATRIX: ... *Wife:* Tiphys. *Sons:* Juno, Proserpina.
ACHILLES: ... *Husband:* Demeter. *Sons:* Aletheia, Aries, Taurus, Procyon. *Daughter:* Elsa.
HELIOS: ... *Wife:* Lomia.
DRACO: ... *Wife:* Phœnix. *Son:* Atalanta.
ARGUS: ... *Wife:* Andromeda.

Fourth Generation

CORONA: ... *Inca. Wife:* Pallas. *Sons:* Ulysses, Osiris. *Daughter:* Theodoros.
POLLUX: ... *Wife:* Melpomene. *Sons:* Cyrene, Apis, Flora. *Daughters:* Eros, Chameleon.
VEGA: ... *Wife:* Pomona. *Son:* Ursa. *Daughters:* Circe, Ajax.
CASTOR: ... *Wife:* Herakles. *Sons:* Vajra, Aurora. *Daughters:* Lacerta, Alcmene, Sappho.
LEO: ... *Wife:* Concordia. *Son:* Deneb. *Daughter:* Egeria.
ARCOR: ... *Husband:* Capricorn. *Sons:* Gemini, Polaris, Hygeia. *Daughter:* Boötes.
ALETHEIA: ... *Wife:* Ophiuchus. *Sons:* Dorado, Fortuna.

Fifth Generation

OSIRIS: ... *Brother:* Ulysses. *Sister:* Theodoros.
ULYSSES: ... *Inca. Wife:* Cassiopeia. *Son:* Virâj.
URSA: ... *Wife:* Lacerta. *Sons:* Alastor, Thetis. *Daughters:* Cancer, Phocea.
AURORA: ... *Wife:* Wenceslas.
FORTUNA: ... *Wife:* Eudoxia.

Sixth Generation

VIRAJ: ... *Inca.*
ALASTOR: ... *Wife:* Clio. *Son:* Markab. *Daughter* Trapesium.

XVI

The next life takes us back again to India, and gives us in many ways a great contrast to the last one. In Peru Alcyone was surrounded by the largest gathering of Theosophical friends and relations that we have yet found, while in this sixteenth incarnation scarcely a dozen characters have been recognised. This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that the majority of our *dramatis personæ* take an average interval between lives of twelve hundred years, and so could not return quickly enough to be present on this occasion.

Our hero was born in the year 11,182 at a place called Ranthambhor in Rājputāna. He was the son of an Āryan chief owning a good deal of land and much respected, a man of strong character, but somewhat harsh. Caste, as such, had not yet distinctly appeared, but the family to which Alcyone belonged was one of the most highly regarded, and several members of it had become priests in various temples, so that we may regard it as distinctly Brāhmaṇa. His mother was a good housewife and a capable woman, but always immersed in small matters, and with comparatively little of spirituality about her nature.

Alcyone as a child was keen and active, and seemed very reserved in nature. He was more affectionate with his uncle Perseus than with either his father or his mother—naturally enough, for Perseus had been his eldest son in Peru, while they had not then been related to him. This uncle lived in the same house, and his influence had much to do with forming the child's mind. Perseus was of a speculative and inquiring turn of mind, and was much interested in all kinds of occult influences and in researches connected with them. Though he did not remember their Peruvian relationship, he was strongly attracted towards Alcyone from the first, and the tie between them was very greatly strengthened when he discovered that the boy was exceedingly sensitive, and responded much more readily

than he himself did to some of the occult influences which he had learnt how to evoke.

He tried a number of mesmeric experiments with Alcyone, and attained unexpected success, finding that when he had thrown him into a trance various entities could speak through him, and he could also be used as an instrument for clairvoyant investigation. Although he himself constantly mesmerised Alcyone he never permitted anyone else to do so, and he also taught Alcyone how to mesmerise others, and how to invoke nature-spirits. He set him to practise crystal-gazing, and automatic writing with a stylus. In this way he constantly received communications from various dead people and also from living entities, and after a time these not only wrote through him, but even began to use him as a medium and to speak through him.

These two people, then, the uncle and the nephew, lived a kind of inner life of their own, for Alcyone's parents, though they knew all about what was taking place, were but little interested in it, and inclined to regard it as somewhat useless and nonsensical, though quite glad to share in the credit when Alcyone's clairvoyance happened to discover something useful, as once or twice happened. Various other phenomena took place, many of them by no means unlike those with which we meet in modern Spiritualism, but these were regarded by those who knew of them with a good deal of hesitation and suspicion, some holding them to be distinctly evil and necromantic in tendency, and others looking upon them with a certain respect, as a kind of inspiration. The young Alcyone occasionally passed into a trance during which materialisations occurred.

All this was under the control of a kind of spirit-guide who called himself Nārāyaṇ, to whom they paid very great respect, regarding him as a divine manifestation. This entity promised to take care of the medium under all conditions, to protect and develop him, and he held

out hopes of great occurrences later when the boy should be grown up. Among other things he advised the practice of psychometry, and accordingly they took a great deal of trouble to procure suitable specimens, such as fragments of stone, small articles of various kinds from different countries, and anything that might be supposed to have been connected with any ancient civilisation. Alcyone soon proved very apt at this work. They held many sittings, and acquired by degrees a vast amount of information about the earlier stages of the world's history, about hill-tribes and primitive men and pre-historic animals. By means of some articles which had been brought from Central Asia they got on the track of that early fifth Root-Race civilisation; by means of other objects which had been brought from Atlantis, Alcyone had visions of the great City of the Golden Gate, and also a series of pictures from Atlantean history. Indeed they compiled by degrees books of history of all the three places—early India, Central Asia, and Atlantis itself. The entity calling himself Nārāyaṇ commented on what they saw, and sometimes gave explanations. In this way they produced by degrees quite a mass of literature, and it may be said that Perseus had no other object in life than the prosecution of these studies.

Many of those who came to ask for help or advice were suffering from various diseases, and Nārāyaṇ met with considerable success in prescribing for these, having chiefly a small set of herbal remedies, which on the whole worked very well. His prescriptions had quite a modern air about them, for he always insisted vehemently upon fresh air and cleanliness, and the observation of hygienic rules. His anatomical and surgical knowledge was very limited, but still he could evidently see what he was doing, and was able to diagnose the condition of the internal organs, and therefore either to deal with them successfully or to say that they could not be dealt with. There was considerable uncertainty, however, about

the whole thing, as in some cases the entity calling himself Nārāyaṇ did not appear when required, and in other cases he apparently refused to prescribe, or at least did not manifest or take any notice.

As Alcyone grew older he was definitely attached to the temple at which they worshipped, for the performance of ceremonies. On one occasion when a number of pilgrims were present, Nārāyaṇ impressed him to address the crowd, so that we have here the phenomenon of a kind of trance-speaking. Nārāyaṇ does not appear to have completely obsessed Alcyone, as the latter still retained a certain consciousness of what was going on, and was able to sit or stand without falling; but at the same time he did not usually know what was coming, so that the speech was given through him as an instrument rather than by him. The address which he gave to the pilgrims on the first occasion greatly pleased and impressed the head priest in charge of the temple (Adrona), who happened to hear it, and he at once saw that Alcyone possessed in this a talent of an unusual order, which might be of the greatest value in enhancing the reputation of the temple. He therefore encouraged Alcyone to yield himself to this influence of Nārāyaṇ, though it is doubtful whether he really believed the high claims made by the spirit-guide.

From this time forth the young Alcyone took a position of considerable importance in the temple, and addresses and sermons were not infrequently given through him, though they were never able to calculate with certainty whether the communicating entity would or would not manifest himself on any given occasion. Besides what may be called public sermons, a great many private messages were given to persons who came from all parts of the country, to ask various questions or to beg for boons of different kinds. Some of these answers were in the usual cryptic style peculiar to oracles, but on the other hand some were quite definite, and conveyed real information, which was at times distinctly valuable as

enabling people to recover lost articles, to gain information with regard to missing relations, and so on.

Although a great deal of public and semi-public work was done in this way in connexion with the temple, Perseus and Alcyone continued, as opportunity offered, what may be called their private séances, and at these a number of remarkable phenomena manifested themselves. On several occasions small objects were brought to them, which were alleged to have come from great distances. They had also now and then manifestations of spirit-lights, and the carrying about of objects. Materialisations were not very common, but still they did occasionally take place, and in this way they began to know the appearance of several of these spirit-people. Undesirable as mediumship undoubtedly is, it did not seem to be in any way injuring Alcyone's health. Their séances and sermons and psychometrisations continued with varied success for quite a number of years, and all this time Alcyone was making his position more secure in the temple.

The fame of Alcyone's achievements along these various lines was noised abroad, and people came from all parts of the country to this temple, thereby adding greatly to its revenues. The King of the country on one occasion sent for Alcyone, to see whether any advice would be given through him towards the curing of a painful disease consequent upon an accident while hunting. Fortunately on this occasion Nārāyaṇ was available, and though the instructions which he gave were not palatable to the King he nevertheless followed them, though under protest, and was very shortly entirely cured, which of course brought still greater fame to Alcyone. In many cases also communications from dead people were given through Alcyone, though the spirit-guide exercised rather a rigid censorship over this, and often declined to permit any attempt in this direction. However, in some cases, what would now-a-days be called tests were given, and on

one occasion a very valuable missing treasure was discovered through the information supplied by Nārāyaṇ.

The private séances with Perseus and the psychometry were continued, though naturally the opportunities for them were now comparatively few. At one of these private séances a new influence suddenly manifested itself, which gave quite a fresh direction to their investigations. I have mentioned that occasionally small objects were brought from a distance, and at a certain séance a very beautiful carved seal was produced in that way, Nārāyaṇ telling them through Alcyone that he was ordered to bring it and to direct that Alcyone should psychometrise it. The result of the psychometrisation was very startling, for this seal came from Peru, and was one of those which had been officially used by his uncle Mercury in the previous incarnation. Its effect was to bring before him with the greatest vividness first one or two special scenes from that incarnation, and then practically the whole of it, so that he spent many hours, day after day, in living over again all its most striking events.

In all these scenes the figure of Mercury was the most prominent, and Alcyone's strong attachment to him and deep reverence for him made these pictures more of a reality to him than the very life which he was really living. Until now his instinct had always been to consult the spirit-guide, and to abide in all cases by his advice when any question arose for decision; but in this psychometric image of Mercury he found himself in the presence of so much greater wisdom, and also of an altogether purer and higher attitude towards everything, that he constantly yearned to consult the uncle of his former life instead of the spirit-guide of this. But of course the pictures of the Peruvian life, intensely vivid and realistic as they were, were still only pictures, and the characters in them could only repeat the parts which they had really played some eight hundred years before.

A problem of some difficulty arose as to the way in which the temple influence should be used with regard to

the succession to the throne of the country. The chief priest of the temple was distinctly in favor of one who was not the rightful heir, because he could obtain his support in certain schemes which he had in hand. Alcyone himself, on the other hand, felt that to use the power of the temple in favor of one who was emphatically not a good man would be not only a highly improper thing in itself but distinctly a failure in duty, and so he was in considerable trouble with regard to this matter. The advice of Nārāyaṇ was to fall in with the wishes of the chief priest, since greater power would probably accrue in that way to the temple authorities; but Alcyone felt very strongly dissatisfied with this, and very earnestly desired to have the opinion on this subject of the uncle upon whose wisdom he found himself so constantly leaning, in the scenes from old Peru. It must be understood that in examining these pictures psychometrically, he found them not merely as pictures, but was able, as it were, to enter into that form and to live over again, with all its original intensity, the life of authority and experiment which he had led in those earlier centuries, and he had when doing this a curious double consciousness, for the memories of the Indian life were present in his mind even while he was living over again the older Peruvian existence.

During this period of indecision he was going back psychometrically by means of the seal into that older life, and constantly he made a passionate appeal to the Peruvian uncle for counsel in his present Indian difficulty; or rather perhaps for the support which he felt sure that that uncle would have given to his own conviction on the side of what seemed to him right. Suddenly, and in answer to this appeal, there came something which he had never seen before; a kind of vivid and greatly intensified life came into the form of the uncle in his mental picture, and instead of going through (as it had done a hundred times before) the various

scenes belonging to the Peruvian life, it stepped as it were out of the picture into reality and changed before his eyes into a commanding Indian figure, which materialised itself so as to be visible to Perseus as well as to him, and spoke to him with great emphasis in reply to his appeal.

Mercury told him that he had really been his uncle long ago in old Peru, but now was born again in a distant part of India. He then proceeded to give him very definite advice, first of all upon the subject at issue, and then on a more personal matter. He told him that his intuition was right, and that the influence of the temple should be used only in favor of the rightful heir to the throne, and charged Perseus to put that message before the chief priest with all the force of which he was capable. Then Mercury, in his new form, told Alcyone most impressively that he had embarked upon a dangerous course in submitting himself as he had done to the will of Nārāyaṇ; that he should do so no longer, but should use only such of his powers as could be exercised in full consciousness and without any yielding of his body to the use of any other entity whatever; that he had a great work to do in the far distant future, to do which he must be keenly sensitive and yet absolutely positive; that therefore this training had been necessary, but that now there had been enough of it.

Alcyone gladly and eagerly accepted this advice, but asked his new monitor how he was to make the required change—how, after so many years of complete submission to Nārāyaṇ, he could now suddenly succeed in resisting. Mercury replied that he himself knew much of these matters and would assist him; that while it was impossible for him to come to him in the physical body, he would yet give him astrally such instruction as was necessary, and that here and now he would enable him altogether to cast off the influence of Nārāyaṇ and the possibility of that undesirable kind of mediumship, by throw-

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ing him into a trance which should last for years, and enable his various vehicles to grow too strong ever again to be used by any other than himself. Turning then to Perseus, he gave him minute directions as to the treatment of the body of Alcyone during this lengthened rest, and charged him to take the greatest care of it. Then, fixing his piercing eyes upon Alcyone, he made over him a few mesmeric passes, under the effect of which Alcyone passed immediately into a deep trance, but with a smile of ineffable happiness upon his face.

In that strange trance his physical body lay for a period of seven years, exactly as Mercury had foretold, and all this time the latter's directions were implicitly followed by Perseus, who took the greatest care that every detail should be carried out exactly as it had been ordered. This prolonged trance was of course regarded by the temple authorities as a miracle of the first order, and it was indirectly the cause of an enormous increase in the temple revenues, as the whole affair became noised abroad, and pilgrims came by thousands from distant parts to see the sleeping priest.

During the trance, the consciousness of Alcyone rested almost entirely upon the mental plane; it was in fact the consciousness of the ego in close contact with the ego of Mercury, both apparently under the direction of, and as it were bound together by and in, a still higher consciousness, which was directing both to some great end at present unexpressed. All this time Alcyone's physical body lay resting in perfect health, all its particles gradually changing in the natural course of events, while his astral and mental bodies were being steadily moulded by the pressure of these higher influences. When, at the end of this long sleep, he awoke in the most natural manner on the very day that had been fixed by Mercury, he was in the physical brain entirely unconscious of all that had passed, remembering only the appearance and the words of Mercury, just as though what had happened then had taken place only the evening before.

When Perseus informed him of the lapse of years he was at first utterly incredulous, and only by slow degrees and by the most convincing proofs could he be brought to understand the astonishing fate which had overtaken him. From that moment, however, his mediumship ceased entirely, although his sensitiveness and his power of psychometry remained. He was no longer amenable to the influence of Nārāyaṇ, of whom indeed he never heard again, nor did any other entity speak through him for the rest of his life. People continued to flock to him for the curing of various diseases; this was now no longer done through him as before, but by careful experiment he found that in very many cases he himself by his own insight was able to diagnose and to cure their ills.

He had of course a greater reputation than ever, in consequence of his long trance, but when at the urgent solicitation of the chief priest he resumed his temple addresses, he found that he had now to prepare and to think them out entirely for himself, though he had certainly a greatly enhanced power of thought and capacity of expression. He tried again and again the psychometrisation of the Peruvian seal, and found himself able to call up the whole of the older life as vividly as before; yet never again did the loved form of his Peruvian uncle change into its modern Indian presentment, nor was he able to come into touch on the physical plane with him to whom he owed so much.

The communication made by Perseus to the chief priest of the temple seven years before had led to the priest's throwing the weight of the temple influence into the scales in favor of the rightful heir Orpheus, and in consequence of that this heir had since come to the throne. There was naturally therefore a close link between the temple and the palace, and the new King, mindful of what he owed to Alcyone, showed marked favor to him in every way, so that on the passing away of the chief priest at a very advanced age, Alcyone

was at once appointed as his successor, and administered the affairs of the temple until the day of his death.

At the age of twenty-two he had married a good young lady, Cygnus, who was always kind and faithful to him, though there was nothing about her character which calls for any special remark. She bore him nine children. Naturally all of these children played at trying psychometry, and Osiris proved to be even more successful with it than his father. They all survived him, and all did well in the world, as his influential position enabled him to place them satisfactorily. He died in the year 11,111, at the age of seventy-one, deeply reverenced by a wide circle of people.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MERCURY: ... *Astral Teacher.*
OSIRIS: ... *Father*: Alcyone.

ADRONA: ... *Chief Priest of the Temple. Wife*: Herakles (died young).
ORPHEUS: ... *King of the Country.*
ALCYONE: ... *Father*: Olympia. *Mother*: Tolosa. *Uncle*: Perseus. *Wife*: Cygnus. *Sons*: Osiris, Regulus, Polaris. *Daughters*: Mizar, Proteus.

MEMORY OF PAST LIFE

A Correspondent writes from Sicily:

An interesting case has just come to my notice. A poor tinker, who lives some miles out of Palermo, called yesterday at the house of my clerk, and being very tired asked for a seat. He then said to my clerk's mother: "See to what I am reduced by my own folly; in my last life I was an Emperor and reigned 40 years, but was then massacred for my evil deeds and am now born in this condition. NO, I am not mad, but remember other lives, this being my fifth, and I regard this old carcase of mine as an old suit of clothes to be discarded when the time comes. The priests teach the immortality of the soul, but they do not know, as I do, that Souls go up and down (suiting here his gestures to the words) and return to earth again and again. The other day I was waylaid by three foot-pads, and gave them without resistance the Lire I. 25 which I was taking home to my paralysed son. Well, a neighbor who had just killed a fowl gave my son a wing and some chicken broth, so we lost nothing, but the foot-pads have to settle their accounts with God." My clerk, who is a member of the T. S., is going to try to get hold of the old man and bring him to one of our meetings. Curious, isn't it?

MODES OF INDIVIDUALISATION

THOSE who have been following the discoveries and investigations of the last few months will remember that in a recent article I mentioned the existence, within one of the great classes of monads, of two types which, though equal to one another in development, differ greatly in their intervals between lives, one of them habitually taking nearly double the length of heaven-life which is customary with the other. As the amount of spiritual force generated is equal in the two cases, it follows that one type of man must exhaust that force more speedily than the other. Into the same portion of time, as we measure it, he compresses a double amount of bliss; he works as it were at higher pressure and therefore concentrates his experience and gets through nearly twice the amount in any given period, so that his seven hundred years is fully equivalent to the twelve hundred of a man of the other type.

The fundamental difference between these two varieties results from the way in which, in each case, individualisation was attained. We know that the monad manifests itself upon the nirvāṇic plane as the triple spirit, and that when an ego is called into existence as an expression of this triple spirit its manifestation is arranged in a certain well-recognised form which has frequently been explained in our literature. Of the three aspects one, the spirit itself, remains upon its own plane; the second, the intuition, puts itself down one stage and expresses itself through the matter of the buddhic plane; the third, intelligence, puts itself down two planes, and expresses itself through matter of the upper part of the mental plane.

The personality is also triple in its manifestation, and is an accurate reflexion of the arrangement of the ego; but, like all other reflexions, it reverses itself. The intelligence reflects itself in the lower mind on the lower part of the same mental plane; the intuition mirrors itself in the astral body, and, in some way much more difficult to comprehend, the spirit in turn reflects itself upon the physical plane.

It is obvious that, when an ego is formed, all three of these manifestations of the spirit must be called forth, but the first connexion may be made through any one of the three. It has previously been explained that individualisation from the animal kingdom usually takes place through association with the humanity of the period. Such examples of it as we occasionally see taking place round us at the present time will serve as instances for us. Some particular domestic animal, well treated by its human friends, is stimulated by its constant contact with them up to the point where it breaks away from the group-soul to which it has previously belonged. The process has been fully described in *Man Visible and Invisible* and *The Christian Creed*, and I need not repeat that description here. But a point which is not mentioned in those earlier works is the possibility that the first connexion may be made in various ways—between the lower mind and the higher; between the astral body and the intuition; or between the physical body and the spirit itself.

A domestic animal (when well treated) usually develops intense affection for its master, and a strong desire to understand him, to please him, and to anticipate what he is going to do. Sometimes, for a few minutes, the master turns affectionate thought upon the animal, or makes a distinct effort to teach him something; and in these cases there is a direct and intentional action passing from the mental or astral body of the master to the corresponding vehicle of the animal. But this is comparatively rare, and

the great majority of the work is done without any direct volition on either side, simply by the incessant and inevitable action due to the proximity of the two entities concerned. The astral and mental vibrations of the man are far stronger and more complex than those of the animal, and they are consequently exercising a never-ceasing pressure upon the latter.

We can see therefore that the character and type of the master will have a great influence on the destiny of the animal. If the master be an emotional man, full of strong affections, the probability is that the development of any domestic animal of his will be chiefly through its astral body, and that the final breaking of the link with the group-soul will be due to some sudden outrush of intense affection, which will reach the buddhic aspect of the floating monad belonging to it, and will thus cause the formation of an ego. If, on the other hand, the master be unemotional and if the chief activities in his nature are of the intellectual type, it is the nascent mental body of the animal which will be stimulated, and the probabilities are that individualisation will be reached because that mental development rises to a level too great to permit any longer of enfoldment within the group-soul. In yet another case, if the master be a man of great spirituality or of intensely strong will, while the animal will develop great affection and admiration for him, it will yet be the *will* within the animal which is principally stimulated. This will show itself in the physical body by intense activity, and indomitable resolution to achieve whatever the creature may attempt, especially in the way of service to his master.

It is difficult to rid oneself of the idea that the distance between the spirit and the physical body must be far greater than that between the lower mind and the intelligence, or between the astral and buddhic bodies. But this is not really so, for it is not a question of distance in space at all, but of the conveying of a

sympathetic vibration from the reflexion to the original. When we think of it in this way, it is obvious that each reflexion must be in direct connexion with its original, whatever the distance between them may be—in closer connexion than it is with any object which is out of the direct line, no matter how much nearer in space the latter object may be.

The desire of the animal to rise constitutes a steady upward pressure along all these lines, and the point at which that pressure finally breaks through the restrictions, and forms the required link between the monad and its personality, determines certain characteristics of the new ego which thus comes into existence. The actual formation of the link is usually instantaneous if the first connexion is made through affection or will, but it is much more gradual when it is a case of mental development; and this also makes a considerable difference in the current of the future evolution of the entity.

In the course of the recent investigations we discovered that, out of a great mass of people who were individualised practically simultaneously at a certain point in the moon-chain, those who had attained individualisation gradually by intellectual development came into incarnation upon earth roughly about one million years ago, and have since taken between any two lives an average interval of about twelve hundred years; whereas those who had attained individualisation through an instantaneous uprush of affection or will did not come into terrestrial incarnation until about four hundred thousand years later, though as they have since taken an average interval between lives of about seven hundred years their condition at the present time is practically the same. I cannot emphasise too strongly that this difference of interval must not in the least be supposed to indicate that those who came in later generate less of spiritual force during their earth-lives. It means merely that they take their bliss in a much more concentrated form, and therefore work out

the result of an equal expenditure of force in much less time. Indeed it appears very much as though the period of their respective entries upon terrestrial life had been arranged especially in order that, after running through about the same number of incarnations, they might arrive at the same point, and be able to work together.

Later investigations have convinced us that there is far greater flexibility with regard to these intervals between lives than we at first supposed. It is quite true that the amount of force which a man has to work out, first in the astral plane and then in the heaven world, is precisely what he has developed during his earthly life—*plus* of course such further force of the same kind as he may generate during the astral or heaven-lives respectively. But it is evident that the rate at which this amount of force exhausts itself is by no means always the same. The necessity of bringing groups of people into incarnation together, in order not only that they may work out mutual kārmic inter-relations, but also that they may all learn to labor together towards one great end, is evidently a dominant factor in regulating the rate of the expenditure of force.

A study of the lives of Alcyone will show that this must be so, since it is unquestionable that a number of people, living each his or her own life, must inevitably generate widely-varying amounts of spiritual force; yet in life after life of that entrancing story it is contrived that these people shall come back together, in order that they may pass through similar preparatory experiences, and that the bonds of affection between them may be knit so strongly that they will be incapable of misunderstanding or mistrusting one another, when the strain of the real work comes upon them in the future.

Besides the differences in the mode of individualisation which I have just mentioned, there are also differences in the *degree* of individualisation, which corresponds

to the stage of development at which it takes place. It has been explained in Theosophical literature that as an animal group-soul gradually evolves within its own kingdom it breaks up into smaller and smaller sub-divisions. Quadrillions of flies or mosquitoes are attached to one group-soul, millions of rats or mice, hundreds of thousands of rabbits or sparrows. But when we come to such animals as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the deer, the wolf or the wild boar, only a few thousand will be found to belong to one soul, while among domesticated animals such as sheep and oxen the number is smaller still.

Individualisation is possible only from seven kinds of animals—one for each of the seven great lines or types. Of these we already know certainly the elephant, the monkey, the dog and the cat; and the horse is possibly a fifth. Up to each of these heads of types leads a long line of wild animals, which have not yet been fully investigated; but we know that wolves, foxes, jackals and all such creatures culminate in the dog, and lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars and ocelots in the domestic cat. When we reach these seven individualisable animals we find usually only a few hundred attached to each group-soul, and as their development continues the souls break up rapidly. The pariah dog of India or Constantinople is nothing but a half-tamed wolf, and a thousand of such creatures may well represent only one soul; but in the case of the really intelligent pet dog or cat one soul hovers over not more than ten or a dozen bodies.

Now it makes much difference at what stage of this higher animal life individualisation takes place, and this is dependent largely upon the opportunities which offer themselves. Even a pariah dog is presumably capable of individualisation, but it could be only a very low type of individualisation. The animals of the moon-chain were not the same as those of to-day, and so we cannot draw exact parallels; but assuredly the pariah dog could at most individualise into nothing more than a separated fragment

of the group-soul with a monad hovering over it, connected perhaps by a line or two of atomic matter—corresponding therefore to the animal-men from the moon, who led the way in filling the forms in the first round. On the other hand the really intelligent and affectionate pet dog or cat, whose owner looks after *him* properly and makes a friend of him, would certainly, when he individualised, obtain a causal body at least equivalent to that of the first order of moon-men, while various intermediate types of domestic animals would produce the basket-work causal body, such as that obtained by the second order of the moon-men.

It will be seen therefore that the amount of real work done in the attainment of any given level *is* practically always the same, though in some cases more of it is done in one kingdom and less in another. It has already been made abundantly clear, in the course of our investigations, that entities attaining to the culminating point in one kingdom do not enter the lower levels of the next higher kingdom. The life which ensouls an oak-tree, a banyan, or a rose-bush will pass directly into the mammalian order when it enters the animal kingdom; whereas the life which leaves the vegetable kingdom at a much lower level may pass into the stage of insects and reptiles. In just the same way, a being who reaches the summit of intelligence and affection possible in the animal kingdom will pass over the absolutely primitive conditions of humanity, and will show himself as a first-class individuality from the beginning of his human career; whereas one who leaves the animal kingdom at a lower level will quite naturally have to begin correspondingly lower down in the scale of humanity. This is the explanation of a remark once made by one of our Masters, when referring to the cruelty and superstition shown by the great mass of humanity: "They have individualised too soon; they are not yet worthy of the human form."

The three methods of individualisation which I have already mentioned, through the development of affection,

intellect, and will, are the normal lines which we may suppose to have been intended in the scheme of things. Individuality is, however, occasionally attained in certain other ways which we may perhaps define as irregular methods, since it would seem that they can scarcely have been part of the original plan. For example, at the beginning of the seventh round of the moon-chain, a certain group of beings were at the point of individualisation, and were drawn towards it by their association with some of the perfected inhabitants whom we call the Lords of the Moon. An unfortunate twist, however, entered into their development, and they began to take so great a pride in their intellectual advance, that that became the prominent feature in their character, so that they were working, not to gain the approval or affection of their masters but, to show their advantage over their fellow-animals, and to excite their envy. It was this latter motive which pushed them on to make the efforts which resulted in individualisation, and so the causal bodies which were formed showed almost no color but orange. The authorities in charge of that stage of evolution nevertheless allowed them to individualise, apparently because if they had been permitted to continue their evolution in the animal kingdom any further, they would have become worse instead of better. We have therefore the extraordinary spectacle of a detachment of egos (what we have lately been calling a ship-load), numbering about two millions, who had individualised themselves entirely by pride, and who, though clever enough in their way, possessed but little of any other quality.

The fruitage of the first, second and third globes of the seventh round of the lunar chain was intended to play a certain part in the development of humanity on the earth. At a certain stage in the development of that planet we know that seven of the Lords of the Moon—one belonging to each great type—descended to the earth and began to cast off etheric bodies for the shaping

of the new race. The entities who occupied these vehicles intermarried, and when their descendants became numerous these three ship-loads of egos were called upon to occupy these vehicles and thus establish the type of the humanity that was to come. "One-third refuses; two-thirds obey." It was the members of this orange-colored ship-load from planet A of the lunar chain who declined these lowly vehicles, while the golden-colored egos from globe B and the rose-colored group from globe C accepted the conditions, entered into the vehicles, and fulfilled their destiny.

The future career of these orange-colored egos showed clearly enough the undesirability of the line along which they had come, for not only did they refuse to take the primitive bodies which were assigned to them (thus leaving them to be occupied by very much lower animal types, and so leading to the sin of the mindless), but all through their history their arrogance and unruliness caused constant trouble to themselves and to others who were infected by their foolishness. Eventually the law of evolution forced them to occupy bodies in many respects considerably worse than those which had at first been offered to them; and though that lesson taught them something, and they seem to have recognised that a mistake had been made, even when they mingled with ordinary humanity we find them perpetually in opposition, and perpetually making trouble by standing upon their own dignity at inopportune moments. By constant collision with natural laws the great majority of them have by degrees been driven more or less into line with the rest of humanity; but even now we may distinguish some of them by the occasional recrudescence of their old objectionable characteristics; they are still "turbulent and aggressive, independent and separative, prone to discontent and eager for change," as our President has described them.

Some few of the cleverest of them have made no inconsiderable mark upon human history, for they developed

into the celebrated 'Lords of the Dark Face' of Atlantis, of whom we read so much in *The Secret Doctrine*, and later such special distortions became world-devastating conquerors, caring nothing for the thousands who were slain or starved in the course of the gratification of their mad ambition, or (later still) equally unscrupulous American millionaires, well called by their parasites 'Napoleons of finance'.

Another abnormal method in which individuality has been gained is through fear. In the case of animals who have been cruelly treated by man, there have been cases in which the cunning developed by strenuous efforts to understand and avoid the cruelty has caused the breaking away from the group-soul, and produced an ego possessing only a very low type of intellectuality—an ego who, when he puts himself down into the lower planes, must inevitably, because of the nature of his permanent atoms, draw round him mental and astral vehicles capable only of expressing the less desirable passions.

A variant of this case is the type of ego in which the attitude caused by the cruelty has been rather that of intense hatred than of fear. That force also is strong enough to develope such intelligence as may be necessary to injure the oppressor, and in that way also individuality has been secured. It is not difficult to imagine the kind of human being that would be produced along such lines as these, and this is the explanation of the existence of the fiendishly cruel and blood-thirsty savages of whom we sometimes hear, of the inquisitors of the Middle Ages, and of those who torture children in the present day. Of them it is distinctly true that they have come into humanity far too soon, and are displaying under its guise an exaggerated form of some of the very worst characteristics of the most unpleasant types of animals.

Yet another variant is the entity who is individualised by an intense desire for power over others, such as is sometimes shown by the chief bull of a herd. An ego developed in such a way often manifests great cruelty,

and appears to take pleasure in it, probably because to torture others is a manifestation of his power over them.

On the other hand those who have been individualised at a comparatively low level along one of the regular lines—as by affection—provide us with a type of equally primitive but joyous and good-natured savages—savages in fact who are *not* savage but kindly, as are many of the tribes to be found in some of the islands of the Southern Seas.

As we look at these early stages of our development upon the Moon-chain, it often seems as though the mode of individualisation of an ego depended upon mere chance—upon 'the accident of environment'. Yet I do not believe that this is so; even for animals the environment is *not* accidental, and there is no room for chance in a perfectly-ordered universe. I should not be surprised if further investigation should reveal to us that the very mode of the individualisation was somehow pre-determined either for or by the monad himself, with a view to preparation for whatever portion of the great work he is to undertake in the future. There will come a time when we shall all be part of the great Heavenly Man—not in the least as a myth or a poetic symbol, but as a vivid and actual *fact*, which we ourselves have seen. That celestial body has many members; each of these members has its own function to fulfil, and the living cells which are to form part of them need widely-different experiences to prepare them. It may well be that from the dawn of evolution the parts have been chosen—that each monad has his destined line of evolution, and that his freedom of action is concerned chiefly with the rate at which he shall move along that line. In any case our duty is clear—to push ahead as rapidly as we can, watching ever to discern the divine purpose, living only to fulfil it, striving always to help onwards the great scheme of the Logos by helping our fellow-man.

C. W. LEADBEATER

IN THE TWILIGHT

"I have here a rather interesting incident," said the Vagrant, "in a letter from England. The writer is a member and is sensitive and very clever. She says:

'On the night of Friday, May 6th, I was sitting alone in the drawing-room of my house from a little after 11 P. M. I had of course seen a late bulletin of the King's state, and knew that grave fears were entertained by his physicians on his account. I was not however consciously thinking of him; but was occupied with quite other matters. Suddenly it seemed to me that a loud and piercing cry rang through the room; I must have lost consciousness for a moment, for I had the sensation of coming back with difficulty, and found that both hands were clenched tightly over my heart which was beating to suffocation. I had a vague idea of going to the window to see if the cry came from outside, but, as I thought of it, I heard a little and thin toneless voice say distinctly: "The King is dead." I sat on motionless, and in about eight or ten minutes (as nearly as I can judge) the clock on the landing struck twelve. That clock was five minutes faster than the time by the Greenwich ball which regulates all the town clocks here, and so the time when I heard the cry would be 11-45 P. M. I heard no more loud sounds, but while I was undressing was conscious of a great psychic turmoil around me. When I lay down in bed I found great difficulty in remaining in my body, which grew cold and faint, while my heart beat so irregularly that at times I thought it would stop entirely. When at last I slept, I was conscious of a sense of acute distress, and felt that I dared not get far away from my body lest I should not be able to return. When the maid came in with hot water in the morning, I waited for the words I knew she would speak; they were: "The King is dead".'

"One would not be surprised," commented the Vagrant, "if many felt some of the vibrations which would be caused by the emotions of thousands of people, as the news spread. Besides the Passing of a great King stirs the astral world, as the surges of popular feeling roll through it. I remember that the great waves of love and sorrow which rolled out of millions of hearts to Queen Victoria, after her death, awaked her from the unconsciousness which succeeded, as always, the leaving of the physical body. Probably the writer caught something of the surge of emotion in the crowd round Buckingham Palace. It is quite likely that during that second of unconsciousness she travelled to London and heard the announcement: 'The King is dead'."

"A sudden cry as an announcement of death is not at all uncommon," said the Shepherd.

The conversation turned then on the various ways in which death was announced. Two ladies present told of different instances in which a white bird was seen flying out of the window when a person died. Reference was also made to the banshee; this, the Shepherd said, might be either a nature-spirit or a thought-form. At the Vagrant's request, he repeated the story of the death-warning that is given to his own family. It is as follows: An ancestor of his who went on a crusade, took with him his only son to win his spurs in the Holy Land. The lad was however killed in his first battle; and to the natural and intense grief felt by his father, was added a terrible anxiety about the fate of his son's soul, as he had died without receiving the last consolations of the Church. This so preyed on his mind, that he became a monk, and spent the rest of his life in prayer for two objects: firstly, for the soul of his son; and secondly,

that no descendant of his should ever meet death unprepared. Since that date, the members of his family in the direct line have always heard a strange, mournful music before their deaths; this appears to be strains from the dirge that was played at the funeral of the Crusader's son. The Shepherd added that as he was the last of his name, and the death-warning did not seem to be given to collateral branches of the family, he was curious to know what would happen after his own decease. It appeared to be in full vigor the last time he heard it, and calculated to run a long time yet; though how it was 'worked' he did not know.

The Vagrant related how when she and a companion were one day sitting in her bungalow at Benares, they heard a carriage drive up to the door; but no announcement following, they went to see who it was, and found no carriage was there. It was about eight or nine in the evening. This experience recalls to mind the stories of the coaches that in various English families are said to drive up to the door previous to the death of any member of them; but in this instance no death, and no special event of any kind, occurred as a sequel. There was also a ghostly bull in the garden, who would sometimes appear and charge at people, causing them to bolt hurriedly.

"What happened if they didn't bolt?" enquired the Shepherd.

"But they always did!" replied the Vagrant.

The Shepherd demurred: "But surely, once certain that it really was an astral bull, and not a physical one, the people should have stayed; it would have been so interesting."

"I know of a man who acted on that principle," observed a member. He built himself a house and arranged his sleeping compartment on the first storey; the first night he went there to sleep, an apparition warned him not

to do so, or harm would come to him. So he fled to the ground-floor. This happened for several nights. Finally one night he refused to leave his bed-room at the ghost's behest, and went to sleep there. He awoke with a tremendous jerk and a start, to find himself in bed, but out in the middle of the street, whither he and his bed had been mysteriously removed in the dead of night."

The Vagrant spoke of the various efforts that were being made in the sixties and seventies to reach people and arouse them to a sense of the existence of the superphysical. At a village in Germany some people received teachings along Christian lines superphysically; they had initiations of sorts, and used to receive a kind of stigmata on the backs of the hands or on the arms, such as a cross made in little red dots, as though by pin-pricks; they had to *think* about this, till it appeared; it was very painful, and evidently it was the action of the intense thought that caused the blood to ooze through the skin.

"That is something along the lines of the training the Jesuits go through," said the Scholar. "They have to build up a picture mentally—say of the Passion—but in the minutest detail. They place a figure in a certain place, and in a certain attitude, and clothe it in a certain way; and so proceed, till the whole picture lives in their mind."

The Shepherd told a remarkable experience that Demeter had had, when only six or seven years old. "His mother belonged to a noble family in the north of Europe; and while staying in her ancestral castle he had several times seen an apparition that haunted it—a white and shining figure of a beautiful lady. He was not at all frightened, but on the contrary ardently desired a closer acquaintance with her. One moonlight-night when he was lying in bed, the ghostly lady came into his room, and crossing over to where he lay, she lifted him up bodily in her arms. He admits he felt a qualm; but it

flashed into his mind that she was going to take him to where some buried treasure, that was said to be in the castle, was concealed, and he determined to keep quiet; unfortunately, the ghost had left the door open when she came in, and a nurse or governess, happening to pass outside and catching sight of her, uttered a blood-curdling scream; the ghost dropped the boy on the floor, and vanished, leaving him to lament passionately the lost opportunity. He and his sister were most remarkable children," the Shepherd added; "before he was eleven, they had written a description of one of the evolutions that is taking place in the interior of the earth, which they had visited. This book was also illustrated by them with pictures which really conveyed a very good idea of that inner world".

The Vagrant related a psychic experience in which Aurora had certainly displayed the most cool courage. "One night in bed he became aware of a man standing by his bed-side and staring at him, with a most malevolent expression. Aurora asked him what he wanted, and received no answer; he then requested his ghostly visitor to go away, with no better result. 'Well, if you won't speak, and won't go away, I shall go to sleep,' said Aurora; and turning round in bed, with his back to the ghost, he went to sleep. Personally I should prefer always to keep my face to such a visitant," added the Vagrant.

To Aurora it also happened that one day as he was riding down a ravine, he met a ghostly horse and rider, and his own horse shied violently. Aurora had not recognised the unsubstantial nature of the figures confronting him, and, being vexed, struck his horse smartly. His horse sprang forward, and, to his astonishment, he passed clean through the other horseman and his steed.



Zur frdl. Erinnerung
sugleich
Dr. Rudolf Steiner

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

RUDOLF STEINER

DR. Rudolf Steiner, the able and much-beloved General Secretary of the T. S. in Germany, is hardly as widely known in the Society as he should be, from the fact that his literary and oratorical activities are all in the German tongue. The readers of *The Theosophist*, however, have had the advantage of perusing two valuable series of articles, translated for our pages; one of these has been reprinted as *The Way of Initiation*, and is being widely circulated in its English dress in Great Britain and the United States. Any one who has listened to his powerful and moving eloquence in his native tongue will know how much those lose who are unacquainted with the virile language of the Teuton.

Dr. Steiner was born in 1861 in Upper Austria, and belonged by birth to the Roman Catholic Church, which nourished in him the seeds of mysticism with which he was born. He was clairvoyant from childhood, M. Edouard Schuré tells us, and was much distressed by the contrasts he perceived between the thoughts and the words of the priests ministering at the Catholic altars. At fifteen, he met a man versed in botany exoteric and esoteric, and learned from him a truth, already dimly sensed: the ebb and flow of the eternal Breath. His youth was given to a wide and profound study of philosophy and science, thus uniting in himself the two types of knowledge the divorce of which has so hindered in Germany the grasp of truth. At the age of nineteen, M. Schuré tells us, he met his Master, and his life-work was pointed out to him; he spent ten years in study and preparation, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and then

began his public life at Weimar (1890), with the editing of Goethe's scientific works, a congenial task to one like Rudolf Steiner. He met Haeckel, to be charmed with his personality but to see the lack of basis in his science, and two valuable works—*Theories of the Universe and Life in the Nineteenth Century*, and *Haeckel and his Opponents* mark this stage of his intellectual unfolding.

In 1902, Dr. Steiner joined the Theosophical Society, then almost defunct in Germany, seeing in it the most potent foe of materialism, and recognising that his own Rosicrucianism and the Eastern Wisdom sprang from a single root. He found ready and waiting for him his best disciple, as remarkable a woman as he was a remarkable man—Fraülein Marie von Sivers, intellectual, brilliant, artistic, and above all of a flawless devotion, one ready, on recognising his mission, to forsake all and follow him.

Very rapidly now did the Theosophical movement begin to spread through Germany, stimulated by Dr. Steiner's fervid and powerful oratory; life poured into the T. S. there through the channel he offered, and Theosophy took a new position in the German world of thought. He was quickly elected as General Secretary, and was re-elected year after year, till on his seventh election, in 1908, he was placed in his office for life. He has around him a band of adoring disciples, to whom his word is law and his teaching revelation. His books are many, and blend into one harmonious whole a spiritual philosophy and a reasoned science, peculiarly suited to the western mystic and idealist; and they are finding a large public, though naturally without the magic of the spoken word which draws great audiences around him in the largest cities of the Continent.

Long may he live to guide the people whom he enlightens, and to carry his message through Europe.

A. B.

THE EVOLUTION AND SOCIALISATION OF MEMORY

BY HENRI PIÉRON

In the remarkable and most valuable series of philosophic and scientific works, called the *Bibliothèque de Philosophie scientifique*, edited by Dr. Gustave le Bon and published at Paris by Ernest Flammarion, there appeared recently a volume of singular interest. This series, of which the first volume appeared, if I am not mistaken, in 1902, consists of two divisions, the first comprising works on physical and natural sciences, and the second those on psychology and history. The whole series comprises at present some fifty works, about half in each division, by the foremost scholars and thinkers of France. The work to which we particularly desire to draw attention is by Henri Piéron, Maître de Conférences à l'Ecole de Hautes-Études. The title is *L'Évolution de la Mémoire*, and it is a splendid production of solid learning, acute reasoning and fulness of facts. Partly to draw attention to it, but also partly because of their illuminative explanation of some teachings current in our midst, we reproduce here the greater part of the final chapter, the 'Conclusion,' of the book.

This abstract primarily illustrates two statements promulgated in recent Theosophical literature, one of them of a fundamental nature, the other of a more incidental character.

The fundamental teaching is that concerning the nature of the knowledge of the Adept on the asekha level, who is pictured as almost omniscient. He is one who 'has no more to learn'. Now the difficulty is to picture to the mind the exact way in which to understand this phrase. It is difficult to conceive of a being burdened with the whole and complete load of human knowledge, and in early Theosophical literature there has been some speculation as to the precise nature of the 'perfect knowledge' of the Initiate. I believe that it is in one of the first numbers of *The Vâhan* that a question on the problem may

be found—though I have been unable to find the place on looking it up—and various answers, derived from the then prevailing level of general knowledge were given, amongst them a rather blunt but common-sense one from Colonel Olcott. There is also an aspect of the matter, discussed in a later year of *The Vâhan* (Volume VII, April 1898, p. 7), afterwards reprinted in *Extracts from The Vâhan*, p. 723. The latest and most luminous Theosophical statement is, further, to be found in Mr. Leadbeater's recent work, *The Inner Life*, pp. 23 and 24, to which readers are referred. The following extract illustrates the problem from quite another point of view, and deals with the reason why this great knowledge should be rather a general capacity for instantaneous knowledge, than knowledge itself always and fully active, a latent rather than a manifest state of it.

The question has also a wider bearing, inasmuch as it furnishes arguments in the endeavor to understand the 'omniscience' aspect of any God, whether of an earth, a solar system, or any larger universe. Under this aspect the problem has often been discussed by metaphysicians and theologians, and we find amongst the mediæval philosophers, for instance, Avicenna and Thomas Aquinas whom we may mention in this respect.

On Providence Avicenna held, and interpreted Aristotle, *Metaphysics* XII, to teach, that God knows nothing but Himself and the ideal order of things possible, that He is ignorant of all other actualities and individual existences besides His own, and particularly that things evil, trivial, and mean are wholly beyond His ken and His care. This doctrine is confuted by S. Thomas, *Contra Gentiles*, I, 63-71, 50-54. Ultimately, however, Avicenna *did* admit in God a knowledge of particular things, not got by virtue of His own nature, but by a knowledge communicated to Him from the angels, spirits emanating from God, who presided over the heavenly spheres, and thence observing earthly things, made report thereof to the Most High.[1]

And this again shows a most striking affinity with Mr. Leadbeater's statement in his article in *The Theosophist* on 'The Beginnings of the Sixth Root-Race' in the 1909 November number, p. 239 (paragraph on 'The Link with the Logos') and p. 244.

The second and more accidental point is raised in the same series of articles of Mr. Leadbeater, where in the December number (1909), p. 386, he describes the school curriculum, writing:

[1] Joseph Rickaby, S. J., *Scholasticism*, London, 1908, p. 36.

"The theory in the schoolmaster's mind is not to cram the brains of the children, but to develop their faculties and tell them where to find facts." And in the February number (1910), p. 621 and following, where he describes 'Libraries' and 'Newspapers'. We find here the same result described, as an actual future fact by our visionary and prophet, as a logical necessity by our psychological scholar. These two points then are the main ones which lend to the following extract a special interest for the Theosophical reader.

Elsewhere in the book, we may note in passing, we find also other items of such special interest; and before proceeding to the translation itself I quote—though quite unrelated to the main thesis of the present article—one more point. On p. 321, the writer states:

When the tension of oxygen in the inhaled air descends below 8 per cent., any acquisition of memory becomes absolutely impossible, as the metabolism of fixation has been brought to a standstill.

This reminds us immediately of Mr. Leadbeater's statement in the same series of articles in the December number (1909), p. 381, that in the future for educational uses at school the various brain-centres of the children will be 'sprayed' with the influences of light, color, sound and electricity. It is certainly conceivable that by such a proceeding the metabolism of memory and other mental processes might be stimulated, as they are dulled by others.

Those readers who might perhaps be scared away from perusing the following translation, thinking it too learned, are advised not to do so, but simply to skip the first half of §1, after which the subject becomes as simple as *bonjour*.

I also append a few notes to the translation.

§1. The Biological Evolution of Memory

The persistence due to ephemeral phenomena is an extremely general fact, but this fact becomes altogether evident in certain cases; and in the first rank of these privileged cases one may note the living organisms.

It has been tried on that account to make a distinction between life and mere matter, remarking with astonishment the persistence of the ancestral type in the

course of the lines of descent, and considering, with Haeckel, reproduction itself as a primary form of memory.

But in reality it is not possible to make such sharp divisions. When taken one by one, every characteristic considered as specifically proper to vital phenomena, may be met in other categories of chemical phenomena.[1] And the persistence of the action of a transitory phenomenon is a notion which cannot be directly applicable to the general fact of heredity, which confronts us with the reappearance of a form of constant equilibrium in the course of the development of a germ, but only to the heredity of such modifications as have taken place during an individual life.

Besides, this form of heredity, the transmission of acquired characteristics, remains still disputed by a great number of naturalists; it is very often contested, sometimes on purely verbal grounds, sometimes on theoretical grounds; on verbal grounds by the followers of Weismann, who explain heredity by the transmission of a germinative immortal plasm (the vector of the constitutional characteristics) left unaltered by the acquired somatic modifications, and who refuse to call by the name of acquired characteristics the profound modifications susceptible of influencing the germinative plasm; who refuse, in a word, to apply the name of acquired characteristics to hereditary characteristics; for theoretical reasons by the Neo-Darwinists who entirely ignore the action of environments on beings, and who regard as factors of variation only such modifications as have been brought about hap-hazardly and which will be sorted out by the play of selection.

Only these latter, really, deny in fact the heredity of acquired characteristics; yet it does seem that there are a certain number of undeniable examples of that heredity, and it does not follow that because one is tempted perhaps sometimes to exaggerate its real part in

[1] An admission we gladly note.

the variations of species, that this part is entirely lacking.....[1]

The biological part of memory shows itself indispensable to the conservation of species, and at the same time to psychic progress.

It seems that psychic progress, even during a long time, can be measured by the development of mnemonic phenomena: gradually the acquisitions take place more rapidly; they preserve their efficacy for a longer time, revealable either by the acts themselves, or by a shortening of the time necessary for the reacquisition of the apparently dissipated influence; and lastly they may co-exist in greater number without precisely thereby losing their efficacy.

But, if memory progresses, its fundamental nature and its laws are always the same. It is useless to remind the reader here of the common law of the dissolution of mnemonic traces, of memories—the common law of the initial discipline, the same necessity of a most favorable interval between the repetitions in order to obtain more rapid mnemonic growth, the same progress, as age advances, of the memory of acquisition with the most varied animals, etc.

One approaches with these laws—laws of purely physiological and sometimes almost physico-chemical interpretation—phenomena of persistence of acquisitions, of anterior influences: phenomena which constitute the basis of memory which is immutable under the superficial variations of progress.

This mnemonic progress is characterised by the rapidity of acquisitions, the slowness of dissolution and the capacity of co-existence; but from these three points of view progress is limited, and the mental superiority of

[1] We have left out here a passage without immediate interest for our purpose.

the highest species grows more swiftly than their mnemonic superiority.[1]

When the number of memories is considerable, cerebral activity (which has become very complex) has a greater value of dynamics of association and syntheses than of static riches. These dynamics themselves have been acquired, the associative links represent, it is true, exterior sequences which only repeat themselves; but the almost equal force of exceedingly numerous sequences permit insignificant influences to direct the course of mental phenomena which repercuss on the activity of beings.

Individual differences take from that moment a more and more prominent place, and action becomes more and more unforeseeable, which is a manifest sign of superiority according to most men, who like to regard it as scope and liberty.

In the course of these plays of the faculty of association there arise—a most weighty matter—progressive simplifications owing to the process of schematisation, which constitutes the value and assures the future of the human intellect, when memory cannot progress any further. And the highest individual intellects rest on the synthetic activity of which Pierre Janet has well demonstrated the great importance, particularly in his book on *Les Névroses*.

The evolution of individual memory as such, seems fully completed, and as it is not that faculty which constitutes mental superiority, it is not necessary to grieve over the fact, and one may renounce without regret the optimistic dream of Richet, who has wrongly confounded intelligence and memory when he said: "We may entertain great hopes for the future of the human intelligence! In proportion to the increase of facts to be known, it seems that the fixative power augments. The activity of a muscle grows by exercise, and its thus increased force is transmitted from age to age. In the same way, no doubt, the

[1] As the author shows in his book.

power of memory grows with its exercise, and that increase can be transmitted by heredity. There is no reason not to suppose that the power of memory will go on growing from generation to generation, tending to become ever and ever more intense. It is a legitimate hope which we can formulate for the future of the human race."

Vain hope, founded on false assimilations and inexact hypotheses; useless hope!

The development of memory through exercise is in reality but an illusion, for one develops only the attention; and the cerebral capacity, which is undoubtedly connected with the mnemonic capacity, cannot develop indefinitely, without destroying a morphological equilibrium necessary to life.

On the other hand the men of antiquity do not seem to have been inferior to our contemporaries as to memory, and the more the quantity of facts to be remembered increases in each field, the more one limits the field where one is obliged to remember the facts, the more one specialises.

The struggle against specialisation is not due to the development of memory but to progressive schematisation, constantly reducing the facts, of which the number is constantly growing, to formulæ, the number of which tends, on the contrary, to decrease with an equilibrium, which is variable at each moment, of these two antagonistic forces: discovery and mathematisation.

Nor does it seem any more true, that the individual intellects necessarily progress as to their average level; at least in so far as races are concerned which have already been civilised for a long period, knowledge alone is growing. As to exceptional intellects, it does not seem that they must be more numerous or more elevated than formerly. From Aristotle to Leibnitz, one follows the progress of knowledge but not the progress of the intellect.

And as to a matter which can have no relation to knowledge: in art, one notes verily the absence of real progress and only the reality of adaptations to different tastes. From Greek sculpture or architecture to our architecture or our sculpture, can one say that there has been a growing superiority?

The mental progress is undeniable, but it is a progress of knowledge; but knowledge is no longer individual, neither, it seems, is it hereditary: it is social.

The biological evolution of memory seems completed, but there exists furthermore a social evolution of memory, which in our own times is already remarkably advanced.

§ 2. The Social Memory and its Dangers

We have noticed with the superior animals facts of imitation which enable the individual to avoid a series of groping attempts when he has the chance to have before him, as a model for a series of complex actions, an already experienced individual. But it is only with man that the transmission of acquired experience can take place owing to schematisation and to his verbal signs, owing to language.

The possibility of the direct transmission of individual acquisitions permits the birth of tradition as social data, which perpetuate themselves from age to age; a common fund of traditions commences to constitute the individualised social mentality, and even outside of the race it is the common past, persisting in the memory of all, which constitutes the unity of a nation.

The growing weight of the past, of commanding traditions of a religious and moral, or other, nature, imposes itself with an invincible force on individuals, and just as an excess of the individual memory constitutes a danger for thought, so the excessive force of the social memory becomes really dangerous for the individual whom it imprisons and sterilises.

Creations, new combinations, are rendered impossible for minds which scarcely are able to bear the burden of the traditions imposed by generations which have disappeared; and one thus runs the risk of being more and more governed by the dead, for being narrowly imprisoned by them.[1]

So we see that in the history of civilisations, progress is hemmed in by the ever heavier weight of former acquisitions, which the new generations have to drag behind them.

It is its past which has sterilised China, and our Middle Ages have only been a pale reflexion of the Aristotelian tradition, whose origin was admirable, and whose consequences were sinister.[2]

Happily, the force of traditions lessens when their number augments, and it is in the complexity of the

[1] Compare Koeppen, *Die Lamaische Hierarchie und Kirche*, p. 278 and p. 282.

"It is a very widely spread preconception amongst Europeans, and specially us Germans, that it is part of the very essence and conception of typography to promote the progress of mental development unconditionally. The Tibetan, nay the whole oriental press, proves the contrary. And really, if with us the art of printing had not been introduced or invented in the 15th century, when the study of the classics had already begun and when everywhere there already existed hate and contempt for Romish monkdom, and if this invention had been made in, say, the 13th century, then it would have become in the hands of the popes, the Dominicans and Franciscans, the same which it has become in the hands of the lamas—a means to completely corrupt the mind and the phantasy of the laity, and to forge for them the undissoluble chains of a monkish world-conception."

"This enormous bulk of scriptures, which no human span of life is long enough to study exhaustively, is a very practical and exceedingly favorable element for the solidity and the unassailable position of the hierarchy. For if, for instance, the Catholic Church had possessed a similar Bible—as heavy, weighing tons and costing hundreds of pounds—then it would have been impossible to refute that Church on the strength of it, and the reformers might have saved their trouble."

[2] The Theosophical renaissance of our own days runs, to a certain extent, the same danger. Madame Blavatsky's attitude to the past and her utilisation of its teachings has had, on the one hand, a great value in rooting Theosophical philosophy in a universal ground; on the other hand it has encouraged—and brought about—too much syncretism, and a regard for the past to the exclusion of creative endeavor for the future. It remains a question for the future to decide if we are the losers or the gainers, in the long run, by having our teachings partly stated in a nomenclature of old civilisations, instead of in one wholly created anew, without the danger of false associations and misapplied terms, or of stimulating unsound conservatism. No new wine in old bottles!

past that individuals are able to find again a little independence. The choice between the numerous traditions, which are necessarily contradictory, can be determined according to present circumstances, and so adaptation is possible. Certainly one cannot say that the civilisations of the present have emancipated themselves from the past which has made them, but it is the past itself which tends to emancipate them.

There remains nevertheless the danger of the voluntary pre-occupation concerning things of the past. And history, that recapitulating form of the social memory, may sometimes give rise to well-founded apprehensions; even when one is freed—which is not always the case—from the prestige and authority of all that has behind it an old and long existence, it is not good to always look backwards, and to lose oneself, to hypnotise oneself, in the contemplation of the road one has passed over.[1]

Happy in a sense are those nations who have no history, and can only contemplate the present and the future. All their effort is full of fecundity and the grandiose ascent at the present time of American science and industry is to a great extent due to the absence of every depressing inheritance.

The predominance in France of historical studies seems, on the contrary, to constitute one of the principal causes of our relative decadence; it is by science that social progress is made, and it has a sterilising effect to devote oneself to the too often vain knowledge of the past. In looking too much at that which *has* been done, one forgets to *do* anything at all, and Greece, living on its memories, thinks itself still a great nation.

§ 3. The Social Substitutes for the Individual Memory
Writing and Printing

So memory presents the same dangers for societies as for individuals, yet is for this none the less necessary;

[1] One remembers here of course Nietzsche's brilliant essay on the usefulness and harm of history: *Vom Nutzen und Nachteil der Historie für das Leben.*

and as, once more, the fulness of memories is the greatest obstacle to the imperative value of each of them, the evil contains its own remedy.

With regard to this, great advance was made when the written transmission could be added to the oral one. The first one is indeed narrowly limited because its field cannot go beyond that of the individual memory. It is true that this individual memory may already be very extensive, and it cannot be forgotten that the Homeric poems were preserved during a long time by bards. The weighty traditions of the Brāhmaṇās have also been transmitted orally.

But writing has assured an enormous progress, whilst at the same time a storing up of the truly social memories was effected, because their conservation from that time no longer depended on individual existences.

The field of memory could suddenly grow to gigantic proportions, which very soon surpassed the capacity of single individuals.

And printing has permitted the fantastic acceleration of mnemonic progress in modern societies as it multiplied the imprints, the traces of memory, and mobilised them and rendered their evocation, their utilisation, ever more easy, ever more sure.

The reading of a book relieves the individual memory by permitting such data, as are useful at a given moment, to be found again exactly without spontaneous deformation.

§ 4. The Progress of the Future and Scientific Socialisation

Henceforth the progress of knowledge seems unlimited. It seems so at least with regard to individual knowledge, which is so small in comparison. But in reality it will be equally confronted by limitation. Evidently one no longer runs the risk of being imprisoned in a narrow domain when the acquisitions become extremely

numerous; but one may run the risk of losing oneself in inextricable labyrinths.

The production of printed matter increases so much not only on account of the number of publications which have already been issued, but also and above all, on account of the number of incessantly increasing new publications of each year, of each month, of each day, that one foresees within a short time enormous difficulties for the storing up, the conservation, and above all the consultation and utilisation of these millions and millions of works.[1]

One would be almost tempted to desire a few cases of destructive amnesia, as was in antiquity the burning of the celebrated Alexandrian Library, if the elective destruction could so be arranged as not to touch anything but the great mass of useless and insignificant works.

[1] Big collections of books—in other words libraries—have become too costly for any one individual to collect with any degree of completeness. Consequently only those people living within the radius of the big collections can really profit by them. This rules out at the present moment, first of all, those people living in colonies or in non-western countries; secondly non-townsmen. Vanicek writes in the introduction of his *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Lateinischen Sprache*, 2nd edition:

"The present writer has now vegetated for the last 28 years in various small country towns, removed from the scientific treasures of the capitals. He has been forced to buy, with all sorts of privations, out of his own, alas scanty, means, books which in the libraries of capitals are used for nothing—or perhaps not used at all."

It is not only distance which operates here as a preventive for usefulness, but also bulk and number. Take for instance such gigantic productions as the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, Murray's *New English Dictionary*, *The Imperial Gazetteer of India* (26 volumes, over 10,000 pages) and a hundred similar works. Or again such series as *Trübner's Oriental Series* (over 70 vols.); *The Sacred Books of the East* (50 vols.); *Texte und Untersuchungen zur Altchristlichen Literatur* (still running, 35 volumes at 800 pages=28,000 pages, increasing by 800 pages per annum). Or again the magazines. Think of the 320 volumes of *La Revue des deux Mondes*, of the 30 Volumes of our own *The Theosophist* (more than 30,000 pages), the 43 Volumes of *Lucifer-Theosophical Review* (more than 22,000 pages), *The Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (a complete set of which costs about 80 pounds) and the innumerable other productions.

We see at once that, firstly, no individual can possess them all, secondly, few individuals can have access to all, and no one individual can utilise the whole of any one of them. And even in any special case, how much there remains locked up for ever, never read, in each of such collections, even if they be in our possession and in constant use.

As to the difficulty in collecting or utilising the more ephemeral parts of the press—such as contained either in pamphlets or in daily periodicals—it is simply insurmountable, and with the mechanical disappearance of worthless matter a certain regular percentage of valuable matter falls into oblivion also.

Scholars are rightly apprehensive at the ever more laborious bibliography demanded by their researches, which causes these researches to be more rare and more difficult.[1]

And one may well think that there will come a moment when it will not only be impossible for a great number of publications to be consulted, as in our individual cases of amnesia of evocation, but when also the new acquisitions will demand the dissipation of certain of our old possessions.[2]

To want to remember everything will not always be possible, and fixation—easy in the beginning—will become more and more problematical. Oblivion seems there, again, a necessity of the development of memory.

But in that region one may hope for an almost indefinite progress, not certainly through the growing development of knowledge and memory, but, as in the

[1] Since 1876 there appears an annual bibliography of works and articles on oriental subjects. The first volume contains 88 pages of perhaps 30 titles to the page, which makes roughly 2,500 titles. In 1888 fully 6,000 titles are given, in 1898 nearly 6,500, in 1906 over 6,800. Calculating at an average of 5,000 titles a year the thirty volumes give 150,000 different titles. Besides this collection there are other and earlier ones, and furthermore there exist separate bibliographies on Chinese, on Japanese, on Arabic, and on several other cognate subjects. The Chinese bibliography alone contains over 30,000 titles. In Professor Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, we find a list of about one thousand 'Books referred to in the Dictionary'. The (very antiquated) list of bibliographical works in the reading-room of the British Museum contains more than a hundred pages of mere titles of bibliographical works, beginning with a few *bibliographies of bibliographies!* Some years ago, in the catalogue of the Library of the India Office, in London, I found on consultation such a tremendous list of titles of works on, and editions of, the *Bhagavad-Gītā* (if memory serves right, about 15 pages close print) that my available time did not allow me to commence sorting them out.

If, according to the saying attributed to Johnston, a dilettante is a man who does not know what has been previously written on his particular subject, then every one is nowadays doomed to be and to remain a dilettante.

[2] Everyone with experience of big libraries has made two sorts of discoveries. Firstly he finds a mass of valuable books unused before—as shown for instance when the pages are uncut, though the book has been in the possession of the library for a long time, and secondly he will constantly make unexpected finds of books of value to his studies, though he neither had specially looked for them, nor had encountered them in the catalogue when looking up his subject. No catalogue can have such a perfect system of cross-references as to evoke the whole mass of material available on any given subject in the library it describes.

individual intelligence, through the simplification brought about by schematisation.

A considerable number of old scientific productions have become useless, because precise laws have taken the place of the knowledge of numerous separate facts: the *bagage* of data necessary for physics diminishes in proportion to the mathematisation of that science, and one must hope that the process of simplification will go on unceasingly.

And we can also have a certain confidence in the progress—certainly not, as Richet would have it, of the individual intelligence—but of the collective intelligence and of science, whose progressive socialisation is an evident fact and an unavoidable necessity.[1]

Translated and annotated by
JOHAN VAN MANEN

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1 The conception that knowledge, memory and other human attainments pass over from individual property to a stock of common possession, is a very beautiful one. One can see here a point raised which is in strict conformity with the Theosophical teaching of the spiritual unity of humanity. Humanity is, perhaps, under an aspect of a high order, a separate being, a 'heavenly man'. Theosophically the conception is clear that upward progress may mean the progressive identification of the isolated self with an ascending series of larger selves. Our author touches the same conception, though approaching it from a totally different point of view, and though perhaps rejecting this mystic interpretation of the material facts presented by him. Still it is as if we watched the individual labor of a 'brain-cell' in humanity's body, handing over its contribution to the 'heavenly man' in the form of human, not merely individual, acquisitions.

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

MAN AND HIS MORTAL BODIES

[The articles that appear under this head may be reprinted by anyone. The author's name or initials should be appended, and underneath should appear the words: *Reprinted from the Theosophist, Adyar, Madras S.*—ED.]

THE Worlds in which man is evolving as he treads the circle of births and deaths are three: the physical world, the astral or intermediate world, the mental or heavenly world. In these three he lives from birth to death in his waking day-life; in the two latter he lives from birth to death in his sleeping night-life, and for a while after death; into the last he occasionally but rarely, enters in his sleeping night-life, in high trance, and in it he spends the most important part of his life after death, the period spent there lengthening as he evolves.

The three bodies in which he functions in these worlds are all mortal; they are born and they die. They improve life after life, becoming more and more worthy to serve as the instruments of the unfolding Spirit. They are copies in denser matter of the undying spiritual bodies, which are unaffected by birth and death, and form the clothing of the Spirit in the higher worlds—wherein he lives as the spiritual Man, while he lives here as the man of flesh, the 'carnal' man. These undying spiritual bodies are that of which S. Paul speaks: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; for in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from

heaven" (2 *Cor.* v. 1, 2). These are the immortal bodies, and they will be dealt with in another paper of this series.

The three mortal bodies are: the physical, the astral, and the mental, and they are related severally to the three worlds above-named.

The physical body. This is at present the most highly developed body of man, and the one with which we are all familiar. It consists of solid, liquid, gaseous and etheric matter, the first three exquisitely organised into cells and tissues, these being built into organs which enable the consciousness to become aware of the outside world, and the latter possessing vortices through which forces pour. As the etheric part of the body separates at death from the solid, liquid and gaseous part, the physical body is often subdivided into dense and etheric; the former is composed of the organs which receive and act; the latter is the medium of the life-forces, and their transmitter to its dense comrade. Any tearing of this physical body into its dense and etheric parts during physical life is unwholesome; it is torn out by anæsthetics, and slips out, undriven, in some peculiar organisations, generally termed 'mediumistic'; apart from its denser comrade it is helpless and unconscious, a drifting cloud with force-centres, useless when there is nothing to which it can transmit the forces playing through it, and subject to manipulation from outside entities, who can use it as a matrix for materialisation. It cannot go far from the dense part of the body, since the latter would perish if disconnected from it; when disconnexion occurs, the dense part 'dies,' *i.e.*, loses the inpouring of the vital forces which sustain its activities; even then, the etheric part—or etheric double—hovers near its life-partner, and is the 'wraith,' or 'shade,' sometimes seen after death, drifting over graves. The physical body, as a whole, is man's medium for communication with the physical world, and it is sometimes called, for this reason, the 'body of action'. It

receives also vibrations from the subtler worlds, and when it is able to reproduce these it 'feels' and 'thinks,' its nervous system being organised to reproduce these in physical matter. As the viewless air, strongly vibrating, throws the denser water into ripples, as the viewless light throws the rods and cones of the retina into activity, so does the viewless matter of the subtler worlds throw into responsive vibrations the denser matter of our physical body, both etheric and dense. As evolution proceeds, and the physical body evolves, *i. e.*, appropriates finer and finer combinations of matter from the outside world, it becomes responsive to more and more rapid vibratory waves, and the man becomes more and more 'sensitive'. Racial evolution largely consists in this ever-increasing sensitiveness of the nervous system to outside impacts; for health, the sensitiveness must remain within the limits of elasticity, *i. e.*, the system must immediately regain its normal condition after distortion; if this condition be present, such sensitiveness is on the crest of the evolutionary wave, and makes possible the manifestation of genius; if it be not present, if equilibrium be not swiftly and spontaneously restored, then the sensitiveness is unhealthy and mischievous, leading to degeneration, and finally, if unchecked, to madness.

ANNIE BESANT

(*To be concluded*)

Joy! joy! I triumph! Now no more I know
Myself as simply me. I burn with Love.
The Centre is within me, and its wonder
Lies as a circle everywhere about me.
Joy! joy! no mortal thought can fathom me.
I am the merchant and the pearl at once.
Lo, time and space lie crouching at my feet,
Joy! joy! when I would revel in a rapture,
I plunge into myself and all things know.

ATTAR

SHIVA RÂTRI

SHIVA'S Night is a fast-day, falling on the fourteenth day of the moon in Mâgha. For twenty-four hours, food, drink and sleep are abstained from. Shiva Pûjâ (offerings of flowers, fruit and water) is made every three hours. In the picture three sannyâsinis are seen making this pûjâ at night. The liṅgam is within a reed hut, beneath a tree. This is one of those pictures of night scenes which are so characteristic of Indian painting. The deeply devoted figures have a peaceful grace which marks their spiritual kinship with the Italian quatrocento. Particularly in these pictures do the trees seem conscious; in their mysterious shadows there moves so little breeze that the candle before the liṅgam hardly flickers. This picture may be of seventeenth or eighteenth century date.

A. K. COOMÂRASWÂMI

While the Vedas, the Sâṅkhya philosophy, the Yoga Shâstra, the system concerning the creature and the Creator, the doctrine of the Vaishṇavas, etc., involve many conflicting theories and sentiments of which some follow this, some that—and while there are consequently different kinds of men pursuing various paths, straight, as well as crooked, according to the diversity of their opinions—Thou art alone the one end of all these sects, as the sea is of different rivulets. . . . . One philosopher (Kapila) says that everything is eternal; another (Buddha) says that everything here is perishable; while a third (Gautama of Nyâya) maintains that in this universe, composed of various materials, some things are eternal, others perishable. Although I am in a manner bewildered by these speculations, I am still not ashamed of setting forth Thy praise, for my tongue cannot be held. In order to estimate Thy glory, who art Fire and Light, Brahmâ attempted in vain to measure its upper and Vishṇu its lower part. But when They sang Thy praise with faith and devotion, then Thou didst manifest Thyself unto Them. Can then Thy service ever be pronounced futile or fruitless? . . . . . Reverence to Thee, O God of meditation and austerity, who art nearest, and who art also farthest. Reverence to Thee who art the humblest, and who art also the greatest. Reverence to Thee who art old and yet young, being independent of the decaying effects of age. Reverence to Thee who art all, and in whom all things subsist.—*A Hymn to Shiva.*



SHIVA RÂTRI.



REVIEWS

The Inherent Law of Life, by Dr. Kleinschrod. (G. Bell and Sons, London.)

Under this title Dr. Kleinschrod publishes a new theory of life and of disease, and the German work has been translated into English by Dr. Appel, who, in a brief preface, says that her Theosophical studies have led her to the conclusion reached by the author along the lines of western science; this conclusion is that Vital Force exists, and the work seeks to formulate the Law of Life. Dr. Kleinschrod asserts that the vital functions are the direct means of cure of any disease; healing is not to be sought by the exhibition of drugs, but by the strengthening of the vital functions: "Reactions which maintain life when healthy will heal life when ill." "A true remedy is a remedy which directly or indirectly calls forth the healing processes." A disease is not to be suppressed, but evolved, for its natural ending is the throwing out of that which produced it, *i.e.*, the course of the disease is really a curative process. This thesis is ably worked out, and we must congratulate the author on his translator.

A. B.

Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1908. (Government Printing Office, Washington.)

Once more we have the pleasure of writing a word of appreciation on the most valuable work of far-reaching importance that falls to the credit every year of the Smithsonian Institution. The Report for 1908 records solid work of splendid achievements. The Report and business documents take 111 pages, while the appendix which enriches the volume is of nearly 700 pages, and is made up of highly interesting articles of expert writers, lavishly illustrated. We cannot possibly do justice here to these scholarly contributions and must content ourselves with naming a few of them: 'The Present Status of

Military Aeronautics,' 'Wireless Telephony,' 'Photo-telegraphy,' 'On the Light thrown by recent investigations on Electricity on the relation between Matter and Ether,' 'Recent Researches in the Structure of the Universe,' 'Solar Vortices and Magnetism in Sun-spots,' 'Heredity and the Origin of Species'. This is a book that students should read for themselves. It is devoutly to be wished that every great country of the world may in time possess a Smithsonian Institute.

B. P. W.

The Crowds and the Veiled Woman, by Marian Cox. (Funk and Wagnall, New York and London. $1.50. 6s)

This is an extraordinary book, brilliantly original and clever, neither essay nor novel but a blend of both, taking apparently a hackneyed theme—two men who are close friends and a woman—and dealing with it in a manner wholly new, for the two men are unusual to the last degree, and the woman is a conception of startling novelty. The theories put forward are discussed to wearisome length, and the slight thread of story on which they are strung is almost too thin to support them, despite its surprises. But the theories are interesting, and the discussions are brilliant, though too verbose. We must, however, protest against the end of the story, which outrages all canons of art and good taste, in its unnecessary horror and loathsomeness. There is nothing in the characters to deserve such an ending.

A. B.

Psychism, by M. Hume, (The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., Paternoster Square, London. 2/6).

This is a book useful in one respect *viz.*, that it puts forward independent testimony, by an educated, unsentimental and unimaginative man of analytical intellect, on the problems of the borderland. On the other hand it is amusingly interesting to the student of Theosophy to see that the clever writer traces all his personal visions, foreseeings and experiences to what he calls the woman-in-us, which, when understood in Theosophical phraseology, is the etheric brain. "I am my organism, and my organism is an inseparable dual entity! I am father, and I am mother, and we too are ever begetting a third entity—our soul." "The Man-in-us is the solid thinker, the word-maker, the namer.....He is the determinator, director, and rule.....She is essentially the reproducer.....Her sub-conscious intelligence is far more aware and on the alert during

sleep; she is more sensitive then, and her curious powers are less fettered; she sees, and hears, and knows; she fore-sees and fore-knows; she far-sees and far-hears, as she cannot do when awake and under the control of her Man; sleep is her time for creative energy, for building and restoring, for making dreams, visions, and hallucinations." While it is true that in a majority of cases of psychic experiences the etheric brain, the "She" of our writer, plays an all-important part, it cannot be gainsaid that there is on record unimpeachable evidence of what Theosophists call *real* astral plane experiences brought down into the physical brain as dreams, as also clairvoyance, clairaudience and other phenomena relating to the subtler planes. Mr. Hume would gain much by looking deeper into Theosophy—it seems he has not looked into it at all—and searching in it for explanations of his many and varied experiences, some of which are more than the mere activity of his "She". The value of the book for Theosophists is not nil; while on the one hand the writer of the book relegates every psychological experience to the etheric brain, on the other, members of our Society, especially young members, see in every petty, mixed and inchoate dream an astral experience, often attribute the voice of their own sub-conscious self, heard because of over-strained nerves, to the ego or even to the Master, mistake physiological visualisations for astral pictures, etc. To such the book has a lesson to teach. It appears, in spite of clear expositions on lower and higher psychism, that many of our members have not thoroughly grasped the truth thereof and while such an exposition would be priceless to Mr. Hume, his book will be useful to them.

B. P. W.

Sacred Books of The Hindūs (Published by Sādhīndra Nāṭha Vāsu, Paṇini Office, Bahadurganj, Allāhabad. Rs. 2. Annual subscription, Rs. 12, or foreign £1.)

Another issue, No. 13, of this valuable series reaches us—a continuation of the translation of the *Chhāndogyopaniṣhat*, with Shrī Mādhava's *Commentary*. The able translator, Srīsa Chandra Vasu, states in his Introduction that Shrī Mādhava claimed to be an incarnation of Vāyu, or Prāṇa, "the highest Being next to God"—the divine Breath. He suggests that this implies a close correspondence between Vāyu and the Christ principle. Hence he has translated Vāyu and Prāṇa by Christ. This startling innovation should arouse some discussion.

No. 14 brings the *Vedānta Sutras* of Badarayana, with the *Commentary* of Baladeva. This also is translated by the indefatigable Srisa Chandra Vasu, who is putting the religious world in all nations under a vast obligation.

A. B.

The Law of Psychic Phenomena, by Thomson Jay Hudson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. 6/. Twelfth Impression.)

This is a book well-known and widely read, as this twelfth impression testifies. The primary object of the author is to bring Psychology within the domain of the exact sciences by formulating a working hypothesis sufficiently comprehensive to embrace all psychic phenomena, whether called mesmerism, hypnotism, somnambulism, trance, spiritism, mental therapeutics, genius, or insanity.

The researches of Prof. Liébault in the domain of hypnotism, seconded by his pupil Prof. Bernheim, have resulted in discoveries, which throw a flood of light upon the whole field of psychological investigation. Their field of observation being confined to hypnotism chiefly as a therapeutic agent, those eminent scientists did not realise the trancendent importance of their principal discovery for psychological phenomena outside the domain of their special studies. The discovery is this: Hypnotic subjects are constantly amenable to the power of suggestion. Suggestion is the all-potent factor in the production of all hypnotic phenomena. This fact supplies the missing link in the chain of propositions necessary for a complete working hypothesis.

The general propositions applicable to all phases of psychological phenomena, briefly stated, are:

I. Man has a dual mind, the objective mind and the subjective mind, each endowed with separate and distinct attributes and powers, each capable under certain conditions of independent action.

II. The subjective mind is constantly amenable to control by suggestion.

III. The subjective mind is incapable of inductive reasoning.

The three propositions together furnish the key to the whole science of psychology.

There is a wide distinction between objective and subjective memory. The objective memory is one of the functions of the brain, has an absolute localisation in the cerebral

cortex. The different varieties of memory, such as visual memory, auditory memory, memory of speech, etc., can be destroyed by localised disease or by a surgical operation.

Subjective memory appears to be an inherent power free from anatomical relations. All the facts of hypnotism show that the more quiescent the objective faculties become, or in other words the more perfectly the functions of the brain are suspended, the more exalted are the manifestations of the subjective mind. Indeed the whole history of subjective phenomena shows that the nearer the body approaches death, the stronger become the demonstrations of the powers of the subjective mind or soul. The irresistible inference is that when the soul is freed entirely from its trammels of flesh, its powers will attain perfection, its memory will be absolute. Indeed the subjective memory is the only memory which is absolute. The objective memory is more properly designated as recollection.

The phenomena of purely subjective mental action are however of little practical importance to mankind when compared with the action of the subjective mind modified by the co-ordinate power of the objective intelligence. The most perfect exhibition of intellectual power is the result of the synchronous action of the objective and subjective minds. When this is seen in its perfection we call it genius. In this condition the individual has the benefit of all the reasoning powers of the objective mind combined with the perfect memory of the subjective mind and its marvellous power of syllogistic arrangements of its resources. In short all the elements of intellectual power are then in a state of intense harmonious activity. True genius is undoubtedly the result of the synchronous action of the two minds, neither unduly predominating or usurping the powers and functions of the other. When the subjective mind is allowed to dominate, the resultant acts of the individual are denominated 'the eccentricities of genius'. When the subjective usurps complete control, the individual becomes insane. Insanity consists in the usurpation by the subjective mind of the throne of reason. This is an age of purely objective cultivation. All our powers of inductive reasoning are strained to their highest tension in an effort to penetrate the secrets of physical Nature and to harness her dynamic forces. Meantime the normal exercise of that co-ordinate power in our mental structure is fast

falling into desuetude and its manifestations, not being understood, are relegated to the domain of superstition. But our boasted 'godlike reason' is of the earth earthy. Inductive reasoning is the noblest attribute of the finite mind, it is true, but it is essentially finite. It is the outgrowth of our objective existence. It is our most reliable auxiliary in our efforts to penetrate the secrets of nature and wrest from her the means of subsistence. But its functions cease with the necessities which called it into existence, for it will no longer be useful when the physical form has perished and the veil is lifted, which hides from mortal eyes that world where all truth is revealed. Then it is that the soul—the subjective mind—will perform its normal functions untrammeled by the physical form, which imprisons it and binds it to earth, and in its native realm of truth, unimpeded by the laborious processes of finite reasoning, it will imbibe all truth from its Eternal Source. Enough is now said to see in what a truly Theosophical spirit this book is written, albeit the author constantly sneers at Theosophy. For Theosophists specially it is interesting to study his scientific explanations of clairvoyance, telepathy, hypnotism, mediumship, etc., all which he puts under the generic name of subjective or hypnotic phenomena, and as governed by the same general laws. Curious are the last chapters of the book, where he tries to prove "that the discoveries of modern science not only confirm the story of the physical manifestations of Jesus Christ, but demonstrate the essential truth of the central idea, which Christ promulgated concerning man's immortality, show the philosophy of his mission on earth, and prove that he was and is, as a matter of scientific truth, the savior of the souls of men".

M. C. V. G.

Pagal Haranāth (Published by Bābū Atal Behary Nandy, Hathras Junction. E. I. R. Re. 1.8)

This is a collection of letters written to his relatives and friends by Thakur Haranāth, a Bengali yogī much revered in North India. He is a devotee of Shrī Kṛshṇa, and the letters are full of the overflowing and ecstatic love which is a Vaiṣhṇava characteristic. Those who are fond of this type of devotional literature will find pleasure in reading the letters, but we think they would have been improved by a use of the scissors, as there is much repetition.

A. B.

Brahma Jñān, Theosophy or Khudāshenāsi, by F. K. Dadachanji, B.A., LL.B. (Blavatsky Lodge T. S., Hornby Road, Bombay. Annas 12.)

This is a Gujeraṭi book written by an intelligent Pārsi Solicitor, and its chief interest lies in the fact that he is *not* a member of our Society. He is a sympathiser, and is keen on spreading Theosophy among his co-religionists—all the more credit to him; and the book has not in the least suffered because its writer is not a member of the T. S. It is well written, in quite a broad spirit which we cannot but appreciate. We wish the book great success.

B. P. W.

Orpheus, Histoire Générale des Religions, by Salomon Reinach. (Alcide Picard, Paris.)

This 'general history of religions' is an amazing production. It is very learned and at the same time very ignorant; very progressive, yet most conservative; very subtle, yet most naive; very comprehensive, yet exceedingly incomplete. In a sense—taking the title as a criterion—the book is a failure in the strictest sense of the word, singularly disappointing; in another sense, as a political and social treatise on the relations between Church and State, especially in modern times, it is often brilliant and illuminative. Two grave defects of the work have to be noted at the outset, the one with regard to form, the other with regard to substance. As to the formal vice, it is the total absence of proportion. The book contains about 600 pages. Three hundred of these suffice to describe all world-religions except Christianity, to which the other 300 pages are devoted. The religions of the Āryans, Hinḍūs and Persians are polished off in a rapid 40 pages. The Greeks and Romans receive a little more attention, in some 50 pages. The Chinese, Japanese, Mongolians, Finns, Africans, Oceanians and Americans, on the contrary, are all bundled together and furnish material for only 18 pages, all told. Lao Tsz and his system have a whole page devoted to them, half as much as Dreyfus, whose story is told in 2 pages. So far as to the formal defect. As to the graver shortcomings of a substantial nature: they may be bluntly summed up in the single verdict: the author does not know what he is talking about. His theme is religion, but he does not know what religion is. His own definition is: "A complex of scruples putting themselves in the way of the free exercise of

our faculties". We will not say that this is not one element, amongst very many, in the make-up of religion, but it seems, to say the least of it, ridiculous to give it as the definition of the whole and all of religion. Besides, are not 'scruples' themselves the outcome of a faculty of man, which strive just as much for full away, as the manifestations of hope, faith, doubt, enthusiasm, fear, will, ambition, desire, judgment and the rest?

Of a real appreciation of the 'religious' mind, no trace. Mysticism is scarcely discussed, dismissed with a mere contemptuous sneer. The new psychology does not yet exist for the author. Plain reason—of a rather antiquated materialistic matter-of-fact type and seasoned with strong modern political sauce—is his guide. Religion has been, in origin and development, always and everywhere, the mere dry carcass which the author knows from direct experience in the present time. Church is taken for religion; priestcraft for the compelling forces it exercises on life; deception and self-deception, folly, megalomania, ignorance, superstition and lack of independence do the rest. The author is by profession an archæologist, one of no mean value. He has here written a learned book on the physical *débris* of religion, but religion itself he has not touched. I believe even that he does not suspect its real existence. It is a case of 'shoemaker, keep to your last'. Yet even this historical narrative of the sequence of dry bones and outer forms is useful for those who know better than the author. As a catalogue of facts the book is all right, and can be used by others who simply know better. Only they have to eliminate the author's theories and opinions, which are not worth the price of the paper they are printed upon.

Thus far for the negative side of the book. Now for the positive one. The second part especially is excellent and brilliant in many ways. This would be more evident, if it had an appropriate title. For instance 'The history of the struggle for emancipation from Church tyranny,' or 'The fight for mental freedom against priestcraft,' would do well, or with reference to another aspect 'Evolution and decay of superstition'. And the nearer our author comes to our own times, the better he grows in his exposition. In this part Theosophists can still learn much from him. We recommend it without hesitation.

We will silently pass by the author's cock-sure and supremely silly remarks about Theosophy, and such themes

as have a special interest to Theosophists. They are all natural consequences of the author's belated standpoint. It may be useful to be reminded sometimes that there are still very excellent, honest, industrious and learned men, like the author, whose watches stopped some time ago. Our own habitual mental atmosphere makes us perhaps forget, from time to time, that the world in general does not move so fast as we sometimes fancy. And it is therefore interesting to study an exposition on religion by an authority and scholar of Mr. Reinach's reputation, from a standpoint so profoundly different from ours, an exposition which met with such instantaneous response that his book was immediately translated into some foreign languages, and was ten times reprinted in its original form within a very short time.

One thing also must not be forgotten. The book is the work of a reactionary, not a reactionary against the principles of the great French revolution, but against those who are the original reactionaries against these. That explains much, and that, also, makes us forgive much.

For the rest: the book is a model of dainty book-making, cheap and handy to boot; the author's style is precise, clear and charming; there is an excellent index; there are excellent bibliographies; the work is a monument of industry and learning (not insight!)—the only thing is that there is somewhere a big mistake, either in the title, the choosing of the subject, or the method employed, or perhaps a little bit in all three of them. Mr. Reinach's fame, at all events, as a deep seeing philosopher, as an intelligent student of the human mind and its aspirations, as a sympathetic understander of what religion is and has been to humanity, will, in the future, scarcely rest on this little book, which, *à l'heure qu'il est*, is in itself somewhat of a tragi-comedy.

J. v. M.

PAMPHLETS

Episodes from an Unwritten History, by Claude Bragdon, is an interesting pamphlet giving some incidents of the early history of the T. S.

A Simple Means of Mass Education is a tract published for free distribution by some followers of the late Hindū Preacher Kṛṣṇānandasvāmi.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

The Review of Reviews—(August)[1]

The chief attraction of this number is the special character sketch of our Queen Mary, who is called "the mother on the throne". Written as usual in Mr. Stead's delightful style, it provides excellent reading and gives an insight into the Queen's life and character. Needless to say the sketch is highly favorable, and the Queen is pictured in a way which makes her most lovable, especially in India, where woman as mother is more respected and reverenced than anywhere else. As a woman she is a Queen and thus is queenly doublefold. We regret that space forbids our reviewing the sketch at length. In the 'Leading Articles in the Review' we find a nice collection of extracts from various journals about King George.

Other Contents: 'Progress of the World'; 'Current History in Caricature'; Reviews, etc.

The Occult Review—(September)[2]

'The Philosopher's Stone' by Dr. Franz Hartmann, is a short but useful article, in which the writer says that what the ancient philosophers meant by the Philosopher's Stone is wisdom and fortitude of character, by which we can transmute the baser metal of our lower self into the pure gold of the higher, which in other words means gaining Divine Wisdom. Man, therefore, is himself the Philosopher's Stone. We are not our bodies and we have to carry on a process of transformation in them by the help of our own inner Self, which is Divine, which is the Philosopher's Stone. "However I have no doubt there exists also a physical aspect of Alchemy, by means of which certain transmutations can be made, and I have witnessed some such experiments, but would not recommend anybody to try them unless he is an adept, and capable of controlling the spiritual influences which on such occasions enter into action, much against his will."

[1] Bank Buildings, Kingsway, London, W. C.

[2] William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C.

Other Contents: 'Notes of the Month'; 'Pascal'; 'The Healing Cup of Nanteos'; 'The Seeress of Prévorst'; 'Dreams'; 'Correspondence'; etc.

The Indian Review—(August)[1]

Saint Nihal Singh is a brilliant young writer, an early product of the India that is coming. He pens a most interesting article on 'The Indian Renaissance,' remarking that "it is being forgotten that beneath the thin crust of political struggle and frenzy and talk about poverty and plague, constructive work of mammoth dimensions and of immeasurable potentiality is going on". This has been so for two generations now, but is more in evidence at the present moment because of the general Oriental awakening. This unrest is hydra-headed, but the resulting discontent is divine. "While in a thousand years from now it will not matter much if the sons of a little European Isle have held India in subjection, it will matter much if the genius of the nation has performed its God-given mission, enriched posterity by progress in religion, philosophy, science, art, and industry." "To be a man—to act manly—is the agitation of the moment," and this is manifested in many ways, among them in the fact that many thousands have disregarded canons of caste and conservatism and have gone abroad. Again, Indian emigrants have distinguished themselves in every walk of life on all continents. Another significant point is that Indians at home and abroad resent the humiliating treatment accorded to their emigrants, which shows that an Indian nation is coming into being. Then, the modern Indian tries to lift India out of sloth and degeneration. Spirituality of a wrong nature, which made the Indian call the world all Máyá, is being replaced by a more healthy tone of religious feeling, and as first-fruits an industrial renaissance has dawned upon India.

Other Contents: 'A Problem of National Interest'; 'India and Imperial Preferences'; 'British Indians in the Transvaal'; 'Feudatory India'; 'Education in the Madras Presidency'; 'The Sugar Industry in India'; 'Current Events', etc.

Orpheus—(July)[2]

Among the many readable contributions, both in prose and verse, 'Some Aspects of Japanese Art' by Gertrude Levy is

[1] G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras.

[2] The Art Movement of the Theosophical Society, Strathleven, Oakleigh Park, London, N.

one we specially recommend to our readers. The writer has thrown some good light on the arts of Japan, on her sculpture, which is more delicate and subtle and less massive than that of China; on her painting, which depicts fleeting impressions, such as the mists of morning and evening, the radiance of spring and autumn; on her drama, which is built upon her legends and history, and which has in it something that is ritualistic, in which harmony prevails between the emotions, the music, the verse, the grouping of characters, etc., in which self-surrender is always the ideal portrayed, because sacrifice is regarded as the end of all action.

Other Contents: "A Note upon the Art of F. Cayley Robinson"; 'Solomon to the Queen of Sheba'; 'On the Verge of Vision'; 'The Mystery of Love is Greater than the Mystery of Death' (see our July issue); 'Woodland Wisdom' and 'Metaphors'.

THE HINDUSTAN REVIEW—(August)[1]

The place of honor is given to 'The Place of Art in Education' by our good friend Miss Francesca Arundale. No individual, no nation, can thrive on one-sided development, and complete perfection consists in the realisation of the good, the beautiful, and the true. The tendency of western thought has been to exalt mind at the expense of feeling, while the tendency of eastern thought has been to depreciate the expression of the emotions by stoical neglect of feeling. Many in the West have awakened to the necessity of arousing the sense of the beautiful, but the evil is of long growth and therefore difficult to weed out. In India the question is not so difficult. The simple life of the Indian is full of beauty, though he is mostly unconscious of it. With the advent of western education, life in India has become more complicated, and needs and desires are gratified and supplied from the lowest stratum of western production. From the artistic standpoint this is fatal, and the practical question before us is as to what is to be done in the present to prevent the wholesale deterioration of Indian art. The answer is: Foster a taste in the whole nation to encourage true Indian workmanship to the exclusion of the foreign meretricious fabrics and tawdry ornaments. How is this taste to be fostered? Not only by the spread of literature, but by incorporating in the educational curriculum the

[1] Elgin Road, Allahabad.

study of the beautiful, for which some excellent suggestions are put forward by Miss Arundale. The closing para is worth quoting: "In the education of our boys and girls, let us remember that the spring of all efforts towards the beautiful and the true comes from two fundamental principles, which, however much we may have neglected and starved them by faulty education, are nevertheless to be found in every nation, in every human being. These principles are the deep-seated aspiration of human hearts, responding to the call of the Divine, that bids each and every soul press forward to perfection, and the no less potent force, the love of the Motherland, which constrains a man to spend and be spent in her service."

Other Contents: 'The Influence of European Science on Indian Thought'; 'The Juvenile Offender in India: A Rejoinder'; 'Ancient India's Commercial Relations'; 'The English in the Court and Camp of Shivaji'; 'Saint Nihal Singh: World-Journalist'; 'Religion and Politics'; 'The Indian Judiciary'; 'Vaccination: An Exploded Fact'; 'Mr. Theodore Roosevelt on International Peace'; 'Reviews', etc.

MISCELLANEOUS

Among the American Magazines of Occult Science and Metaphysics, the New York *Metaphysical Magazine*, ably edited by Dr. Leander Edmund Whipple, occupies a prominent place. Every month it puts forward scholarly articles of value and utility, and we regret we are not able to review at length the July number, now before us, in which there is a very good article on 'Vibration and Radiation' by C. Staniland Wake. Another readable contribution is entitled 'Jesus'. *Modern Astrology* for September is full of interesting material, the chief being 'King George's Directions' by H. S. Green. *The Anti-Vivisection Review* continues its good work, thanks to the untiring labors of its editor, Miss L. Lind af Hageby. We are glad to welcome a new monthly *Universal Masonry*, edited by Mrs. Holbrook and printed at the Rājput Press, Chicago. We hope it will serve the great cause of Masonry worthily and well.

B. P. W.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

Asiatic

Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, September, 1910. After the usual 'Headquaters' Notes' follows a good story by Miss Elisabeth Severs, 'Experto Crede'; 'The Apparent Exclusiveness of Christianity' is concluded, a paper worth reading. 'A Helpful Talk with a Svâmi' treats of Dreams and Abheda. 'Escape' is a short but beautiful poem. Nina de Gernet writes on 'Initiation in Russia' and the closing pages convey the news of the Theosophical world given by J. v. M. in his usual bright style.

Theosophy in India, Benares, August, 1910. The quarterly 'Letter from the President' is followed by 'The Age of Shrîmat Bhâgavata,' in which the writer concludes that it "was written by Vedavyâsaji some 5000 years ago". Baijnâth Singh contributes "Some Sûfi Precepts" which are both interesting and instructive. 'Self-sacrifice,' 'Should We Rise or Fall?' and 'Some Stray Thoughts' are short articles. A further instalment of Mazharullâ Haidari concludes the number.

C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, September, 1910. Our Vice-President's address on 'Education' is very interesting, full of valuable suggestions. Short articles, readable as usual, are followed by the regular columns. 'The Snake in our Girls' School' is a nice poem with fulfilment of right Dharma as its moral.

The Cherâg (Gujerâti), Bombay, September, 1910. The Gujerâti portion is full of useful matter, and the English Supplement has good reprints and a favorable review of *The Science of Social Organisation*, and an original article by Miss Severs.

The Message of Theosophy, Rangoon, July, 1910. 'The Value of Truth' by Maung Lat is an useful contribution.

Theosofisch Maandblad voor Nederlandsch-Indië (Dutch) Surabaya, July, 1910. This number contains chiefly translations. There is a good article about Hinduism by K. V. Gelder.

De Gulden Keten (Dutch), Buitenzorg, June, 1910, has nice short articles for children as usual.

Chabar (Dutch), Bandoeng, August, 1910. This is the first journal in the Malay language. We hope it will do good propaganda work in the Malay Archipelago. It contains some original articles written by some of our Javanese members.

European

The Vâhan, London, August, 1910. Besides the report of the Twentieth Annual Convention and sundry business and propaganda notices and reports, there appears a highly appreciative review by Clifford Bax of the Adyar Lodge Transaction No. I.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, August, 1910. Besides 'Notes and News' there is a short paper on 'Theosophy and Christianity' by the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff. 'Across the Border' gives an excellent report of the British Convention, and is illustrated.

The Path, Hale, Cheshire, England, August, 1910, is as good as the first number, full of useful and interesting short articles of a popular nature. Two supplements, one illustrated, add to the value of the Magazine.

Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, August, 1910, reports the success of the cycle of Theosophical international lectures at the Brussels Exhibition.

Le Théosophe (French), Paris, August, 1910, contains different articles on the leading subjects of the day.

Theosophie (German), Leipzig, August, 1910, contains an article by Arthur Grobe-Wutischky on 'What does a modern man trained in the natural sciences think of Theosophy?' The author's elucidations are clear and well thought out, but though fully accepting karma and the seven principles in man, he is rather shy of reincarnation, which he defines as a possible, but not a necessary, factor in evolution. 'Modern Arabian Philosophers and Theosophists,' by Freiherr von Maltzan, was published thirty-six years ago in a well-known German monthly, from which it is a reprint. It treats of the mystic sect of the 'Hidden Imâm'. According to the teaching of this sect, the world is never without hidden Imâms who live on the earth, though their

dwelling-place is known only to their representatives, who carry out their will, and govern States, make wars, and spread the mystic doctrine in their name. If he so chooses, a hidden Imām appears in the world of men, and it is said that Obeid Allah, the founder of the great Moslem dynasty of Tunis and of Egypt, was such a great one. At the age of eighteen a young man of this sect is initiated into its mysteries. His father leads him at night into a lonely place and leaves him there, bidding him to kneel down and pray. After a while the youth is roused by two veiled men who, having hoodwinked him, drag him along through a cranny. The candidate knocks his head against the vault and stumbles to the ground during the transit, but, finally, he is again able to walk erect, and his guides bid him stop while an unknown voice requests him to answer with candor the questions which will be addressed to him. These questions satisfactorily answered, he is given a dagger and told to stab himself, and so on. It is interesting to find it confirmed once more that "there is nothing new under the sun".

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, July 1910. Prof. O. Penzig contributes an interesting paper on 'Theosophy and Suggestion'. It is an able reply to the assertion made by Prof. Otto Stoll, of Zurich (in his work *Suggestion und Hypnotismus in der Völker-Psychologie*), that Theosophists, and all who believe that they have attained contact with superphysical forces or entities, are simply victims of auto-suggestion.

Ultra (Italian) Rome, August 1910. Two articles are continued from the June number. A. Agabiti writes on 'Music and Occultism,' and A. Tanfani describes a séance with E. Palladino. There is also the first part of a lecture delivered by G. Senigaglia at the Rome Lodge, on 'The Theosophical Society and the Present Time'; it appears that the lecturer is an enquirer only.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, August, 1910, continues its useful work of translating (among other things the lives of Alcyone), and also has a couple of short original contributions.

De Theosofische Beweging (Dutch), Amsterdam, August, 1910. The contents of this number are chiefly articles upon Art in the light of Theosophy—the subject for the quarterly meeting of the Dutch Section. The leading article of K. P. C. de Bazel, a famous artist in Holland, gives some very original theses.

Teosofisk Tidskrift (Danish and Swedish), Stockholm, August, 1910, opens with the quarterly 'Letter from the President,' and the article on 'About Christendom' is continued.

American

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, July, 1910. Along with many reprints from our own pages and *The Adyar Bulletin*, there are some original articles, of which 'Kármic Cycles,' by Eliott Holbrook, has good thoughts to offer.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, August, 1910. Dr. Mario Roso de Luna's portrait appears as frontispiece, and is accompanied by an appreciation from Lob Nor. Useful translations and interesting contributions grace the pages as usual.

Australasian

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, August, 1910. Reprints from our pages and the *Adyar Bulletin*, and short contributions on 'Portents of To-day,' 'On Open Doors' with reviews, etc. make up the number.

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, August, 1910. 'Theosophy Undeclared' is the first part of what seems to be an interesting article.

African

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, July, 1910. "The Harmony of the Cosmos and Music on the Astral Plane," 'Love' by W. E. Marsh, 'Astrology,' are original articles not without value. The August number has some clever articles entitled 'The Method of the Mystic,' 'A Master and the Modern World,' and 'Kuṇḍalinī and Meditation'.

Le Chercheur (French and English), Port Louis, Mauritius, July 1910, continues its useful work of spreading Divine Wisdom in a new land.

X

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

Sumatra

A little centre of Theosophical influence has been formed at Asahan, under the very able leadership of Mr. P. de Heer. Fifteen years ago Mr. P. de Heer was the only member of the Theosophical Society at our small out-of-the-way place. During these long years Mr. P. de Heer has made several efforts to interest people in Theosophy; but work here is very difficult, and there has been very little result. But a change seems to have taken place at last; we are to-day four members of the Society, and some more people seem to take great interest in the movement, so that we hope for improvement in the near future. We had the pleasure of a visit some time since from Mr. M. Reepmaker, who lectured on 'Karma and Incarnation;' nearly every one of our small community was present, even people from a long distance away. The house of our good Mr. P. de Heer was full, and I am glad to say that we spent a very happy and pleasant evening. After the lecture a very animated discussion ensued and questions were answered.

R. Dittmann

West Africa

The Lagos Lodge, T. S., in December 1909, received a letter from the General Secretary of the T. S. in Great Britain, submitting to the Lodge several names of unattached members of the Society in Sierra Leone, Axim, Accra on the Gold Coast, Asaba and Calabar, Southern Nigeria, urging that the Lagos Lodge should take the responsibility of supplying *The Vahán*, the monthly organ of the British Section, to the members in the above-named places, and that the Lagos Lodge should be the centre of the Theosophical Society in the West Coast of Africa. Meanwhile the objects of the Theosophical Society were printed by me in a pamphlet form in the mouth of February 1910, and circulated all over Lagos and the surrounding districts, and this brought some persons into touch with Theosophy. Enquiries began to be received daily form various parts of the country, and Brother I. O. Martins joined the

Society in April 1910; Brother M. L. Durasimi was admitted on March 17th, 1910; then Brother Salihu Muhammad in June last. The reading class conducted every Friday evening was well attended, and to make the word 'Theosophy' familiar to our people the objects of the Theosophical Society were published in one of the local papers, *The Nigerian Times*; we hope thus to encourage the spreading of the Theosophical Society in Lagos and the Hinterland. The Lagos Lodge, T. S. is now flourishing, and there is a Theosophical Book Depôt under the management of myself. We ask members to send good wishes to this far corner of the Theosophical field.

J. A. Fashanu
Secretary, Lagos Lodge, T. S.

Great Britain

A bewildering array of topics crowd upon your London Correspondent as he pens these lines; on all sides the life of the Society in England is putting forth vigorous new shoots, and the report of the month shows a whirl of activity from which it is not easy to sift out the essentials; while stealing in among the memories of Theosophical activities come glimpses of long days of sunshine falling on mountains and streams, and cool shadows in the woods; for this is a time of holiday as well.

Our Convention in Harrogate (the first to be held out of London) is so far back that I will only mention a point affecting the future. Mr. Scott-Moncrieff, having in mind the success attending the plan in New Zealand, proposed the formation of a Preparation Fund of a penny a day to be initiated and sanctioned by the Convention as a whole, and this definite and practical plan gripped the minds of all present and was met with a chorus of approval. This Preparation Fund is now in being, and it is hoped that a large proportion of our members will join it; it will be a tremendous lever in our hands, for our efforts are constantly crippled for lack of funds. Last year the Balance-sheet showed £200 spent directly on Propaganda, and this does not include £150 spent by the Activities Bureau, and numberless lesser activities of which there is no official record; but next year we hope to have £1,000 to spend, and we shall have it, if our members catch the spirit of the Convention.

Many members went straight from the Convention to the Summer School, which bids fair to become a regular annual

event. Russian, German, Dutch, Scotch, Irish, English, Danish, French, American and Belgian were the nationalities represented, and the reports of all who attended agree as to the interest and vigor of the meetings, the spirit of good fellowship which abounded, in spite of bad weather, and a certain amount of discomfort. It is felt that meetings are fresher and ideas more inclined to be fruitful, when a group of students are living together in beautiful surroundings.

In the *Hibbert Journal* for July is to be found a stirring appeal to English gentlemen, which is significant of the movement of thought at the present time. The writer, who uses a *nom-de-plume*, makes an almost passionate appeal to the cultured and leisured classes to take up the burning questions of the day in politics and in social science, from which they are so much inclined to hold aloof; they have shown themselves in the past ready to *die* for England, but are they willing to *live* for their country? Appeal is made for a band of gentlefolk who will pledge themselves to service and to self-sacrifice. Readers of our President's *Changing World* will remember how she urged that the hope of the future lay in just such means as these—that the raising of the depressed classes could only come by the self-sacrifice of their more favorably circumstanced countrymen.

Another significant movement of the day is the collection by a leading journal of the opinions of the great newspapers in England and Germany upon the troublous question of armaments. In answer to overtures from England, the German Government are reputed by Mr. Asquith to have stated that they must have the support of public opinion in Germany to a modified naval programme. A plebiscite of the German press, however, discloses the existence of a very strong public opinion in Germany in favor of a mutual agreement, and a similar plebiscite in England shows an equally strong, if not stronger, feeling here. No leaders strong enough to unite these two forces have yet appeared.

Emboldened by the success which attended the Weybourne Summer School, some ardent spirits determined to have another one in the south of England, and Brighton was chosen as the place of meeting, a good school-building was engaged, and before the impressions of the first Summer School have grown dim, the second one is in full swing. An inviting

programme of meetings has been arranged and the attendance is reported as being very satisfactory.

The First Object (Universal Brotherhood) Group of the H. P. B. Lodge is taking active steps to form a new Lodge, which shall apply itself more particularly to Theosophy in relation to social questions. They hope to attract many to Theosophy, who are already earnest workers for human progression and happiness, showing how Theosophy illuminates so many of the problems of life. They propose to invite speakers representing various points of view to address the Lodge, so that members may have the opportunity of studying contemporary thought at first hand, and it is hoped that the Lodge may promote public lectures for propaganda purposes, publish literature, and supply lecturers competent to deal with questions of the day to societies which aim at social reform in its many branches. Mrs. Despard is actively interesting herself in this new and promising activity, and her great experience and influence and her fine personality will be invaluable; she is to give the first public lecture on 'Theosophy and the Woman Question'.

Steps are being taken to put the Preparation Fund in thorough working order. The officers of each Lodge are being asked to supervise the collection of contributions in their own Lodge, promissory forms are being issued and collecting boxes supplied. Some there are, of a religious turn of mind, who endue their daily pence with righteousness by offering them with the definite thought of the work.

The General Secretary has found time to supervise the designing of a Theosophical poster which, it is hoped, may be used wherever such means of advertising are employed. The Seal of the Society, beautifully executed in colors, has fittingly been taken for the design, and the result is a poster which is effective and dignified. Printed copies of the design suitable for any sized poster, or a set of printing-blocks, may be obtained through the London Headquarters.

Our National Society, finding Mr. Irving S. Cooper fast in our toils for a few weeks, has been quick to squeeze some goodness out of him. He has spoken at Headquarters and at the Summer School, given a course of lectures, and thereby greatly stimulated the Dover Lodge, and is now hard at work with a Propaganda Tour in the north of England. His charm of manner and able speaking have won golden opinions for the American National Lecturer.

Preparations are in full swing for an activity of quite a different character, although deriving its inspiration from the same source. A house has been taken in a pleasant district in London for a residential club for Indian students staying in London. Many difficulties and unpleasantnesses are apt to surround a young foreigner, alone in a strange city, with very often none too much money. The promoters of this Hostel intend it to cover expenses, but do not seek to make a profit out of it; their aim is to provide a home for such Indian students, and to give them some touch with the best side of English life. This will be a benefit to Indians and to English, for it is not too much to say that it is a national need at the present that there should be more sympathetic understanding between these two great branches of the Āryan family. In introducing the Indian Budget in the House of Commons, Mr. Montagu referred to the steps being taken in England to care for Indian students, and the promoters of the new Hostel are in very friendly touch with the India Office authorities—which is all to the good of our movement.

Mr. Dunlop, whose admirable pioneer work among advanced Christians is so well known, has, with Mr. Lazenby, just launched a new monthly magazine with the familiar title *The Path*. It takes an independent and unofficial line; in its primary object of directing students' attention to the treasures embodied in H. P. B's writings, it should serve a very useful purpose.

Two great bequests of money recently made are significant. A large sum has been set aside by a great London Banker to establish an institution which shall assist German subjects in Britain and British subjects in Germany. Great men in each country are to be trustees for the fund. The other bequest is from America, where a well-known publisher has made a foundation to further international peace by education, oratory, politics, or any other legitimate means. Directly following upon these two incidents, we have the arrival of the newest phase in naval construction—the advent of motor-driven vessels; if this new invention is not found wanting, it means, apparently, that the newest vessels are at once old-fashioned, and the millions expended are well-nigh wasted! Surely this is another plea, from an unexpected quarter, for Peace.

H. W.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS. 11 FEB 1911 MADRAS.

Vol. XXXII No. 2

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

AT the French Association for the Advancement of Science, M. Poincaré lately gave an important lecture on 'La Mécanique Nouvelle,' which is gradually replacing the Newtonian theory. In the course of his exposition he remarked:

> In this new conception the 'constant mass' of matter has disappeared. Ether alone is inert, not matter. Ether alone opposes resistance to movement, so that one may truly say: There is no such thing as matter, there are only holes in ether.

Our readers may turn back to the article entitled 'The Æther of Space' in the June number of *The Theosophist* for 1908. It is reprinted as an appendix to *Occult Chemistry*.

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The course of twelve Theosophical lectures, arranged by M. Jean Delville and some of his fellow-members, at the Brussels Exhibition, was held at the Palais des Arts in the month of July, and was attended by constantly growing audiences. Dr. Rudolf Steiner and Dr. Unger represented Germany; Mrs. Ransom, Miss Pagan and Mr. Wolfe Murray, England; M. Chévrier, Mlle. Aimée Blech and

M. Revel, France; M. Thierens and Miss Dijkgraaf, Holland; while Belgium itself was represented by M. Deswarte and M. le professeur Sigogne. The good word must have spread widely from such a centre.

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The difference of policy between the English and Indian Railways is curious. In England, if there is even a children's excursion, the Railway authorities issue cheap tickets, and so with every public gathering of importance. Here it is quite otherwise. I wrote to the various railways to ask for some concession for the delegates and visitors to the Theosophical Convention. They all refuse; the most amusing note is from the Acting General Traffic Manager of the Madras and S. Mahratta Railway, who generously informs me that our delegates may take advantage of the six-monthly return tickets, and that he is unable to offer "any other concession". It appears that this gentlemen regards it as a "concession" to allow Theosophists to travel at the same rate as the ordinary public! I tried once before to obtain for myself the concession given to missionaries, as my journeys are certainly not for my own amusement, but the missionary is a favored person, both for railway and steamship companies.

***

The Rev. E. B. Hill, one of the clerical members of the Theosophical Society, has broken down in health, after several years of most useful work as Principal of the Zamorin College, Calicut. He is going to Europe for a year, but both he and his wife hope to return to India, and truly we all join in that hope. I had the pleasure of presiding at a meeting in Madras, called by his former pupils, now resident here, who gathered to bid him a loving farewell, and to present him with an address, some pretty gifts being added as mementoes to him and to his wife, who has been his true helpmate throughout. No hearts are more easily won than those of Indian youths by any who will meet them with sympathy and with kindness.

***

A very powerful religious movement has sprung up in Belgium, round the person of a young workman, Antoine the Healer, as he is called; his father was a miner, and he himself worked in the mines for two years, and then at other industries, in which he realised a small livelihood; his only son died in 1893, and he then resolved to give up the world and devote himself to the helping of the sick and poor, physically and morally. He became an ascetic, began healing diseases, never accepting any payment for his cures, and preaching a holy life. Now from 500 to 1000 sick people come to him daily, and he cures cancer, lupus, eczema, consumption, blindness, paralysis and epilepsy. On Ascension Day this year some 15,000 people crowded into and round his church, and four times he cured the sick *en bloc*. Such is the remarkable story, as told in a Belgian materialistic newspaper, *La Meuse*.

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A Teozofia Alaptetelei is the name of a pamphlet written by Cooper-Oakley Izabella, otherwise Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, and issued in Hungarian. It is entirely and hopelessly unintelligible, as Hungarian resembles no European language, but it is pleasant to know that the good word is reaching that chivalrous people in their own tongue.

***

The Council of Native—why not Indian?—Education in Madras has taken two steps of great importance. First, it has issued a letter to the Heads of Colleges and Schools, asking whether religious education is given in their institutions, and if not, if they will make arrangements for it during school hours. If even this is impossible, they are asked if they will afford facilities to any outside agency for giving such instructions. Secondly, it is making an enquiry as to the number of married boys in schools and colleges, is requesting Heads of institutions and Managers to give their views on the subject, with a view to moving the Local Government to lay down a rule

on the matter. If these two great reforms could be carried a great step forward would be made.

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I am very glad to see that the Village Pañchāyet Institution is carrying on its beneficent work. It aimed at settling disputes by Arbitration Boards, so as to diminish the constant litigation which is the curse of modern India, and to re-establish the self-governing village community as the basis for the larger units of rule. Its work is very strongly approved by some of the highest government officials.

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The Rev. F. W. Pigott, whose name our readers will remember as one of the clergyman driven out of New Zealand by the action of the Bishop of Auckland, has been licensed by the Archbishop of York to minister in his diocese. The Archbishop has no sympathy with Theosophy, and does not approve of Mr. Pigott's membership in the T. S. but is not so illiberal as to make love of the Divine Wisdom an absolute bar to the performance of clerical duty. May Mr. Pigott be so useful and helpful as to make the Archbishop proud of him!

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The Archbishop gave a very striking sermon to the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The prelate declared that there was a striking change going on in the relations between religion and science:

> It is only the camp-followers on both sides who are apt to break out. The best men in science and religion are conscious of the need for a truce of God, in order that they may think out their positions more clearly and understand the position of those who differ from them with more sympathy. Science has become aware of its limitations. It no longer declares there is nothing outside its own boundaries. It is more impressed with the mysteries that still enfold the origin of life and of the human spirit. A true Agnosticism, recognising the limits of scientific knowledge, has taken the place of a false Agnosticism declaring that outside its limits nothing can be known.

> Moreover, religion has learned to reconsider its own conceptions of God in accordance with a conception that belongs to a fuller and more primitive religion than ours. God is dwelling in this world over all, and in all religions, and theology proclaims that He, and no mere blind energy, is the worker, and we wait for science to tell the way in which He works. Thus there is the chance of a true friendship between religion and science. . . . .
>
> As Professor Sidgwick, one of the most determined seekers after truth, said: "The man in men needs God." It is in God Himself that science and religion find their true unity. The old wrangles are dead. Theology no longer claims that the early chapters of Genesis are a scientific treatise. The defence of theism, under the challenge of evolution, was due to one-sided and narrow conceptions of God—the idea of God as an architect or artificer moulding the world from without like a potter, and not from within.
>
> "God immanent and transcendent" is the word of the future; Science will show His immanence, Religion, His transcendence.

***

Five of us—Mrs. van Hook and her son, my two Indian wards and myself—left dear Adyar behind us on the evening of September 25th, and steamed out of Madras by the mail for Calcutta. Kind friends brought us milk and fruit on the way, and we travelled pleasantly through the green rain-drenched districts. At Calcutta, the ever-hospitable Hireṇdranāṭh Ḍaṭṭa took us in charge, and we stayed in his brother-in-law's house, paid a visit to the Zoological Gardens, and started again for Benares in the Bombay mail that same evening. The Gayā brethren brought milk and fruits for our early 'little breakfast,' and at Mogul Serai the Cadet Corps and a wave of boys and young men broke over us (the venerable Superintendent of the Boarding-House, however, was not a young man, nor were Miss Arundale and Miss Willson) and submerged us. Our heads came above water at Benares Cantonment, but we sank in deep water on the platform, where other hundreds crowded, scattering flowers like Devas and hurrahing like Englishmen, and we were borne along to our carriages, and slowly drove towards Shānṭi Kuñjā,

escorted by, apparently, the whole College and School. Very prettily decorated by loving hands was my dear old home, and, by some miracle of ingenuity wrought by Miss Arundale, we were all packed into it.

***

A great festivity was planned for October 1st, and began the evening before with the clever staging and acting by the students of a Bengāli and a Hindī play. On the 1st, we began with a meeting in Shānti Kufijā itself, where a little shrine-room was dedicated in the Names of Those we serve, and very gracious was the influence which filled it in swift response. Then to the Sarasvati Temple in the College Quadrangle, where members of the seven great faiths were gathered, and Samskṛt, Zend, Arabic, Pālī, Tibetan, Chinese, Japanese, English, Jaina Prākṛt and Gurumukhi rang out in solemn sequence from the representatives of the religions, assembled in brotherly love. Very impressive are these meetings of professors of the world-faiths whom Theosophy has united into one body. The School Hall was the next meeting-place, where the Order of the Sons and Daughters of India had gathered in loving homage to its chief, and it was good to hear the warm acclaim of the tie between India and England bursting out spontaneously from those young hearts. A golden badge of the Order and a purse of nearly Rs. 600 were presented, and I spoke of duty to the Motherland and the Empire. In the College Hall we gathered in the afternoon, and many loving words were spoken by professors, masters, boys and girls, and nearly Rs. 1000 were presented in a handsomely embroidered Indian purse from College, School and Girls' School. Here I spoke on making Truth, Courage and Reverence our ideal of life. A pleasant Theosophical meeting in the Hall of the Indian Section closed the day, finishing it, as it had begun, with the benediction of the presence of the Holy Ones. The purses' contents have gone: Rs. 500 to the Buddhist Schools, Rs. 200 to the Pañchama,

Rs. 200 to the Almora Hill School, founded by the C. H. C. and carried on by local devotion, and Rs. 100 to the Building Fund of a Girls' School at Bombay. Then I promise myself the pleasure of giving some long-desired musical instruments to the College for our Cadet Corps, Guard of Honor and Scouts, and the balance, if any, will go to Headquarters. As the water drawn up by the sun is useless, save as it gathers into clouds and returns to earth as rain, so would gifts drawn forth by love profit little unless from the receiver's hands they fall where help is needed.

***

After a fortnight's stay in Benares, Saharanpur, Jullundhar, Lahore, Delhi, Agra and Cawnpur are to be visited, and then follows another fortnight in Benares. H. E. the Viceroy and Lady Minto visit the College on the 10th November, and on the 14th is a Special Meeting of the Board. After that, we return to Adyar.

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It is worthy of note that the Panjab 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?—is declared useless, disinfection by chemicals useless; inoculation is declared to be splendid for individual protection (ere long this will be found as useless as the rat-slaughter) but useless before an epidemic; and the report concludes that hygiene and sanitation are really the only ways to prevent plague. A true and satisfactory conclusion. While the present medical tyranny, based on the delusive theories just 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 amount of 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 created by vivisection. Some of us were bitterly condemned for declining to take any part in rat-killing, and for speaking against it; but Time was on our side and Wisdom is justified of her children. So will it be with our protests against inoculation and vivisection.

***

There are whispers in America that humanity is not sufficiently developed for Republicanism, that a constitutional Monarchy would prove a better and purer form of Government. And with these floats about the name of Theodore Roosevelt.

Many of our readers must often have desired some personal knowledge of Adyar, so as to understand better the frequent reference, in these columns, to the central Theosophical Headquarters. As to most a personal visit is out of the question, the next best thing is the possession of a series of good pictures and accurate descriptions of all buildings, points of interest and noteworthy views of the Headquarters. Until now no such thing existed, but now the gap is to be filled by the production of an album of views containing twenty-four pictures, carefully reproduced from photographs specially taken for the purpose. A plan of the Headquarters is also added, so as to enable the reader to see at a glance the place where any building depicted in the album is situated. We draw our reader's attention to the advertisement accompanying this number. Messrs. Venkiah Brothers, who have produced these photographs, can also supply post-cards and lantern slides for our lecturers. The Adyar Album will form an excellent Christmas and New Year's Present, for which orders may be registered at our *Theosophist* Office.

MYSTERIOUS TRIBES [1]

THREE MONTHS IN THE BLUE MOUNTAINS NEAR MADRAS

BY

RĀPHĀ BĀI (H. P. B.)

(*Concluded from p.* 18.)

IN Europe and in America there are over twenty millions of Spiritists and Spiritualists, all of whom are more or less cultured people. The Spiritists believe that Louis XV has reincarnated as Madame Babelin, their actual Parisian medium; that Allan Kardec conducts in person all Spiritistic Societies; that Mr. A.'s grandmother has been reborn as his youngest son; and that Mr. A. himself will be able to incarnate as a King on Jupiter. The Spiritualists, who reject the theory of reincarnation, believe in a life after death which differs in no respect from earth-life; according to their ideas the Spirits of the dead inhabit some land inside the Milky-way, where they eat, sleep, and marry—and perhaps even play at whist. (See *Stellar Key*, by Andrew Jackson Davis.)

The world is indebted to the men of science for all this nonsense. As the *savants* persisted in seeing nought but fraud and hallucination in the phenomena of Spiritism, the great masses were compelled to find out for themselves something which would meet the demands of their heads and hearts. By removing the idea of even an abstract Deity and by denying the immortal Spirit in

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

man, modern science inevitably drives into idolatry all those who are athirst for a life after death. It is now too late to mend the mischief. The belief in Gods who are the shadowy image of men, the belief in the larvæ of the old Romans, and even that in one's own double have become a religion. Only the Theosophists show boldly what is hidden behind such spooks, by pulling away the mask which they wear, mostly unconsciously but sometimes otherwise. Despite the service they thereby render science, the representatives of the latter treat them as badly as they do the Spiritists. The major part of men of science still turn their backs resentfully on the unwelcome facts; only a few of them came to their senses, after the Society for Psychical Research had been founded.

These admit the possibility of their being two persons in the human mechanism: one corporeal, the other spiritual. Their heterodoxy goes even so far as to agree with the Vedântins in saying that the body is but the substratum of the soul, its husk, so to speak; or a kind of terrestrial robe in which the man is enfolded from head to foot, as the mediæval knight was hidden by his visor, his mail-shirt and his harness. Many of these *savants* are now fully convinced that, given special psycho-physiological conditions, man, *i.e.*, the real man (whose body is but a bad misshapen copy of his true Self) or his double can leave the encasement of flesh and appear to others a few moments before or after his death.

Verily a strange sign of the times. In Paris, Dr. Charcot with some hundred followers; and in London the Society for Psychical Research has over a thousand members.

At the present time these *savants* admit the theory of ghosts and are quite friendly towards the Spiritualists, although they keep aloof from them as well as from our humble selves, obviously wishing to inspire in both of us

a strong feeling of their superiority. And, indeed, the difference between Fellows of the Psychical Research Society and Theosophists is immense. What in the simplicity of our hearts, we call 'sorcery' and 'the evil eye' they haughtily designate an 'evil psychic influence'. This term is much more refined, though a little bit vague; it sounds profoundedly scientific and convincing. But alas! We may call a lap-dog 'Lion', if we choose to do so, yet will it not thereby be changed into the king of the desert. Despite the proud name, it will ever remain the same yelping cur it was before. The only difference between the above *savants* and ourselves consists in a difference of terminology. Our words are common but comprehensible, while theirs are akin to what Russian country ladies call 'doleful words', *i.e.*, they are mere quibbling. As already mentioned, several Fellows of the Psychical Research Society belong to the Theosophical Society. As private persons they openly acknowledge their membership in this latter Society, and often ask us how to explain certain phenomena; but as Fellows of a learned community they ignore this comradeship of private life, and turn up their noses at our unscientific but clear terms, replacing them by a scholarly nomenclature, taken from Greek and Latin lexicons. The following may serve as an example. Some time ago several aristocrats and men of science had gathered at Mrs. T.'s house, when Sir A. boasted that he had the faculty of killing people at a distance by mere will-power. He mentioned some persons, well known in London life, whom, to his regret, he had inadvertently killed when in a temper. In three different cases sceptical friends of his had tested him, and fully convinced themselves of his faculty. A pretty young lady of excellent health and belonging to the best society had spread some calumny about him to thwart his election to Parliament. On hearing what she had done he became infuriated and cried out: "A woman with so wicked a tongue deserves to die!" Later inquiries went to prove that the lady began to ail on that very same day and died a month later.

"But this is sorcery! This is black magic!" I exclaimed indignantly.

My neighbor at table, a Cambridge Professor, interrupted me with a polite smile: "I beg your pardon," he said, "in Europe we don't believe in sorcery and in black magic. If the incident happened as Sir A. relates it, we call such a telepathic result a *nefarious psychical current* working in the manner of mesmeric currents."

Having forgotten in India how to behave in the fashionable world, I almost laughed straight out into the learned professor's face. A man of science who believes in the telepathic working of a "nefarious psychical current" is not justified in criticising any belief in sorcery.

But we have not to do with a mere difference of terms; we have to deal with the irrefutable identity of these manifestations, which ought to be properly investigated.

The men of science are generally opposed to the Psychical Research Society, though they dare not openly break with those of their colleagues who belong to it. For Spiritualists they evince nothing but contempt, and as for Theosophists they call them somnambulists, when in a polite mood; otherwise they say "madmen". They express their antagonistic feelings for all things abstract by declaring that the exact mathematical sciences can accept nought on faith; that they must sternly reject whatever fails to be proved by the five senses aided by scientific apparatus. Much might be said in reply to this. It could be argued, for instance, that science has to accept on faith the theory of the ether of space, and that the latter is further removed from observation by the five senses than a Spirit at a spiritistic séance. Despite this, men of science decided to believe in ether, because they know of no better hypothesis in order to explain on physical grounds the phenomenon of light and their scientific deductions therefrom. It is but a few years

ago that the bright idea entered their minds that light might be an attribute of this same hypothetical ether, and depend on its vibrations. A bright idea indeed! Though it did away with the previous atomistic conception of the theory of light.

The world does not consist of atoms only. Men of science had to assign the second place to matter and the first to force, of which also they know nothing. If the *savants* think it logical and in keeping with the spirit of inductive science to believe in the ether of space and in the law of gravitation, if, invisible and intangible as these are, they put them both, as well as force, on the inventory of natural sciences—why do they not do the same with the human soul? They refuse to admit such a heresy as the existence of the human soul, nor will they grant the possibility of a semi-material ghost, the so-called double. And yet! if both these hypotheses had been advanced on the strength of a series of irrefutable scientific observations arrived at by the inductive method, the theory of the ether of space and the law of gravitation would, despite it all, remain mere hypotheses. A correct inference in syllogism does not prove the first premiss to be correct. The soul has revealed its existence from the times of the first man as much as the ether of space and the law of gravitation do now, and the double manifests in no less an objective form than does the luminiferous ether which is the fourth state of matter only recently acknowledged by science. As this matter can only become perceptible by a certain combination of gases and electricity, so the double, in its turn, can only manifest itself under certain psycho-physiological conditions. There is no way out of it. The three thousand cases of the double vouched for by the Psychical Research Society, and Professor Crookes' experiments with the double called Katie King, tell a tale for themselves. If science cannot prove them to be fraudulent or else caused by hallucinations, our *savants* will be driven willy-nilly to the study of ghosts.

of the double and those of ghosts are admitted phenomena in the domain of psychology? What will they oppose to these facts? How will they answer, and how explain that which is inexplicable from their present view-point, inexplicable by a biology which rejects every thing save protoplasm?

It will be difficult to make them enrol the human soul in their scientific terminology, but they will doubtless be obliged to analyse the double. For the matter of that they will help themselves out of the dilemma by saying that the double does not in the best prove the immortality of the soul. Even if the double should really exist, they will argue, it only follows that the dense physical body of man alone dies, while the man himself still lives for some time in his astral or ethereal form. One cannot expect anything else of the biologist. He now decries as unreal and impossible the faculties latent in man; but once these are known to him, he will recognise the manifestations caused thereby as something perfectly natural, without dreaming of giving up his materialistic attitude. Face to face with such a possibility, we should like to advise our learned biologist to rise to the occasion. It will not be difficult. He has but to cast off his mantle of infallibility, rid himself of his haughty 'non possumus,' make amends in the presence of facts, and submit to the inevitable. If he feels attracted by the idea of being after his death on a level with a poisoned rat or a vivisected dog, he can yield to the evidence of things, without committing himself to a belief in an immortal Spirit in man. To this end he has but to admit an after-death condition, either conscious or not, clothed in a semi-material envelope. Let the biologist eat humble-pie and confess that he knows nothing, absolutely nothing, of the mysteries of life and death, and that he has been rejecting, until now, something about which he is so ignorant as a Papuan is of protoplasm.

Can the materialist be expected to do this? True, there have been a few great men like Tyndall, Comte,

Balfour Stuart, and even Huxley himself, who proclaimed before the whole world their ignorance of the origin, nay, of the very existence of the atom; but such moments of heroic honesty are rare, and do not prevent other *savants* from forming the wildest conjectures with regard to the life principle. Although science knows as yet so little about the human mechanism, these investigators unhesitatingly draw conclusions about the origin of man, the primordial atom, the life-principle, and other trifles.

Methinks they would act more wisely by studying the phenomena of life and death without exception, not even omitting those cases which pertain to the realm of what they call 'foolish superstitions'. If the unanimous testimony of a sufficiently large number of reasonable and impartial witnesses goes to prove to the materialistic biologist that the double of man and the ghost of the deceased cannot be explained away by 'chance' and 'strange coincidences,' then, I should think, he would finally have to step down to the study of sorcery and of ghosts.

Let us now examine whereon is based their almost universal prejudice against the existence of the soul and the Spirit in man, and consequently also against his double. For this purpose we ask all biologists (specially those who deny everything save matter) what they know of 'vital force' or of the 'life principle'? The answer is not very difficult: they know nothing, absolutely nothing about them! But despite their ignorance they dogmatise a good deal. Their teaching consists in the following.

It is well-known that this 'principle' is a thing mysterious and puzzling, not to be grasped by our senses, and eluding all observations of the exact sciences. Men of science have fathomed it as little as the mediæval alchemists—whom they still deride—ever fathomed the elixir of life. We know equally well that no mathematician ever succeeded in discovering it in the dimensions of

Let it be said on the strength of these arguments: if the rigid law of induction allows science to infer ether and gravitation from the vibrations of light and dropping of an apple—which hypotheses have now been raised to the rank of axioms—why should science not admit, as a working hypothesis, the theory of the double and the existence of the soul? It does not seem as if the workings of the soul were less obvious than the ether of space and the law of gravitation: is then the soul less palpable, less hypothetical than these? If science ascribes, on good grounds, to the light-bearing, though still hypothetical, ether the part of the physical soul of the macrocosm (our solar system or their universe), the existence of which is conditioned by its manifestatations of light and heat, we have still better grounds for ascribing the so-called psychical phenomena to the existence of a soul which stands for the light-bearing ether in the microcosm, man.

If anyone should object that ether belongs to the physical world and that it consequently falls into the domain of the exact sciences, while psychical phenomena belong to the world of abstractions and are to be relegated to the realm of metaphysics (which latter the materialists do not include in the category of their sciences), we are obliged to remind our *savants* of the fact that this classification has arisen in their brains only. It is not nature, but they themselves who have drawn this line of demarcation, and they have done it without sufficient reasons. Do they know so well what is matter and what is not-matter, that they feel authorised to divide the domain of nature in so arbitrary a way? Do their investigations carry them so far that they are in a position to tell us where matter ends and pure Spirit, or at least that what they call "force," has its beginning? They have this word continually in their mouths, but do they know what this term of their own making really means? Anyhow, let them call things as they like, if only they would stop trying to make the public believe that their light-bearing ether is of a less

hypothetical nature than the human soul, which they reject so sternly. They deceive honest people by doing so; they give them a stone instead of bread, and drive them inevitably into gross superstitions.

When once the reality of the double is a proven fact in the science of psychology, we shall all of us be able to learn a little more of this shadowy image. But until then, we must be content with what we know, or think we know, of this semi-material being; our *savants* make no difference between the two.

For the present we conclude that the double is the inner shadow of man, reflecting his outline in the light of the soul, as in sunlight the physical shadow reflects the outlines of the body. We further conclude that the double is generally invisible and intangible, but that it can sever itself from the body and manifest independently of the physical organs:

1. In consequence of some great longing or great emotional disturbance;
2. As the result of some vehement passion, noble or ignoble;
3. At the moment of death, or when in great danger of life.

Thus we believe for the present; but we will not fall into the error of men of science by declaring our actual conception to be the last word of our science, or by representing it as infallible. It is solely with regard to the methods of science and the appalling contradictions of some of its most select priests that we claim for ourselves the same right which they enjoy, *i.e.*, that we content ourselves with our own deductions and assure the public that our hypotheses are not a wee bit weaker than those of our *savants*. As proof thereof we point to the fact that the latter deliriously turn round and round in the self-made maze of a hopeless dilemma.

What will the materialists say a few years hence, when, thanks to unprejudiced thinkers, the manifestations

space known to him; no physicist could detect it in the atom, which ever eludes his grasp; no chemist found it in any molecular combination. But such an obvious failure does not disconcert men of science. It simply makes them deny the existence of any vital force outside matter, or even in a relative independence of it. They will therefore reply to our query about the life-principle by appealing to protoplasm.

Biology as a science of life is, according to our humble opinion, the greatest paradox of modern science. It is a vainglorious apotheosis of ignorance, a monument erected to Bathybius, on which Professor Huxley based his fame by explaining all mysteries of life and death with the one protoplasm.

Biologists answer this query in rather a crafty manner. Has not Physics, they say, proved to the whole learned world that there exists nothing in the universe save moving matter; has not Chemistry proved that this matter is protoplasm; and Biology that the life-principle or force is but one means or function of this omnipresent Deity in its condition of *perpetuum mobile*?

This proof which is repeated in all keys by the most important men of science reminds us of the logic of the Russian thinker, Kusma Prutkow.[1]

Apparently the inventors of this chemico-physical theory of life do not realise how preposterous it is to combine this theory with two main principles diametrically opposed to it and rejected by them, namely the two principles of:

1. The theory of perpetual motion; and
2. The theory of spontaneous generation.

"The first of these theories," they tell us, "is unthinkable, the latter—nonsense. Spontaneous generation (*generatio-æquivoca*) has never yet been proved by science."

[1] Under this pseudonym a collection of aphorisms and poems was published in which the author pulls to pieces in a witty manner the common-place ideas and notions of the Russian officials and would-be cultured gentry.

But what is their "world of moving matter" if not an indirect conception of eternal motion? Is it not the *perpetuum mobile* of mediæval alchemists, whom modern science calls 'foolish' and therefore indulging in foolish dreams? And as to their chemico-physical theory of life, what else is it but another term for that very same spontaneous generation which they call nonsensical? After all, this so-called proof repeated in all tunes only shows that modern science has come to a deadlock. In this calamity she devised these theories, so to speak as life-belts, and added to them some phantastical mechanism which moved perpetually without beginning and end. Moreover this mechanism had invented itself, and given to itself the first impulse which set it in motion. Considering that its faculty of motion extends to all eternity without beginning, the time at which it gave that first impulse to itself will set our mathematicians a-thinking.

But in the eyes of science, all this counts as nothing. When once within the fathomless depths of their molecular skulls the *savants* had discovered this mechanism, further obstacles created no difficulty. Having combined its separate parts into one whole, our scholarly Atheists produced their wonderful self-made machine, and requested the public to believe them on their word that this machine had first laid an egg and then slipped out of it. Biologists call this an irrefutably proved scientific fact, the "last fruit from the tree of knowledge". Within this forbidden fruit is hidden the mystery of life, and it is protoplasm! Protoplasm is a chemical substance and—now pay attention—nought else than this very vital force which has ever eluded biologists; in other words it is life, and consequently life is an attribute of the protoplasm. How very simple and natural it all is! Nothing now remains for us to do than to smile good-naturedly at our stupidity and that of our sires, who babbled of such unscientific things as Spirit and soul. Hurrah! There is no God save the Protoplasm, and Huxley is its prophet. Let our *savants* quickly invent a biometer for measuring the cubic contents of soul

and Spirit, and modern science may go to sleep happily on its well-earned laurels.

But what does the cultured public say to this demand on its credulity? Does it swallow without further ado the notion of a self-generated cosmos? The public bows to the *savants*, smiles, and thanks them in touching words. Quite right. What *raison d'etre* would the authority of science have, if its professors did not keep the laity in order and subjection? The general public understands nothing of these questions, but the less they understand the deeper becomes their respect for science. Thus decrees the supreme Board of Control of Science; who could know better? This Board of Science has prohibited the belief in facts, in the *vox populi*, in the soul, and in the immortality of man. Well! those who are not of a militant nature, and those who are ambitious of going through thick and thin with modern science, listen to its oracles and worship at its shrines. O dear credulous public! how often you remind me of the grandmother of the Scotch sailor. Do you know the story? The young man wanted to amuse the old lady by telling her of the wonderful things he had seen in his travels round the world. So he began to talk of the flying fishes of the Red Sea, when Grannie sternly interrupted his narrative, and bade him not to lie so shamefully.

"Has one ever heard that a fish can fly? Fishes have been made to swim!"

In order to soothe the angry old dame, the young man hereupon left the realm of sober truth for that of fiction, and told her that he had once seen the skeleton of the very whale which had swallowed the Prophet Jonah. Now the tears came into the eyes of his grandmother:

"There, my dear," she said, "that's quite a different thing; that's a well-known fact. What a pity you did not bring me a little piece of bone from that whale."

The general public rather likes to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

My apology has come to an end. It is now for the reader to decide impartially for himself which of the two is the better hypothesis: the belief in a transcendental power latent in man, the belief in mediumistic phenomena, in the double, and in magic potions; or the belief in a fabulous world's hen who, slipping out of an egg laid by herself, creates herself.

We ask those of our readers who are still dubious, to come to India, to the Presidency of Madras, and to visit the Blue Mountains. May they spend some months here and make themselves acquainted with its mysterious tribes, specially with the Mala-Kurumbas. May they make friends with such English families as have already lived for a good while in the Nilgiri, and above all try to win their confidence—else the abject fear of modern science and of public opinion would shut their mouths. This done, let the sceptic return to Europe, and continue to deride sorcery and magic potions—if he can still honestly do so.

But apart from sorcery, the Blue Mountains will prove alluring to the traveller. If once the happy time should dawn when our friends from the foggy shores of distrustful Albion should cease to see a dangerous spy in every harmless Russian traveller, be he a learned Academician or a trading Jew, then the Russians would perhaps visit India more frequently than they do now. Then our natural scientists would mayhap feel induced to cast a glance on this hilly Thebais we have depicted. I feel convinced that the Blue Mountains would prove for the Ethnologist, the Geologist and the Philologist, but specially for the Psychologist, a veritable treasury of hidden facts, or rather a mine of undiscovered knowledge, waiting to be explored by the investigators in search of Truth.

PRAYER OF A MYSTIC

"Thou canst not travel on the path before thou hast become that path itself."
Voice of the Silence

I would become the path:

Not mine the quest for brave and glorious deeds,
Not mine the rest, though given to him who needs,
Nor love, nor home, but only to become,
I would become the path.

I would become the path:

Would be a thorn or brier along the way,
The stones that tire, the brambles that delay,
The very weeds that wrap round noble deeds,
I would become the path.

I would become the path:

Lord, I would enter in where Thou didst go,
Would feel my brother's sin, with scorching glow,
I would endure the pain of lie and lure,
I would become the path.

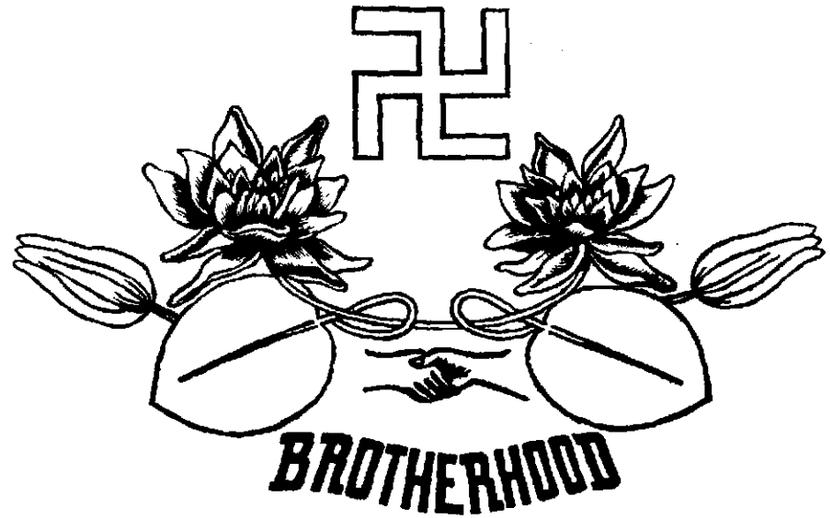
I would become the path:

Let me not linger on that upward way,
Nor let my finger point one soul astray,
But let me lose, to find, heart, soul and mind,
I would become the path.

I would become the path:

Till, lost in light, I leave the valley's gloom,
From blackest night, to dawning's virgin bloom,
I would behold the silver changed to gold,
I would become the path.

LILY NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON



THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

CHAPTER II

THE MANIFESTATION OF GOD IN A UNIVERSE

ALL Theologies have distinguished between God in His own Nature and God in Manifestation. Religion itself is not much concerned with this distinction, since it seeks for God and deals with man's relation to Him, without troubling itself with the metaphysical concepts which Theology demands. These demands are made in order that the intellect may find answers to problems which confront it; the heart only searches for an Object to love and to adore. "The Logos of the Soul is one"; the WORD, speaking to man's Spirit, needs no explanatory Theology to justify Himself to His own.

But religions have ever had their theologies, and these contain profound truths, expressed in intellectual

terms, the statement of the truths varying in form according to the particular religion, and even the particular teacher. Religious disputes rage around these intellectual terms, not round the truths which they partially and imperfectly express. Spirit is one, but intellect is multiform, and, like a prism, it analyses the white light of truth into its constituent colors, and each color is different from the rest, though part of the one white light.

Among these truths is that of the divine Self-manifestation in a universe, and this Self-manifestation is, by the deepest intellectual thought, seen to be a Triplicity: God shows Himself in three Aspects, in three fundamental Modes, as three essential Qualities, as discharging three primary Functions in relation to His Universe. This fact has given rise to the Trinities in many religions, ancient and modern, and the Musalmān objection to the idea of a divine Trinity is due to the crude and anthropomorphic presentments of the idea on the one hand, and, on the other, to the supreme necessity, in the time of the Prophet Muhammad, to emphasise the Unity of God as against the chaos of deities in which the Unity had been lost. Stated rationally, none can raise objection to the truth. Stated emotionally, its conception by the ignorant, though loving, worshipper may often affront the philosopher.

The Hinḍū speaks of the unmanifested God, Infinite and Absolute, the ever changeless Self-existent and unconditioned, as "without qualities"; he speaks of the manifested God, the Supreme Lord of the Universe, as "with qualities"; these essential qualities he calls Existence, Consciousness, Bliss, and he sees in the triplicity of the human Spirit, with his three qualities of Activity, Cognition, Will, the limited reflexion, or image, of the Supreme Lord, and the proof of the triplicity of the Object whom he reflects. In the Scripture of the Zoroastrian, God is said to be 'I am,' 'Wisdom,' and 'Bliss,' among many other qualities. So also has the Hebrew declared that man is made in the divine image,

and in his inner teaching—concealed from the populace for the same reason which swayed the Prophet of Arabia—he speaks of Ain-suph, the One, manifesting as Kepher, the Crown, the Bliss-aspect of Deity, root of the Will in man; as Binah, Intelligence, the Consciousness-aspect of Deity, root of Cognition in man; as Chochmah, Universal Mind, the Existence-aspect of Deity, root of Activity in man. This is the root-truth underlying all Trinities, whatever names are given to their constituent parts in the various religions: the Father, Son and Holy Spirit of the Christian; the Shiva, Viṣhṇu, Brahmā of the Hinḍū; the Amiṭābha, Avalokiṭeshvara, Manjusri, of the Chinese and Tibetan Buḍḍhist; the Ahūra-Mazda, Spento (and Angro-) Mainyush, Armaiti, of the Zoroastrian; the Mighty, the Wise, the Merciful of the Musalmān; the variously named Trinities of the Egyptian, Chaldean and other dead religions; all proclaim with one voice this inner triplicity of nature displayed by Deity in manifestation, reflected in the triplicity of consciousness in the universe in which He manifests. The three *Aspects* of Divinity revealing themselves in a universe become, for the dwellers in that universe, three *Beings*; in the words of the famous Christian creed: "Three Persons, but one God". And, as it were behind and below all these, there is the deepest metaphysical truth—universal and abstract, true of all universes past, present and to come, of which truth all these are expressions in Time and Space—the One Self; the Universe or Not-Self, which is His Thought; His thinking of it, or the Relation between Thinker and Thought, by which the latter lives and is fruitful.

Intellectually we cannot escape the Triplicity implied in manifestation, and this basic truth has been expressed in many ways, philosophically or crudely, mystically or anthropomorphically; the ways of expression are many, but the truth expressed is ever the same, and is wrought into the very essence of our being. Rightly conceived, it can never be denied.

This manifested God is the Root of the universe; some speak of emanation, some of creation; what is sure is that there is naught but He, and the method and manner of His giving being to a universe is a secondary question. He is the Shaper, Builder, Architect of His worlds, and His life alone gives birth to them, preserves them during their term of existence, and recalls them out of their separation into His Unity when that term is over: then "cometh the end," "that God may be all in all;"[1] or, as the Musalmān has it: "All things shall perish save His Face."[2]

This work of bringing a universe into being, of gifting it with a share in His Existence, of vesting in it, if one may use the phrase, a portion of His Existence, is necessarily that of Deity in His third Aspect: "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," says the Hebrew.[3] Brahmā, says the Hinḍū, is the Creator, "The Grandsire of all worlds".[4] "That Lord is the Creator. . . . whose name is the invisible Evolver, God," says the Zoroastrian.[5] "This is God your Lord . . . the Creator of all things," says the Musalmān.[6] There is no dispute among religions that God is the source of life, that all things existing owe their existence to Him. This is the manifestation of His third Aspect; the Christian would say of His third 'Person'.

He alone sustains and preserves the worlds, and the exercise of this function is what is called the manifestation of His second Aspect, or 'Person,' in relation to His universe. "He taketh care of all things," declares the Musalmān.[7] By His life "the universe is upheld,"[8] says the Hinḍū. The Hebrew Scriptures ring with the proclama-

[1] 1 *Corinthians*, xv. 24, 28.
[2] *Al Qurān*, xxviii. 88.
[3] *Genesis*, i. 2.
[4] *Manusmṛti*, i. 9.
[5] *Khordeh Avesta*.
[6] *Al Qurān*, vi. 102.
[7] *Ibid.*
[8] *Bhagavad-Gītā*, vii. 6.

tions of the ever-presence of God in His world, guiding, ruling, directing.[1]

And He alone, when the period of rest arrives, calls home to Himself the Spirits which went forth from Him, dissolving the worlds He formed. "I am of the name of the Destroyer of all," proclaims Ahūra-Mazda to Zoroaster.[2] "Unto thy Lord will be the end of all things," says the Prophet of Arabia, "and unto God shall all things return".[3] To the Hinḍū, Shiva is the Destroyer of forms and the Liberator of Spirits, the final Peace and Bliss. "Thus the one only God . . . takes the designation of Brahmā, Viṣhṇu and Shiva, accordingly as He creates, preserves, or destroys . . . He is the Cause of creation, preservation and destruction."[4]

In this doctrine of the three divine Aspects—of God in relation to His universe—we have the primary truth of the divine Unity made concrete, and applied to the primary functions of Divinity in His worlds. As a man may be a husband, a father, a master, and is seen in one relation by his wife, in another by his children, and in a third by his servants, yet in all his relations is one and the same man, so is Deity, in His three Aspects as Creator, Preserver and Liberator, one and the same God. He is the Father of our Spirits, the Protector of our lives, the Source of our activities; we come into these close relations with Him as individuals, while in His own nature we know Him as our innermost Self.

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[1] See *e.g.*, *Psalms*, civ., cxlvii.
[2] *Yasht*, i. 14.
[3] *Al Qurān*, ii. 157; liii. 43; lvii. 5.
[4] *Viṣhṇu Purāṇa* I. ii. 62.

CHAPTER III

The Great Orders of Living Beings

The divine Life clothes itself in an immense variety of forms, and these are not confined to this our world—a mere Speck in illimitable Space—nor even to those kinds of matter which we can see with our bodily eyes. In our own world God's Life holds the mineral together, in His quality of Existence; expresses itself in dawning sensibility in the innumerable forms of the vegetable kingdom, in a partial expression of His qualities of Consciousness and Bliss; gives feeling and dawning intelligence to the animal, in a fuller expression thereof; and unfolds Himself most fully in man, "the crown of creation," in His triple nature. "In the unconscious—earth, stones, etc.—only Existence is manifest [the third divine Aspect], and the Self has not yet reached the form of individualised Spirit. The unmoving Lives, namely the herbs and trees, and also the moving Lives which have breath, both these are stages of manifestation in a higher degree."[1]

It would be unreasonable to suppose that the divine Life manifests only in physical matter on our one small world, and is confined to our earth, water, and air alone. Not only are there countless inhabited worlds, but the huge realms of Space, the all-penetrating ether, worlds composed of matter too subtle for our vision, are all thronged with beings sharing in the inexhaustible Life of God. Intelligences of every grade, superhuman and sub-human—as we may phrase it, taking our own race as a standard of comparison—reflect the divine image in ever varying proportions; teeming myriads of Lives are graded, as it were, on a mighty ladder, whose foot is set in the mire of the visible worlds and whose top is lost in the splendor of celestial radiance:

> ...the great world's altar-stairs
> That slope through darkness up to God.[2]

[1] Sāyana, *Commentary* on *Aitareyāraṇyaka*, II. iii. 2.
[2] *In Memoriam.*

All religions have recognised the existence of superhuman Intelligences, and have called them by various names. The Hindū and the Buddhist speak of them as Devas, Shining Ones; the Hebrew, the Christian and the Musalmān name them Archangels and Angels; the Zoroastrian calls them the seven Amshaspentas (Archangels), with their hosts of subordinate ministers (yazatas), including the Feroars. Most of the religions also recognise the existence of inferior Intelligences, for the greater part sub-human, and they are spoken of in the folk-lore of all nations, and in the verse of the more imaginative poets of modern days; many sensitive persons feel the presence of conscious life in scenes of natural beauty, and many are able to see these lesser children of nature sporting in the woods, the streams, the air; they are called nature-spirits, elementals, fairies, genii, jinns, etc.

These Devas, or Angels, are the ministers of God, the living Intelligences ever at work through what are called 'natural laws'. They are the agents of the divine Mind in its ceaseless activity, for God "maketh the Angels His messengers,"[1] "ministers of His that do His pleasure".[2] These "Lords of Purity" rule in the spiritual and material worlds, "Lords over those living in water, Lords over those living on earth, Lords over the flying, Lords over those moving by leaps, Lords over the hoof-footed".[3] "Are they not all ministering Spirits?" asks the writer of the *Epistle to the Hebrews*.[4] The Hebrews tell of their guardianship of Elisha,[5] and of many similar ministrations, and declare that at the building of this earth "the morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy".[6] Hindū and Buddhist Scriptures are full of references to and descriptions of the Angels, and of the worlds other than our own; and the Lord Buddha tells how He

[1] *Al Qurān*, xxxv. 1.
[2] *Psalms*, ciii. 22.
[3] *Vispered*, Frag. i. 1.
[4] *Loc. cit.* i. 14.
[5] *2 Kings*, vi. 17.
[6] *Job*, xxxviii. 7.

knows these worlds and their inhabitants.[1] According to the Hindū Scriptures the Creator brought into existence the great hosts of the Shining Ones (Devas), those connected with man, and those needed to administer and vivify the laws of nature; these preceded men in the order of emanation. They have many names, but all draw their being and their powers from the one God: "All the Shining Ones are verily the Self; all rests on the Self,"[2] and whether their names are used, or not, all power is from God alone, as all warrants in a State bear the Monarch's name, though issued and carried out by his officers.

Some have to do with the administration of the laws of nature,[3] some, later, with the helping of men, and the answering of their prayers for material things: "They who desire success in action here worship the Shining Ones," but the spiritual man does not worship them, for they aid but in worldly success, and "transient indeed the fruit".[4]

In the Christian Church three great classes of Angels are mentioned, sub-divided into nine groups: I. Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones. II. Dominions, Virtues, Powers. III. Principalities, Archangels, Angels. The Principalities are the Angel Guardians of Nations and States, while the ninth order is specially concerned with man.

Among the Musalmāns there are four great Archangels: Gabriël the Holy Spirit, or Angel of Revelation; Michaël, the Angel of Protection; Azraël, the Angel of Death; Isrāfil, the Angel of Resurrection.[5] There is also Sandolphon, the Angel of Prayer. Every man has two recording angels attached to him, day by day. *Al Qurān* speaks much of the work of the Angels; they "subordinately govern the affairs of this world,"[6] and are described as having pure and subtle

[1] *Tevijja Sutta.*
[2] *Manusmṛti*, xii. 119.
[3] See *Manusmṛti* and any Purāṇa.
[4] *Bhagavad-Gītā*, iv. 12, and vii. 23.
[5] *Al Qurān*, ii. 97, 117; and scattered throughout.
[6] *Loc. cit.*, lxxix. 1-5.

bodies, created of Nūr, a subtle fiery substance, as employed in recording the actions of men, and as separating the soul from the body at death;[1] it was the Archangel Gabriël who brought the divine messages to the Prophet,[2] as, in the Christian Scriptures to the Virgin Mary.[3] *Al Qurān* speaks also of the inferior Intelligences, the five orders of Jinns, or genii, related to the five elements, created of fire, some good, some bad: "There are some of us [genii] who are upright; and there are some of us who are otherwise: we are of different ways."[4] Resort to them is not approved.

In the *Vendidād* a long list of nature-spirits is given, who are to be opposed.[5] There are also the Feroars of the sky, the waters, earth, trees, cattle, who uphold and maintain living beings.[6] It is interesting to notice that in Zoroastrianism the name Feroar, or Fravashi, is used equally for nature-spirits and for the human Spirit; man is recognised as an Order in the huge series of living beings, with Orders stretching above him up to the manifested God, with Orders stretching below him down to the atom.

Religion bids us see in the universe not a dead machine, a soulless automaton, grinding away mechanically according to chemical and other laws; but a living organism, in which chemical action is the result of living activities—as the chemical changes in the cells of the brain are the result of the exercise of thought—and in which intelligence guides nature to deliberately foreseen and chosen ends. It shows us man as evolving in the midst of beings, above and below him, evolving like himself to higher and higher stages, unfolding hidden possibilities, developing endless potentialities. He is one of a vast family, dwelling among elders and youngers, elders who help

[1] *Loc. cit.* vi. 60; vii. 12; l. 16; lxxvii. 1-6. ii. 30.
[2] *Ibid.* ii. 96.
[3] *S. Luke*, i. 26.
[4] *Loc. cit.* lxxii. 1-19.
[5] *Loc. cit.* xi. 9.
[6] *Yasht*, xiii. Frag. 24. *Yasna*, xxiii. 1.

him, youngers who need his help. A dazzling panorama of interlinking lives unrolls before him, and he sees that both above and below him the divine Nature is working in the changeless and perfect Will which is Law; that below him creatures are compelled by that Law, and work unconsciously according to it; that above him creatures associate themselves joyfully with that Law, and work consciously according to it; that in the intermediate human Order alone is there an anarchy of warring wills. He begins to realise that this disharmony is a necessary stage between the compelled activities of the lower Orders and the voluntary, but equally law-abiding, activities of the higher ones; that man occupies the stage in which Will is evolving, and that anarchy must continue until that Will, which is an Aspect of God in him, has grasped the fact that in its voluntary association with the Parent Will lies its true freedom. "God saith: 'O man! only follow thou My laws, and thou shalt become like unto Me, and then say: "Be!" and behold! it is.'"[1] Then unfolds before him the grandiose conception of the Heavenly Man, the cells in whose body are living individuals, moved by one indwelling Life; it is a conception familiar to the Christian, who has been taught: "As the body is one and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body; so also is Christ .... Ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."[2] Those who rise above the anarchy of warring human wills into the superhuman state, become truly and literally "a glorious body" for the use of the indwelling Spirit, moved by a single Will, and that Will divine, to carry on the ever evolving worlds.

[NOTE. It is interesting to observe that the Zoroastrians name 30 *plus* 3 great Spirits; the Hindûs 33 great Devas; the Gnostics 30 Root-Æons, *plus* Christ and the Holy Spirit and the Supreme, again 33. The 33 underlies the innumerable hosts.]

[1] *Sayings of Muhammad*, p. 115.
[2] 1 *Corinthians*, xii. 12, 27.

CHAPTER IV

THE INCARNATION OF SPIRIT

The whole universe may be said to be an incarnation of Spirit, since no fragment of matter, however minute, could hold together for one instant save for the life which ensouls it. Matter exists but for the expression of Spirit, and is meaningless, purposeless, useless, save as the medium for such expression. This truth—true of everything everywhere—has been expressed partially in many ways by different religions, and more particularly by the teaching of the special indwelling of God in certain men, or the special overshadowing by God of certain men, as apart from the general doctrine that all Life, all Spirit, comes forth from God, "as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring".[1]

The Hindû has his Avataras—One who descends, God-with-us—believing that from time to time, the second Aspect of Deity manifests Himself in a human form for the world's helping:

> Though unborn, the imperishable Self, and also the Lord of all beings, brooding over nature, which is Mine own, yet I am born through My own power. Whenever there is decay of righteousness, O Bhârata, and there is exaltation of unrighteousness, then I Myself come forth; for the protection of the good, for the destruction of evil-doers, for the sake of firmly establishing righteousness, I am born from age to age.[2]

He has also his Sages (Ṛshis), his Ascetics (Yogîs), who by lives of purification and effort have rendered the matter of their bodies so translucent that the divine Spirit within the temple of the body shines out well-nigh undimmed by the fleshly covering; and these great Ones are God's Messengers in His world, the dispensers of His truths, the Revealers of his Nature, His Will, His Love; through Them come to the human race the Scriptures which are the authoritative documents within each

[1] *Acts*, xvii. 28.
[2] *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, iv. 6–8.

religion; and while the Hindū has his own Prophets and his own Revelation received through them, he thoroughly and joyfully recognises that other religions have also their Prophets and Revelations, as authoritative and as useful to them as are his own to himself.

Beyond these special cases of divine incarnation, or overshadowing, the Hindū believes also that every man is a divine incarnation, that God verily dwells in the heart of man. To him every man—nay, every animal, tree and mineral—is Spirit incarnate; forms may change, may be born and die, but Spirit abideth ever.

The Zoroastrians see in their supreme Prophet, the first of the fourteen Zoroasters, the divine Light by which they tread their way in this world. Ahūra-Mazda speaks directly to Him, and He is the Revealer of the Law. He holds to the Zoroastrian a position similar to that which is held, to the Hindūs, by their divine Law-giver Manu and the Ṛṣhis. Sosiosh, the final manifestation, is the figure nearest to the Hindū conception of an Avaṭāra.

The Hebrew has, as the Father of his race, Abraham, "the Friend of God," as his law-giver Moses, and a long line of Prophets, Revealers of the Divine Will to his people. "The word of the Lord came unto" so-and-so is a phrase frequently used to indicate the divine overshadowing. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," says Isaiah.[1] "And the Lord said unto me, 'Behold, I have put My words in thy mouth'," says Jeremiah.[2] So also does Isaiah declare of a future Teacher of the House of David: "The Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him,"[3] words claimed by the Christ as describing Himself.[4]

The Buḍḍhist recognises in the Lord Buḍḍha the divine Self freed from the limitations of ignorance, the

[1] *Loc. cit.* lxi. 1.
[2] *Loc. cit.* i. 9.
[3] *Loc. cit.* xi. 2.
[4] *S. Luke*, iv. 16–21.

Enlightened One, and sees in Him the crowning glory of a long series of lives devoted to the helping of the world; He reaches the rank of Boḍhisaṭṭva, the World-Teacher, and pursues for thousands of years His blessed work; finally, He takes His last birth upon earth, and in this last body reaches perfect Illumination. The Buḍḍhist does not regard Him as unique; there are many Buḍḍhas; each of Them is an example of what a man may become by many lives devoted to the one pure purpose of serving humanity. "Look inward, thou art Buḍḍha," says the Chinese believer. The Buḍḍha is the perfect type of man become divine, of the incarnation of Spirit, ever repeated, until Spirit is wholly master of matter.

The Christian joins hands with the Hindū in the belief that the second Aspect of Deity—the second Person of the Trinity—has manifested Himself in the form of man, not, as with the Hindū, many times, but only once. "Now once in the end of the world hath He appeared."[1] "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the Prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed Heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds."[2] This is, to the Christian, *the* Incarnation, the one perfect manifestation of God to the world, His very Self in human form, "perfect God and perfect Man".[3] But while he regards Him as thus unique, he recognises that man is to be raised to perfection by His indwelling: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith."[4] "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you;"[5] "Until we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ".[6] As the Hindū looks for the Kalki

[1] *Hebrews*, ix. 26.
[2] *Hebrews*, i. 1, 2.
[3] *Athanasian Creed.*
[4] *Ephesians*, iii. 17.
[5] *Galatians*, iv. 19.
[6] *Ephesians*, iv. 13.

Avatāra, as the Zoroastrian looks for Sosiosh, as the Buddhist looks for the Bodhisattva Maitreya, so the Christian looks for Christ, to close the present age, and "make all things new".[1] The names are, different but the idea is one.

The Christian Church recognises the existence of also specially God-inspired men, Prophets, Apostles, Saints of various degrees, and is quite at one with the Hebrews in this matter. In fact no religion is without these shining manifestations of the incarnation of Spirit.

The Christian moreover also believes that the Spirit is incarnated in every man: "Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"[2] Thus for him also is every man a divine incarnation, and the Christ is "the first-born among many brethren".[3] This is the glorious truth which ensures the fulfilment of the Christ's command, else hopelessly beyond human reach: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."[4] For while the outer man struggles against weaknesses and temptations, the divine Inner Man pours out strength in proportion to the efforts made to utilise it: "Work out your own salvation.....for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure."[5] There may be some Christians who hesitate to take the full glory and strength flowing from these texts, which teach that the human Spirit is in very truth divine; but even these believe that every man is an Immortal Spirit clothed in flesh, that Spirit is incarnated in every human being, and thus hold the belief which is the pledge of man's eternity, even if not in its fullest and most glorious form.

The children of Islām have nothing in their faith which corresponds to the idea of the Avatāra, or the

[1] *Revelation*, xxi. 5.
[2] *1 Corinthians*, iii. 16.
[3] *Romans*, viii. 29.
[4] *S. Matthew*, v. 48.
[5] *Philippians*, ii. 12, 13.

Christ; in fact, they reject it in precise terms. But they hold fully to the doctrine of specially God-inspired men, or Prophets, recognising those of all nations and paying them reverence. "We make no distinction at all between any of them." As regards every man being an incarnate Spirit, in that Islām is in agreement with the elder faiths; among the Sūfīs, this Spirit is recognised as divine, but many Musalmāns, while affirming that human Spirits have their origin in God, would not assent to their having an identity of nature with Him.

There is difference of opinion in modern days as to the method whereby man reaches perfection, and a majority, probably, of Christians and Musalmāns would assert the continual new creation of human Spirits by God, to inhabit new bodies. The elder religions of the world, living and dead, were unanimous in their declaration that the Immortal Spirit slowly unfolded its divine powers through a long succession of lives upon earth, separated by intervals spent in the super-physical worlds; the earthly lives were regarded as being devoted to the gathering of experience, the disembodied lives to suffering the results of evil experiences, and to transforming the good experiences into intellectual and moral capacities. These capacities, wrought out in the heavenly world after death, form the character with which the babe is born in his next life on earth. This belief, in one form or another, more or less philosophically worked out, seems to have existed in the early days even of the religions from which it disappeared later, as may be seen from the references to it in early Christian writings, and in those of the Musalmān mystics of the Middle Ages. It is re-appearing in Christendom and in Islām at the present day, on account of its inherent reasonableness, the explanation it affords of the apparent injustices of human life, and its joyous certainty of ultimate good for all; moreover, the philosophically-minded recognise that a

[1] *Al Qurān*, ii. 136.

Spirit specially created for a body at birth cannot rationally be regarded as immortal.

Followers of the older faiths will, of course, include the great series of recurrent earthly and super-physical lives in their teachings as the most striking of all the illustrations of Spirit incarnating in matter; while those of the younger faiths will include it or not, according to their reading of their authorities and their own reason and judgment. Certain it is that up to the sixth century A. D. Reincarnation, in one form or another, was a doctrine of Universal Religion.

ANNIE BESANT

(To be concluded.)

SE VIS PACEM . . . .

Written after reading A. B.'s Lecture "The Immediate Future"

Let us be strong!
The strong man makes for peace!
It is the weak
That tempt to loot or crime:
None would wage war upon the strong.

Serene he sits,
His house well-built, well-filled.
Not as the weak
That thieve from bare distress.
Nor need he fight to prove his worth.

Let us be strong!
The strong man guards the world!
He need not speak
His life proclaims his creed,
Greatest of all the friends of Peace!

M. H. CHARLES

THE HIDDEN SIDE OF INSANITY

NOTHING is more remarkable in Theosophy than its ability to explain what hitherto have appeared to us to be insoluble mysteries. It matters not in what direction we apply the golden key of Theosophical knowledge, whether we attempt to classify facts in psychology or physics, music or medicine, we find them arranging themselves in harmonious and coherent order, directly we apply our conceptions of life to them. Light is shed on the most out-of-the-way subjects that can be thought of, from free-masonry and geology down to fire-walking and fortune-telling.

Little, however, seems to have been done towards applying our key to the great problems of Insanity. Though my medical knowledge in this direction is very limited, and what little I know comes from personal experience with such unfortunates rather than from theoretical study, there is still some possibility of clearing up the chaos of facts gathered in connexion with diseases of this nature, if they are regarded from an occult point of view. When one takes into consideration the fact that medical men have been for years studying these cases without the smallest idea of the existence of any causes beyond this physical plane, it is indeed wonderful that they have managed to find out as much as they have done. It will then be but a very rough sketch on such subjects that can be given in the pages of an article like this, but if there is sufficient capacity in our theory to bring a little order out of chaos, there is no harm whatever in adopting it as a working hypothesis; and if this humble attempt should be sufficiently clear to cause some medical men to look at cases of insanity from the point of view I wish to present, my article will have done its work.

Since clairvoyance, by a *volte-face* similar to the mesmerism-hypnotism incident, has been formally accepted by official science under the name of "lucidity" and "autoscopy," and psychics are frequently called in to aid doctors in diagnosing difficult cases, there is little doubt that, in due course of time, many problems in this subject will be cleared up.

Congenital Insanity

Under this heading comes what materialistic science considers the morbid mental conditions of idiocy, with its modification imbecility. In treating idiocy we must keep in mind the fact that it is not associated with any particular disease, but that it is really the outcome of purely physical causes. An idiot is a person who is afflicted from birth. There are many degrees of idiocy, ranging from an utter, dull, blank unintelligence and incapacity of speech and hearing to a fairly intelligent kind of idiocy, which may consist merely of the affliction of one or two senses.

Heredity is perhaps the most fruitful cause of deformed physical instruments. Certain venereal diseases in parents affect the brain of the offspring in various ways; but we must never fail to note, in looking at the question from our point of view, that all these different degrees of idiocy are merely degrees of weakness in the instrument which the ego has to wield. If we wish to produce harmonious sounds on a piano, we shall take good care to keep the piano in perfect tune. It will be almost impossible for us to get melodious and orderly sounds out of an instrument in which half the strings are rusty or broken. It does not matter in the smallest degree how skilled the player may be; Paderewski himself could do nothing with a piano of that kind, and any attempt at music would simply result in a chaos of discord.

In a like manner, a highly developed ego would have the greatest difficulty in expressing himself through a stunted or distorted body. We must keep in mind the

fact that force descends from the highest planes, undergoing limitation after limitation in its descent into coarser matter, until it reaches the physical plane. There the matter is so heavy and difficult to move that what we know as feeling and emotion is but the fag-end of enormous forces, which have more than half exhausted themselves in getting the clumsy physical particles to vibrate in sympathy with the particular kind of force originally sent out. It can, therefore, at once be seen that unless the physical organs are in a reasonably healthy condition little result can be produced in the body, and when there happen to be serious defects therein, what does appear on this plane is an utter distortion of what was originally intended to be expressed. The idiot, then, we can assume, is perfectly sane and capable on every plane except the physical, and cannot produce, owing to his congenitally defective instrument, what we should consider 'sane' behavior. It is then quite clear that congenital idiocy is not the morbid mental condition materialistic science considers it to be, but is merely the result of defects, in smaller or lesser degree, in the physical instrument.

The only way therefore to help the ego who has the misfortune to be tied to a body through which he cannot express himself is to improve it in every possible way by careful attention to the building up of the feeble constitution, and to the development of the small intelligence by a simple educational system. Very considerable success has followed this system of cure, even after only a few years' treatment, and it is now becoming widely adopted, though a few years ago there was a feeling that little could be done to relieve congenital idiocy. These cases, where the causes are of a purely physical nature, offer no difficulty to us. Sometimes an accident to the head in childhood, or the use of instruments at birth, will cause the parietal bones to press on the brain and injure it in some way. The removal of the offending bone at once permits the ego to express himself perfectly.

We have now considered the purely physical causes of insanity. Let us pass on to the consideration of the more complicated subjects of hysteria, and epilepsy, *folie circulaire*, hallucinations, and delusions, to those parts of this difficult subject which are to ordinary medical men most perplexing, and to those types of insanity which go by the name of "borderland cases".

Acquired Insanity

It is indeed a tribute to the marvellous endurance of our physical frames that they have been able to keep so long in good order. The peoples of the West, where the number of insane people is enormously larger than in the East, consistently live a life of fretful haste, riotous self-indulgence and disregard of hygiene, and are then surprised to find, after a few years, that a nervous collapse occurs. Is it wonderful, when we so regularly abuse and overwork our physical vehicles, that they should collapse? There are two forms of self-indulgence that cause more numerous cases of this type of insanity than any other, and they are alcoholism and sexual indulgence. Quite seventy-five per cent. of the cases in our asylums could be assigned to those two causes, and one at once sees the far-seeing wisdom of the Buddha in absolutely forbidding these two vices in his followers.

When a man, after unusually consistent debauchery along either of these two lines, so weakens or over-excites his nervous system as to make it capable of response to vibrations of higher etheric or astral matter, he begins to have what are called 'hallucinations of sight and hearing;' that is to say, he sees various etheric and astral forms and—few having sufficient knowledge of psychic matters to discriminate between purely physical, or etheric, or astral objects—is at once considered to be insane. The drunkard, who drinks himself into such a condition of nervous excitation that he is able to see his own filthy thought-forms and the degraded entities he attracts to himself,

suffers from what is called delirium tremens. The symptoms in cases of this kind are similar in almost every instance; the forms seen are generally hooked, spidery-looking things, which the patient usually takes for insects; while brutal faces, black with fierce desire, leer at him from all sides, and nature-spirits, of a type which revels in coarse vibrations, swarm around.

This super-sensitiveness, brought on either by excessive worry or drink, manifests itself in various ways. Some patients will see nothing, but will constantly hear voices, urging them to do dreadful or ridiculous things. When they do not happen to see much when awake in the physical body, they have the most fearful nightmares. These, of course, are principally caused by the patient seeing his terrible thought-forms in leaving the body in sleep, and owing to the sensitive condition of the nervous system, his body is able to register these impressions on awakening. There are many degrees of sensitiveness brought about by extreme nervous tension. One old gentleman I knew, who had delirium tremens, used to whack vigorously about him with a stout stick at the undesirable dead men he saw hovering around, and was most indignant to find that his stick went clean through them, without doing any harm. This sort of thing used to go on until he worked himself up into an almost maniacal fury, thus laying himself open to the danger of obsession. Any outburst of passionate hate or anger lays a person open to this terrible fate. The lower vehicles are for the time being completely out of the ego's control; the unruly horse has in fact thrown its rider, and a sufficiently resolute onlooker can seize the runaway steed, mount it, and hold possession against its real owner. It was my misfortune, some dozen years ago, to be afflicted with a very severe illness, called 'double empiema,' during which I was supposed to have severe delirium. (I am happy to inform my readers that in my case it was not caused by drink!) It is an illness from which people very rarely recover; in fact, I believe I was the first person who

had ever recovered from it, though there have been others since, and in a few weeks it brought about intense physical exhaustion, so much so that I hardly knew I had a body at all, and I was functioning for weeks together in full astral consciousness. This was rather a puzzle to me then, as I knew nothing of Occultism, but I knew I had that higher sight, and I enjoyed that illness immensely, as I used to spend hour after hour watching the innumerable inhabitants of the astral world as they passed and repassed, and took great delight in what I now know were crowds of thought-forms. My powers of vision greatly startled my relatives, who, after a solemn consultation with the doctor, decided that I was 'delirious'. I learned to keep quiet after that; but it frequently happens that, at the death of some invalid, an accession of psychical vision will cause him to see the activities of the devas who invariably strike down our bodies, and the members of the noble profession of healing would do well to pause a little before indiscriminately ascribing their patients' visions to mere 'delirium'.

Hysteria

Clairvoyance is the only thing which can bring us nearer to an explanation of hysterical symptoms. In some investigations, made some years ago by Mr. C. W. Leadbeater and other members of the London Lodge, it was found that any change in the volume and rate of circulation of the blood caused a corresponding change in the physical brain, thus modifying the reliability of the various impressions received through it; now the condition of things with regard to the etheric brain, or rather that part of the etheric body that corresponds to the physical brain, is very similar. All students are doubtlessly familiar with the fact that the prāṇic force sent forth by the sun is absorbed by the spleen, is specialised by it, and is then circulated all over the nervous system in a manner which resembles the flow of electricity along a wire; that is to say, the prāṇic current flows not along the actual nerve itself, but along a magnetic field surrounding it.

When the quantity of nerve-ether thus specialised by the spleen is less in quantity, from a lack of sunshine or other causes, great weariness supervenes, and if under these circumstances it also happens that the speed of the circulation of nerve-force is increased, the man becomes exceedingly nervous, irritable, and eventually hysterical.

The only remedy here is to increase the life-force of the patient by mesmeric passes, which are of course simply a method of passing specialised nerve-prāṇa from one individual to the other, though how its rate of circulation through the nervous system can be controlled is not yet quite clear.

Obsession by a Thought-form

Very large are the numbers of people who labor under some extraordinary delusion, which can only be caused by a very powerful thought-form taking possession of them. Most members will have heard of lunatics who consider that they are some important royal personage or celebrity, or perhaps labor under the quaint notion that they are the Almighty. Such cases are very numerous. Often enough they are quite harmless, and, in some instances, mildly amusing. Many religious megalo-maniacs come under this head. This sort of aberration comes simply from perpetually dwelling on one particular thought. We must remember that the true destiny of thought is to come into matter. The Masters have told us that every idea which does not become an ideal for us slays a power in our soul; that is, that every resolution that does not work its way into material fulfilment is useless and even harmful. It is therefore easy to see that a man who is perpetually thinking about one thing makes an enormously powerful thought-form; every additional piece of force thrown into the form brings it nearer to its destiny of manifestation in matter, until the thought-form reaches the critical stage when the least addition of force makes it a material reality. Hence the sudden murders and suicides,

which have for weeks beforehand been committed in thought, and the stereotyped verdict of the coroner's jury: "Suicide during temporary insanity." As each man makes for himself a thought-form according to his own ideas, that form has difficulty in finding an appropriate vehicle for manifestation in the outer world, and it assumes such strength that it is able to obsess its maker permanently; it reacts on him and manifests through him, because it cannot find a suitable medium of manifestation apart from him.

When that stage has been reached, the man begins to act precisely in the manner which had originally been conceived in thought, and so we have our unfortunates masquerading as Elijah, Frederick the Great, a King, or whatever personality the patient has most dwelt on. It would seem that the only method of cure for such unfortunates would be the ejection of the obsessing thought-form by a person possessing sufficient psychic power, and the re-enthronement of the true man in his vehicles.

Epilepsy and Obsession by a Defunct Entity

There is nothing which throws more light on the real meaning of a word than its derivation, and if we look for the derivation of epilepsy, we shall find its true meaning written on its face. It comes from the Greek, *epile* meaning a 'seizing hold of,' or a 'seizure;' that is, it really is what the ancients, who were much wiser than we are, have always said it was—a definite attempt by a defunct entity to obtain possession of a human body. The frantic struggles and ravings of the poor creatures thus afflicted are pitiable to see. The ravings are either caused by the desperate struggle between the real owner of a set of vehicles, and the dead man who is trying to obtain possession of them, or are perhaps caused by the furious gratification of all sorts of turbulent emotions, which the successful storming of the body permits to a degraded defunct entity. He has, perhaps,

for weeks past been hovering about in the astral body, burning with violent desires of every kind and unable to gratify them; and when at last, he captures a body through which he can obtain the gratification he so ardently desires, he lets forth the pent-up passions in torrential streams. Some patients appear to be permanently obsessed by an extraneous entity—hence the extraordinary change of character in many cases of insanity; others only temporarily, and these would probably consist of patients who had regular fits.

Among the early Christians, obsession was well understood. The demoniacs or energumens of the community were under the control of a special order of exorcists, and there is a mass of evidence on this subject which can be taken from the writings of Cyril, Chrysostom, and Tertullian, which goes to prove that the symptoms of the possessed in those days were precisely similar to those of what modern physicians call epilepsy.[1]

No ordinary person, however, need fear such a horrible fate. Obsession is only possible when an ego refuses to control his lower vehicles. He allows them to run away with him, as it were, until his hold on them gets so weak that another can take them away from him. Let us then be exceedingly careful never to give way to any violent fit of passion of any kind, for any failure to control passion makes self-government more difficult on each subsequent occasion. Carelessness here will cause serious results. We may find ourselves like a ball rolling down hill, gaining momentum every yard we fall.

Folie Circulaire

Cases of this nature are called 'Borderland cases' by physicians, owing to the difficulty of drawing the line between insanity and mere eccentricity. The general legal definition of a lunatic is a person who is a danger or a nuisance to

[1] See references in Bingham's *Antiquities of the Christian Church*, and Maury's *La Magie et l'Astrologie*, Part II. Chapter ii.

the public weal; a somewhat vague and elastic description, which if universally applied, would bring in very many decent people. This 'folie circulaire' is a very peculiar type of lunacy. The patient, from being an ordinary type of person, will gradually become exceedingly restless, talkative, excitable, and bombastic, will have cycles of great exaltation, grandiose ideas, and vigorous health, followed by cycles of profound melancholia and poor vitality.

These cycles of elation average from six to nine months each, followed by a cycle of depression of similar duration. The change from the one condition into the other is quite gradual, and it is exceedingly difficult to know where eccentricity ends and insanity begins. In a similar manner the gradual descent from the summit of the arc of elation to the nadir of depression is equally gradual, and such patients, when in the condition of melancholia, are, as a rule, absolutely sane and reasonable. What it is that causes these cycles it is difficult to say. I cannot help thinking that they may have something to do with astrological influences which wax and wane, though why a man becomes susceptible to such influences is only determinable by a highly-developed psychic. I know of a case where this disease was brought on by a series of sunstrokes which the patient had suffered in India, and, it may be, as the disease was originally caused by one of the heavenly bodies when in a certain position of the zodiac, the afflicted person was affected whenever it occupied a similar position in later years.

It is an undoubted fact that lunatics are affected by certain conjunctions of the moon and planets, though materialistic medical science laughs the idea to scorn.

Let us hope that some day one of our investigators may be able to go into the puzzling problems which insanity offers, and give us a detailed explanation of its causes. It is terribly badly wanted here in the West, where utter blank ignorance as to these matters rests on us like a dark choking pall. The psychic atmosphere of

a large asylum is horrible. There reigns about it a cloud of profound gloom and hopeless, almost ferocious, despair. Some men are in them—good religious people—who have committed no worse crime than having had half a glimpse of something astral.

Such are the terrible results of a science which considers as delirium and mania the beautiful revelations of the Eternal Wisdom sometimes vouchsafed to men. In fact, Dr. Maudsley, a great authority in matters of insanity, is of opinion that the mystic is simply a madman! If that be so, how I wish that the mystic would bite some of those around us! We should have a fine world then! There are, however, signs that a little real knowledge is beginning to filter in. The conversion of Professor Lombroso, for long an upholder of the insane character of all visions, to a belief in occult forces, will undoubtedly cause medical men to pause, and wonder whether their theories are correct after all.

Life is full of problems, but to clear them up we must apply the key of Theosophical knowledge. The more deeply we study the Eternal Wisdom, the more wonderful and fascinating does it become, and the clearer and the more intelligible appear the various mysteries which are merely fragments of the great Mosaic of Life.

H. O. WOLFE MURRAY

INVOCATION

Spirit Divine! we need Thee:
Do thou our spirits fill
With Light, with Love, with Wisdom,
To shield from every ill.

May all our acts be offered
In purest love to Thee
Who gave us conscious being—
Thus may our souls be free.

W. A. ENGLISH, M.D.

IN DJINNISTAN AGAIN

The One remains, the many change and pass.
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

. . . . . .

Die! if thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek.

SHELLEY

A year has gone round since I looked last on the snowy mass of the Djinn-Padishah. A year that had been as an æon. A struggle through the jungle of occult difficulties and of dangers faced closely for the first time; the first attempt at the terrible rule "to dare, to will;" and the utter loneliness of the heart that loses what was dearest on earth among mankind—loses one who has 'passed over' across that limit that will remain a mystery and a terror so long as form shall be called Life.

Un seul être manque—et tout est dépeuplé.

She who has gone—who was more than a mother to my bereaved heart—had, through great age, lost the free use of memory and thought, as my father had lost it because he had spent all his strength on the war-field for his country. Both hardly knew what they were saying in the last hours, and yet the Spirit that was over-shadowing these lives of unconscious heroism, of perfect ḍharma, the Spirit spoke and gave the highest bequest. My father's last words, very quiet, had been: "God will forgive, all, all." To these words and their peculiar significance in these times in Russia, I will yet return; and his sister, the adoptive mother of me, his only remaining child, two days before the King of Terrors came in the dark of night—she bidding me good night, looked up and said: "Whatever comes, the work must go on, ever up, to the Highest." And at the last moment ere paralysis cruelly closed the eye, the lip, with a child's smile she

uttered: "No falling back to earth." And then the silence came, eternal, for this frame. A few nights later it was the death-vigil, and the coffin, in a bower of flowers, surrounded by tall candles dimly glimmering through the silence of darkened rooms, was left in the charge of two volunteer watchers: a favorite maid of the deceased, a young niece.

Towards dawn my niece felt strangely chill and quiet. Something drew her to the bower of death. She rose, and being brave and a born psychic, she calmly went up to the catafalque. But she instantly drew back awed, shaking. In front of her, the gigantic wings turned to the face in the coffin, a tall figure stood, one not of this world, white, misty, a light of shades like mother-of-pearl veiling the head bent over the dead. A wonderful sense of peace surrounded it, while a smile lay on the lips of the dead. This apparition of a messenger from the beyond soothed somewhat the acuteness of the first grief. A silent voice had affirmed the reality of the worlds unseen.

An old Russian story says that "our tears are gathered into a crown unfading by those who go first," and who wait "to open for us the gate of Paradise," for "Love links us with the Infinite"—Love stronger than Death. And the strange impression comes to me that Love, when it is very deep and true, so fills the substance of the two who love as to make for them one aura. And another singular impression: that in each life there can never be but twelve who are closely bound to us—twelve brother-knights to bring to the King in each battle of the Round. From my window, on a verdant slope, I see the little white temple where—decades ago—a harp Eolian stood, moaning to the winds from Asia. This was the last walk I took with my young mother so long, long ago. I was so small and it was the fairy-tale time. I read *Shakuntalá* and the Arab tales and something in me stirred—remembered. Now so sorrowful, so desolate, I instinctively turned to the land of my child-

hood, to the range of Prometheus. I was fast approaching it through the summer fields of Russia; the last night in the car came. It was a night of wonder. No full moon, but a veiled radiance over the boundless Steppe. Over it, into Infinity, silvery, moving mists—a land of dreams fulfilled, waves of life rising like a Nile of heaven, and the lotus-soul closing in a happy oblivion—necessary, for a new life was to dawn. And yet all dreams, all lovee, blooming under the silver surface, dimly sensed.

Then I understood the myth of Lethe and the draught from the ātmic wave that makes a mortal forget and a God remember.

Der Mensch liebt in dem Menschen nur den Gott.

The third great moment of that heavy year was a very new one to History: the shifting of the human idea of 'Motherland' for the Slav Race. Many minds, many hearts—their number is growing—in Russia, in Servia, in Bulgaria, in Poland, in most other Slav realms, clinging still to the beloved land that bore them, began to give the name of 'country' to the whole area where the Slavonic language's idioms sound. The faint hope, sweet like a dream of another world, the hope born a thousand years ago on the white rocks of Arcona, began to blossom: a unified, a free Slavia.

Enemies scoffed at these 'slaves' dreaming of fierce freedom, scoffed at the pretended origin of the name 'Slav' from 'Slava'—glory. But this word 'Slava' is often used to speak of the 'life,' the 'power of God,' not of earthly glory alone. And the name of Slavs ('Slaviané') is in reality Sloveni, and comes from Slovo, the Word. The Race which "knows the Word," which can use it.

And the light of this name, of 'Slavia' shining forth on the bitter cup of our Race's life, transforms it into the Grail Cup of Salvation. How, the scoffers said, can unity, oneness, freedom, be granted to a race so self-willed, so averse to all discipline, all law, all principle? Is it so? Is not the highest principle—Love? And is it not Love supreme, the 'Russian

all-forgiveness' as the French call it, the dominant note of our literature? In the last (before death) opera our Maestro Rimski-Korsakov wrote, that wonderful *Kitej, the Invisible City*, the initiation of the heroine begins at the moment when she perceives the eternal law of forgiveness: "God will forgive, all, all.... and what shall not have been *forgiven*, shall be *forgotten*." My father's last words were the same: "God will forgive all, all." This is the deepest hope and aspiration: no stern law; boundless grace, freedom by love. See how the great Norwegian writer Knut Hamsun, coming to Russia, his "Aeventyrland" (Fairy-tale land), is enraptured by this "wide Russian life, so boundless, storming heaven itself," infinite on all sides.

From the Steppe near the Djennan Hills—first wave of the Range—I look at the Caucasus and, for the first time of a life begun in its very heart, I realise the greatness and the mystery of this mountain world, the word it speaks to the mind. Two infinities meet here, round the range: the heaven that shines on Asia and Europe at once, and the limitless Steppe. There it stands, the "mountain of many languages, Djebel Alsuni"—from sea to sea, a thousand and two hundred kilometers of rocky walls between Asia Minor and the 'Line,' that military region of defence that Russia holds for Europe's peace; here rise the seven summits, higher than Mt. Blanc. Far away into the depths of the horizon stretch the ranks of giants, the clouds of autumn coming lower and lower like a curtain over the crests. Faintly the light of Asia shines between the veils of mists; it touches still this land of Adighe, the proudest, the noblest tribe of Caucasia, a descendant of Egyptian warriors, the legend says. I stand on a lonely road in the Steppe and look back on the Range. Crumpled leaves of crocuses, of the big, rosy-hued crocuses of Asia, cover the field, and the dry stalks of the 'serpent' grass with its poisonous milky juice; a big venomous spider crosses the road and glides away—dying tones, dying light, on the 'lande'.

But in front, towards the open Steppe of Kouban, where, in spring, fields of golden wild lilies bloom. And now

we stop in a lovely grove of bushes amidst which a statue stands, the white bust of Russia's greatest poet—so little known to Europe—Lermontoff. He, with his truly Slav heart, was yet the enthusiast singer of the Caucasus, his *Daemon*—the Prometheus spirit who sought the Fire of Heaven that makes free—was born on this soil.

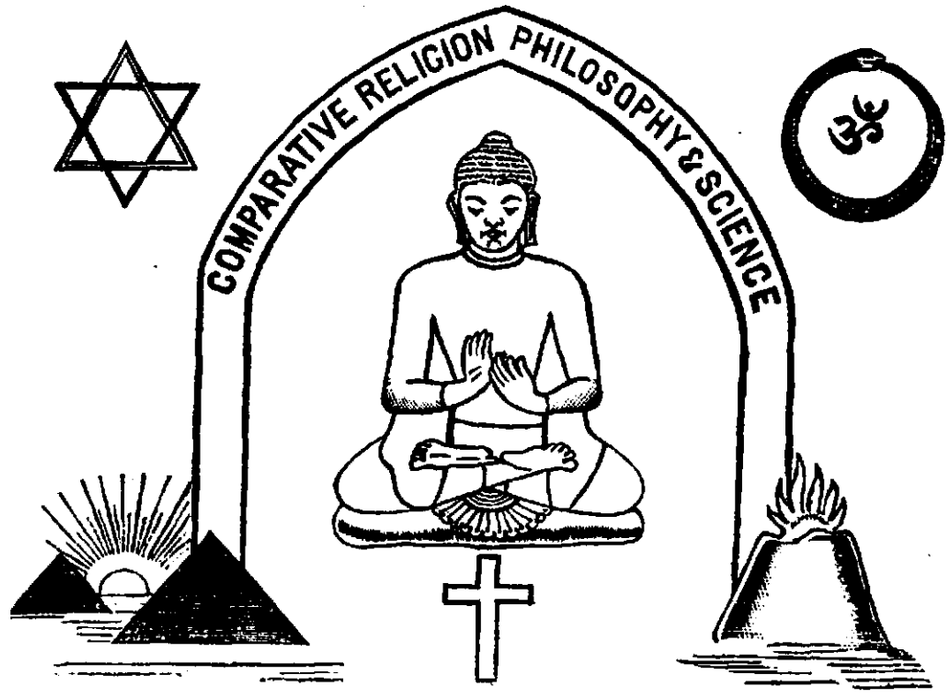
My face close to the earth, I look at the green halms of the Steppe and all at once an intense sense of 'oneness' with it all comes, with this free, wild earth, and with its infinite life, and then I remember, a dark, lovely night at the other end of Asia, at Vladivostok besieged—a colonial drawing-room with white walls like the houses here have them—myself in the robe and veil of a Sister of Mercy, in a rocking-chair amidst tropical plants, and a beautiful voice—a seaman's—singing the air of 'Igor'. "Oh, give me freedom and all dangers will be conquered." And I was listening and wondering: was it all real? Was the enemy there, behind the moonlit gulf and hills? Was I there, permitted to share the work of defending Russia's soil? the dream of childhood—from the hour when at the age of seven in 1871 my warm sympathy for France made me admire the Kṣhaṭṭriyā's ḍharma, recognising it as my own.

At the feet of the Padishah I realised that mind had opened, intuition began to bloom there, on these distant plains of the far East, on the field of Kurukṣhetra, and that there is no going up to the ḍharma of the King, of the Son of God, but through the battlefield, the real and the higher—through the shadow of Mâra on the graves of our loves, through the valley of death for ourselves.

Die! if thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek.

Death, the Destroyer of Form, Dawn of Life limitless. This is why Slavia bears no binding of any form; why its very life is thirst for the Infinite, why *Slavs die* so well.

NINA DE GERNET



THE VIRGIN BIRTH

MAY it not happen that in our interpretation of the Christian Scriptures, too great an emphasis has been laid upon the literal meaning? The Essenes and other communities regarded the sacred writings, not as historical, but as parabolical, and it was the custom for the teachers of the Essenic community (of which body, in the opinion of many scholars of repute, Jesus had at one time been a member) to veil their teachings in the form of parables. Certainly the Pharisees of the time of Jesus failed to appreciate the truths to which He gave utterance, because of their literal interpretation of all His statements and their blind adherence to tradition. The same remark will also

bear application at the present day in the case of the numerous sects into which Christianity is divided. The Word of God, as contained in the Christian Scriptures, has, in a very great measure, been made void through tradition, the dogma of literal interpretation, which has caused many a spiritual lesson to be dimmed or lost from sight.

Internecine warfare has, unhappily, been the prominent characteristic in the history of the Christian Church from the commencement, and the battle still is waged. In recent years one of the principal dogmas of controversy has been that of the miraculous birth of Jesus. The Scriptural authority for this dogma is slender, and, if the doctrine of the miraculous birth, which entails also that of the immaculate conception, is true, or, in other words, if the Bible is ever and only to be understood in its strictly literal interpretation, then Jesus was not a unique character in the world's history. Melchizedeck was greater, for on the same authority we are assured that he was not only without a father, but "without a mother and without ancestors, having neither beginning of days nor end of life".

There is strong reason for suspecting that the narrative of the Virgin Birth is based on the many similar legends which preceded it, which are to be found in the folk-lore of many nations, particularly the Egyptian; legends which, however, contained, as will be presently seen, deep spiritual teaching. Moreover, as Mr. Sharpe, in his work on *Egyptian Mythology and Egyptian Christianity* has pointed out, in common with other reputable critics:

> We have historical assurance that the chapters in Matthew's Gospel which contain the account of the miraculous birth of Jesus are an after-addition, not in the earliest manuscripts.

The Egyptians held that many of their Kings were born of an earthly mother without an earthly father, that they became incarnate by the God Amen-Ra, and so, in course of time, they were worshipped because of their alleged miraculous births. On the wall of the temple of Luxor may be seen a series of sculptures in which are

portrayed the events afterwards known in the Christian religion as the Annunciation, Conception, Birth and Adoration.

It would certainly have been impossible for such a contravention of natural law to have been suppressed and remain unknown, not only in the town of its occurrence, but also in the neighboring towns and villages, at least. It is, however, significant that the few but distinct references which are made to the parentage of Jesus by the four Evangelists, all emanate from "his own country," as an examination of *Matthew* xiii. 55, *Mark* vi. 3, *Luke* iv. 22, and *John* vi. 42 will substantiate. Jesus was always regarded, not only by the crowds that gathered around Him, but by His disciples and apostles, as the natural child of Joseph and Mary.

According to the Gospel records, Jesus never claimed to be born in any miraculous manner, and herein He differed from Alexander who claimed to be a son of Zeus. Nor did Alexander stand alone in this respect. Scipio Africanus claimed to be begotten by a serpent, and the serpent was regarded as the symbol of the Genius, the protecting Spirit of the family, a similar story to that told, and claim made, by Augustus.

Sinlessness has been claimed for Jesus, although His life was a series of temptations, and temptation, we are assured by James, is the outcome of human weakness. He offered himself to John for baptism and was subject to that ordinance—a baptism of repentance. He prayed for the power to perform the works He did, and learned obedience through suffering. The Gospels abound in incidents which reveal the gradual progression of His life, until it reached that point towards its conclusion on this plane when He could claim unity of purpose and will with the Eternal, a unity which was not His alone, but which is promised, through the apostle John, to all believers as an immediate possession, a union for which Jesus Himself prayed shortly before His death: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one."

The Jew, fasting and praying, waiting and watching for redemption, did not look for the Messiah to be born in any supernatural manner. The prophet was expected to come "from the midst of the brethren". If, as has been claimed, Jesus came from the seed of David, this, according to the published genealogies, could only have been through Joseph. No one, ignorant of the tradition of the immaculate conception, reading *Romans* i. 3 for the first time, would give any special or more than ordinary interpretation to the words: "Who was made (came) of the seed of David according to the flesh". The same remark applies to *Acts* xiii. 23, *Galatians* iv. 4 and 5, *Hebrews* iii. 4, and other passages in the New Testament.

It was the Resurrection and not the Incarnation which proved the divinity of Jesus, as Paul maintained in *Romans* i. 4, "declared to be the Son of God.....by resurrection from among the dead". Men were attracted to Jesus, not by reason of His miraculous birth, as they undoubtedly would have been had such event become known, but by reason of the "words of grace" which fell from His lips and the signs and wonders He performed. It was His character and manifestation of spiritual power, which attracted men, not only of His age, but of later ages to Him.

The title 'Son of God' is not exclusively held by Jesus, as admitted by Professor Adam Smith, and is borne not only by Adam and Solomon, but by all who arrive at a certain stage of development. The words of Jesus addressed to Peter on the acknowledgment of His Messiahship (*Matthew* xvi. 17) would have been singularly inappropriate as an appreciation of the apostle's answer to so momentous a question had the miraculous birth been known to His immediate followers.

Instead of the Virgin Birth being a necessity, an unprejudiced consideration of the object to be attained by Jesus will show that this could not have been accomplished had He entered the world as the result of super-natural

conception. He could not then have become the example or model which His followers are more than once in the Scriptures enjoined to make Him.

Are, however, the narratives of Matthew and Luke, the slender foundation for the dogma unknown to the early Christians, valueless, or is there another meaning or interpretation which must be sought for and obtained? Are they facts or spiritual teachings conveyed in the form of allegory?

The miraculous birth of Jesus has, for generations, been regarded by many as one of the mysteries inseparable from Christianity and insoluble by mankind, though a dogma necessitating acceptance by all who would secure eternal happiness. 'Mysteries,' however, have formed a prominent feature of nearly all the great religious systems. There is a point of view from which to look upon the Bible on which too little emphasis is laid. If, for the moment, we leave controversy on one side and regard the Bible in the same way as the early Christian writers did, and as Maimonides and other Jewish commentators did the Old Testament—as allegory or parable, and not as necessarily containing historical facts, we shall be able to pierce the veil of all the so-called mysteries. The term 'mystery' is not used in the New Testament in the sense of 'something which cannot be solved'.

The Bible, like all other scriptures, abounds in metaphor. The meaning has, more often than not, to be sought, not in a literal, but a spiritual interpretation. The earth is an expression or manifestation of Eternal Power. And what is true of the whole is also true of the part—of man. We often gaze upon the drapery to the exclusion of the divine form beneath. The true manner of regarding the narrative of the Virgin Birth, as recorded by Matthew and Luke, is to set aside the material and accept the spiritual teaching behind the form and words employed. As Anna Kingsford has declared in *The Perfect Way*:

> The Gospel narrative of the birth of Jesus is really a presentation, dramatic and symbolical, of the nature of regeneration.

The Jewish race, like every other race and individual, may be viewed from the two-fold standpoint of material prosperity and spiritual attainment. The meaning of 'Joseph' is 'he shall add,' and the characters who, in Biblical narratives, have borne this name, have been associated with material prosperity. The name 'Mary' means 'exalted of the Eternal,' and is held in such high esteem by Roman Catholics that many parents in that Church bestow it on their sons as well as their daughters. It is significant that in both the Old and New Testaments Joseph is described as 'the son of Jacob'. Anna Kingsford regards 'Joseph' as symbolical of 'mind,' and details the lesson to be learned from the fact that whereas, in the Old Testament, he is described as a young man, yet, by the same commentators of the New Testament, he is generally regarded as a man of at least middle age, and the combined narratives show that there has been a progression so marked that he is worthy of espousal to Mary the Virgin. She also contends that the expressions 'Virgin Mary' and 'Holy Ghost' are respectively synonymous with 'water' and 'spirit,' and that these denote the two constituents of every regenerate selfhood, its purified soul and divine Spirit. Other writers have demonstrated the identity of the root origin of the words 'Mary' and 'sea,' and one of the best known Roman Catholic hymns extolling the Virgin Mary is the *Ave Maris Stella*.

Riches, material prosperity, were promised to Israel as the outward or visible sign of the Eternal's approbation, and as a reward for the keeping of His commandments. They are represented as being called out from the other nations in order that they might be 'a kingdom of priests' (kohen, rulers or princes). The link between spiritual obedience and material possessions might, however, be fitly compared with a betrothal, as in *Matthew* i. 18, and not a consummated marriage, for, in both instances, the spiritual was not in the ascendant. Hence Mary's wonderment at the Annunciation (*Luke* i. 20). It was a new experience, and there is always a

perturbation on the first grasp of spiritual realities. Hitherto, everything even in connexion with the sanctuary had been regarded from the material standpoint, *e.g.*, Shechinah, cloud, glory: but there was now to be the inward or spiritual manifestation (*Luke* i. 35) of the Eternal contrasted with the former material display. It was the Holy Spirit which came, the power of the Highest which overshadowed, and the begotten was, it ever is, holy, the offspring of the Eternal: no longer a picture, but a possession.

Men cling to the material because it is more tangible than the spiritual. It is sometimes claimed, and justly, that the material represents the spiritual; but gradually it tends to supplant it, until ultimately, with rare exceptions, the spiritual ceases to receive recognition. The divorce, or separation, of the two has not been sudden: it has been so stealthy that it has become a fact before recognised. Thus Joseph, "not willing to make Mary a public example, intended to put her away privily".

Schmiedl contends that the purport of the special temptation recorded in *Matthew* iv. was to emphasise the spiritual mission of Jesus. The constant warfare between 'flesh' and 'Spirit' is set forth in *Matthew* i. 19, as well as the failure of the natural man to comprehend spiritual instruction. Spiritual enlightenment is needed, and so the messenger of the Eternal is represented as appearing to Joseph and making the revelation needed, unfolding in a vision the glorious possibilities open to the man who discerns and acts upon such messages given by a superior spiritual power. He was aroused from sleep, a condition symbolical of death to, or non-desire for, spiritual truth. The material and the spiritual are in a measure united, but the knowledge is still incomplete; the grasp of truth is imperfect until there is a visible or tangible result: "Joseph knew her not until she brought forth her first-born son." Mary is never called by the name of 'virgin' after this event. Had she been immaculate, Jesus would not have been of human

nature, and so, according to the contention of orthodox theology, the object of His life and death would have been frustrated.

In the apocryphal *Gospel of the Hebrews* Jesus calls the Holy Spirit His mother, but not yet has the spiritual gained complete ascendancy. The truly spiritual man relies absolutely on divine power and takes no anxious care for the morrow. The enrolment mentioned in *Luke* ii. 4, following upon the decree of Cæsar Augustus, was necessary for the preservation of genealogical records, and to substantiate any claim to property that might be made—hence Joseph's care for its accomplishment. Mark, too, the inability of the natural man to appreciate spiritual commands, as set forth in *Matthew* ii. 22.

He had previously been divinely admonished in a dream to take this journey, but the purpose of the Eternal may be accomplished through, and in spite of, man's disobedience. It is, however, significant to note the omission of Mary's name as accompanying Joseph on this visit to Galilee, though she is said to have gone with him to the land of Israel, the country of the Eternal's visible presence.

The wise men, the men who could read the face of heavens, who could discern spiritual things in the watches of the night, when the material world was wrapped in slumber, brought their gifts. The presence of Joseph on this occasion is not recorded. When, however, the shepherds, men whose occupation was essentially earthly, with material representations of higher truths, came into the inn "they found Mary and Joseph and the babe".

The wise men were warned not to return by the way they came. On their outward journey there had been a 'fall'. They lost the star for a time, and, as a consequence, they found themselves in Herod's dominions. They profited by their experience and went back another way.

The last mention of Joseph is in connexion with the search made for the child Jesus after that memorable Passover, as

recorded in *Luke* ii. 42. He was discovered in the temple, engaged in discussion with the doctors of the law. Here Mary plays the principal part. "Child, why hast thou dealt thus with us? Behold, thy father and I sought thee sorrowing," and the emphasis in the original is on the personal pronoun "I". "Wist ye not that I must be in the things of my Father?" was the calm reply. Joseph now disappears from the scene. It has been a long and a hard struggle, represented numerically by 'twelve' years—the number of typical completeness, but now the material is no longer to be the dominating influence. Jesus is portrayed as yielding to his mother's behests—he returned to Nazareth and was subject to his parents. Though we may be conscious of higher relationships there are still duties to be performed as the result of our natural ties, which must not be shirked or avoided. The monastic or hermit life, though not without its charms and though it may bring pleasure and profit to the individual by virtue of retirement, yet robs him of one of the factors of his development and many valuable experiences through contact with his fellow-creatures in the work-a-day world.

On a later occasion (*Mark* xii. 46) Mary "stood without," when Jesus had been detailing the blessings lost by those who rejected His teaching, and, by means of the parable of the unclean spirit, had foretold the worship of the 'Anti-Christ,' or the substitution and parody of truth.

While He yet talked with the multitude, *the* mother (not *His* mother, as rendered by the Authorised and Revised versions) stood without. One standing by said to him: "Behold, thy mother and thy brethren stand without desiring to speak to thee," but, in His answer, He declared that all may be included in that relationship by conforming with the necessary condition, *i. e.*, performance of the will of God. Luke relates another incident which took place on this occasion.

As he spake these things a certain woman out of the company, lifting up the voice, said to him: "Blessed the womb that bare thee and breasts which thou hast sucked."

But *he* said: "Yea, rather, blessed they that hear the word of God and keep it."

There is a deep significance in the narrative of the marriage at Cana of Galilee. Wine is always symbolical of divine power which, when exercised, is productive of joy. It is the mother who draws attention to the need for wine. The outward cleansing with water had been observed, emphasising the fact that due regard must be paid to the body, which is elsewhere described as the tabernacle of the divine Spirit. There were the six waterpots of stone "after the manner of the purifying of the Jews," or ceremonial observers: the number 'six' just one short of 'seven,' which is the sacred number symbolical of spiritual attainment, showing the inability of man to attain to the Highest by his own unaided efforts, ample though they may, or, rather, *must* be, for the waterpots had to be *filled to the brim* with water.

This high attainment involves sacrifice. The mother stood at the cross weeping, before she waited in the upper room with the disciples. Unto the disciples 'within the house' had been made known the mystery of the kingdom, because "unto them that are without all things are done in parables".

The new birth is always a Virgin Birth and emanates from the power of the Highest which is within. In every human being there is the germ of the Infinite, the divine spirit struggling for manifestation through and in the these mortal frames, the tabernacles of this holy power, and, in the words of Scheffer, the German Mystic:

> I must become Queen Mary, and birth to God must give
> If I in blessedness for evermore would live.

DUDLEY WRIGHT

ASTROLOGICAL SYMBOLISM AND THE SACRED WORD

THE late T. Subba Row, in his article on the 'Twelve Signs of the Zodiac,' tells us that the second sign, Taurus (Ṛshabha), is used in several places in the Upaniṣhaṭs and Veḍas to mean Praṇava (AUM), Shaṅkarāchārya having so interpreted it in several portions of his commentary.

Recently while thinking of the importance which H. P. B. repeatedly placed upon meditating on the color yellow, and the tone Mi, in connexion with the Sacred Word, I realised the full significance of her advice through a recognition of the correspondences between the Word and Astrological Symbolism, made up, as we know, of three factors or component parts, *viz*: the circle ○ representing Spirit; the crescent or semi-circle ☽ representing Soul; and the cross, +, representing Matter. Of these, however, all three are employed only to form the symbols of Mercury, Uranus, and Neptune, while so far as the Zodiacal Signs are concerned, the circle and the crescent appear *distinctly* only in the glyph of Taurus, ♉.

Here in the symbol of Taurus we have, it seems to me, the union of the male and female, the positive and negative, and as the circle with the dot in the centre ⊙ is used to symbolise the Sun, the crescent or semi-circle ☽ representing the Moon, we may go a step further and say, the union of the Solar and Lunar forces.

Taurus, as is generally known, rules the throat in man, within which are centres of vast importance in connexion with the creative power. The circle, the lower portion of the symbol, may well be regarded as representing the throat itself, while the upper portion, the semi-circle, shows the open mouth.

Can we not see, in the words of the Stanzas, the Universe formed by the Thought of the Logos, waiting for the hour which had not as yet struck, until, like the lotus, the mother swells, expanding from within without, and, through the union of the circle and the semicircle, or, using another familiar symbol, the circle becoming divided by the diameter ⊕, the vibration of sound, the Mighty AUM, sweeps along, and the Ray shooting through the Virgin Egg, causes the Eternal Egg to thrill (this, I take it, might be called the Mahā-Hiraṇyagarbha), and drop the non-eternal germ, which condenses into the World-Egg, the Egg of Brahmā, Hiraṇyagarbha, the Word made flesh.

It has been said that the Word should be made the subject of our constant thought, and that we should see and hear the Word as in all, see it as the Self existing everywhere, sounding everywhere, creating, sustaining and destroying.

In the *Secret Doctrine* iii. 531, we read:

> The color and number of not only the planets, but also of the Zodiacal constellations (signs?) corresponding to every letter of the alphabet are necessary to make any special syllable, and even letter, operative.

Among the colors and sounds lie the keys to the objective results from the occult processes of thought. Not only is it by these that direct effects are produced, but also by their use alone, either consciously or unconsciously, can the Elemental powers of Nature be mastered and guided by the Will.

H. P. B. said:

> I wish to emphasise the actual need of using the Word, and meditation with the color yellow, so that Buḍḍhi may be aroused.

Furthermore, she distinctly tells us that it is not advisable to experiment with any other color. By experimenting with a color is meant making it with the mental eye seem to exist in the imagination. Even if one feels

that they cannot make this yellow color, it really only makes a difference in degree, for the color and its vibration will be aroused, seen or not seen, and will have some effect.

Evidently, with those of us who really care for the progress of all, every possible effort should be made to arouse this color, *and no other*, with its corresponding ideas, so that others, as for instance, the red of desire and passion, or the green of ambition, may be counteracted. To the neglect of this advice given us by H. P. B. not only has failure to make closer connexion with our Sixth Principle resulted, but much of the trouble experienced by members has been caused, because other colors have been used and the lower passional elements have been aroused; it is much easier to excite the lower group than the higher.

Again, H. P. B. tells us:

> Create, by a powerful will effort, an imaginary line of communication between the right eye and Buḍḍhi, locating the latter as a centre in the same part of the head. This line, though you may call it 'imaginary,' is, once you succeed in seeing it with your mental eye and give it a shape and color, in truth as good as real. A rope in a dream is *not* and yet *is*. Moreover, according to the prismatic color with which you endow your line, so will the influence act. Now, Buḍḍhi and Mercury correspond with each other, and both are yellow, or radiant and golden-colored.

In the above quotation she shows that yellow, as the color of Buḍḍhi, may be used with the word on the tone Mi, and will tend in a degree, as our lives and thoughts correspond, to make the connexion with the Sixth Principle closer.

Some years ago, the Master K. H. wrote:

> The best and most important teacher is one's own Seventh Principle, centred in the Sixth. The more unselfishly one works for his fellow-men, and divests himself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, the more he is free from Māyā, and the nearer he approaches Divinity.

Now, in sounding the AUM, an egg, or sound shell, is created; in other words, every sound shell so created is

a dew-drop, an electron or ion, of a cosmic atom, partaking in its shape and color of the Principle, Tone, and Note predominating at the moment of its utterance.

Take the symbol of Mars ♂, corresponding to the tone Do and the principle of desire, and of Venus ♀, corresponding to the tone La and the principle of mind, and, finally, of Mercury ☿, which we have already seen is yellow or Buḍḍhi, and the tone Mi.

Suppose, while sounding the Word on Do, the color red should result, with its corresponding principle, and the sound shell should take on the form of the symbol of Mars, the cross above the circle, or Spirit dominated by matter, this would go forth, being, by the law of electrical attraction, drawn towards and coalescing with its polar opposite, Venus, the symbol of which is the circle over the cross, or Spirit dominating matter; this would add more desire to the sum total with which the principle of Venus is already tinged.

On the other hand, by sounding the tone La, and meditating on the principle of Manas, we send forth into the world a sound shell, which, again, by the law of electrical attraction, seeks its polar opposite, Mars, and again adds to the strength of Kāma-Manas.

But, if we only follow the advice of our teacher when sounding the AUM on the tone Mi, meditating upon the color yellow, we create the symbol of Mercury ☿; this represents the domination of matter by the union of Spirit and soul, the positive and negative, the Sun and the Moon, thus peopling space with innumerable eggs or sound shells radiant and golden-colored, and which through the higher octave expression of Mercury, Uranus, whose symbol represents the perfect blending of the triune force, Spirit, soul and matter, or the union of the positive pole, Spirit, with the negative pole, matter, through the medium of the Antahkaraṇa, or bridge, the soul.

Thus shall we accomplish three things: (1) Swell the aggregate of the buḍḍhic principle throughout the world. (2) Obey the wise direction of our revered teacher. (3) By "seeking first the kingdom of heaven (have) all (other) things added unto us".

H. R. M. M.

GEMS FROM TIRUMANTRAM

It is within easy reach of all to place a handful of flowers at the feet of the Lord; it is within easy reach of all to give a mouthful of grass to the cow; it is within easy reach of all to give, while taking food, a handful to the mendicant; it is easy for all to speak gently.

If you give a grain of sesamum seed to a saint, you get prosperity here and bliss hereafter; if you give the earth's weight of gold to a fool, you lose all here and get nothing in the hereafter.

The body is the temple, the heart is the innost shrine, the mouth is the tower at the gate; to the enlightened, the Jīva is the blissful Lord, and the five senses are the lamps of knowledge.

Let high heavens roar forth in thunders, let the wide ocean swell forth in storm, let the forest blaze forth in flames, let the whirlwinds tempestuous blow, ah! even then I will seek the Lord by one-pointed meditation.

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE

From an Indian View-Point

(*Continued from p.* 64)

IDEALISM (Advaita) is the knowledge that "I am God" (*aham brahmāsmi*) or, as the German mystic Angelus Silesius has put it: "without me God could not subsist for one moment" (*Ohn' mich könnt' Gott nicht einen Nu bestehen*), *i.e.*, the knowledge that, although as an individual I am a part of the world, yet there is a something in me which is beyond space, time, and plurality, and therefore identical with the essence of all beings.

Now, as already explained, the poem *Prometheus* is, in a certain respect, the expression of a positive religious feeling, a half-conscious 'I am Brahman'. And this Prometheus feeling in Goethe reached a more philosophical aspect in the course of time.

In the *Ultimatum* composed in 1822 Goethe calls out to the materialistic men of science:

Ihr folget falscher Spur;
Glaubt nicht, wir scherzen!
Ist nicht der Kern der Natur
Menschen im Herzen?

You follow a false track; do not think we are jesting! Is not the kernel of Nature in the heart of man?

In another poem of Goethe's, *The Wise and the People*, (*Die Weisen und die Leute*) the latter ask:

Was aber ist Unendlichkeit?
But what is infinity?

To which one of the sages (Parmenides) answers:

Wie kannst du dich so quälen!
Geh in dich selbst! Entbehrst du drin

Unendlichkeit in Geist und Sinn,
So ist dir nicht zu helfen!

Why do you so much torment yourself! Enter into your self! If you do not find there infinity in spirit and mind, then there is no hope for you!

This we may parallel with such sayings as *Kāṭhaka Upaniṣad*, II. 20:

Aṇor aṇiyān mahato mahiyān ātmāsya jantor nihito guhāyām.

Smaller than the smallest, *bigger than the biggest*: thus the Self is dwelling in the heart of this creature.

And the same idea is thus expressed in one of the latest poems of Goethe's entitled *The Legacy* (1829):

Das Wahre war schon längst gefunden,
Hat edle Geisterschaft verbunden,
Das alte Wahre, fass es an!
Verdank es, Erdensohn dem Weisen,
Der ihr, die Sonne zu umkreisen,
Und dem Geschwister wies die Bahn.
Sofort nun wende dich nach innen,
Das Centrum findest du da drinnen,
Woran kein Edler zweifeln mag.

Truth connecting noble souls had already been found a long time ago; ancient Truth, lay hold of it! Son of the earth, give thanks for it to the wise one who commanded her to turn round the sun and showed the course also to the sister (the moon). *And now, at once, turn inwards: thou wilt find the centre there; no noble man can doubt that.*

Still more distinctly the idea of the oneness of Ātman and Brahman, soul and God, comes out in a stanza of a somewhat earlier date (*Zahme Xenien* III):

Wär' nicht das Auge sonnenhaft,
Die Sonne könnt' es nie erblicken;
Läg' nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,
Wie könnt' uns Göttliches entzücken?

Were not the eye sun-like, never would it behold the sun; were not in us God's own power, how could we be charmed by the divine?

The consequence, however, of this teaching, playing such an eminent part in the East (the doctrine of Māyā or the unreality of the world) is almost entirely absent from Goethe's works. This must, I believe, be attributed to his deep affection for nature. Yet, at the end of that work

which he himself considers his ripest production and his very life-work, at the end of *Faust* we read:

> Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis.
> Every thing transient is only a simile.

Further, in the *Epirrhema*, the oneness and absolute inseparability of the visible universe and its invisible essence having been asserted, Nature is called a "true illusion" and a "serious play":

> Freut euch des wahren Scheins,
> Euch des ernsten Spieles.[1]

And in *All-Life* we have the idea of Māyā in the contrast of two similes: God is said there to give *life's* simile by the image of the *gnat—i.e.*, the play or the dance of the *gnats*: transitory, substanceless, a mere spectacle; and a simile of *Himself* by the eyes of our lover, *i.e.*, by the eternally inconceivable, complete self-renunciation and self-oblivion shining forth from the eye of true love.

Another idealistic (advaitic) feature in the works of Goethe is the firmness with which he emphasises over and over again the absolute transcendentality of God, notwithstanding his immanence.

Speaking about the name of God, Goethe says to Eckermann:

> People treat Him as if *the unconceivable, absolutely unimaginable highest being* (das unbegreifliche, gar nicht auszudenkende höchste Wesen) were not much more than their equal. Else they would not say: the Lord, the *dear* God, the *good* God. He becomes to them, particularly to the clergymen who talk of Him every day, a phrase, a mere name by which, indeed, they really do not think any thing at all. *Were they penetrated by His greatness*, they would grow dumb and not dare to name Him for veneration.

Again, in the famous dialogue on God, between Faust and Margarete, the unconceivableness of God is most emphatically expressed, and that in a way which reminds

[1] Cf. *Bṛhadāraṇyaka-Upaniṣad* I. 6, 3: *Amṛtaṁ satyena channam*, "the immortal hidden by reality (existence)" and the frequent designation of Māyā as sad-asat 'being—non-being'.

one very much of the Buddha's way of deciding the question concerning the nature of the deceased Tathāgata, and, further, the knowing one will easily discover in it the Vedāntic assertion of the oneness of the soul and God, *Ātman and Brahman*:

Margarete: "..... Glaubst du an Gott?"
Faust: "Mein Liebchen, wer darf sagen:
Ich glaub' an Gott?
Magst Priester oder Weise fragen
Und ihre Antwort scheint nur Spott
Über den Frager zu sein."
Margarete: "So glaubst du nicht?"
Faust:... "Misshör' mich nicht, du holdes Angesicht!
Wer darf ihn nennen
Und wer bekennen:
Ich glaub' ihn?
Wer empfinden
Und sich unterwinden,
Zu sagen: ich glaub' ihn nicht?
Der Allumfasser,
Der Allerhalter,
Fasst und erhält er nicht
Dich, mich, sich selbst?
Wölbt sich der Himmel nicht dadroben?
Liegt die Erde nicht hierunten fest?
Und steigen freundlich blickend
Ewige Sterne nicht herauf?
Schau ich nicht Aug' in Auge dir,
Und drängt nicht Alles
Nach Haupt und Herzen dir,
Und webt in ewigen Geheimnis
Unsichtbar, sichtbar neben dir?
Erfüll davon dein Herz, so gross es ist,
Und wenn du ganz in dem Gefühle selig bist,
Nenn' es dann, wie du willst,
Nenn's Glück! *Herz*! Liebe! *Gott*!
Ich habe keinen Namen
Dafür! Gefühl ist Alles;
Name ist Schall und Rauch,
Umnebelnd Himmelsglut."

Margaret: ..... "Doest thou believe in God?
Faust: My darling, who dares say:
Yes, I in God believe?
Question a priest or sage, and they
Seem, in the answer you receive,
To mock the questioner.
Margaret: Then thou dost not believe!
Faust: Sweet one! my meaning do not misconceive!
Him who dare name

And who proclaim:
Him I believe?
Who that can feel,
His heart can steel,
To say: I believe him not?
The All-embracer,
All-sustainer,
Holds and sustains he not
Thee, me, himself?
Lifts not the Heaven its dome above?
Doth not the firm-set earth beneath us lie?
And beaming tenderly with looks of love,
Climb not the everlasting stars on high?
Do I not gaze into thine eyes?[1]
Nature's impenetrable agencies,
Are they not thronging on thy heart and brain,
Viewless, or visible to mortal ken,
Around thee weaving their mysterious chain?
Fill thence thy heart, how large soever it be;
And in the feeling when thou utterly art blest,
Then call it, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! *Heart*! Love! *God*![2]
I have no name for it!
'T is feeling all;
Name is but sound and smoke[3]
Shrouding the glow of heaven.'[4]

Very remarkable too, from the idealistic (advaita) point of view, is the following stanza of Goethe's on the Self (Âtman):[5]

Ihr sucht die Menschen zu benennen
Und glaubt am Namen sie zu kennen.
Wer tiefer sieht, gesteht sich frei,
Es ist *was Anonymes* dabei.

You try to find a *name* for men, and believe you know them by their names. He who looks deeper, freely confesses to himself that there is *something anonymous* in it.

The "anonymous" is the Self in the Indian sense, *i. e.*, soul and God at once, and therefore necessarily "beyond the realm of thought and speech"—(Upaniṣads).

[1] *i.e.*, Is not the look connecting our souls a proof of their being one with each other and with God?
[2] Âtman, Brahman.
[3] Cf. Chândogya-Upaniṣad vi, 1; *Vâcârambhanam vikârah.*
[4] Translation by Anna Swanwick.
[5] With which may be compared Goethe's objection to Kant, quoted below, and the saying to Kanzler Müller on the *Urtypus* (Vogel, Selbstzeugnisse, p. 60).

But the predominant view of Goethe is not the idealistic antithesis of Self and World, as we find it, *e. g.*, in the Sâṃkhya system and in the Śaṅkara-Advaita; it is, on the contrary, the *standpoint of identity* seemingly opposed to the former: *the pantheistic idea of the All in One.*

God is the world, the world is God—this point of view, with all its uncertainties and forebodings, has best suited the poetical mind of Goethe. He likes to look at *the world as the manifestation of God*, and so to use for both the one word *God-Nature.*

Meditating on the skull of Schiller he exclaims: "What more can man gain in life, but that God-Nature manifests Herself to him, how She makes the solid to dissolve into spirit, how She keeps solid that which is spirit-born?"

Was kann der Mensch im Leben mehr gewinnen,
Als dass sich Gott-natur ihm offenbare,
Wie sie das Feste lässt zu Geist verrinnen,
Wie sie das Geisterzeugte fest bewahre.

And in *Faust* listening at the bosom of nature he whispers:

Wie alles sich zum Ganzen webt!
Eins in dem Andern wirkt und lebt!
Wie Himmelskräfte auf und nieder steigen
Und sich die goldnen Eimer reichen!

How all things are weaving themselves into one whole!
How one is working and living in the other!
How celestial powers are rising and descending, interchanging the golden buckets!

Again, in the *Epirrhema* we read:

Müsset im Naturbetrachten
Immer Eins wie alles achten,
Nichts ist drinnen, nichts ist draussen;
Denn was innen, das ist aussen.

In contemplating Nature thou must always look at the one as at the all; nothing is inside, nothing is outside; for what is inside, that is outside!

And in the *Prooemion* our poet says:

In Namen Dessen, der sich selbst erschuf,
Von Ewigkeit in schaffendem Beruf;

.....

Was wär ein Gott, der nur von aussen stiesse;
Im Kreis das All am Finger laufen liesse!
Ihm ziemt's, die Welt im Innern zu bewegen,
Natur in sich, sich in Natur zu hegen.

In the name of Him who created Himself from eternity according to His creating profession.....What were a God who would only push from outside, and make the universe revolve at his finger! Him it behoves to move the world in the interior, foster Nature within Himself, Himself in Nature!

Characteristic is Eckermann's little tale:

People had lately brought me a nest of young hedge-sparrows together with one of the parents. Now I had to admire how the bird not only continued feeding its young ones in the room, but it even, let out through the window, came back again to them. A love like this, overcoming danger and captivity deeply moved my heart, and to-day I expressed to Goethe my astonishment at it. "Foolish fellow," he answered with a significant smile, "if you believed in God, you would not wonder!..... Did not God animate the bird with this almighty impulse towards its little ones, and if the same did not take place with all living beings of the whole creation, then the world could not exist! Thus, however, divine force is spread everywhere and the eternal love is effective everywhere."

The most magnificent expression of Goethe's pantheism is *Ganymed*, a poem of about the time of the *Limits of Mankind*. Ganymed, the favorite of the Gods, was taken away to heaven by Zeus as an eagle: with this idea in the background, the poem is meant to represent the poet's ardent longing for liberation (*mokṣa*) in the sense of a union with God-Nature.

The poem begins with an address to spring:

Wie im Morgenglanze
Du rings mich anglühst,
Frühling, Geliebter!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne
Sich an mein Herz drängt
Deiner ewigen Wärme
Heilig Gefühl,
Unendliche Schöne!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht
In diesen Arm!

How, in the splendor of morning, thou art glowing on me from every side, O Spring, beloved one; with thousandfold

delight of love is thronging on my heart the holy feeling, the infinite beauty of thy eternal warmth! oh that I might keep thee within this arm of mine!

Ach, an deinem Busen
Lieg ich, schmachte,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras
Drängen sich an mein Herz.
Du kühlst den brennenden
Durst meines Busens,
Lieblicher Morgenwind,
Ruft drein die Nachtigall
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.
Ich komm; ich komme!
Wohin? Ach wohin?

Ay, at thy bosom I lie, languishing, and thy flowers, thy grass are thronging upon my heart. Thou coolest the burning thirst of my bosom, lovely morning wind, when the nightingale is calling out its love-cry for me from out the the misty valley. I am coming, I am coming! Whither? Ah, whither?

Hinauf! Hinauf strebt's.
Es schweben die Wolken
Abwärts, die Wolken
Neigen sich der sehnenden Liebe.
Mir! Mir!
In eurem Schoosse
Aufwärts!
Umfangend umfangen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
Allliebender Vater!

Upwards! upwards it is striving. The clouds are hovering downwards, the clouds are coming to meet the yearning love. To me! To me! Upwards in your lap! Embracing, embraced! Upwards to thy bosom, all-loving father!

It is, I believe, a most interesting fact that, although Goethe was not acquainted with the *Indian* version of the myth of Ganymedes,[1] his poem has a more intimate relation to it than to the Greek one. The latter is purely æsthetical and sensual; Zeus kidnaps Ganymedes because he wants the beautiful youth as his cup-bearer. Goethe turns the story into the mystical: he sees only the wonderful idea of the *unio mystica*, the melting away of man

[1] This myth is probably of Indo-European origin, though the similarity of the names *Kāṇva Mēdhātithi* and *Ganymēdēs* is apparently but accidental. Otherwise the Greek story must be secondary, for the Indian name is all right but the Greek one is problematical.

into God. And the Indian version[1] makes God (Indra) carry off the young bard because of his fervent devotion, and make Himself known to him during the flight to heaven in a dialogue which belongs to the most beautiful productions of Indian literature.[2]

With regard to Indian thought, then, Goethe's theological standpoint may be briefly characterised as follows:

Theism (Dvaita), *i.e.*, the assertion that God is both transcendent and personal, was early abandoned by him and so much abhorred later on as unworthy of God that he would prefer even the polytheist to the theist.[3]

Pantheism (Viśiṣṭādvaita) which denies that God-Nature (to use a term of Goethe himself) has an inside and outside, or—especially when accused of materialism or atheism—designates the world as a self-expression, the visibleness, or body, as it were, of God,[4] was the view to which Goethe felt most attracted, owing to his joy of action and attachment to "this beautiful world".[5]

Idealism (Advaita), where the reality of the many is renounced for the absoluteness of the One, is in Goethe's writings like a beautiful star which alternately appears to our sight and disappears, sometimes invisible for a long time, sometimes hardly visible, sometimes visible in all its brilliancy.

Goethe's idealism was confined to his feeling, to momentary flashes rather than to any logical insight, whereas

[1] Preserved in the *Bāṣkalamantra-Upaniṣad* (published with a *Vṛtti* in the Descriptive Catalogue of the Sanskrit Manuscripts in the Adyar Library, Vol. I, Appendix) and in certain traces in the Saṃhitā and Brāhmaṇa literature.

[2] I have collected some *data* for an article on 'Ganymedes in the West and East'. The Upaniṣad will also be translated and explained by me in Vol. IV of the Upaniṣad edition now under preparation. For a German translation of it (made from the Latin translation of the Persian translation and consequently not altogether satisfactory) see Deussen, Sechzig Upanishads des Veda, p. 838 fll.

[3] Cf. the poem *Gross ist die Diana der Epheser*, etc.

[4] Cf. Goethe's saying (Vogel, Selbstzeugnisse, p. 35): "To speak of God and Nature as of different things, is as difficult and dangerous as if we think separately of the body and the soul. Neither can we have a knowledge of the soul without the mediation of the body, nor of God unless we understand nature. Therefore it seems to me absurd to accuse those of absurdity who by a highly philosophical argumentation unite God with the world." (original Latin.)

[5] Letter to Lavater (Vogel loc. cit. p. 81).

he was a pantheist both in feeling and thinking. Sometimes he felt inclined to attack idealism, confounding it with theism. This insecurity of attitude becomes intelligible if we realise that idealism is at one with pantheism in asserting that there is nothing but God, and with theism in the thesis that God is not the world but above nature, *i.e.*, transcendent.[1] The former idea was welcome to Goethe, the latter he struggled against in vain.

This conflict, in Goethe, between pantheism and idealism (of which he was, as a rule, not conscious) finds an interesting expression in his relation to his old friend F. Jacobi, one of the most eminent philosophers of the age of Kant. Jacobi had, under the influence of Kant, attained to a standpoint which is commonly spoken of as theism by historians of philosophy, but is essentially idealism. Jacobi's God is 'pretermundane' and without any causal relation to the world, though the latter has no existence independent of God. The theological theories of creation and miracles and the 'natural history of the Absolute' (of Schelling, etc.) are therefore equally wrong to him because they involve God into time and cause and effect, thus making Him relative and limited. According to Jacobi, God is so incomprehensible that we can merely say *that*, but never *what*, He is. He reveals Himself within us through immediate intuition, but not at all in the outer world.

No wonder, then, that Goethe, whose favorite idea it was that God reveals himself in the whole world, outer and inner, did not feel quite comfortable when Jacobi began to expound his views. When Jacobi's book *On Divine Things and Their Revelation* had appeared, which was mainly intended as a protest against the *System of Identity* (*i.e.*, of God and the world),[2] *i.e.*, pantheism, Goethe wrote in his diary:

[1] The mutual relation of the three Darçanas is easily understood if we bear in mind that God is (1) transcendent and personal in theism; (2) immanent and impersonal in pantheism; (3) transcendent and impersonal in idealism. This explains also why Christian theologians are, as a rule, more inclined to tolerate or even accept idealism than pantheism. The personality of God in Rāmānuja's system is an inconsequence.

[2] Not to be confounded with the Indian *Advaita*, which means also *identity* (*a-dvaita=non-two-ness*) but refers to the oneness, in the highest sense, of the Self and God.

'Jacobi, On divine things' did not suit me well. How could the book of this dearly beloved friend be welcome to me where I had to see the thesis established: 'Nature hides God'!.....However, I did not indulge in any painful indignation, but rather saved myself into my old asylum and found my daily entertainment, for several weeks, in the Ethics of Spinoza.

For several weeks! Surely, the impression of Jacobi's book cannot well have been a weak one. And the cure, by means of Spinoza, did not after all prove radical. Over and over again idealism looks forth from the writings of the old poet, though he could never resolve to give up his pantheistic stronghold. And possibly his attitude was not so far wrong. For it is a great question whether we are entitled to transcend the knowledge that there is nothing but God, and should not rather conclude from its contradictory nature that we have reached with it the borders of our understanding, which cannot be transgressed except by mysticism. Goethe's objection to Kant is:

We should not speak of 'things-in-themselves' but of the One-in-itself.....But to speak of this One—who is capable to do so?[1]

To the *intimate contact with nature* Goethe had actually reached, he bears himself testimony in a letter to Frau von Stein:

How readable the book of nature becomes to me, I cannot express to you.

And this is borne out by many an accident of his life, one of which at least may be related here in conclusion of our account of Goethe's idea of God-Nature.

One night Goethe was found lying in his iron trucklebed, which he had rolled to the window in order to watch the sky. He said that somewhere a big earthquake was going on, and he persisted in his opinion, though the others were unable to perceive anything. Several weeks later the news came that on that very night a part of Messina had been destroyed by an earthquake.

(*To be concluded.*)

Dr. F. Otto Schrāder

[1] Dialogue with Riemer, Vogel, loc. cit., p. 45.



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

The Lives of Alcyone

XVII

THE car of Juggernaut (properly Jagannāth, the Lord of the World), in the town of Puri on the Bay of Bengal, is famous in every civilised country, and we were regaled in our nurseries upon gruesome stories of the iniquities connected with it. Why so much excitement was aroused by the garbled accounts of it given by early missionaries, it is somewhat difficult to say, for not even the most bigoted sectarian could pretend that all the

slaughter which the temple of Jagannāṭh has seen since its foundation equals in horror and cruelty one day of the ghastly tortures of the Christian Inquisition. But nevertheless Jagannāṭh has a world-wide reputation, and there seems reason to suppose that, though it by no means deserves it now, it may have done so some thousands of years ago. The glimpse which we had of its methods at the close of the tenth life of this series prepares us to find that unpleasant practices were still going on there in 10,429 B. C., when Alcyone was born at a coast-town called Kanura, only a few miles from Puri.

His father Bṛhaspaṭi had been a great Āryan leader, but now that the invading bands had reached the sea, he had become both a law-giver and a chief priest to his people, and had a great reputation as a wise and holy man, full of devotion. Alcyone's mother in this life was Uranus, a very earnest and devoted woman. The eldest children of this couple were two sisters, twins, Neptune and Siwa, and these two had a great influence over Alcyone. Mizar also appears as a sister, four years younger than Alcyone, whom he loved and protected; and Mizar was devoted to him in return.

Alcyone was earnest, eager, and easily impressible. He responded at once to true affection, but shrank into stolidity if treated unkindly. He had an intense admiration for his father, his mother and his elder sisters. He was extremely sensitive, and to some extent psychic and clairvoyant when young—sufficiently so at least to see nature-spirits and sometimes to hear voices, especially one which occasionally gave him counsel at crises in his life. He was always very fond of the sea, and was perpetually swimming in it, or rowing or sailing on it; and as a small boy he would have liked nothing better than to be a sailor. On one occasion he was some distance out in a small boat with a clumsy sail, when he was caught by a sudden squall of great severity. The people watching

on shore thought that he must inevitably be lost, but just at the critical moment the voice told him to keep his presence of mind, and gave him directions what to do, so that he brought in his boat in safety, in a way which could not have been surpassed by the most experienced seaman, and by the use of a manœuvre of which few would have thought.

He was much interested in all religious ceremonies, and performed them very solemnly and effectively. His father, seeing this, was encouraged to hope that he might have the priestly vocation, which was the dearest wish of his heart for him. The boy was delighted at the idea, and his sisters also encouraged it, so he was entered as a novice, and was very proud of it. His life in the temple was very pleasant to him, for all the priests were attracted by his charming ways, and thus every one helped him and made his work easy. The religion seems to have been principally Sun-worship, and it is curious to note that they spoke of their Deity always as the "Sea-born Sun". When Alcyone came to man's estate he married Ajax, and in the course of the years had a family of twelve children, a list of whom will be found at the end of this chapter. It should be noted that his daughter, Albireo died while quite a young woman.

In the neighboring town of Puri there was still a great centre of one of the forms of the old Atlantean religion of the darker sort—the worship of an entity which required human sacrifices, but in return for them seems to have displayed a large number of manifestations of various kinds which were popularly regarded as miracles. Because of these marvellous results, members of Bṛhaspaṭi's band were occasionally drawn away to follow the priests of this magic, much to their leader's sorrow, for he regarded all members of the band which he had led into India as though they were his children, so that this other temple was a considerable source of annoyance to him, and among his immediate followers there was

a very strong feeling against it. Alcyone, who had an inquiring turn of mind, was very curious about anything in the way of phenomena, and once paid a visit to this temple, on the occasion of a certain festival on which there was to be a special display. His handsome appearance attracted the notice of one of the priests there, who made persistent efforts to gain some control over him. He successfully resisted these with some assistance and advice from his father, but found them exceedingly trying. The voice which occasionally intervened in his affairs seems to have been that of a kindred spirit, for it on several occasions suggested lines of investigation, and put him upon the track of all sorts of curious and out-of-the-way things.

On one occasion this voice gave him the startling information that there were people living in the interior of the earth, and when he developed a keen interest in this it offered to give him ocular demonstration of the fact by leading him to a certain cave by which he would gain admission into their dwelling-place—or rather, as was represented, one of their dwelling-places. He very eagerly accepted this offer, but it was unfortunately coupled with a condition that he should tell no one of the expedition, if he wished to undertake it. He doubted much as to the wisdom of this course, but eventually his curiosity was too strong for his prudence, and he resolved to make the journey and attempt to verify the statement, but stipulated that a certain bosom friend, Demeter, should be allowed to accompany him.

Demeter was another young priest, a son of one of the chief priests of the same temple; and the original reason of the bond between them was that Demeter also could see nature-spirits, and could sometimes hear the same inner voice.

This stipulation seemed for some time to be an insuperable difficulty, but eventually the mysterious inner voice yielded on that point—only, however, on condition that

both the young men took a specially solemn vow that they would tell no one of their journey nor indicate to anyone else the way which was to be shown to them. In compliance with the terms of this agreement they had to pretend to set forth in 10,402 upon a pilgrimage to certain northern shrines; that is to say, the pilgrimage was genuine enough, for they really visited the shrines, but the true object of the expedition was known to none but those who undertook it. The journey which they had to take was a long one for those days, and occupied some months, but in due course and after many adventures they found themselves in the neighborhood of the spot that had been indicated to them.

The inner voice would not permit them to take with them any servant or attendant for the final effort, but directed them to provide themselves with food for many days, and also with a supply of torches to light them during their exploration. With considerable trouble they found the entrance to a cavern which was apparently quite unknown to the tribes living in the neighborhood. They entered it with considerable misgivings, not caring, when it came to the point, to trust themselves in its intricacies, for indeed it seemed to be a perfect labyrinth. For a long time it led them merely into the heart of the mountain, without making any specially appreciable descent, but eventually the course of the naturally-arched passage which they had been directed to follow turned very steeply downwards, and they had to do an amount of downward climbing which was exceedingly awkward and perilous for them, hampered as they were with bundles of torches and packages of food.

How far down they actually penetrated they had no means of knowing, nor could they estimate with any sort of accuracy the time which the descent occupied, but their underground journey must have been altogether a matter of many days. They suffered a good deal from the pressure of the atmosphere, which was very great at that depth, and

very alarming to them, as of course they did not in the least understand it. The temperature also increased slightly, but not seriously enough to interfere in any way with their advance, though the conditions made the violent exertion of progress over so very rough a road exceedingly trying. They had many narrow escapes, more than once only just avoiding serious accidents. Though they knew nothing of such matters, it seems probable that they were travelling down a kind of fault or fissure, which may perhaps have been caused by an earthquake, or possibly by some volcanic outburst of long ago. Fortunately, plenty of water was usually available, although once or twice in that confined and heated atmosphere they suffered considerably from the want of it.

After a long time spent in this slow progress they became conscious of a faint and inexplicable luminosity in the heavy atmosphere which surrounded them, and presently they came out into a cavity so vast that they were unable to see its limits. It seemed to be full of this curious pale radiance, by means of which, however, they were able to see distinctly enough to dispense altogether with the torches. Their eyes required a great deal of adjustment to this extraordinary light, so that for some time they could not at all calculate the distance of objects, and met with some awkward falls in consequence. Everything felt abnormally heavy to them, and every motion seemed somehow a violent effort. They soon discovered that this enormous cavity was inhabited not only by animals but also by human beings, though these last were in various ways unlike any others that they had ever seen. The impression conveyed to them was that the inhabitants of this strange inner world had at some time or other in the far past belonged to the outer, though it would appear that the people themselves held rather the opposite idea, and thought of themselves as original, and of those who had escaped into the outer world as men upon whom some dismal fate had fallen.

The men whom they saw were wild-looking, and somehow indescribably strange and inhuman. They seemed to

constitute a numerous community, and there were many things about them which were entirely inexplicable to our explorers. They had no means of communicating with them, except by gestures, but it was evident that their arrival excited great wonder. If these primitive cave-men had ever had communication with any humanity on the surface of the earth it must have been very long ago, for their characteristics at this day differed widely from those of any of the known races.

The utter strangeness of everything daunted the spirits of our explorers, and although their interest was naturally intense they often wished that they had never undertaken the adventure. The life in the midst of which they found themselves was in so many ways quite incomprehensible to them. The inner voice directed them only occasionally, and they had no means of obtaining the information on hundreds of points which they were naturally so eager to acquire. They were unable to form any opinion as to the nature of the diffused radiance which filled the vast cavern. The vegetables which grew in it, and the animals which moved among them were alike strange to them. The people seemed to be in many ways what we should call savages, for they had no visible dwellings of any sort, nor was it clear that they engaged in any definite work, such for example as the cultivation of their soil. They appeared to live partly upon the flesh of certain semi-reptilian animals which they caught, and partly upon a huge fungoid growth which was exceedingly common, a sort of gigantic toadstool.

Our adventurers shrank with horror from the reptilian form of food, which the inhabitants devoured raw—indeed there was nothing whatever to show that they knew of fire in any of its forms—but since the stores which our friends had brought with them were running low, and they had no certainty of being able to replenish them, they did eat the fungus, and found it to be sustaining, though far from palatable. It seemed to have a curious

exhilarating or almost intoxicating effect upon their unaccustomed organisms.

The people were evidently greatly astonished to see their visitors, and indeed at first fled from them in fear, but presently they ventured to approach and examine them more closely. Nothing in the nature of clothing was seen, and the color of the people was an unpleasant and curious livid kind of lead-color, probably produced by this strange diffused light. Women were seen among them and also large numbers of children. They may have been a remnant of some early Lemurian race, for they had many of the characteristics of the blue egg-headed people, who at one time occupied a considerable portion of the Lemurian continent. Among other things, they were now somewhat below the ordinary height of men, though broad and squat in appearance, whereas the ancient Lemurian races from which they might have sprung were distinctly taller and looser in build than the men of later races. If, however, they did originally come from that stock, they must have been considerably modified by long ages of sojourn under these unearthly conditions. They may have belonged to a different evolution altogether, or perhaps to that of the Inner Round, in which case they would afford an opportunity of human incarnation to those individualised animals for whom there is now no humanity sufficiently primitive on the surface of the earth.

These people still exist at the present day. There are many of these cavities, and some of them are peopled by tribes much more advanced than those encountered by our adventurers. The mental body of these people is not at all highly developed. Their speech is an unholy compound of clicks and grunts, helped out with a good deal of clumsy gesture. No ceremonies have so far been observed among them. Marriage is between one man and one woman in many cases, but in other cases not. There seems no sign of rank, nor any kind of government—indeed, there is nothing to govern. Sometimes there are

quarrels, but all on a small scale. As regards property, they may be said to own some sort of weapons. The majority of them have no clothing. There is no day and night with them; they mostly throw themselves down to sleep after taking a meal. The children sometimes amuse themselves with dances. There are plenty of rivers, and the people swim in them in a curious dog-like fashion.

Our two friends abode among these extraordinary savages for a period which, measured by day and night, would have been perhaps a couple of weeks. Their difficulties were considerable, and a great portion of each day had to be devoted to sleep, as they never both slept at the same time, feeling it always necessary that one should be on the watch. The savages seemed to have no evil intentions towards them, and indeed to be on the whole rather afraid of them, though full of curiosity, but at the same time they could not trust them, and it is also certain that some of the reptiles were carnivorous, and probably poisonous. There was a good deal of vegetation, especially in the neighborhood of water; nothing of any great size, except what might be called a sort of gigantic grass, a kind of bamboo which could not support itself, but crept along the ground. There were also spiky plants of the general appearance of aloes, and various kinds of cactus and rushes and sedges and that kind of thing, but all of a curious bleached unhealthy color, many of them darkish, but none really green.

After they had become somewhat accustomed to this weird and uncomfortable condition of affairs, the voice directed Alcyone and his friend to proceed straight out into the cavity and to walk for many hours in a straight line, leaving the great wall, through a hole in which they had come. They soon lost sight of the wall in this curious diffused luminosity, and felt strangely lost in this nightmare of a world, with no certainty of getting out of it again. But they continued walking, in spite of the difficulties of the atmosphere, and at last came upon

a different type of people, who by comparison with the others might be said to be quite advanced, for they had places to live in, though they were only hollowed out of the ground—chambers in the rock. But these people had matting, something like kadjan, which they wove. They did not seem to know fire, but they may be said to have kept domestic animals. They had a kind of goat, of which they drank the milk. Their settlement was pitched round a number of boiling springs or geysers, and in these boiling springs they cooked the flesh of their goats, also that of some turtle-like creatures. It may have been the same race, but it was certainly a stage further advanced. They could draw to a certain extent, and also they engraved or scratched signs upon the rocks according to some very primitive scheme, consisting entirely of round impressions (cup-shaped marks) arranged in a form which signified something—so many in a straight line meaning one thing, and so many arranged in an angle something else. These were not letters, but ideograms, or signs for certain things. The marks were produced by grinding a sharpened edge into the rock. They had thus a series of intelligible signs, but no idea beyond the making of these round depressions.

They made also a kind of string or rope out of their reeds, and the women were beginning to wear colored stones. Our friends came in one place upon a kind of pocket of precious stones, and carried them away with them—very fine specimens, splendid gems, which proved on their return to the upper world to be of very great rarity. These people, who might be said to be a little more advanced, sometimes smeared themselves with color, for there was colored mud to be found in connexion with the boiling springs. We noticed a sort of rose-color, green, and yellow (which may have been sulphur); it was something like the "paint-pots" in the Yellowstone Park. To scoop out the mud these people used flat stones.

Eventually our friends found their way back, with great difficulty, to the hole by which they had entered the cavity. They had still some of their original food, though it was hard and dry, and they also took with them some of the fungus. They made a fresh bundle of torches out of the bamboo, but they were not satisfactory, as they often went out. However, they were able to relight them, as they carried with them the primitive instrument for fire-making which they had brought with them—a stick and string and a little cup. At last they struggled up to the surface again, but with very great difficulty in climbing, and came out into the daylight dazzled and bewildered. Indeed, they had to remain in the cavern for more than a day, in order to get their eyes gradually used to the daylight. They had a curious feeling of sickness, arising apparently from the change in the density of the air; this sickness lasted for a good many hours, but they were thankful indeed to get back again.

The voice told Alcyone that this experience was necessary for him, that now he had a wider knowledge of the possibilities of life and evolution, so that he might understand and sympathise more fully, and that later on he would know more about all this. But now he was to go home again, to rejoin his family, and to prepare himself for another great trial which was to come. The two friends agreed to say nothing of their story anywhere in the places through which they passed, but to reserve all mention of it until they reached home. There they told the story to Alcyone's father and the family circle. The father said: "Yes, there is a tradition, not among us, but among the Atlanteans, of such underground races of men." Something of the story was also told by Demeter to some other people outside; but they supposed it to be mere fabrication. The family of course knew it to be true, and fully realised what a wonderful experience it was.

Alcyone did well in the temple life, and held some offices important for one so young. As time went on he more and more helped his father in his work, and the father grew to rely more and more upon him, the affection between them becoming steadily stronger. He also, in addition, obtained some recognition and fame on his own account. In 10,387 the great sorrow of his life came to him. He undertook a journey to visit some distant shrines in the south, on the sites of those now called Rāmeshvaram and Shrīrangam. His sons, Helios and Achilles, now splendid young men of twenty, begged to accompany him, and he and Ajax agreed, thinking that the experience of the voyage would be of interest to them. He took ship in a trading vessel, a large one for those times, and thus he commenced a leisurely voyage down the coast, calling at various ports on the way.

The interest of the voyage was great, and father and sons enjoyed it; but after they had been some weeks on their way a fearful storm arose, and lasted for many days, sweeping them far out of their course into quite unknown seas, and reducing their ship to a helpless wreck, leaking in the most serious manner. They drifted for days in a desperate condition, keeping the vessel afloat only by constant work, so that all, sailors and passengers alike, were absolutely worn out. When they were at the very last point of exhaustion they saw land ahead of them, which heartened them to make a final effort to keep afloat and to try somehow to reach it. The direction of their drift appeared to be carrying them some miles to the north of the land, which was only an island of no great size. They debated the advisability of casting themselves into the sea, but they were too weak to swim, and a number of sharks were already following the drifting vessel. They thought of breaking up some part of the ship and making a kind of rough raft, but while they were feebly trying this they saw a fleet of

canoes put off from the shore. Soon they were surrounded by a horde of shrieking savages, who greeted them with a shower of arrows, and then sprang on board and massacred the exhausted Indians with clubs.

Alcyone's sons were murdered before his eyes, and he himself was also struck down, though only stunned. When he came to himself the savages were looting the ship; as soon as he was seen to be alive a savage rushed at him to kill him, but another, who seemed to be in authority, interfered, and he was bound with a piece of rope, and thrown into one of the canoes. He thought at first that he was the only survivor, and when he remembered the death of his sons, he wished that he had died with them; but presently another living man was discovered, a member of the crew, and he also was bound and thrown into the canoe beside Alcyone. Alcyone had always spoken kindly to the sailors, and was known by them as a holy person, so this man was deeply sorry to see him in such a pass. He had small comfort to give, for he said that, though he did not know exactly where they were, he had but little doubt, from the general direction of the storm, that they had fallen among a set of the most blood-thirsty and ferocious cannibals known.

The savages presently decided to tow the vessel to their island—a proceeding which they accomplished only very slowly, and with a prodigious amount of noise. They succeeded in getting it just within the entrance of a small cove before it actually sank, so that it remained resting on the sand, with its decks just awash. The savages, being expert divers, were able by degrees to break it up, and to take from it all that they considered of value. As soon as they had recovered from the labor of the towing, preparations were made for a great feast. The glad news of the capture of this great store of food was somehow communicated to other parts of the island, apparently by means of columns of smoke, so that

large bodies of savages gathered. The bodies of the Indians who had been killed on board the ship were almost all recovered, and the savages proceeded to build an enormous fire and to cook them. The amount that these cannibals were able to eat was most surprising, and by the end of the second day of the feast they were all in a comatose condition.

They had, however, taken the precaution to secure Alcyone and his sailor companion before they went to sleep. They were kept strongly under guard, but were not otherwise ill-treated, and they were plentifully supplied with food in the shape of a coarse kind of yam. It was painfully evident to the captives that they were being reserved for another day's feasting, and they felt that their only hope of preserving their lives was to escape as soon as possible, and they agreed that they would never be likely to find a better opportunity than this time when all the savages were overcome with heavy sleep. An armed man was guarding the hut into which they had been thrown, but he also had eaten enormously, and they had good reason to hope that presently he might slumber like the rest. Unfortunately they were securely bound, as indeed they had been ever since their capture, their bonds being partially relaxed for a few moments only when food was brought to them. Also they were naked, and entirely without weapons of any kind, everything having been torn away from them.

Alcyone cared little for his life now that his sons were dead, and had he been alone he would probably have made no effort to escape the impending fate; but when he said something of that sort to the sailor, the latter—though speaking very hesitatingly and respectfully—tried to cheer him up, and asked whether there were not other dear ones at home in India for whom it might be worth while to live. This reminded him of his father and mother, his wife and Mizar, and he

thought how sad they would be if death overtook him, so for their sake he roused himself to listen to the plans which the sailor suggested. The first necessity was to get free somehow from their bonds, which were very painful, and it had to be done silently, as the guard was only a few feet from them. The sailor had various schemes, but they all involved springing upon the guard (unless he accommodatingly fell asleep), overbearing or even killing him, and then making a rush for the shore, and seizing the first boat that came in their way; for they agreed that escape inland was an impossibility, as they could never maintain themselves, nor hide themselves from the savages.

Before attempting a hazardous voyage in an open boat a store of provisions was absolutely necessary, and also plenty of water, but they had no idea where to find either of these things, and they were unlikely to have time to search for them. Anyhow the first point was to free themselves from the ropes. As the guard looked in upon them at frequent intervals, this was an undertaking of no slight difficulty. But presently these intervals became longer, and at last he was absent so long that the sailor set to work to gnaw at the rope that bound him to the wall of the hut. After incredible labor he succeeded in severing it; Alcyone tried to do the same, but could make very little progress. The sailor then rolled over to him, and began to gnaw the cord which tied his hands. After a long time and much anxiety this effort was at last successful, though at the cost of great suffering to the sailor; then Alcyone set to work to untie the sailor's bonds, and as soon as that was achieved they were both quickly free, though their limbs were swollen and painful, and they could not use them easily.

After rubbing and chafing each other a little they peeped cautiously out, and saw the sentinel crouched in a heap just before the door of the hut, evidently fast

asleep. No one else seemed to be moving, so with infinite caution, inch by inch, they glided past him, Alcyone picking up the spear which had fallen from his hand and lay beside him. The savages lay about round the ashes of their fires like the dead upon a battle-field and, so far as our adventurers could see, no watch was being kept. They could see nothing eatable anywhere, so they were compelled to enter a hut in search of provisions, and unfortunately in doing this they somehow awoke a woman, who at once raised a warning cry. Two men started up at the door of the hut, and barred their way, but they were still dazed with sleep, and before they could do anything effective Alcyone drove his spear into one of them, while the sailor sprang unarmed upon the other, bore him to the ground, and then stunned him with a blow from his own club. The woman's shouts, however, were awakening more savages, so our heroes started at full speed for the sea. Only one of the foremost cannibals was in time to interpose himself between them and the object of their desires, and the sailor disposed of him with the club, which he still retained. They reached the shore, pushed off hurriedly the smallest of the canoes which they found drawn up on the beach, threw themselves into her, and commenced to paddle with feverish haste. A boat was put off after them, but they had a good start and both of them were expert rowers, so they were able to keep their distance until they got well out to sea. The pursuing boat persevered for some time, but presently, seeing that they did not gain upon the fugitives, the savages gave up the chase with a yell of disgust and hatred, and sent after them a final flight of arrows, one of which wounded the sailor in the leg.

The escape was thus an accomplished fact, but they were entirely without food and water, afloat on a great ocean in a small canoe, with no idea where they were or which way to steer. They knew only that India lay to

the west of them, but they knew also that it must be many hundreds of miles away, and that both wind and waves were carrying them decidedly eastward. They agreed that their only hope was speedily to reach some uninhabited island, for in this part of the world inhabitants meant cannibals. But meantime no island was in sight but that which they had left, to which they dared not return, and they were beginning already to suffer terribly from thirst. Seeing that fish seemed numerous the sailor lay in wait in the bows of the boat, and after several attempts succeeded in spearing one with the weapon which Alcyone had taken from the sentinel. He offered his prize respectfully to Alcyone, who however refused to touch it, as he had never in his life eaten any living creature. When convinced that he would on no account partake of it, the sailor himself devoured it raw.

Shortly afterwards he began to complain of acute shooting pains in his limbs, and of strange lassitude, and presently he laid down his paddle, and collapsed in the bottom of the boat. Alcyone was much concerned, but there was nothing that he could do, and in an hour or so the sailor was dead. Evidently the arrow which had wounded him was poisoned. Alcyone sorrowed greatly for the loss of one who, though so different in rank, had become really a friend in these few days of crowded adventure and excitement. The swollen and puffy body soon showed unmistakable signs that the soul had finally left it, so Alcyone had to throw it overboard, and it drifted in sight of him until it was torn to pieces by sharks.

Night fell, and the wind freshened, and he had great trouble in preventing the swamping of his canoe as the sea rose. Dawn came at last, and he was still afloat, and the sea had gone down somewhat, but his sufferings from thirst were horrible. The day wore slowly on, the wind remaining steady. The heat of the sun was intense, and though he relieved himself a little

by constantly throwing water over his head and body he had a day of great misery. Night came again, and there was at last a little coolness, and as the sea was quiet he had occasional snatches of sleep; but he was nevertheless weak and faint when the second morning dawned. When the sun rose he saw a faint blur of land, ahead of him but to the south, and the sight revived him enough to induce him to make an effort to paddle in that direction. Again he suffered much from the fierce heat of the sun, and the violent exertion of incessant paddling under such conditions; but he did manage to draw steadily nearer to the goal, and at last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, with a final struggle, he ran his canoe on the beach of a tiny island, and threw himself down on the sand.

After a short rest the remorseless glare of the sun forced him, exhausted as he was, to struggle to his feet again, and wander inland in search of water. This he did not at first find, but he saw a grove of cocoanut trees, and contrived to break open some of the fallen fruit, and drank the contents. This refreshed him, and he made further investigations, first securing the boat by drawing it high on the shore, out of reach of the waves. He found a small spring and some fruit-trees—a kind of wild banana and some wood-apples; and he threw himself down in the shade by the spring, and slept the sleep of utter weariness. When he awoke the night had passed, and it was dawn once more. He felt much better, and started to make an exploration of his island. It was very small, but thickly covered with trees, and there was a little spring of good water, so he thought himself fortunate, especially as it seemed to be entirely uninhabited. He soon saw, however, that there was only enough fruit to support him for a very few days, and he debated within himself what he should do. His nautical knowledge told him that India lay to the west, and that it was impossible to reach it, not only because of

the great distance, but also because at this season of the year the prevailing wind and current were unfavorable. He could go only eastwards, and he remembered vaguely that he had heard from sailor friends about these cannibal islands, and that they were much nearer to the east side of the bay than to the Indian coast. He did not in the least know how long it would take him to reach the mainland of the continent, so he felt that he must start as soon as he could, so that his provisions might, if possible, last through the voyage.

He determined to gather all the fruit, store it in his boat, and try to get off the following morning, thus making sure of one more good night's rest. He had the good fortune to find some yams, which added largely to his scanty store, so he finally decided to stay one more day in order to make a rough sail for his canoe by plaiting some palm-leaves. Being entirely naked he had of course no knife with him, but with great trouble he contrived to drag off a stick which would make an apology for a mast, and to tie it in its place in the canoe by knotted cocoanut fibres. His primitive sail had to be attached to the stick in the same manner, and the whole arrangement was absolutely insecure and unsatisfactory. But still he discovered by experiment that it would pull his canoe along as fast as he could paddle it, and that therefore as long as the wind remained very light, it would at least save his arms, or slightly increase his speed. His most serious difficulty was that he had no vessel to carry water. The best that he could do seemed to be to take with him as large a number of cocoanuts as possible, but that number after all was only small, as the canoe was not built to carry much in the way of freight. He took with him then all the fruits and yams that he could find in his tiny territory, and added to this as large a heap of cocoanuts as he thought safe, weighing down his boat nearly to the water's edge.

He started at daybreak the following morning, and found that his sail acted on the whole better than he

expected. He was acutely conscious that at the first real puff of wind the whole thing would infallibly go over. He rowed for an hour or so at intervals, being exceedingly anxious to hasten the voyage as much as possible, and at the same time to economise his strength, because he knew neither how long it would last nor what kind of reception he would be likely to meet with at its end. During the day he made what he felt under the circumstances to be satisfactory progress, and the wind was so gentle and so steady that he was able to doze a good deal during the night. The next morning found him out of sight of his friendly little islet, and entirely alone in the centre of a vast horizon. All day long he moved on, with little of incident to break the monotony, though his store of food and cocoanuts was diminishing with alarming rapidity. Three more days and nights passed without any change worth chronicling, and by this time he had little food or water left, but yet there was no sign of any sort that he was approaching the mainland.

During the next night he was dozing as usual when he was suddenly rudely awakened by the rough movement of the boat, and in a moment found his sail torn away from its mast and carried off into space. It was a squall which lasted only a few minutes, and was accompanied by a heavy shower of rain, but nevertheless it had robbed him at one stroke of his principal means of progression. He still rowed at intervals whenever he felt equal to it, but did not press himself greatly, as he had after all no certain knowledge of the direction in which he had to progress. The next day he suffered greatly from the sun's heat, from which on the previous day the sail had to a certain extent protected him, and as the days passed on, and food and drink entirely failed him, he sank into a sort of stupor of weakness. He was almost too apathetic to be despairing, but he had little hope of escape. One night, whether in dream or in vision he hardly knew, he saw his father Bṛhaspati standing before

him in the boat. He bade him to be of good cheer, since all his suffering was kārmic and he would certainly be saved in the end. This encouraged him greatly and gave him strength to bear up for two days more, and at the end of that time he entirely lost consciousness.

When he recovered it he found himself on board a small trading vessel in a sadly weak and emaciated condition, but still alive and able with great difficulty to move and to speak a little. None of the people of the ship spoke any language which he could understand, and he wondered much how he came to be there, as he found himself unable to recall anything of his past, nor did he even know for the time his own name. The sailors of the little vessel were kind to him in their rough way, and shared with him such coarse food as they had, so that he became slowly somewhat more like himself again, but still he could not recover his memory. The phenomenon was a curious one, for it seemed as though his astral and etheric bodies had been somehow dragged awry by the long-continued suffering, and all his earnest efforts to remember were for the present unsuccessful. He could understand nothing that was said to him, and had to try to communicate with the kindly sailors by means of signs.

After some days they reached a port—a city of some importance, but the place was utterly strange to him, and everyone there spoke this language which he could not understand. The people were not Indians, but were apparently of some Mongoloid race, with a sprinkling of darker men who had probably some relics of Lemurian blood in their veins. He was distinctly therefore a stranger in a strange land, and though his good-natured sailor companions took him before some person who was evidently in authority, and seemed to be explaining his case, he was left quite in ignorance as to what they intended to do with him. It was evident that many questions were put to him, but he could only shake his

head, and indeed he felt that even if the language had been intelligible to him he could have told practically nothing about himself.

He did not of course understand what was passing, but it afterwards transpired that he had been assigned practically as a kind of slave to a certain man who employed him to do light work in his fields. He did willingly enough such work as was assigned to him, feeling grateful for the food and lodging accorded to him, and realising that, unless he himself could remember something more clearly, he must just take anything which came in his way. To speak of his recovering his memory is perhaps too definite an expression, for he did not actually realise that there was any memory to recover. He was intellectually conscious that he must have had a past, just as other people had, but it simply seemed to be missing.

By slow degrees he began to understand a little of the language of the people, though it was long before he could in any way answer the questions which were put to him. Meantime he went on with his work, as the others did, and was engaged chiefly in various light occupations connected with agriculture, such as digging and weeding, and the plucking of something closely corresponding to cotton, and also the cultivation of something like the sugar-cane. He seems to have been perfectly well in physical health, and he gradually recovered his strength and his naturally robust appearance, but it was more than eighteen months before his memory returned to him.

Then it came to him suddenly in the middle of the night, as he was sleeping with other laborers in a kind of large hut or shed. He seemed to wake from sleep and see his father Bṛhaspaṭi standing before him. He at once recognised him as his father, and with that came a rush of recollection of his home and of all his previous life. His father spoke to him, adjuring him to return to

his sorrowing family, telling him that he himself was growing old and sorely needed his help. Alcyone sprang to his feet and rushed to embrace his father, but of course found nothing in the spot where he had stood. He was intensely excited by this sudden recovery of memory, and was most anxious to start at once for his home, but did not in the least know how to set about this. His exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the language of the people among whom he found himself made it practically impossible to explain to them so complicated and unusual a case. He could only assert clumsily and brokenly that he had seen his father, and must go.

It does not seem that any objection was offered to his departure, either by his companions or by the man whom we must call his owner or employer, but he was confronted with serious difficulties in that he could not make himself understood, nor did he know to whom to apply for any sort of assistance. His knowledge of the geography of the country was very limited. He realised that there was some kind of land-connexion somewhere to the north, and that it might be possible to return to India by that route, but he knew nothing whatever as to the distance except that it must be great, nor had he any idea of the kind of country to be traversed, or by whom it was inhabited. He made his way from the inland farm at which he had been working back to the port once more, and there for some little time he made a precarious living by doing odd jobs in various ways connected with shipping. His idea was that, as he knew something of a sailor's work, he might possibly find a ship sailing to some Indian port, and might work his way at last to some place near home. He visited many ships, but found none that were going across the bay.

He encountered, however, one friendly captain who could speak a few words of his language, and consequently took a great interest in him, and tried to help him. To this man he told the outline of his story, and the

captain assured him that he might have to wait for years before he met with a vessel going to his own part of the world, which indeed was only vaguely known to the captain, by reputation. This new friend strongly advised him to take any vessel which he could find going up the coast northward, to go with it as far as it went, and then to leave it and try for another one which would take him further along. In that way he said that by two or three stages he would certainly be able to get back to some port on the Indian peninsula, and might even meet eventually with a vessel which would touch at his own port.

He saw the wisdom of this advice, and when the captain further offered to come with him to act as interpreter for him and try to find him a berth on some ship that was northward bound, he fell in thankfully with the proposed arrangement. The captain was as good as his word, and he found him a berth upon a small trading vessel which, though in a slow and leisurely manner, carried him some hundreds of miles northwards. He left this craft at the northern extremity of her voyage, and contrived to ship himself upon another somewhat similar vessel bound still further north, and so in the course of a year he eventually got back to the mouths of the Ganges. When once more among people who spoke a variant of his own language he felt himself not far from home, and with but little difficulty contrived to put himself on board a vessel which called at the port from which he had sailed on that disastrous voyage, now three years ago.

His wife and family greeted the long-lost wanderer with the wildest demonstrations of joy; they had given him up for lost, but his father, Bṛhaspaṭi, had always maintained that he was alive and well, and would return to them in due course, for he declared that on two occasions he had clearly seen him—once in a small open boat, apparently far out at sea, and on another occasion dressed as a laborer, and amidst a great number of other

similar people lying sleeping in a kind of shed. After three years of such an entirely different existence it took him some time to accustom himself to the routine of the priestly work, but he was indeed glad to take it up again, and to find himself once more among those who had so long mourned him as dead. The story of his adventures was soon noised abroad, and he had to tell his tale over many times to large numbers of enquirers. No one knew what to make of the loss of memory, although there were some few who had vaguely heard of similar cases.

His extraordinary adventures made him a person of mark, and his great-grandchildren were never tired of making him repeat the story to them. The report of these adventures reached the ears of Orpheus, the ruler of that part of the country, and he sent for Alcyone in order to hear his account at first-hand. It impressed him greatly, and he decreed a pension to Alcyone as some sort of compensation for his sufferings.

The rest of his life seems to call for no special comment. His father Bṛhaspaṭi died in 10,378, and he was appointed as his successor. This naturally brought him into a continuous round of all the old temple ceremonies, and under these influences on several occasions the voice which had so often directed him during the earlier years was heard by him again, though it had apparently altogether abandoned him during the period of his adventures and for some years subsequently. It manifested in these later years only rarely, but among other things it foretold to him the exact day of his death, which took place in 10,356. His favorite younger sister, Mizar, had in the meantime married a merchant, Regulus, with whom she lived a happy but not specially eventful life, their eldest son being Irene. His elder sister Neptune married Proteus, and their children were Algol, Polaris, Fides and Ausonia.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BṚHASPAṬI: ... *Law-giver and Chief-Priest. Wife:* Uranus. *Son:* Alcyone. *Daughters:* Neptune, Siwa, Mizar.

OSIRIS: ... *Friend of Bṛhaspaṭi. Wife:* Crux. *Sons:* Proteus, Aletheia, Ophiuchus, Draco. *Daughters:* Cassiopeia, Ajax.

NEPTUNE: ... *Husband:* Proteus. *Sons:* Algol, Polaris, Fides. *Daughter:* Ausonia.

ORPHEUS: ... *Ruler of the Country.*

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Bṛhaspaṭi. *Mother:* Uranus. *Sisters:* Neptune, Siwa, Mizar. *Wife:* Ajax. *Sons:* Helios, Achilles, Vesta, Dorado, Pindar, Melete, Proserpina. *Daughters:* Hector, Fomalhaut, Albireo, Auriga, Phœnix.

MIZAR: ... *Husband:* Regulus. *Sons:* Irene, Theseus.

DEMETER: ... *Friend of Alcyone. Father:* Argus. *Mother:* Elsa. *Sisters:* Andromeda, Wenceslas. *Wife:* Cassiopeia. *Sons:* Aurora, Olympia, Viola. *Daughters:* Lomia, Minerva.

ALTAIR: ... *Friend of Alcyone. Brother:* Regulus. *Wife:* Tiphys. *Son:* Centaurus.

CENTAURUS: ... *Wife:* Iris.

BOREAS: ... *Sailor.*

At a period not long before this last life of Alcyone, a group of our characters appears in quite another part of the world. A table is appended, for the benefit of those who are making lists of individual incarnations.

CHINA—10,800 B. C.

(4th sub-race of the 4th Race)

MARS: ... *Emperor. Wife:* Jupiter. *Sons:* Ulysses, Aldebaran, Saturn, Leo, Vajra. *Daughters:* Selene, Lyra.

VENUS: ... *Wife:* Selene. *Sons:* Bellatrix, Perseus, Procyon. *Daughters:* Aquarius, Arcturus,

LEO: ... *Wife:* Beatrix. *Sons:* Vega, Psyche, Leto, Pegasus. *Daughters:* Mira, Rigel.

CASTOR: ... *Court Lady. Brother:* Alcestis. *Husband:* Aries.

HERAKLES: ... *Priest. Wife:* Arcor. *Sons:* Capricorn, Capella, Adrona. *Daughters:* Concordia, Libra, Phocea, Canopus. *Disciples,* Melpomene, Alcmene, Hygeia, Boötes, Sappho, Pollux.

MELPOMENE: ... *Wife:* Pollux. *Daughter:* Cetus.

ALASTOR: ... *Priest.*

CORONA: ... *Leader of Tribal Army.*

RHEA: ... *Chieftain. Wife:* Velleda.

SPICA: ... *Friend of Rhea. Wife:* Virgo. *Sons:* Sirona, Taurus, Betelgueuse. *Daughter:* Sagittarius.

A VOICE FROM THE NIGHT

The mind may plan reforms to cure
The blindness of their moral night!
The heart knows best to help the poor
Through love that lends all darkness Light

In these dim courts of doubt and fear
The voice of misery cries aloud
The call for help is surely here
Lessons are taught by the suffering crowd.

Our school to learn of sacrifice!
Of daily bread! so dearly bought!
With patient toil mid squalor and vice
Best school for Teacher! Best school for the taught.

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE

THE INTERVALS BETWEEN LIVES

A certain amount of misconception exists among students with regard to the average interval which elapses between two incarnations. It seems probable that we misunderstood the information given on this subject in the early days of the Society, and statements then made have been copied without comment even into some of the later books. Most of the closer students have come to know more or less accurately the facts of the case, but so far as I am aware nothing resembling a tabulation of averages for the various classes of egos has yet been published.

At the end of the chapter on the heaven-world (then called devachan) in Mr. Sinnett's monumental work *Esoteric Buddhism*, the statement is made that the whole period between death and the next physical birth is of widely varying length in the case of different persons, but rebirth in less than fifteen hundred years is spoken of as almost impossible, while the stay in devachan which rewards a really rich karma is said sometimes to extend to enormous periods. This statement is based upon passages in the same letters from which is derived all the rest of this most interesting book, and there is no question whatever that Mr. Sinnett has quite accurately reported what was told to him. The same general idea is put forward by Madame Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* (ii. 317): "Let us remember that, save in the case of young children and of individuals whose lives have been violently cut off by some accident, no spiritual entity can reincarnate before a period of many centuries has elapsed."

In those earlier days we took this fifteen hundred years as an average for humanity, but later investigations have clearly shown us that it could not have been

meant exactly in that way. To make the statement square with the observed facts, it must be either greatly limited or greatly extended. If confined to a small group of the most advanced of the human race it would be approximately correct; and on the other hand if it were extended to include not only humanity but the vast hosts of the deva kingdom, it might again be taken as coming very near to the truth. In the case of the quotation from *The Secret Doctrine* the expression *spiritual* entities may be read as implying that Madame Blavatsky was speaking only of highly developed persons; but the passage from *Esoteric Buddhism* gives us fifteen hundred years almost as a minimum.

We are given to understand that the letters upon which *Esoteric Buddhism* was founded were written by various pupils of the Masters under Their general direction; and so, while there is plenty of room for inaccuracies to creep in (as we know that they have crept in) it is impossible to suppose that the writers did not know facts quite readily accessible to anyone who can watch the process of reincarnation. We must remember that the letter was written not to the world at large but quite definitely to Mr. Sinnett, with possibly a view to the few others who were at that time studying with him. To state such an average *for them* would be reasonably accurate, and perhaps this is what was done; but we certainly cannot accept it as an average for the whole human race at the present time.

It is probably impossible to arrive at a really accurate average, for in order to do that it would be necessary to know at least approximately the number in each of the different classes of monads. Something of the nature of an average for each of the main classes may be given, though even then it must be remembered that there will necessarily be wide individual variations on each side of it.

Three principal factors have to be taken into account: the class to which an ego belongs, the mode in which

he has attained individualisation, and the length and nature of his last life. Let us then take up the various classes of humanity in their order, using the nomenclature decided upon by our President in the table published in *The Adyar Bulletin* for August.

Lords of the Moon. At the head of that list appear the Lords of the Moon—those who attained the Arhaṭ level at some time or other during the evolution of the Moon-chain. For that humanity, as for all others, seven paths open when they have attained the level assigned to their chain; and in this case one of those paths brought a certain proportion of the Lords of the Moon over to the Earth-chain to direct the earlier stages of its evolution. All of these, however, have long since attained adeptship, and we need therefore take no account of them in the consideration of our present subject.

Moon-Men. (First Order.) The next class is the first order of the Moon-Men, and that is a class so large and varied that it will be necessary for us to discuss it in several subdivisions. It includes:

1. Those who, although they had not attained Arhaṭship, were already upon one or other of the various steps of the Path when they left the Moon-chain. These also, like the last class, have long ere this attained Adeptship and passed away altogether from the field of our consideration. Most of these, and of the previous class, were probably failures of the humanity of the second chain, which had dropped out of it at whatever period corresponded for it to the day of judgment in the fifth round in our own chain.

2. Those of the lunar-chain animal kingdom who attained individualisation in the fourth round of the Moon-chain. All these also we need not take into account for the purpose of our present article, since they have by this time attained Adeptship. The Masters best known to us in connexion with Theosophical work belong to this class, and in it we may also include the majority of those who

became Arhaṭs under the influence of the preaching of the Lord Buḍḍha.

3. Those who attained individualisation in the fifth round of the Moon-chain. These are now the distinguished people of the world—not by any means only those whom the world *calls* distinguished, but those who, along one line or another, are considerably in advance of their fellows. In our Theosophical ranks this means those who are either already on the Path or approaching it; in the outer world it means men who are either great Saints, or of specially high intellectual or artistic development.

Among these, those who are already on the Path are usually taking a continuous succession of incarnations, so that for them the question of the interval between lives does not arise. If, however, they are for some reason not as yet taking the special series of lives which usually follows upon Initiation, their intervals are long—probably at the least fifteen hundred or two thousand years, or even more. Though not so usual as the series of rapid incarnations, this does sometimes occur; for among the cases known to us of those who passed the first Initiation some considerable time ago, one ego has been taking successive incarnations in physical life ever since, with scarcely any break, while another has been away from physical life for two thousand three hundred years; and yet the result, so far as progress on the Path is concerned, seems to have been exactly the same.

The apportioning of the different stages of such an interval varies considerably in different cases. The stay upon the astral plane is short, or the ego may even pass through it rapidly and unconsciously. The greater portion of the time is passed in the highest level of the heaven-world, and then, after that is over, a certain proportion of conscious life in the causal body precedes the next descent into birth. This life of the ego on its own plane is at this stage only about one-tenth of the entire interval between the earth-lives. But this again is a matter in which no two instances are alike.

In the case of those who are approaching the Path, the average interval is not far from twelve hundred years if the ego has been individualised slowly by intellectual development, and is therefore passing through its blissful experiences at the ordinary rate. If, however, the ego has been individualised suddenly by a rush of emotion or by a stupendous effort of will, and is consequently taking his bliss in the more concentrated form, his interval is about seven hundred years. Both these types are little likely to stay long upon the astral plane; probably five years represents for them an astral life of fair average duration. At the other end of their stay in the heaven-world there most likely comes a certain period of conscious life in the ego on its own plane, but this does not exceed half-a-century at most.

In the case of men who have distinguished themselves greatly along artistic, scientific or religious lines, the interval is usually much the same, though the apportioning may differ slightly. The general tendency is to a longer astral and a shorter causal life, especially in the case of the religious and the artistic. A great philosopher sometimes enormously extends his life in the heaven-world; I remember that Madame Blavatsky has somewhere stated that Plato would be likely to stay away from earth for at least ten thousand years, though I imagine that this is an entirely exceptional case.

4. Those who attained individualisation in the sixth round of the Moon-chain. We have here a fairly large class of people, distinctly gentlemen, having a keen sense of honor, and rather above the average in their goodness, intellect, or religious feelings. Typical instances of this class are our country gentlemen and professional men. Their intervals vary greatly, say from six hundred to a thousand years, of which perhaps twenty or twenty-five may be spent upon the astral plane, and all the rest in various stages of the heaven-world. There is probably just a touch of consciousness in the ego on its own plane, but only a touch.

5. Those who attained individualisation in the seventh round of the moon-chain. This class does not differ very greatly from the last, except that as that was somewhat above the average in goodness or intellectual development or religious feeling, so these are somewhat below the average in those particulars. They turn their intelligence to somewhat more material ends, as city merchants perhaps. They represent the great division which we commonly call the upper middle class—gentlemen still, yet with a life somewhat less elevated than that of the professional man. Members of this class on an average have an interval between lives of perhaps five hundred years, of which about twenty-five are passed on the astral plane and the rest in the heaven-world. For in such a case there is no conscious life in the causal body, though of course, like all other human beings, they have the flash of memory and of prescience which is always vouchsafed to each ego when he touches his own plane between two physical incarnations.

All these classes which have been mentioned are in reality subdivisions of one class—the first order of the moon-men, and all the way through they melt into one another by almost indistinguishable gradations, so that the lowest ego of any one of them differs but little from the highest ego of the next class below. Not only are the lines between them thus not very clearly marked, but there is even a good deal of interpenetration. Egos belonging by right to the mercantile class get astray among the professions, while those of the higher type find themselves forced into business. As they say in India: "In these days castes are mixed."

I have divided the moon-men according to the round of the lunar chain in which they became human. When that happens in any of the earlier rounds it usually means that the newly-formed ego proceeded to take human incarnation in the next following round. For example, those who were individualised in the fourth round of the Moon-chain came into human incarnation in the middle of the

fifth, and continued to incarnate through the remainder of the fifth, the whole of the sixth, and half of the seventh. In the same way those individualised in the fifth round took up their series of human incarnations in the middle of the sixth; and those individualised in the sixth took birth in the seventh. Those individualised in the seventh round had their first experience of human life in the Earth-chain, and of course had to be correspondingly primitive on their arrival here.

Moon-Men. (Second Order.) These are the people who, being individualised at a somewhat earlier stage in their animal life, were unable to make a perfect causal body, but could only produce that kind of scaffolding which our President has described as basket-work. At the present day these are represented by the great mass of the *bourgeoisie*; what is usually called the lower middle class, a typical specimen of which would be the small shop-keeper or shop-assistant. This class may be described as on the whole well-intentioned, but usually narrow, conventional and dull. Since they cannot learn the lesson of any particular sub-race as rapidly as the higher classes, they usually take many incarnations in each before passing on to the next. Their average interval between lives is two hundred to three hundred years, of which about forty are usually spent upon the astral plane, and the rest in the lower levels of the heaven-world. It is possible for them, by special and determined effort, to overtake the class above them. An ego of this type who is seen to be striving with exceptional vigor to improve himself is passed by the authorities into what is called the 'inner round'. Instead of taking birth again upon the world where he has been evolving, the ego is transferred to the next planet of the chain, which is of course in a condition of comparative obscuration, and bears only a very small population. Under the different conditions existing there the ego spends the period of a Root-race, and then passes on to the next planet. In this way he goes round

the whole chain in the time which would normally have been devoted to a world-period, and so overtakes his fellows on the globe next beyond that on which he left them, and when he thus overtakes them he is able to join those who were originally the first order of the moon-men.

In this, as in all the other types, individualisation may have been obtained by intelligence, or will, or emotion, and there is a corresponding difference in the average length of the intervals between successive incarnations; but in all these lower classes the difference caused by the mode of individualisation is much less in proportion than in the higher class.

Moon Animal-Men. We come now to the consideration of the first division of the second great group, as arranged in the President's table. Those egos had individualised from the earliest stage of the animal kingdom at which individualisation was possible. They consequently commenced their human life without anything which could properly be called a causal body, but with the Monad floating above a personality to which it was linked only by certain threads of nirvānic matter. It was they who in the first round filled the forms made by the Lords of the Moon, and thus did pioneer work for all the kingdoms.

In considering them we come at last to what are called the working-classes, who make the enormous majority of humanity in every country. Why they alone should receive the honorable title of workers is not clear, for they would assuredly rebel with promptitude and vigor if they were called upon to work as many hours a day as does any successful man of the higher classes; but it is usually taken to signify those who work with their hands rather than with their heads. The particular type with which we are dealing at the moment—those who were animal-men on the moon—may be said to work with both, for they are the skilled workmen of the world—belonging to the proletariat, but representing the best class of it; men of determination and good character, self-respecting

and reliable. Such men have usually an interval between lives varying from one hundred to two hundred years, about forty of which are spent on the middle level of the astral plane, and the rest on some of the lower sub-planes of the heaven-world.

First-Class Moon Animals.—These attained humanity during the second round of the earth-chain, and are at the present day represented by the vast mass of unskilled labor, on the whole well-meaning, but usually careless and improvident. Along with them we must group the higher types of savages—men like the Zulus and some of the better kinds of American Indians and Negroes. Their interval between lives varies from sixty to a hundred years, of which from forty to fifty are spent on the lower parts of the astral plane, and the remainder on the lowest division of the heaven-world.

Second-Class Moon Animals.—This is a lower type, which gained individuality only in the third round of the Earth-chain. We see it exemplified now in savages of comparatively mild type, in some of the hill-tribes of India, and among ourselves in the wastrels, the unemployable, the drunkards, and many of the slum-dwellers of our great towns. Such people are usually absent from the world some forty or fifty years, which they spend entirely on the astral plane—usually on the lowest subdivision but one.

Third-Class Moon Animals.—These are the lowest specimens of humanity, but little removed even now from the animal kingdom, which they left only during the earlier world-periods of this present round, or even in the earlier races on this earth. They are represented now by the lowest and most brutal of savages, and among ourselves by habitual criminals, by bomb-throwers, and wife- and child-beaters. Their interval between lives is usually about five years spent on the lowest sub-plane of the astral, unless they are earth-bound by crime, which not infrequently happens. To this group also may be added a few of

those who at their various stages were individualised through hatred or fear.

In all the cases mentioned above, a certain difference is produced by the mode of individualisation, but this difference is much less in proportion in the lower classes. Still, on the whole, those individualised through intellect tend always to take the longer average of the intervals mentioned, whereas those who come along other paths tend to take the shorter.

A third factor which exercises very great influence is the length and nature of the individual life. Obviously an ego who casts aside his physical body in childhood has not had the opportunity in that body to generate a sufficient amount of spiritual force to keep him on the higher planes for the average length of time common to his type. Generally speaking, then, a man who dies young will have a shorter interval than his neighbor who lives to old age. Generally speaking, again, the man dying young is likely to have a greater proportion of astral life, because most of the strong emotions which work themselves out in astral life are generated in the earlier part of the physical existence, whereas the more spiritual energy which finds result in the heaven-life is likely to continue until the end, or very near the end, of the period spent upon earth.

The character of the man during his earth-life is a consideration of the utmost importance. Some men lead a long life in which there is scarcely anything of spirituality, and that naturally tends to shorten the interval between their incarnations, and brings it far below the average for their class. Probably, too, in such a case quite an undue proportion of the interval would be spent on the astral plane. The averages given, therefore, are only averages, and it must be understood that a wide range on each side of them is usually possible, so that the various classes may considerably overlap one another.

We have only recently come to understand the importance, in this regard, of strong mutual affection. From

our study of past lives it has become evident that egos are very closely associated in families or groups, and that this association tends on the whole to equalise the intervals between the lives of the members of such a group. It is evidently considered necessary that they should prepare for future work together by constant association as they evolve, and manifestly intervals which would otherwise be shorter or longer are so dealt with as to bring the entire party into incarnation together, not once but many times. This unquestionably involves in individual cases an increase or decrease of the rate at which the spiritual force discharges itself, and it is clear that this must be a matter of careful regulation by the Authorities in charge of evolution. Though we have not yet discovered the exact law which regulates it, there is little doubt that, when we do, we shall find that it works automatically so that the maximum of result may be achieved without injustice to any individual concerned. There seems to be a type of student who is always yearning to discover injustice in the working of the evolutionary machinery; but those who have spent many years in the investigation of the processes of nature know, more and more certainly as they go on, that injustice is an impossibility, and that any case in which we think we descry it is only a case of which our knowledge is as yet imperfect. Those who have probed the mysteries of nature most deeply are precisely those who have acquired the utter certainty that He who doeth all things always doeth all things well.

C. W. LEADBEATER

"It is an opinion of the [Red-] Indians—I know not how universal—that there are duplicate souls, one of which remains with the body, while the other is free to depart on excursions during sleep. Having requested a Chippewa Indian to explain the duality of the soul: 'It is known,' he replied, 'That, during sleep, while the body is stationary, the soul roams over wide tracts of country, visiting scenes, persons and places at will'."



DĀMODAR K. MAVALĀṄKAR.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

DĀMODAR K. MAVALĀṄKAR

DĀMODAR K. Mavalāṅkar has a history more curious than most of the members of our Theosophical Society. Though he worked in it for only five and a half years, during that time he made such phenomenal progress that his name is known all over the world as one of the most prominent of its early members. His work for it on the physical plane is probably not yet done, but for twenty-five years he has been only a name to most of us—to all indeed except to those who have constantly the privilege of meeting him in the home of his Master.

Dāmodar was born in the latter part of the year 1857, as a Mahrātta Brahmaṇa. The first event in his life with which we are concerned is that while still a boy he fell sick of a fever. Delicate and fragile as he was, this illness gripped him severely, and for some time he lay delirious. But while his body lay thus suffering, there came to the inner man a marvellous piece of good fortune, for he met with a mighty Sage, who smiled benignly upon him and promised to take him under His protection. This vision he never forgot, though it was not until some years later that he knew the name of his gracious friend. But soon the Founders of our Society arrived in Bombay. He heard of them and went to visit them and on August 3, 1879, he was admitted as a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

Colonel Olcott tells us that at that time he was "as thin as Sarah Bernhardt;" he describes him as lantern-jawed, with a long nose and astonishingly thin limbs—

a man always of weakly body, but of indomitable will. From the moment when he joined the Society he threw himself into its work with the most thorough and unselfish devotion, obeying instantly the least word of Madame Blavatsky, whom he regarded as the representative in ordinary life of the Master whom he so deeply reverenced. Not long after that it was his privilege to see the Master K. H., and he at once recognised in Him the commanding figure of his boyish vision. So utter was his devotion that he was soon accepted by the Master as a pupil, and his psychic development was extraordinarily rapid.

He at once resolved altogether to break the chains which bound him to ordinary life, and to devote himself entirely to the service of his Master. His father and uncle both became enthusiastic members of the Society, and willingly agreed to his renouncing all the hereditary trammels of his caste, and coming to live with Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott precisely as though he had taken the vows of a sannyāsin. He had been betrothed when a child, according to the custom of his people, but now that he had found his true place in life he could not bear to think of marriage, and he therefore made a transfer of his share (amounting, Colonel Olcott tells us, to some fifty thousand rupees) in the family estates and property to his father, on condition that he would take his virgin daughter-in-law into his house and secure to her proper maintenance.

At the time his father and the rest of his family fully agreed to this, but after Ḍāmoḍar had travelled to Ceylon with the Founders and had openly accepted the Buddhist religion, the family drew back from their liberal attitude and commenced a bitter persecution with the object of inducing him to take up again the burden of his caste. This he refused to do, and his relations consequently withdrew from the Society and adopted an attitude of hostility towards its Founders. Meanwhile

these family troubles had not in the slightest degree affected his relationship with the Founders, with whom he remained in the most intimate friendship, working for the Society always with selfless devotion.

His psychic powers made him a useful intermediary on several occasions. We read that at Cawnpore in 1883 he gave Colonel Olcott verbally a message from the Master, and again when they were in Moradabad he clairaudiently heard a message from the Master given to Madame Blavatsky at Adyar—this being confirmed by a telegram received from Adyar on the following morning. Again, when he was with Colonel Olcott in a train near Lahore, he saw clairvoyantly an accident which happened to Madame Blavatsky, then at the Headquarters at Adyar —this also being confirmed by a telegram which arrived on the following day.

At the end of November 1883, he suddenly disappeared one morning, and was absent for sixty hours, to the Colonel's great anxiety, relieved only by a message from Madame Blavatsky that he had gone to visit the Master and would soon return. When he came back he was so much changed that the Colonel found it difficult to believe that the same person was the occupant of his body. The shy, reserved, hesitating young aspirant had disappeared, and in his stead stood a new Ḍāmoḍar, far bolder and more assured in manner, and even, so says the Colonel, distinctly darker in complexion.

When the Founders moved into the present Headquarters Ḍāmoḍar naturally accompanied them, and became the Recording Secretary of the Society—an office in which I succeeded him in February 1885. My own diploma of fellowship bears his signature—an honor which I share with several others of our older members. When I arrived here for the first time with Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott on their return from Europe in 1884, I found Ḍāmoḍar established in the Secretary's

chair, crouched up on the seat of it in a strange frog-like attitude which he affected, smoking always a bubbling hookah, and writing interminably—all day long and far into the night.

I saw but little of him, for he was naturally very fully occupied all through the days of the Convention, and I left for Burma with Colonel Olcott early in the month of January. Yet I can never forget him, nor the impression which he made upon me. Grave, kindly and courteous ever, he replied with the most painstaking care to the probably somewhat elementary questions which were asked by many of us who were but neophytes in the sacred science. He shared with the rest of us the fate of being misunderstood and misrepresented by the unfortunate Dr. Hodgson—a conceited young man who hopelessly mismanaged the task entrusted to him of enquiring into the phenomena which were frequently produced in those days by Madame Blavatsky.

It was during my absence in Burma that Dāmodar left Adyar, on the 23rd of February 1885, to join his Master in Tibet. According to arrangements previously made, he met at or near the Tibetan frontier a friend who brought him a Tibetan dress as a disguise; and the discovery of his discarded Indian garments in the snow led to the spreading of a rumor of his death. During the quarter of a century which has elapsed since then he has lived at the house of his Master, waiting for the time when it shall seem good to that Master to send him forth again to resume his work for the great Lodge in the outer world.

C. W. L.

IN THE TWILIGHT

"IN 1905," said the Superintendent, "my friend Mr. P. V. Rāmsvāmi Rāju, a barrister at law, and Mr. Conjīveram Shrīnivāsā Chārlu, who was a learned Samskṛt paṇḍiṭ, set out together on a pilgrimage to the Himālayan range, where they wished to spend a few months. They travelled by train as far as the rails were laid, and then continued their journey on foot. They left their luggage behind them and took with them only a few necessaries in the way of food and clothing, with two servants to carry these things. They walked along the bank of the Ganges for more than a fortnight, resting at night wherever they could find any sort of shelter. The scenery was so magnificent that they hardly felt the fatigue of the journey. They had no difficulty with regard to food, for delicious fruits of many kinds were to be had for the taking, and the shepherd-boys whom they sometimes met would take nothing for the milk with which they supplied the travellers.

"One morning as they pursued their way, they met a tall and majestic-looking man. They expected that in that lonely place he would stop and speak to them; but he took no notice of them. He walked past them, broke the ice, plunged into the sacred waters of the Ganges, and turned and was about to go on his way. Mr. Rāju, being filled with curiosity about this stranger, went up to him and asked a few questions as to the way in front of them. In reply the stranger said, 'It will not be well for you to go much further; the foot of the rock which you see yonder should be your furthest limit.'

"With these words he turned away, walked off very rapidly, and appeared to spring over the huge rock.

Seeing this our friends ran after him, and tried with all their might to jump over the rock as the stranger had done, but could not. Examining the ground, they saw a ravine running along by the rock, so they followed this for some few miles. After a time they came to a shed, and as night was drawing on they decided to sleep in it, as they were very tired. They had at this time no food with them, and they did not know where to go in this apparent wilderness for fruit or milk. Just as they were lying down hungry, a stranger, as majestic as the man whom they had seen in the morning, entered the shed. He seemed very friendly, and soon brought them some milk and some fruit, and offered to help them in any way that they desired.

"Suddenly the paṇḍit felt so ill that he was unable to sit up with any ease. The new-comer, seeing this, went out, and soon returned bringing the juice of some herb, which he gave to the paṇḍit and directed him to use it as a liniment. The paṇḍit did as he was directed, and in a few minutes he found himself miraculously well again. Our friends satisfied their hunger and thirst, and then retired thankfully to rest.

"Next morning they woke much refreshed, and after their morning ablutions they set out once more on their exploration. They walked on until their feet ached, and were casting about for a suitable place in which to sit down and rest, when they noticed a turning which seemed to be quite a frequented path. They at once followed this, and found that it led them to a beautiful pond, to which on all sides granite steps led down. The water was as clear as crystal, and our friends thankfully drank of it and also washed their feet and hands in it. Then the paṇḍit, feeling rejuvenated, sat down and began to chant, and his chanting soon produced an unexpected result, for it attracted more attention than he had bargained for. A man with a golden complexion and long black hair came rushing in upon them, and peremptorily demanded an

explanation of their intrusion. He would listen to no excuses, but told them that they were breaking the peace of this place, and that they must depart instantly.

"Reluctant though they were to leave so beautiful a spot, they dared not disobey him, so they prepared to leave. In answer to their questions he told them that if they wished to know more about this place they must come there on a Shivarātrī day. Noticing as he spoke the fatigued appearance of the travellers, the stranger drew out from under his garment a root, and held it exposed to the sun. The exposure caused it to crumble into flour, which he gave them to eat, telling them that it would so satisfy their hunger that they would need no further food for two days. Before eating, our travellers attempted to wash their feet and hands in the pond, but were told by the stranger that they must pour the water only over their hands, and must not put their feet in it. They then ate the food which had been given to them, and with that and the life-giving water they felt ready for the return journey.

"They walked on, conversing of the curious things they had seen, until at three o'clock in the afternoon they came across another shed on the southern bank of the Ganges, and decided to camp there for the night. Mr. Rāju, feeling much fatigued, retired to rest immediately and fell into a deep sleep. The paṇḍit, however, not being yet ready to sleep, took his seat close to the river, and began to chant some texts from the Veḍas. Once more his chanting produced results, for one of the recluses from the mountain appeared before him, and took his seat by his side. He told the paṇḍit to go on chanting, and even asked him to recite certain specified portions. The chanting seemed to please him greatly, and when it was over he entered into conversation with the paṇḍit.

"The latter was expressing his delight at the beauty of nature and the glorious scenery around, referring especially to the wonderful mountain-peak which arose

on the other side of the river, when the stranger, seeing that the paṇḍiṭ's eyes were constantly fixed upon this peak, asked him whether he would like to ascend it, so as to get a bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. Our friend, feeling that that peak was the abode of this curious community of which he had now seen three members, replied modestly that such an honor was too great for him to expect. The stranger, however, told him to close his eyes and recite the Gāyaṭrī inaudibly. He did so, and when he opened his eyes again, he found himself on the summit of the peak, with his new friend.

"The paṇḍiṭ described the view as beautiful beyond all words; and they spent a happy hour up there chanting and conversing. At the end of this time it was growing dark, and the stranger once more asked the paṇḍiṭ to close his eyes and recite the Gāyaṭrī. When he reopened them he found himself again on the river-bank accompained by the stranger. He might have believed that he had never left that place, but had fallen into a trance and travelled in his astral body, except for the fact that his friend the barrister had awakened during his absence, and come out in search of him, but could not find him. Upon this Mr. Rāju had been much perturbed, thinking that some wild animal had carried him away, and he ran about distracted, searching everywhere for his friend. Quite suddenly he saw him on the river bank, where he had already searched a dozen times. Overjoyed he rushed to meet him, questioning him eagerly as to where he had been.

"Now when they were on the peak the stranger had asked the paṇḍiṭ to promise that he would not tell anyone of his experience, and so he now found himself in a difficulty, and looked to his new friend to know what he should do. The stranger, appreciating the awkwardness of the situation, gave him permission to tell his friend what had happened. This relation affected Mr. Rāju in the most extraordinary way; he became furiously

jealous, and so angry that he actually accused his friend the paṇḍiṭ of ingratitude, and begged the stranger to extend to him the same privilege that he had so freely given to his friend. The stranger calmly replied that he must first destroy the rājasic part of his nature, and kill out curiosity to know about matters in which he had no concern.

"During the conversation on the peak the stranger had asked the paṇḍiṭ whether he could make up his mind to spend the rest of his life with this community of ascetics, and had very strongly advised him to do so, telling him that if he lost this marvellously good opportunity which his karma had given to him, it was uncertain when anything like it would occur again. The paṇḍiṭ, however, was hardly prepared for this. He was versed only in book-lore, and tied down to a certain round of what he considered duties, the chief of which were owed, he said, to his own mother and to his friend and benefactor Mr. Rāju, who had helped him with all he required for twenty years, and to whose liberality he owed even the opportunity of this remarkable experience.

"The stranger told him that duties of this nature were not of sufficient importance to be allowed to interfere with his taking an opportunity such as this. Furthermore, the stranger told him that he should have the power to see his mother whenever he thought of her, and he guaranteed that his friend should be guarded on his lonely journey and guided in safety to his home. The paṇḍiṭ, however, could not be moved from his idea of duty, and still maintained his refusal, to the distress of his friend and adviser. The paṇḍiṭ died a fortnight ago, leaving behind him his old mother, who has now attained the age of eighty-five, so that after all he was not able to fulfil to the end the duty which he felt that he owed her.

"It seems to me," concluded the Superintendent, "that this paṇḍiṭ's life should be a lesson to those who desire to enter the Path, showing them that their surrender

must be complete and unconditional, and that no thought of mother, son or friend must intervene. Otherwise life becomes a void, and contains only a future of sorrow and trouble; and before another similar opportunity comes who knows what difficulties may have to be encountered?"

"While quite agreeing," said the Shepherd, "with the general statement that we must be prepared to give up everything without counting the cost, I do not think that we must criticise the paṇḍit for his decision. If a man marries, for example, and has a family of children, he has unquestionably formed a karma which it is his duty to work out, and it would not be right for him to leave them, to follow some fancied good for himself. No man need have a wife and children unless he chooses, but having chosen he assumes a responsibility for their maintenance which he has no right to ignore. This paṇḍit may have felt in the same way about his mother, and naturally he could not foresee that after all he would die before she did; nor indeed, even if he had foreseen it, would it have made any difference as to the matter of duty. It seems to me, however, that without doing any violence to his conscience the paṇḍit might have been able to effect a compromise. He might have turned to his friend the barrister, and explaining all the circumstances to him, might have asked him whether he would complete his kindly patronage by taking charge of the old mother for the remainder of her life. Under the circumstances the barrister would have been unlikely to refuse, and then the paṇḍit would have been free to accept the stranger's offer. But we must also observe that even if he had accepted it there is nothing to prove that he would have been able to enter the Path, or even that the stranger himself had done so."

"The Lord Buḍḍha left his wife and child," interjected somebody.

"Yes," replied the Shepherd, "if the story given in the books is to be believed; but in that case there was no question whatever as to their being suitably maintained."

"The members of this community do not seem to have been exactly Adepts," remarked a student.

"There is certainly nothing to show that they were," replied the Shepherd, "and it scarcely seems probable. They may however have been pupils of an Adept, or simply a band of ascetics who had devoted themselves to the higher studies, and knew something of the mysteries of nature. There are such communities in the Himālayas —more than one such, to my knowledge; and there may be many."

"I have myself heard the paṇḍit tell the same story," remarked Guruḍāsa, "and, knowing him to be a good and honorable man, I could not disbelieve him. But how is it possible that his physical body could have been conveyed through the air in the way described? what is the mechanism of it, I mean?"

"The matter is not difficult," replied the Shepherd, "and there are even several ways in which it might be done. You have of course heard of the possibility of levitation, for that power has been attributed to several yogīs, and I remember that Colonel Olcott described an act of that nature which he once saw performed by a Tibetan Lama."

"Yes," said Guruḍāsa, "but he raised only himself. He did not at the same time carry another man."

"That," said the Shepherd, "would present no difficulty. He may for example have formed a sort of cushion of ether, and then so changed its polarity as to charge it with that repulsive force which is the opposite of gravity. In that case the paṇḍit sitting upon it could be raised and supported without the slightest difficulty."

"I myself," interjected the Tahsildar, "once had an experience which bears on what you are saying. I was once in company with a yogi, and we were passing a night together at a house near the river. During the night he roused me, and telling me that it was close upon

daybreak, asked me to come down to the river with him. I went, but I soon saw that it was still far from the hour of daybreak, for it was somewhere about three o'clock in the morning, and very dark. However, we went together, and we sat by the side of the river and entered into meditation. After a time he told me to close my eyes and not to open them again until he gave me permission. I obeyed, but as nothing more happened for some considerable time I began to feel frightened, and at last I opened my eyes without waiting for his command. What was my surprise to see that he had vanished! What with this extraordinary circumstance and with the loneliness of the place and the darkness of the night, I felt exceedingly uneasy, and looked about nervously in all directions, but could see nothing of him. Something made me raise my eyes upwards, and there I distinctly saw him floating high in the air above my head. This phenomenon rather increased than relieved my disquietude; but presently he descended, and when he was seated once more quietly beside me, he said to me:

"'Why were you so afraid?'

"I had nothing to say; I did not know why I had felt such fear, but presently I asked him whether he would ascend again, and take me up with him. Instantly he replied that he would, if I would undertake to feel no fear."

"Exactly," interrupted the Shepherd, "if you had felt afraid you would have fallen."

"Yes," said the Tahsildar, "that is just what he said, and so I did not like to try."

"But why should he fall if he felt afraid?" inquired Gurudāsa.

"Because fear destroys the will," replied the Shepherd, "and so utterly ruins any magical ceremony. In this case, however, the Tahsildar's will was hardly in question, as all the magical part of the performance would

have been left to the yogi. But if the yogi had made for him such a cushion of etheric matter as I was suggesting, it is quite certain that it would have been broken up by the violent disturbance of the astral and etheric bodies of the Tahsildar, if he had allowed himself to yield to terror. It needs a steady head to experiment with practical magic, and unless a man possesses that invaluable characteristic he had much better leave it severely alone."

AT DAY-DAWN

(*From the German of T. Grotovsky*)

Wildly I spent the night, and through the dawn
There walked beside me one I could not see—
Across the East great purple bars were drawn,
And from the silence spoke a Voice to me.

"Lose not thyself," it said with solemn sound,
"Blind, blind thou art, thy feet walk in the mire,
"Yet hast thou wings. Then leave the barren ground,
And fly to where the stars of Heaven flash fire."

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

MAN AND HIS MORTAL BODIES

(*Concluded from p.* 139.)

[The articles that appear under this head may be reprinted by anyone. The author's name or initials should be appended, and underneath should appear the words: *Reprinted from the Theosophist, Adyar, Madras, S.*—ED.]

THE *astral body*. The development of this body differs enormously in different persons, but, in all, it is the body which yields the experience of pleasure and pain, which is thrown into action by passion, desire and emotion, and in which reside the centres of our sense-organs—of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch. If the passion, desire and emotion are low, sensual, animal, then its matter is coarse, its vibrations consequently are comparatively slow, and its colors are dark and unattractive, browns, dark reds and greens, and their combinations, lit from time to time with flashes of scarlet.[1] As evolution goes on, the matter becomes finer, and the colors clearer, purer, and more brilliant.

We are using this body throughout our waking hours, and, in educated and refined people, it has reached a fairly high stage of evolution. Its finer matter is closely in touch with the coarser matter of the mental body, and the two are constantly working together, acting and reacting on each other.

In sleep, the astral body slips out of the physical, in company with the mental and higher bodies, and, in the class of people just mentioned, the consciousness functions in it during the hours of sleep of the physical body. We

[1] See *Man Visible and Invisible*, by C. W. Leadbeater.

learn much during our sleep, and the knowledge thus gained slowly filters into the physical brain, and is occasionally impressed upon it as a vivid and illuminative dream. For the most part, the consciousness in the astral world concerns itself little with the happenings there, being chiefly interested in its own exercise in thought and feeling; but it is possible to turn it outwards, and to gain knowledge of the astral world. Communication with friends who have lost their physical bodies by death is constantly carried on there, and the memory may be brought back into waking consciousness, thus bridging the gulf otherwise made by death.

Premonitions, presentiments, the sensing of unseen presences, and many allied experiences are due to the activity of the astral body, and its re-action on the physical; their ever-increasing frequency is merely the result of its evolution among educated people. In a few generations it will be so generally developed, that it will become as familiar as the physical body. After death, we live for some time in the astral world in the astral body used during our life on earth, and the more we learn to control and use it wisely now, the better for us after death.

The mental body. This body, of finer material than the astral, as the astral is finer than the physical, is the body which answers by its vibrations to our changes of thought. Every change in thought makes a vibration in our mental body, and this, transmitted by the astral to the physical, causes activity in the nervous matter of our brains. This activity in the nervous cells causes many electrical and chemical changes in them, but it is the thought-activity which causes these, and not the changes which produce thought, as the materialists of the nineteenth century imagined.

The mental body, like the astral, varies much in different people; it is composed of coarser or of finer matter according to the needs of the more or less unfolded

consciousness connected with it. In the educated, it is active and well-defined; in the undeveloped it is cloudy and inchoate. Its matter, drawn from the mental plane, is that of the heaven-world, and it is continuously active, for man thinks in his waking consciousness, when out of the physical body in sleep, and after death, and lives wholly in thought and emotion when he leaves the astral world behind him, and passes into heaven. As this is the body in which long centuries will be passed in the heaven-world, it is only rational to try to improve it as much as possible here. The means are study, thought, the exercise of good emotions, aspiration (prayer), and beneficent endeavors, and above all regular and strenuous meditation. The using of these will mean a rapid evolution of the mental body, and an immense enrichment of the heavenly life. Evil thoughts of all kinds befoul and injure it, and if persisted in, will become veritable diseases and maimings of the mental body, incurable during its period of life.

Such are man's three mortal bodies: he casts off the physical at death, the astral when ready to enter the heaven-world. When he has finished his heaven-life, his mental body also disintegrates, and he is a Spirit, clad in his immortal bodies. On descending for rebirth a new mental body is formed and a new astral, conformable to his character, and these attach themselves to his physical body, and he enters by birth on a new period of mortal life.

ANNIE BESANT



LAILĀ AND MAJNUN.

LAILĀ AND MAJNŪN

THE story of Lailā and Majnūn is familiar throughout Persia and Northern India, and as far south as Tanjore. It is the most tragic of love stories; briefly, it runs as follows: Lailā and Kāis are the children of two chiefs of wandering tribes in Arabia; "side by side they sat in the schools, and the lesson they learnt is read in each other's eyes." Then come long years of separation and vain desire. The tribes go different ways, and the deserted Kāis becomes a madman, 'Majnūn'. He wanders into the wilderness and becomes the friend of lions and jackals. Meanwhile Lailā is married by her father to a wealthy Sheikh. After some time he dies, but Lailā has still to wait the two years of conventional mourning appointed by law. Then with her faithful servant Zyd she seeks Majnūn far and wide. At last he is found, and for a time the lovers gaze into each other's eyes and speak each other's thoughts. But his madness comes again upon Majnūn, and he rushes away into the wilderness, followed by his wild companions. Thereafter Lailā, and then Majnūn die, and meet again in paradise. Lailā is the Beatrice of Arabia, Majnūn her Dante, whose story others, not himself, have told.

Pictures of the lovers are often found in Persian and Indian manuscripts and albums. It is always the 'Last Meeting' that is represented—the saddest, most dramatic moment in their life. But there is great variety of detail in the different pictures: sometimes Zyd is trying to revive the fainting Majnūn; sometimes a lion is licking Majnūn's feet. Always in the foreground is the company of creatures that have been Majnūn's friends and that have felt his sorrow. Amongst them is never omitted a dragon,

with golden flames that lick his body of emerald green. The animals are drawn with extraordinary skill and sympathy, and the landscape is one of pure romance.

In a picture such as that here reproduced it is not so much the artist's technical achievement, great as it is, that makes the whole so wonderful, but much more the overpowering unity of sentiment pervading it:

All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Love, in Persian and Indian thought, has always a mystical significance. It is as needful to remember the symbol of Lover and Beloved when we look at such a picture as this, as it is when we read the *Bhāgavaṭa Purāṇa* or the poems of Hafiz or Jāmi. We cannot forget that the men who painted the Persian and Indian miniatures were saturated with Persian poetry and Sūfī mysticism; and many of them must themselves have been followers of the other and Indian religion of love, the worship of the Bhāgavaṭa. And so we shall not be wrong if we perceive in these paintings, as in the love-stories themselves, an under-current of mysticism.

There is a verse in the *Masnavi* which must have been known to the painter of this Laila Majnūn:

No lover ever seeks union with his beloved,
But his lover is also seeking union with him.
But the lover's love makes his body lean,
While the Beloved's love makes her fair and lusty.

And again

The Beloved is all that lives, the lover is a dead thing.

Our picture is properly described as Indo-Persian, and probably dates from the earliest part of the seventeenth century.

A. K. COOMARASWAMI

THE REAL DIGNITY OF INDIAN MAṬHS

To

THE EDITOR OF *The Theosophist*.

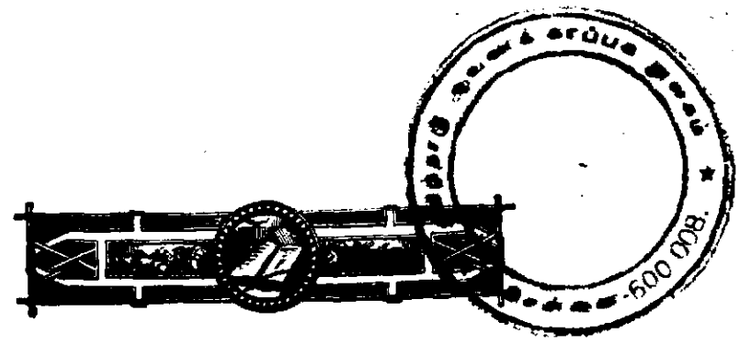
I thank you for your kind notice of the liberal policy now being adopted by some Indian Maṭhs, as one connected with one of them.

The object of this letter is to give your western readers an idea of what our institutions are like. You compare them with the monasteries of the Middle Ages in Europe. We in India have no idea of them. The leading Anglo-Indian journals on this side of India have compared us to the Papal institution at Rome, and I am inclined to agree with them. There are wealthy monasteries in India founded by saints, but they have no ecclesiastical powers and no royal insignia. They cannot be compared with the Maṭhs headed by Potentates like the Jagaḍgurus. The Hierarchies of Pontiffs founded by Shrī Shaṅkarāchārya, Shrī Rāmānujāchārya, Shrīman Maḍhvāchārya, Shrī Vallabhāchārya, etc., carry royal insignia, and they have precedence over Kings; for example, His Highness the Mahārājah of Mysore cannot sit on the same seat with His Holiness of Shriṅgēri, or with any other High Priest in India. A secular King must go to receive the Jagaḍgurus out of his palace or even out of the city bare-footed, and must prostrate before them on the ground, not caring whether there is mud or dust, or a flint or a thorn. Heads of simple monasteries, however rich and influential, are simply regarded as saints. Certainly they have their followings, but they offer their *all* to the Jagaḍgurus. The monastery of Saint Manik Prabhu, in the Gulburga District, is wealthy and influential, but its head is an ordinary man before the Jagaḍguru. There is another at Ousa. There are many at Paṇḍharpur.

The Mahant at Tirupati near Madras represents another kind of monastery, wealthy but without a following. Many Zamindar Mahants in Bengal belong to this class. At Oudh you will find monasteries of a kind differing from any of the above-named. They are groups or bodies of Bairāgis of different sects, with Mahants at the head of each. In speaking of the Maths as those headed by the Jagadgurus of the Papal type, you always speak of them as "religious bodies." It is not correct. His Holiness is always an autocrat. It is necessary that this explanation should appear in *The Theosophist*, because I do not like your readers to go away with the idea that the Jagadgurus are ordinary monks at the heads of monasteries, however wealthy and influential. Their dignity is in no way inferior to that of the Pope or the Dalai or Tashi Lāmās, and if they do not dazzle the world to-day with their power, it is because they are surrounded by men who do not know the use of the power in the right direction, who are simply mediocre and mercenary. The Founder of the Hampi Math was the founder of the Vijayanagar Empire. That is our smouldering dignity, and we mean to use it now for the uplifting of India along non-political lines. Theosophical readers will be interested to hear that the Founder of the Empire and the Math is not dead, but living, in the language of the ordinary people. He entered an under-ground crypt at Hampi for Yoga, and ordered His disciples to close it. Hampi is of Rāmāyanic fame, its ancient name being Kishkindha. Virūpākshesbvara, one of the most ancient temples there, is one of the twelve *Jyoti-Lingas* of Mahādeva. There is much in our Math and at our place that will supply ample material for fruitful occult investigations. Probably our awakening is due to their influence.

G. K. HARKARE

Kāryasthan Mantri to His Holiness
the Jagadguru of Hampi



REVIEWS

A Dictionary of some Theosophical Terms, by Powis Hoult. (Theosophical Publishing Society. London. Price 5/-)

This is emphatically one of the books which "fills a gap," "which no student can afford to be without," and will be warmly welcomed. It is very well done, though here and there we find a survival of the older confusion of terms, as when there is added in a parenthesis under 'Etheric Double' "in Sanskrit the Linga Sharīra". One had hoped that this ancient mistake had disappeared. Some corrections of dates will be needed later, but that can wait. Mr. Hoult must have bestowed much labor and care on this most useful volume, and its issue rouses another regret that the author has passed away from earth.

A. B.

A Treatise on Electrical Theory and the Problem of the Universe. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B. Sc., formerly Professor of Physics and Astronomy, H. M. S. "Britannia". (Charles Griffin & Co., Strand, London. Price 15/-)

This is an elaborate and voluminous work on modern electrical theory, and puts the reader into touch with the most recent views of physicists thereon. It is, in a sense, both elementary and advanced, since it begins with a description of the simplest electrical experiments, and from these gradually takes us through the developments of Faraday and Maxwell, to the theories of the Ether, as contained in the writings of Sir Oliver Lodge, and Prof. J. J. Thompson. Although not quite free from mathematics, the text is not unduly encumbered with them, the most difficult mathematical proofs being relegated to appendices at the end of the book. I believe it was Prof. Clifford who once said that what can be demonstrated by mathematics can be also explained in plain English, and that what could not be given in good English, in all probability,

was not good mathematics. It is a pleasing feature of recent publications dealing with modern physics, that scientists are beginning to recognise this fact, and to disencumber their pages from excessive formulæ. Lodge's *Modern Views of Electricity*, and the above work are illustrations of this, so that anyone with a smattering of Algebra, and a taste for scientific reasoning, need not despair of obtaining a clear comprehension of electrical problems by perusing these works. But what makes the treatise under review of special interest to Theosophists is the fact that the author claims to demonstrate the existence of a Universal Mind in Nature, in other words, he proves the existence of the Theosophical Mahat, "as the highest entity in Kosmos," and concludes the volume by showing that the teachings of modern physical science are similar, in their broad outlines, with those of the Vedás, or to quote the closing sentence, (p. 505) "when the term energy is substituted for force, the Vedic scheme of development becomes identical with the one which expresses the most recent developments of physical research, *viz.*: The Absolute, or Eternal Self-consciousness—Mind—Energy—Ether—Matter". Thus is modern science rapidly awakening from the stage of soulless materialism in which it has so long been sunk.

G. E. S.

The Idyll of the White Lotus, by Mabel Collins. (Theosophical Publishing Society. London. Price 2/6).

We have here a reprint of this justly popular work, in a pretty cover, designed by a member. It is one of the classics of the Theosophical Society, inspired by the same great One who gave *Light on the Path*.

A. B.

Transactions of the Educational Conference held at Benares in the month of December 1909. (*Theosophist* Office, Adyar; Theosophical Publishing Society, Benares City. Price As. 8.)

The belatedness of the appearance of these Transactions is due to an unfortunate accident. They are now published, even though too late, because they contain some valuable papers, and are likely to be the first of a series.

A. B.

Glimpses of the Orient of To-day, by Saint Nihal Singh. (Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Re. 1.)

This young Indian gentleman is already well known in East and West as a popular writer. We have read many of

his excellent articles in various periodicals and are glad to welcome his booklet under review. It shows the power of observation of the writer, and his quick intelligence has grasped and explained many things now going on under the surface in the Orient.

B. P. W.

Jean Réal. *La Science des Religions et le Problème Religieux au XXe Siècle*. A propos de l' "Orpheus" de M. Salomon Reinach. (Librairie Fischbacher. Paris.)

This is a small booklet of some 65 pages, written in consequence of the publication of M. Reinach's recent work *Orpheus*. The author feels that M. Reinach has not properly seized the essentials of religion, and that this writer has therefore only drawn negative conclusions from historic data. He, on the contrary, wants to draw positive conclusions, and therefore endeavors to give an answer to the great question: what is religion, or what should it be, for *us?* His reasoning borrows its examples only from Christianity, as he is writing for his fellow-men of western civilisation in a Christian society. The history of religions, he maintains, has nearly everywhere demolished and annihilated but not built up. Traditional authorities are more and more shaken. The Bible, instead of a Divine Word of God, infallible and inspired, has been proven of historic growth, based on often impure, miscellaneous, distorted and insecure materials. Even the very life, the work and the history of the central Personage in Christianity, of Jesus, are being gradually stripped of detail after detail, fact after fact, certainty after certainty. Only vague, nebulous, half-legendary nuclei of a story are left. Further, the history of religions and the comparative study of religions have shown the existence of an evolution in them, singly and collectively; have shown also a constant growth, change and accretion in Christian dogmas, rites and organisation. As science and knowledge advance, religion has to surrender pretension after pretension. Why is this? Because religion (the author deals, as said, exclusively with Christian religion) has come to base itself on unessentials, on elements widely divergent from those traceable in its earliest state, nearest to its Founder. Now-a-days religion demands beliefs—beliefs in all sorts of things wholly unrelated to a man's goodness. It demands beliefs in certain teachings concerning the life after death, the creation of the world, the nature of God, which are all unrelated to a man's moral value and true

worth. Now the comparative study of religion shows, furthermore, that two elements are predominant in all religions: morality, goodness on the one hand and belief or dogma (together with rites) on the other. And as religion after religion appears and rises to a higher level than its predecessors the belief aspect and the rites recede in the background and the moral demand comes more and more to the forefront. In ancient Greece and Rome a great revolution was wrought when the old and manifold beliefs were relinquished for the new Christian morality. But this new morality too became in its turn in the course of time thickly overgrown with all sorts of extraneous accretions and a second great revolution took place, the Reformation, which again rejected much of this additional belief and the superimposed rites. It did away with priest-authority and with the pretensions to worldly authority of the Church, and went back to a direct appeal to the Scripture without the intermediary of the priest or the ecclesiastical body. In our present days the higher criticism has undermined the authority of these Scriptures in their turn, and a new revolution is necessary. This revolution consists in boldly taking the step of shifting the pivot of religion from *all* belief to morality *alone*. The new religion is the religion of goodness and of goodness only. To cultivate self-control and virtue, charity and justice, to aim at self-perfection and the perfection of the whole human race—that only can, at our present state of science and civilisation, of knowledge and of conscience, satisfy, unify and be accepted by all.

The author has rapidly sketched, or, we might say, merely opened up a big, important and fascinating question. Does his solution wholly satisfy us? Frankly, it does not. We see all the virtues enumerated and recommended save one, and that one we prize above and beyond *all*—it is in fact the source of all: it is *wisdom*. There I think, we Theosophists score decidedly in *our* ideal. But the little book is certainly worth reading and meditating over. It advocates certain elements we appreciate so much in Buḍḍhism and Confucianism, but in his statement the modern preacher reaches not up to his ancient models—how could he? We nevertheless sincerely appreciate this honest and manly endeavor to answer one of the most enthralling problems of our times.

We may, finally, add that we find in these pages a few sympathetic references to the Theosophical school of thought and many a passage with which we are thoroughly in accord.

J. v. M.

Saṅgīṭa Sāra, Part I, Svarâḍhyâya. Compiled by H. H. the Mahârâja Sawai Praṭāp Simha Ḍeo of Jaipur (The Poona Gâyan Samâj. Price Rs. 2.)

This work is in Hindī, and was written by the Mahârâja Sawai Praṭāp Simha of Jaipur, who ruled the State from 1770 A. D. to 1804. Jaipur is a historical place, and figures prominently in the struggle of the Râjpuṭs with the Moguls for maintaining their independence. Jaipur has a reputation of having produced not only brave and high-spirited rulers, but also learned rulers and patrons of literature and the fine arts. Râjâ Mân Singha of Jaipur, the famous general of Akbar, was a very learned man and a musician of great repute. He occupies a high place among the list of musicians for the court of Akbar. There are many beautiful and sweet songs composed by him in different Râgas still extant. There is another Râjâ, Naval Kishor, a Râjpuṭ ruler, who was similarly an expert musician. Even now the present ruler of Jaipur patronises Hinḍū music, and it is but fit that this present work should have been dedicated to him. The work is a very exhaustive one, and deals with all the important questions of the science and art of music in its various departments. We have only the first part, which deals with the science of svaras—*i.e.*, notes, and their origin from Brahman. Side by side with it, the author gives a brief summary of the Hinḍū Cosmogony, the development of the human embryo and also of the human body, the various Nâḍis and Chakrams and their relation to sound. This part of the information is very interesting to Theosophists. The book also gives copious information culled from various authors on Hinḍū music, regarding the notes of the gamut, their origin, value, and character. The author seems to have been conversant with the various theories extant, and he has taken great pains to collect information from all available sources. He has also tried to solve the difficult question of determining the value of notes on the scales of the gamut adopted by different authors of music at different times in India, but the question of Murchhanas, as described by the author of Saṅgīṭ Ralvakar, has not been solved, and it remains still a sealed book to us. Hinḍū music is of very ancient date and it has undergone innumerable changes from time to time. The real ancient music is extinct. The music of the 10th to 12th century is also practically extinct, when compared with the present extant music. Hinḍū

music is at present divided into Northern and Southern music, like the Buḍḍhist Church.

The Southern music still retains many of its old characters, but the Northern or Hinḍûsṭâni music has considerably changed and greatly improved in melody, and has become more and more complex since the time of Akbar. There is not a single good work which practically deals with the present extant music. As we have only the first part before us, we have no data to say whether this book will give us accurate information on this music as it existed at the beginning of the 19th century. On the whole, however, it promises to be a very useful and instructive book and a valuable addition to the library of Hinḍû music. We only invite the attention of the publisher to several inaccuracies in printing on almost every page, and suggest a more careful proof-reading of the text. A. S.

Das Mysterium des Menschen im Lichte der psychischen Forschung. Eine Einführung in den Okkultismus, von Ludwig Deinhard. (Verlag Reichl & Co., Berlin. Price 5 Marks; cloth, 6·50 Marks.)

This is a good and useful book. The author is an old member of our Society and a zealous translator and writer of Theosophical works in German, a man of scientific mind, careful thought and balanced judgment. His sympathies are almost equally with the positive teachings of modern Occultism and with the careful methods of modern psychical research. He esteems that these two—Theosophy and Psychical Research—are in many respects akin, strengthen each other in many ways, and supplement each other. Together they *reveal* and *prove* (the latter to a certain extent) the great beyond, and answer many of the mysteries of life and death, of man's being and humanity's future and past history. The great public is as yet far from cherishing such convictions, and therefore he has tried to write a book which is intended as an introduction to these two subjects for those who have vague notions, or even no knowledge at all, about them. This task he has accomplished well. In an Introduction he sketches shortly what Psychical Research is and what Occultism is. For the first term he uses as a synonym Metapsychics, for the latter Esotericism and Theosophy. He defines their mutual relations and specific character. The Psychic Researcher studies the Mystery of Man in others (in 'subjects'); the Esotericist studies it in himself.

The former keeps to what is provable to the physical senses, the latter records whatever are his experiences within, by and for himself, even without the possibility of a demonstration of their reality to others.' The former, again, seeks facts, the other principles; the one Physics, the other Metaphysics. After this general and clearly put statement, the author divides his book into two parts, corresponding to this difference of principle. The first part treats of 'Experimental Psychic Research,' the second part of 'Esoteric Psychic Research'.

The first part, covering 200 pages, is subdivided into four chapters: 1. England and North America; 2. France and Italy; 3. The remaining non-German Europe; 4. Germany. This part gives a careful, clear, sober and thorough, though rapid and brief, statement of the case. It discusses under appropriate headings the various classes of phenomena, and the most notable personalities—experimentors as well as subjects. Thought-transmission, Telepathy, Suggestion, Hypnotism, Subliminal Consciousness, Phantasms, Ghosts, the Divining-rod, Crystal-vision, Automatic Cross-correspondence, Photography of the Invisible, Phantasms of the Living, Psychometry, are all clearly defined, well selected instances of them are given, and the chief theories of explanation concerning them are described. Special stress is laid on the Spirit-hypothesis, and the author makes clear his assent to it. Superstition, Animism and Spiritism are discussed, and everywhere the book is kept quite up-to-date. Amongst the personalities, Hodgson, Hyslop, William Stead (and Julia's Bureau), Richet, Camille Flammarion, Joire, de Rochas, Maxwell, Eusapia Paladino, Ochorowicz, Flournoy, and du Prel are discussed, and their respective labors described. Everywhere there is an exact reference to the sources, giving evidence of wide reading and a thorough knowledge of the subject.

In the second part there are three chapters. The first is on Palingenesis, or, as we would call it, Reincarnation This is put forward as the corner-stone of all Esotericism. An excellent subdivision of the chapter is on 'Witnesses for the conception of Reincarnation.' Its twenty pages contain remarkable quotations of great weight, not the least of them being those taken from Goethe. Dr. Hübbe Schleiden, himself a veteran in our ranks, contributes a thoughtful subsection to this chapter, entitled, 'Reincarnation before the judgment seat of Intelligence'.

The second chapter deals with 'The Esotericism of Antiquity,' being in so far misleading in its title as it deals

almost exclusively with Pythagoras and his school. Besides, we cannot quite agree with the esteemed author as to the authority of his sources in this matter. He takes as his guide Edouard Schuré, from whose *Les grands Initiés* he quotes copiously. We ourselves have a great admiration for this brilliant book and its charming, venerable author. But we regard it as a prose-poem of high merits and extraordinary intuition, not as a semi-historical, or esoteric 'Quellenwerk'.

The third chapter, completing the 100 pages devoted to the second part, treats of modern Esotericism. Dr. Steiner is mainly taken as the source here, though Mrs. Besant, Mr. Leadbeater and others are frequently mentioned and quoted also. It deals chiefly with the first three planes, the lower bodies or principles, sleeping and dreaming, esoteric discipline, man's future; and also with explanations, from the esoteric standpoint, of many of the points discussed in the first part. There are also some theoretical discussions on the usefulness and reliability of the esoteric method. The chapter ends with a section on the Christ-problem, based on Dr. Steiner's teachings.

It will be seen therefore that, in the main, the book limits itself strictly to what its title indicates: the mystery of man, his being, powers, constitution and after-death life. How the second part will strike the layman, it is difficult for us, to whom this way of thinking has become so familiar, to estimate. We ourselves incline to think that the first part is more systematic, more complete, more all-round and more clear than the second part. Yet this second part contains much that is valuable, and could not be missed from the book without serious loss to it. This is certainly the first work we have encountered in which the two streams of thought concerning man, his psychic being and the beyond, are discussed in equal proportions, where the 'searchers' and the 'teachers' are given as complementaries, and where the exposition has been made with a thorough knowledge of both, with even temper, just balance and a right sense of proportion. In this respect the work is a pioneer amongst the literature on these subjects, and deserves a great measure of praise. We hope therefore that this useful and thorough piece of work will meet with the success it well deserves. There is a copious index to the book; the execution leaves nothing to be desired.

J. v. M.

Within the Holy of Holies, by Rellimeo. (L. N. Fowler & Co., 7, Imperial Arcade.)

This is one of the best New Thought books along Christian lines we have had the pleasure of perusing. As a New Thought résumé it is replete with spiritual suggestions and one might designate it as one of Mystic Christian practice pre-eminently practical. The effect of reading the book through is one of refreshment and repose, as it speaks of the fundamental realities of the immanence of God, His Oneness with all, and the justice of His law. The whole tendency of the book is to bring out the reality of the Self in the innermost shrine of the heart, and by doing so to make him stronger than all strife, temptation and discord. One regret the sympathetic student of comparative religion may have about the book is that it is only worded in terms of biblical Christianity, and not in those of the combined religions of the world; had this latter course been pursued, we venture to think that the book would have commanded a wider field of usefulness than can be hoped for it with its present strictly Christian form. This regret is strengthened by reason of the fact that the teaching found in the book is of the kind which leads one to realise that the Religion of religions is the highest practical ideal of spiritual knowledge and discipline.

R. B. C.

La Bhagavad-Gîtâ is a poetical phantasy in French verse by Édouard Trémisot, more or less based on elements is the original book whose title it bears. It is in seven parts adapted for oratories—solos, choirs and orchestra; we hope this will be copied soon by some English artist.

TRANSLATIONS

The Other Side of Death of Mr. Leadbeater is rendered into French, by Gaston Revel.

The Substance of Faith allied to Science, by Sir Oliver Lodge has been translated into Italian, and published by the Ars Regia, Milan. There is a good preface by Alessandro Chiappelli.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, July, 1910

This number is important mainly because of two papers which are likely to give a new impulse to the study of two badly neglected branches of Saṃskṛt literature; namely, that of the ancient Viṣṇuitic sects (Bhâgavatas, Pâñcarâtras) and that of the so-called Śaiva-Vedânta.

The first of these papers is by A. Govindâcârya (F. T. S.) whose *Divine Wisdom of the Drâviḍa Saints, Lives of the Âzhvârs, etc.*, attest his having been busy in this field already for some time. He offers a translation of the Artha-Pañcaka of Pillai Lokâcârya, with an introduction by Dr. Grierson and an appendix, by the same author, containing a Saṃskṛt translation of this work, by Nârâyaṇa Yati. The original is in Maṇipravâḷa, *i.e.*, a mixture of Tamil and Saṃskṛt intended "to place religion and philosophy within the reach of the masses". (There are quite a number of Maṇipravâḷa MSS. in the Adyar Library, and probably in most South Indian libraries.) The author of the Arthapañcaka lived in the thirteenth century, and has composed eighteen Rahasyas or Secret Treatises, of which the work mentioned is the third in number, but the first in importance in that it is "quite the most important summary of the modern Bhâgavata doctrine of Southern India that we possess" (Dr. Grierson). In contradistinction to the Bhakta-mâla made known by Dr. Grierson, which represents the doctrine of 'co-operative' Grace of the so-called monkey school, the Arthapañcaka teaches *prapatti* or 'irresistible' Grace (cat school) which is a stage beyond *bhakti* in that it is entirely passive (like the self-surrender of a kitten carried by its mother). The Arthapañcaka is so called because it teaches 'five truths'; namely, the nature of the Soul, of God, of the Goal, of the Means, and, lastly, of the Bars. We cannot go into further particulars, but may remark that the translator has also added some interesting appendices on Karma, God in Images, the designation Śrī-Vaiṣṇava, etc. The paper deserves to be carefully studied.

The Paramârthasâra of Abhinava-gupta is published and translated by Dr. Barnett as a further document telling in favor of his view expounded in the Belgian Journal *Le Muséon* (1909) "that the living faith of the majority of modern Tamils is in almost every respect, and certainly in all essentials, the same doctrine that was taught in Kaṣmîr about the beginning of the eleventh century by Abhinava-gupta". Dr. Barnett has meanwhile gone a step further (in a paper which, I understand, will also appear in the *J. R. A. S.*) and declared decidedly that the teaching of the Pratyabhijñâ school "passed, through Âgamic and other channels, southwards, notably into the Kanarese country in the middle of the 12th century, and reappeared, at the beginning of the 13th, as the basis of the Tamil Siddhântam" (From *The Hindu*, quoted in Siddhânta Dîpikâ, June, 1910). At a similar conclusion we had ourselves arrived some time ago (see our Descriptive Catalogue, vol. I, p. IX, note †), and as a further proof of its correctness we may point to the fact that manuscripts, in the Grantha and Telugu character, of some of the works of Abhinava-gupta are still now in existence in Southern India (*e.g.*, in the Adyar Library). The Śaiva-Vedânta of Kaṣmîr, then, is the source of the South-Indian Śaiva Siddhântam, and this is a sufficient reason for recommending its investigation, were it not already interesting enough in itself. But so far there was no proper introduction to it. This is now given by Dr. Barnett's important contribution, the Paramârthasâra being, as the name says, the "essence of the highest truth," *i.e.*, an outline of the Pratyabhijñâ-darśana. It is a work of the eleventh century, and it consists of 105 stanzas in the beautiful Ârya metre. Dr. Barnett's translation is interrupted by copious extracts from the commentary of Yoga Muni, without which he would hardly have risked the translation of the Paramârthasâra. (We take this opportunity of calling attention to the untiring and successful efforts made by Mr. V. V. Ramanan on behalf of the Śaiva Siddhântam. His well edited journal, the Siddhânta-Dîpikâ, is mainly devoted to this subject, and his new translation of Śrîkaṇṭha's Śaiva-Bhâshya will, to judge from the proofs we have seen, become a standard work.)

Other Contents: The Sibyl and the Dream of the One Hundred Suns: an old Apocryphon, by Mr. Gaster; The Brahmins of Malabar, by K. Ramavarma Raja; The Ahuna Vairya, with its Pahlavi and Saṃskṛt translations, by Prof.

Lawrence Mills; Kanauri Vocabulary in two parts, by the Rev. T. Grahame Bailey; The Source of Hindu Mathematics, by G. R. Kaye; The Office of Kāḍi in the Ahkām Sulṭāniyya of Māwardi, by H. F. Amedroz; A Further Note on the Inscriptions of the Myazedi Pagoda, by C. O. Blagden; Miscellaneous communications (containing two more Notes on the Bēsnagar inscriptions, a note on the Saka era, two specimens of the unknown languages of Eastern Turkestan, another note on the antiquity of Vedic culture, a proposal, by V. V. Sovani, to choose for the term Bhagavat the translation 'Perfect'; etc., etc.

Journal of the German Oriental Society, Vol. LXIV, No. 1

This is a big number, but, as usual, there is little to attract the layman.

Prof. Franke concludes the second part of his 'Suttanipāta Gāthās with their Parallels' on which we have reported on a former occasion.

Jarl Charpentier, the Swedish scholar, continues his 'Studies in Indian Narrative Literature,' it being this time the Bhisajātaka which is examined as to its parallels, etc., with the result that it has a common source with Mahābhārata XIII, 93, 1—149: the so-called Bisastainyopākhyāna which, however, has preserved the original better than the Pāli story.

Most interesting is the following note, by W. Bacher, on the views of the German emperor Friedrich II. of Hohenstaufen as to the biblical law concerning animals fit for sacrifice. The emperor said, according to a Hebrew report reproduced in the Journal, that only domestic animals could be sacrificed "because the purpose of the sacrifice is to win the favor of the Creator, and nobody gains another's favor with what does not belong to him. Now . . . . . game, etc., is . . . . . nobody's property . . . . ." Friedrich II. is more and more being recognised as the greatest of the mediæval German emperors. He spent almost all his time in his South Italian provinces, where he developed into a sort of Akbar, his tolerance for the Moslems and open friendship with some of them being most objectionable to his pious Christian soldiers. He had some philosophical works translated from the Arabic.

'The home of Paiśācī,' by Sten Konow, comes to the conclusion that the "Paiśācī described by Prakrit grammarians

was based on a dialect spoken in and about the Vindhyas, and perhaps further to the south and east."

Other Contents: On some MSS. of Kathāsaṃgraha stanzas, by J. Hertel; The Age of the ancient Persian cuneiform characters, by E. Herzfeld; The Pahlavi Text of Yasna LXX. edited with all the MSS. collated, by L. H. Mills; Concerning the Criticism of the Kitāb-al-Āīn, by K. Inostrancev; On the Vakrokti and the Age of Daṇḍin (he lived after Bhāmaha and before Vāmana and Udbhaṭa), by H. Jacobi; and a number of philological contributions.

Dr. F. Otto Schrader

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

Asiatic

The Adyar Bulletin, October, 1910. The Headquarters' Notes are followed by 'Karma in the Heaven-Life' by Mr. Leadbeater, which once again makes short work of our 'fixed' theories and conceptions, and makes us say: "One more illusion gone." Articles like these are priceless, not only for the new knowledge they impart, but chiefly as enabling Theosophical students to accustom themselves in shifting their well-arranged mental furniture with ease and without resentment. A new line in the vast study of karma is here worked out, with Mr. Leadbeater's usual clearness and lucidity. 'Life and Its Five Sheaths' by C. Nārāyaṇsvāmi is a readable piece, and 'Disaster' is a poem by F. Milton-Willis based on the great fact that so-called evils are no evils at all. The Convention programme and 14 pages of Theosophical news from J. v. M. conclude the number.

Theosophy in India, Benares, September, 1910. 'The *Bhagavad-Gītā* on Matter and Energy' is the first portion of an article which may develop into interesting reading. In 'Notes and News' there is an excellent proposal to open a stall of Theosophical books in the forthcoming Allahabad Exhibition, where also the Indian National Congress and various Conferences meet. Our *Theosophist* Office is ready and willing to co-operate, if some reliable members of the T. S. will take up the work of selling, and generally supervising the stall. This is an excellent opportunity of spreading the good news.

C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, October, 1910. 'The Future of India' by our President is *the* article of the number. We regret that space forbids our quoting at length. All we can extract here is the following: "When the union (between East and West) is accomplished, when the field is ready, then Vaivasvaṭa Manu will send hither the master-intellects of humanity, to raise the people composed of the best elements of His race to a dazzling height of glory, and the great Āryan Empire will stand revealed. In preparation for that Flower of the Future, for centuries hence, will come in the very near future His mighty Brother, the Boḍhisaṭṭva Maiṭreya, clothed in Indian form, to carry the great uniting message through the world, the Heart of the East and the Head of the West. The work of preparation for His appearing is the immediate task of the T. S., and the Ṛṣhis are working in it to that end. The Manu and the Boḍhisaṭṭva of the next Race are its Chiefs, and during the long infancy of that Sixth Race, Vaivasvaṭa Manu will lead His Āryan people to the World-Throne prepared for it." This is an excellent number.

Theosophy in Dutch India (Dutch-Malay), May—September, 1910. This is the Official organ of the Dutch-Indian Section for the native members of Java and Sumatra, whose language is Malay. Among the native members there are some Chinamen, chiefly priests; as the Chinaman remains always in close contact with his motherland and works hard to return once again to his country, specially to be buried in his native soil, it may be that we are making the link in Java to propagate Theosophy in China. Theosophy is growing among the Javanese, descendants of Hinḍū settlement in past centuries with a glorious civilisation. The famous Borobudur-temple in Mid-Java and numerous other temple-ruins scattered over the whole island bear witness to the exalted religious sentiment and fine arts of the past great Hinḍū empire in Java. Though converted to Islām, Hinḍūism remains the undercurrent of the religious and national feelings of the Javanese. Theosophy awakens the memory of the old glories and is received enthusiastically in Java.

European

The Vāhan, London, September, 1910. The opening article on 'The Master' by C. J. is very interesting and instructive;

'Canton and Its Poets' has it own charms. Reviews, notes and news make up a very good number.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, September, 1910. Besides notes and news there is a short but interesting contribution by Miss I. M. Pagan on the Passion-play of Ober-Ammergau. We are pleased to say that our Scottish Magazine is steadily going on doing good work.

The Lotus Journal, London, September, 1910. The sixth instalment of 'The Palace of the Sun' will interest astrological students. 'Self-Sacrifice' is a nice story. Our President's lecture on 'Brotherhood applied to Social Conditions' is continued. Mrs. Whyte contributes a very readable 'Our younger Brother's Page,' while Mr. Whyte continues his 'The Bodies We Wear'. 'Roger's Scholarship' is a readable story that closes a good number.

T. P. S. Book Notes, London, September, 1910, reviews at length among others Bhagavān Ḍās's *Science of Social Organisation* and Mrs. Besant's *Popular Lectures on Theosophy*. This young magazine is doing very good and useful work, and no serious Theosophical student should be without a copy. It gives information regarding new books on Theosophical and kindred subjects, and keeps us in touch with what is necessary and useful—a task that is so difficult for individuals to do without such a magazine, in our days of vast literary output.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, August, 1910. We are glad to see that, in accordance with the hopes held out by W. H. K. in his last letter from Italy (see our August issue), this Sectional Bulletin is rapidly growing to the measure of a review. This number is an excellent one, the fullest and most varied that has so far appeared. In addition to several well-translated articles, there are two short original ones: 'Artists and Mystics,' by E. Pavia, and 'Certainty and Doubt: Notes by a Student,' by E. D. S. The latest Theosophical books and *The Substance of Faith*, by Sir Oliver Lodge (Italian version) are reviewed at length, and with keen discernment and appreciation; while a new feature is added in the notices given of almost all the important periodicals of our Society. From a list herein published, we learn that during the months of June and July the Italian League for the Diffusion of Theosophical Literature (Order of Service) distributed 36 books, 194 pamphlets and

298 leaflets. May the League and the *Bollettino* continue to flourish, sowing ever more widely the seeds of the Divine Wisdom throughout Italy!

Revue Théosophique Française (French), Paris, August, 1910. In Editorial notes we notice the wish of two members to have a Theosophical Catechism for children. Theosophical teachings grown up with a person will become a part of his life, which is why it is necessary, without neglecting the other means of propaganda, actively to spread Theosophy among the children.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, May, 1910, contains local news and reports of the annual Convention of the T. S. in France, in which the General Secretary speaks about the unusually successful work of the past year.

Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, September, 1910. Anna Firmiss gives the outlines of what we know about the scheme of the Occult Hierarchy.

Theosophie (German), Leipzig, September, 1910, brings an interesting article on 'Reincarnation and Biology'. The author, Mr. A. Simon, evidently a follower of Nietzsche, endeavors to prove that the latter believed in reincarnation, but the quotations from *Thus spake Zarathustra* which he gives to this effect seem rather far-fetched. Nietzsche believed in the eternal recurrency of all things *(die ewige Wiederkehr aller Dinge)* but this is something different from reincarnation in the Theosophical sense.

Neue Lotusblüten (German), Leipzig, September and October, 1910, contain several articles penned by Dr. Franz Hartmann in his usual witty and humorous style. We must quote a sentence from the Letter-Box: "If God had created everything in perfection and solely for the benefit of men, herrings would have no bones, roses no thorns, and potatoes no skins." This sounds flippant, but conveys a really great truth.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, September, 1910. Its contents are chiefly translations. Henri Borel, a well-known author and Chinese scholar, writes a beautiful article about 'The Yellow Temple in Peking'.

Sophia (Spanish), Madrid, September, 1910. This interesting number contains mainly translations. An excellent portrait of Mr. Xifrè is given. Mr. Roso de Luna writes on 'An Idyllic Episode from the *Mahābhārata*,' giving a

mystical explanation of the Nala-Damayanti story. Mr. Previño contributes some interesting historical memories.

AMERICAN

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, August, 1910, is full of interest. C. Jinarājadāsa continues his 'First Principles of Theosophy' and there are some readable small paragraphs on various topics.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, September, 1910, contains many translations. Josè Granès contributes an interesting original article on 'White Lotus-day'.

Virya (Spanish), San Josè de Costa Rica, July, 1910, contains the fifth lecture of Mr. Roso de Luna given during his last South American tour. A note on the transmutation of substances and the continuation of Tomàs Povedano's serial story conclude an interesting number.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, September, 1910. Among the original contributions are the third instalment of 'Random Shots,' and 'The Silence of Silence'.

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, September, 1910. 'Scripture of Yoga' by Maitra is continued, as also is 'Theosophy Undeclared'. The twelfth instalment of 'Studies in Astrology' is given. X.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

FRANCE

This month we have from the religious point of view an interesting event to notice. *Le Sillon* has submitted to the papal authority, having incurred condemnation on account of Modernist tendencies. *Le Sillon*, imbued with ardent and enthusiastic ideality, has upheld the party of democratic Catholicism; its work, directed towards the reanimation of the Catholic Church, has taken expression in popular classes and in the effort to instil into these some real life and activity. The journal *Le Sillon*, started in 1902 by Mons. Sangnier, a man of noble character and steadfast will, had gathered a number of adherents to this party, which at first met with the approbation of Pius X. as well as of several bishops; but

the breadth of view and the ardently democratic spirit of the Sillonists alarmed the representative of S. Peter, who was disturbed above all, perhaps, by the independence which more and more characterised *Le Sillon*, a spirit which the Pope qualified as revolutionary, expressing himself in the following words: "This limpid and impetuous stream (*Le Sillon*) has been diverted in its course by the modern enemies of the church and has become only a miserable tributary to the great movement of apostasy now organised in every country". It may truly be said that the Pope does all in his power to crush everything calculated to give back life and hope to Catholicism.

The circuit of the East, the aerial race organised by the journal *Le Matin*, has excited profound interest in the various countries, awakening amongst the millions of people present at the departure and return of the aviators a patriotic feeling of union and harmony. There have been many comments upon the future usefulness of aeroplanes in case of war. Let us hope they may rather serve as a means of drawing closer and of promoting the unity of the nations. With regard to various experiences, as related by aviators, I have come across a curious account (whether related by Le blanc or d'Auburn, I do not recollect). The aviator must, in any case, have been a sensitive, for he describes very graphically the impression of hostility he encountered during his aerial voyages, and difficulties resulting without doubt from the opposition of the air elementals. "It was," said he, "as if little invisible hands were pulling, striking, and striving in every way to make me lose hold, concentrating these attacks sometimes on my arms, sometimes on my legs," and he speaks of the insidious and treacherous nature of the sensation caused in this way. This is an interesting statement for us Theosophists. The denizens of the air will strongly oppose the conquest of their element. This has already meant, and may yet mean, the sacrifice of many victims, but let us hope that the air elementals will finally resign themselves to the inevitable, and that in future times they may even become our allies.

AM. B.



Vol. XXXII **No. 3**

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

AT last the long-promised visit of H. E. the Viceroy to the Central Hindū College has been made, and the function was a great success, despite the difficulties caused by the unseasonable weather. November in Benares is an exquisite month, bright sunshine, cool mornings and evenings, and never a drop of rain. This year all went as usual until the 9th, when a drizzling rain alarmed us; the 10th had some showers, but on the night of the 10th a torrential down-pour began, and showed no sign of slackening until 10 A.M. on the 11th, when it stopped. Counting confidently on ordinary weather, we had erected a huge awning over the platform in front of the College Hall, so as more than to double its size. It was beautifully decorated by the students, who worked unremittingly with their deft fingers and clever brains; a handsome canopy with silver pillars and a back of silver spears was placed over the vice-regal seats; triumphal arches were erected at the Boarding-House gate for the entry, and at the gate of the Indian Section T. S. which fronts it; flags marked out the route and fluttered gaily at every point of

vantage; carpets were spread, and everything was ready.

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At midnight, down came the pitiless rain in unceasing torrents. Some devoted workers, already tired with the long day's labor, again set their hands to the task of removing carpets and canopy, from the rain, which soon began to drip from the tent roof. They worked till 3 A.M., and again at 6 we all assembled, and made the hall itself into the place of meeting. We sent off letters to announce that the College portico would be the place of entry, so as to keep our visitors dry; the seats for 1,500 people had to be re-arranged, and crowded accommodation had to take the place of the ample spaces of the day before. By 9 A.M. all was done, and the crowd began pouring in, none the wiser as to the alterations. Fortunately the Cadet Corps, Guards and Scouts were so well drilled that they carried out their duties without a fault, though all was changed from the careful rehearsals which had occupied the previous days; and when the vice-regal party arrived at 10.15—a quarter of an hour before time—the Trustees were assembled in a body, the Cadets were lining the staircase, and there was nothing to show that the original programme had been turned upside down.

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The procession filed into the Hall—Lord Minto and myself, Lady Minto and Bābū Bhagavān Dās, Lady Eileen Elliot and Mr. Arundale, Mr. Butler, the Foreign Secretary, the Commissioner, the vice-regal Staff—and was received with ringing cheers. When Their Excellencies were seated, the School choir sang a hymn to Sarasvaṭi, and a Paṇḍit of the Pāthashālā recited a Samskṛṭ poem of welcome. Then the Address was read by myself, and presented in a beautiful silver and gold case. About thirty-five children from the Girls' School were seated, a veritable flower-garden, on a little platform near H. E. Lady Minto, and one of these stepped forward with an

exquisitely embroidered silk-case containing a most beautiful scarf of Benares work, and with a few clearly spoken words in English, presented it to Lady Minto from the School. Their Excellencies were then garlanded, Lord Minto by J. Kṛshṇamūrṭi and Lady Minto by a little girl, and the Viceroy delivered his address,[1] full of warm sympathy with the College, and of admiration for its work.

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This finished the programme, as, though the rain had ceased, the playgrounds were too wet for the display of drill which had been prepared, and that was perforce omitted. Their Excellencies very kindly consented to face the mud and go out through the Boarding-House, and, to my surprise and pleasure, as we left the Hall, having only paused to look at the Royal Portraits, the Scouts and Guards had swiftly lined the whole route while the Cadets marched in front and behind, lining up with soldierly precision at the approach to the outer gateway. The Viceroy commented with much approval on the smart and well set-up appearance of the College 'troops,' and Lady Minto promised that they would present the College with a Medal in their names. So ended a most happy visit, perfect in all respects save the weather. The kindly and gracious courtesy of the representatives of the Imperial Crown has forged another link of affection and loyalty between the College and the Empire, added to that made by T. R. H. the Prince and Princess of Wales (now our Rulers) by their visit in 1906. These personal ties, felt by all human beings, are peculiarly strongly felt in India, and we, who guide the College, are hence specially grateful to those who thus facilitate our responsible work.

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The house for the use of Indian Students in London, 39 Fellows Road, Hampstead, rented by the Friends of India, was opened on October 4, 1910, at 9 A.M. "It was a gloriously sunny day," writes the General

[1] This and the College address will appear in our next issue.

Secretary of the T.S. in England and Wales, "and the back of the house faces south. It is really a delightful house, roomy, airy, with large windows, as so many of these older houses up there are, with a nice piece of garden, and gardens all round." Mr. Arnold, some Indian gentlemen and a few others came in to tea in the afternoon. The venture is fairly launched, the first student, who had applied for a room on October 1st, coming into residence on October 6th. May the house serve the purpose for which it has been opened, the service of India and the Empire.

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Mr. Milton Willis of New York, who is working so hard in the World Federation League, writes of the progress which is being made. Mexico has the appointment of a Peace Commission under consideration, and Canada and the South American Republics will next be approached. It is fitting that North America, the home of the sixth sub-race, should lead the peace movement. Mr. Roosevelt, the greatest force in America, has plunged into a war needed for the establishment of peace; he is attacking the corruption, the bribery, the insolent excess of wealth, which are eating the heart out of America, and all the threatened interests are rising up against him. The New York *World* has a strong and very able article, entitled: 'Roosevelt's Revolution,' and declares that "it is a peaceful revolution, but it reaches to the very roots of American institutions;" it sums up the issues:

> Do they [the American people] want Democracy, or do they want a Socialistic dictatorship? Do they want the Republic, or do they want Roosevelt and Revolution?

The article was written to sway the Saratoga Convention, and at the Saratoga Convention Roosevelt triumphed. The Republic of Rome was a mightier power than is the Republic of the United States. Is the latter to follow its predecessor, and to cry: "Ave! Cæsar!"? There are events more unlikely.

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Our good brother V. V. S. Avaḍhāni, F.T.S., has sent to the Adyar Library a box containing 250 bundles of Samskṛt MSS.—a family collection; we hope that others will follow this excellent example, for there are many priceless collections put away in the families of Indian pandits, being slowly converted into mice and white ants.

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The second Convention of Religions in India is to be held in January 1911, at Allahabad; the Secretaries are: Rai Bahādur Lāla Baijnath, Retired Judge, Agra, U. P., and Major B. D. Basu, Allahabad. Mr. G. S. Arundale, M.A., LL.B. will represent the T.S. on that occasion, and, as President of the T.S., I have agreed to my name being placed on the Committee, though I cannot attend the Convention, as I shall be in Burma at the time.

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The Rev. J. Campbell is preaching sermons of great power and beauty, and they are regularly reported in *The Christian Commonwealth*. Theosophists may well rejoice to read the following:

> Up to the present human consciousness has functioned upon the physical plane, also on that of the passions and emotions, to a lesser degree on that of the intellect—which, after all, is not consciousness, but only one of its instruments—and, much more rarely, on the plane of the spiritual. By the spiritual I mean that plane of experience on which we realise our oneness with one another and with the mysterious Power behind phenomena whom we call God.
>
> Now, I beg you to think of this for a moment. I want to remind you that the body is not the Self; it is the instrument of the Self. Our passional instincts are not the Self; they are the instrument of the Self. Even the mind is not the Self; it is the instrument of the Self. The Self is something greater than the body, greater than the feelings, greater than the intellect. The Self is the reality at the back of all these, partly hedged in by them and partly making use of them to utter itself. Consciousness has to rise through them all before it can attain to its own highest, the level of perfect self-realisation, which is perfect love. If you can once clearly understand this, it will alter your whole attitude towards the poor, sinful human nature, which at times you find so trying and so discouraging.

And then how beautiful is this, following a description of a visit to some Worcester Porcelain Works, where all the processes had been watched, from the rough clay to the finished exquisite ware; the process applied to the evolution of man:

Let it teach you patience, reverence, faith, when you are dealing with the weaknesses, defects, and vices of your brothers and sisters. Very likely I am speaking to someone just now who this week has had enough to break his heart in his dealings with human nature. You have had to put up with treachery, disloyalty, gross selfishness, moral blindness, in those with whom your lot is cast or whom you have sought to benefit. You have discovered a baseness, hitherto incredible, where you ought to have found gratitude and fidelity. You have been deserted, slandered, betrayed, by some to whom you have never done or intended anything but good. Perhaps you came to church this morning with fierce resentment rising in your heart against those who have thus wronged you and made it harder for you to go cheerfully and bravely on with your work in life. Do not be hasty or unforgiving; look deeper. The widest charity is the greatest wisdom. The clay looks ugly on the wheel, but the divine vessel is being shaped, the soul is coming through. Those passions which have caused you pain are dark and dreadful enough to all outward seeming, but the refiner's fire will be busy on them presently; they will never be destroyed, but they will be transmuted into the glory of heaven. Believe it, and you will help to hasten it. Pray and work, and, if need be, suffer, that the imprisoned Spirit may come forth in all mankind.

The City Temple is indeed fortunate in having these noble teachings ringing within its walls week after week. May the preacher long be spared to carry on his great work.

***

I made a pleasant little tour in the Panjab in October, visiting Saharanpur, Jullundhar, Lahore, Jammu, Delhi, Agra and Cawnpur. The public meetings were large, especially at Lahore and Cawnpur; the newspapers estimated the audiences at the last-named place as six thousand, but this was somewhat over the mark. My own estimate was four thousand; in any case it was a big crowd. Many more English people are now attending Theosophical lectures—a good sign, as Theosophy draws

the races together. The large meetings at Lahore were a surprise, as the defection of some of the oldest and most important members in 1907—08 had almost killed the Lodge. Miss Browning's excellent work is, however, building it up again, and the public meetings were larger than at my last visit; it was the first time I had been there since my election. We all stayed at the Lodge—Alcyone and his brother, Mrs. van Hook and her son, Bābū Ayodhia Dās and myself. We had a pleasant, but short, visit to Jammu, where we found H. H. the Mahārājā as friendly and gracious as ever.

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The Muslim Review for October, edited by Mr. M. Abul Fazl, has the second part of an admirable article on Theosophy. It speaks of Theosophy as "rendering a service the significance of which can never be adequately conceived" by urging on the Muslim the duty of learning thoroughly his own religion and history. "Theosophy," it says, "is a movement of enlightenment, bent on the discovery of truth and on the advocacy of religious toleration," and alludes to my defence of Islām and the Prophet against the charge of indiscriminate use of force. Akbar first introduced Theosophy "on an important scale in India" "by the convening of his conference of religions." The article concludes by declaring that the Theosophical movement must command the sympathy, support and good wishes of all interested in comparative theology and of all Muslims.

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There passed away from earth, on September 23rd, a figure well known in the Theosophical Society, to which she devoted the best years of her life—the Countess Wachtmeister. Of noble birth and considerable wealth, the widow of the Swedish Ambassador to the Court of S. James, she resigned everything that the world gave her when the truth of Theosophy dawned upon her, sought H. P. Blavatsky at the time when the world was

covering her with ridicule and contempt, became her loving and faithful companion, facing all physical hardships and social odium for her sake, and continuing to follow her faithfully until her death. In London, the burden of the household at Lansdowne Road fell chiefly on her, with Mr. Bertram Keightley; she, with him, founded the T. P. S., and for years she performed ungrudgingly all the drudgery of office work. In India, again with him, she shared the establishment of the Sectional Headquarters, and the building of Shānṭi Kufija, travelled over the country, lecturing, visited Australia on the same mission, and labored in Sweden and other European countries. She died, as she had lived, a member of the T. S., though differing strongly from myself. May Peace be with her.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

CHAPTER V

The Two Laws of Growth

THE laws of the unfolding of the Spirit in his material vehicles, and of the growth, or evolution, of those vehicles, are two.

The first Law is the Law of Action and Re-Action, known often in modern days by the convenient eastern word. 'Karma'. Karma is the Samskṛt for Action, and naturally includes Re-Action, since these are inseparable: "Action and Re-Action are equal and opposite," says Science. Wherever there is Action there must inevitably be Re-Action, and this is the Law of the material worlds; every object is related to, interlinked with, other objects, and by these inter-relations they evolve. Hence it is the Law of Evolution for man's bodies, whether they be made

of dense or of subtle matter; matter is in continual movement, is ever vibrating, and the Spirit embodied in matter cannot escape from this Law. For every change of consciousness in the Spirit—every desire, every thought, every activity—is accompanied by a change of vibration in the bodies which clothe him; and every vibration in those bodies, initiated from without, from other embodiments in the universe in which he is living, causes in him a change of consciousness. This is the inevitable and unceasing correlation between Spirit and matter, between the Life and the form in which it is embodied. All these changes come under the Law of Action and Re-Action, the Law of Cause and Effect, the Law of Evolution in matter.

The second Law is the Law of Sacrifice, as universal in the realm of Spirit as the Law of Action and Re-Action is universal in the realm of matter. The Spirit unfolds under the Law of Sacrifice, as the body evolves under the Law of Action and Re-Action. The Spirit lives and triumphs by sacrifice, as the body thrives and evolves by wisely directed activity; hence the spiritual declaration is: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal,"[1] and "It is more blessed to give than to receive".[2]

A 'natural law' is an expression of the divine Nature, and is changeless and inviolable; we cannot alter it; we can only disregard it, and the disregard, bringing us into conflict with the law, brings pain. We bruise ourselves against it, as a man who flings his body against a rock. Moreover, a natural law has no rewards and no punishments, only inevitable sequences, and these sequences reveal the existence of the law. Joy and pain follow respectively harmony with, and disregard of, the law.

The Law of Action and Re-Action

The divine Will makes for Righteousness, and those who disregard it must inevitably suffer. Hence the

[1] *S. John*, xii. 25.
[2] *Acts*, xx. 35.

continual warning of Sages and Prophets, that all which is against righteousness is a cause of pain. As said by the Lord Buddha:

> If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. . . . . If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him.[1]

S. Paul has also put it very strongly:

> Be not deceived; God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.[2]

In the physical world no one now denies the inviolability of natural law; it is recognised that man by knowledge can play one law off against another, that he can oppose one force by another, and so obtain a result at which he aims. But "Nature is conquered by obedience," and the inviolability of law alone makes science possible. The law is as inviolable in super-physical worlds as in physical, for all worlds are God-built and God-sustained, and it works along three main lines, which flow from our threefold Spirit, the trinity which is our Self.

By our Will, showing itself also as Desire, we attract or repel surrounding objects to and from ourselves; that which we passionately desire, or resolutely will, comes to us; our action by will or desire on objects and people around us brings the re-action of approach or withdrawal; the so-called 'lucky' people are those of strong desires or strong will; a subtle magnetism brings into their hands that for which they long. The force must be sustained and strong if it is to work quickly, but it is sure; and a careful study of the world around us proves to demonstration the existence of this force in ourselves and in others. It is the reflexion of the divine Will in us, which says: "'Be,' and behold it is."[3] The student will recall Dante's reference to Deity, in whom Will and Act are one.

By our Thought we create our character, for a thought often repeated becomes a habit, and a habit gradually crys-

[1] *Dhammapada*, i. 1, 2. Sacred Books of the East, vol. x.
[2] *Galatians*, vi. 7.
[3] *Al Qurán*, ii. 117.

tallises into a permanent quality, or a part of our character. Thought is the cause of action, and to the spiritual sight is the hidden side of it:

I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, *hath committed adultery with her* already in his heart.[1]

That on which the mind dwells, the body performs:

Man is created by thought; that which he thinks on in one life, he becomes in another.[2]

All that we are is the result of what we have thought: it is founded on our thoughts, it is made up of our thoughts.[3]

By our Activity—our acting on others—we bring about a similar re-action on ourselves. Happiness spread among others means happiness flowing back on ourselves; pain wrought on others re-acts as suffering to ourselves.

Stern as the teaching may sound, it is stern with the beautiful sternness of nature, whereby God is ever speaking and bringing our wills into accord with His own. By the joy that follows righteousness, by the pain that treads on the heels of ill, we learn to harmonise our will with the Will that guides the worlds. Man may sow what seed he will, but, having sown, the harvest will be of that seed, and of none other. Gradually he learns to choose good seed.

In such a world of law man may tread with assured steps; right desires will bring to him right objects; right thoughts will build right character; right action will shape right environment. So will his bodies become ever better instruments of the Spirit, and evolve towards perfection.

The Law of Sacrifice

Sacrifice is the outpouring of life for the benefit of others, and this law of the unfolding Spirit is the law by which the worlds are built and upheld. The religions of the world, in varied symbols, place sacrifice as the beginning of divine manifestation. The Hindū sees the

[1] *S. Matthew*, v. 28.
[2] *Chhāndogya Upaniṣhat*, III. xiv. 1.
[3] *Dhammapada*, i. 1.

dawn of the divine revealing in the "sacrificial horse,"[1] and sings of the supreme Spirit (Puruṣha) as sacrificed to make the worlds;[2] the Christian speaks of the Lamb "slain from the foundation of the world;"[3] the Zoroastrian tells of the time when earth and heaven were not, and Zervāne by sacrifice brought about the manifestation of Ahūra Mazda, the Creator.[4] This outpouring of the Divine Spirit to bring the universe into being stamps on it Sacrifice as the Law of Life, and bids us realise that, to Spirit, Sacrifice is a joyful expression of life, and not a pain, as it seems to the body. To the spiritual man:

To be a carrier of His light, a messenger of His compassion, a worker in His realm—that appears as the only life worth living; to hasten human evolution, to serve the Good Law, to lift part of the heavy burden of the world—that seems to be the very gladness of the Lord Himself.[5]

Spirit, being the direct emanation of God's Life, is a spring fed from an inexhaustible source, and the more it pours out, the more flows into it. In the material worlds, the endless chain of cause and effect—effect becoming a new cause, and so on endlessly—binds; "the world is bound by action,"[6] truly, and every action done is a new bond. But the action which is done as part of the divine Activity, in which the doer is but an agent, in which he seeks for nothing, desires nothing, for himself as a separated self, that action offered as sacrifice—"Lo, I come to do Thy will, O God"[7]—that action does not bind, for the whole is acting through the part, and not the part for itself; action binds, it is written, "*unless* performed for the sake of sacrifice".[6] Here is the road to freedom: matter binds by activity, spirit frees by sacrifice; thus Spirit triumphs over matter, the Man Immortal over his bodies; the human will becomes one with the divine,

[1] *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣhat*, I. i. 1.
[2] *Ṛgveda*, Puruṣha Sūkta.
[3] *Revelation*, xiii. 8.
[4] *Essays on the Pārsis*, Dr. Haug, p. 13.
[5] *The Ancient Wisdom*, p. 287.
[6] *Bhagavad-Gītā*, iii. 9.
[7] *Hebrews*, x. 9.

"to Him are we resigned,"[1] and man presents his body "a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God".[2]

CHAPTER VI

The Three Worlds of Human Evolution

Very various are the names, once more, by which are known the worlds in which man's life is passed; very various are the sub-divisions of each, and various the lengths assigned to man's stay therein. Yet below all the variations it is easy to distinguish the broad outlines on which all alike are built.

Ignoring for a moment the differences, we see the main outlines:

I. This physical world, in which man dwells during the life-time of his physical body. This is the world of causes, in which he sows the seed, the harvest of which he reaps on the other side of death. It is this fact which gives to the physical world such great importance, although man's stay in it is comparatively short.

II. The world into which man passes at death, called by many names, and with many sub-divisions—paradise, purgatory, summer-land, modified hell, desire-land (kāma loka), ghost-land (preṭa loka)—but all the names convey the idea of an intermediate condition, sometimes quite happy, sometimes suffering, sometimes purifying, sometimes punitive, but not the state of perfect bliss or—for those who still believe in it—the state of hopeless woe, attained later.

III. The heaven-world, from which all evil is excluded—"there shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth"[3]—in which joy beyond earth's dreamings, peace beyond earth's understanding, is the lot of the blessed ones who dwell therein.

These, then, are the three worlds of human evolution, whether it is believed that man treads them many times,

[1] *Al Qurān*, ii. 83.
[2] *Romans*, xii. 1.
[3] *Revelation*, xxi. 27.

until he has reached the perfection of human nature, and the Spirit has subdued, transformed and glorified matter, redeeming it from its pristine sluggishness into a glorious vesture fit for the wearing of a Son of God; or whether it is thought that he treads the first two but once, and enters the third for everlasting ages. There seem to be now but few educated people who regard the third, or heaven-world, as a state of permanent crystallised unprogressive goodness and happiness, men at all stages of imperfection becoming perfect by some miracle, either after death or at the 'Day of Judgment,' and so remaining for ever and ever. Still fewer are there who believe that the state of suffering in the intermediate world will be prolonged into unending ages of torture—atrocious and unmitigated—permanent, crystallised and unprogressive evil and agony. At the few who may still believe these things—the strange product of the last fifteen hundred years only—we may simply glance, and pass on. The vast majority of those who reject reincarnation and consider that man treads this earth but once, at whatever stage of evolution and with whatever character he may enter and leave it, regard human life as progressive after death, seeing in *post mortem* suffering only a necessary and temporary purification, after which all continue to evolve, under more or less happy conditions, throughout unending ages. Most, though not all, Christians and Spiritualists, with some Pārsīs and Musalmāns, will take this latter view. All Hinḍūs and Buḍḍhists, many Spiritualists, Christians, Pārsīs and Musalmāns, and all Hebrews who are faithful to their old traditions, will regard man as evolving through the cycle of repeated births and deaths, dwelling for shorter or longer periods in the three worlds successively, over and over again, until he becomes a triumphant Son of God, over whom death has no longer power, climbing upwards through vast periods of glorious immortality to the stature of a Ṛṣhi, a Buḍḍha, a Christ, until at the coming of Night, the close of a special period of divine manifestation, he rests in the bosom of the Father, awaiting the dawn of a new Creative Day.

Man's relation to these three worlds is constant, during his physical life. He lives in the physical world by his bodily activities—thinking, desiring, and acting through the brain and nervous system, as well as carrying on the ordinary vegetative and animal functions. By his emotions and desires he is related to the intermediate world—the matter of which is intermingled with the physical in his material constitution—and by his intellectual faculties to the heavenly; these form what modern Psychology calls 'the subjective mind,' the tremendous potentialities of which are becoming more and more recognised by science. Science is here coming to the aid of religion, for what science is now studying as the subjective mind is what religion has always recognised as the Soul—in contradistinction to the Spirit[1]—and it is active through the whole of man's earth-life whether he be waking or sleeping, passes unchanged through death, and, purified in the intermediate world, passes on in union with the Spirit into the heaven-world, its birth-place and its true home.

Comparatively few people, at the present stage of evolution, are fully active in the Soul-consciousness, although, unseen, this influences the brain-consciousness, which is only a partial expression thereof. Most, however, recognise this Soul-consciousness now and again; in prayer and meditation the influence is felt, and at times it overbears the brain-consciousness, as in 'conversion,' 'religious experiences,' etc.[2] Through this, the Spirit works in Prophets, Apostles, and Holy Men of all faiths, and in intellectual and artistic men of genius the Soul dominates the brain-consciousness. The lower experiences of the Soul, both before and after death, belong to the intermediate world. The higher experiences, when the Soul is irradiated by the Spirit, belong to the heavenly world, and the Soul may often live in this, even while encumbered by the body, as in the cases of those just

[1] "Your whole Spirit and Soul and body." 1 *Thessalonians*, v. 23.
[2] See W. James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*, passim.

mentioned. To most, again, these blissful experiences come but after death, when the purified Soul enters on his heavenly inheritance.

The Physical World. Here is the field for man's waking activity, whereby he sows the seeds of good and evil, to ripen in the future. Of man's material garments, the physical is at present the most highly organised, and in this he carries on the activities so fruitful for that far-reaching future. All that he thinks, desires, and acts of evil, all that is against the Law, is seed of suffering, which springs up and bears fruit after its kind in this physical world or in the intermediate. Desires, and thoughts which have their root in the cravings of desire and their outcome in their gratification, belong by their very nature to the intermediate world, and bear their chief fruitage therein, both before and after death.

The lower desires grow by gratification, and their chief result in the physical world, due to this very increase of strength, is the gradual deterioration, and, in extreme cases, the wreck of the nervous system of the physical body by over-excitation. A woeful harvest of suffering is prepared in the intermediate world by such unwisdom, for when the physical body is struck away by death, the means of gratification is lost, while the cravings of desire remain in the Soul that has been the servant of the body; it is these insatiable cravings, surviving the body, that, by their non-gratification, cause the inevitable and natural suffering encountered in the intermediate world by their cultivators. The higher desires likewise grow by gratification—such as those for pure affection, for art, for natural beauty, and the like—and as these belong to the Soul rather than to the body, they remain untouched by death, and form sources of enjoyment in the intermediate and heavenly worlds. Put briefly: Where the Soul has been enslaved by the body in the physical world, suffering follows in the intermediate world; where the Soul, in the physical world, has mastered the body, peace and happiness are there the result.

The Intermediate World. The details as to this vary much in the different religions, though the principle embodied in the last sentence is of universal acceptation. The Hindū divides it into two, the Land of the Fathers (piṭṛloka) and the Land of Ghosts (preṭaloka), and subdivides the latter again into a variety of hells (naraka) of varying unpleasantness. The Buḍḍhist does much the same. All these are temporary, and serve for purification, the man later passing on into the heaven-world (svarga), whence, after a longer or shorter period—according to the intellectual and moral value of the preceding life—he returns to earth. Some Christians have paradise, a state of happiness, antecedent to full heaven, and a state of suffering, antecedent to full hell; a few, apparently, but not very definitely, slur over the intermediate state; Catholics—Greek, Roman and Anglican—preserve the ancient tradition, recognising paradise for the very pure, purgatory for the mass of humanity, whence they pass into paradise, or, in very rare cases—the Saints—into heaven; ultimately all these go into heaven; some Christians, as said before, and perhaps some Musalmāns, believe in a permanent hell.

The Heavenly World. The Soul reaps in heaven, the world of thought untainted by the lower desires, the harvest of all good seed of thought and pure emotion sown during his sojourn in the physical world. It is a condition of unbroken and unalloyed bliss, varying in degree, certainly, if regarded from outside, but in every case filling the capacity for happiness of the dweller therein. Here, again, difference will arise according to the acceptance, or rejection, of Reincarnation as the method of evolution. Those who accept it see in the heaven-world not only the harvesting of all good seed sown during physical life, but also a world in which all good experiences, aspirations and endeavors are transmuted into mental and moral qualities, which, in their totality, form the character with which the man comes into the physical world at rebirth. Heaven thus assumes a position of great importance in the evolutionary cycle. The views of those who reject Reincarnation are not sufficiently explicit for clear summarising in detail, but all—save the few who see heaven as static—look for growth and progress, for ever increasing power and usefulness, in manifold ways, in the countless worlds scattered through Space. All religions agree in the splendid belief that man is an Immortal Spiritual Being, and that his destiny is to love, to learn, and to help through innumerable ages.

CHAPTER VII

The Brotherhood of Man

As religion begins by declaring the Unity of God, so it ends by proclaiming the Brotherhood of Man. In fact, the two truths are inseparable, the second being implicit in the first. If there be but one Life, then each form it animates must be linked indissolubly with every other form similarly animated. All forms make but one body, of which the life is God. Hence religions have ever loved to use the simile of the human body as representing the whole company of the faithful. As the blood is the life of the body, so is Christ the life of His body, the Church.[1] As an injury inflicted on any organ of the body injures the whole body, so is a wrong done to one member of the body of Humanity done to the whole race. None may separate himself from this intimate union; none may stand apart and seek to live alone; born into the human family, we must all live in it; Brotherhood is a fact in nature, and from it there is no escape.

As selfishness, growing out of the sense of separateness which belongs to the matter-side of nature, is strong in man, at the present stage of evolution, the great Teachers of mankind, in giving the various religions,

[1] *Ephesians*, v. 30.

have sought to awaken the unifying sense of a common life, a larger self, within the circle of fellow-believers. Universal Brotherhood is spoken of but little, while much stress is laid on the limited Brotherhood of the faith. Inevitably this must spread in course of time to include a wider circle, for as God is recognised to be but one, all His children must come gradually within His household. The seed is planted within a religion; the grown tree will spread its branches far and wide.

It must be frankly admitted that, so far in human history, Brotherhood has been partial rather than universal, and the few precise texts that inculcate the universal are accepted for the most part as pious opinions rather than as living inspirations for the practical guidance of conduct. Hence arises the duty of every religion to emphasise the truth and cultivate the practice, to break down barriers and level separating walls. This can never be done by insisting on the acceptance of the religion as a condition of admittance to Brotherhood. It must be seen that Brotherhood is a fact in nature, rooted in the One Life whereof we are all partakers, uneffaceable by any crime, unescapable by any height of attainment, including the vilest and the noblest, the lowest and the loftiest, the sinner and the saint, an indefeasible birthright, beyond any confiscation. Wherever God is immanent, there Brotherhood exists.

So long as man knows himself as a body rather than as a Spirit, so long must Brotherhood remain unrealised; for matter grows by taking, by constantly appropriating that which is without and incorporating it with that already possessed; all material things diminish, and finally perish in the using, and as their available quantity is limited and the would-be possessors are multitudinous, strife arises for their possession; grasping and holding is the condition of material success. But when man begins to know himself as a Spirit rather than as a body, he realises that sharing and giving is the condition of growth and power; spiritual riches increase in the using, they do not perish; as they

are given away they multiply; as they are shared they are more thoroughly possessed and assimilated. Hence Brotherhood must have its roots in Spirit, and spread outwards through the intellectual and emotional realms, until it finally asserts itself in the material; it can never be made by legislation imposed from without; it must triumph by Spirit, out-welling from within.

The study of past history may convince those who are not readily accessible to reasoning, that Brotherhood is, in very truth, a law in nature. For a law proves itself as completely by the destruction of that which disregards it, as by the support of that which is harmonious with it. Nation after nation, State after State, has fallen into ruin by the ignoring of Brotherhood; where the strong oppress the weak, instead of protecting them; where the rich exploit the poor, instead of aiding them; where the learned despise the ignorant, instead of educating them; there the inexorable finger of nature writes over the civilisation: Doomed. But a little while and it has passed away. Only when Brotherhood is practised, shall a civilisation rise that shall endure.

It is worthy of notice that in the early days of each religion a spirit of Brotherhood has prevailed, and has gradually disappeared as the religion grew older. The Hindū Scriptures tell of a happy age, an ordered nation-family, where all were educated, all were industrious, all were loving and brotherly. Among the disciples that gathered round the Lord Buḍḍha, reigned a gracious friendliness. The early Christians "had all things common," and shared them "as every man had need".[1] The Companions of the Prophet of Arabia lived as brothers, and the Prophet as an Elder Brother among them. The first expression of a religion seems to be Brotherhood, and within each it wells out spontaneously, unforced. In the days when a new religion is embraced from conviction, and is followed from pure devotion, it flows naturally

[1] *Acts*, ii. 44, 45.

into the mould of Brotherhood, for Spirit is temporarily triumphant. But ever selfishness has crept in; ever has the fine gold become dimmed, and ambition, greed, envy, have tainted the early zeal. None the less has the dream, the hope, of an enduring civilisation based on Brotherhood gilded, from time to time, the horizon of the great Saints, of the great Lovers of Humanity. Prophets have pointed to it, Poets have sung of it, Philosophers have outlined it, Martyrs have died for it; the Elder Brothers of Humanity, the great Company of the religious Teachers of the world, They shall establish it, and the Spirit of Love, in which each religion has been cradled, shall brood over the maturity of the Race.

SEELENDAEMMERUNG

"Selbst dann bin ich die Welt!"—*Tristan und Isolde*

Deep Peace throughout held silent sway—
A Peace of lofty Majesty
Which made its holy Presence felt—
An awe-inspiring Mystery!

And shoreless lay the Sea of Self—
A vast expanse of Joy and Love,
Of Music pulsing like a Heart
Which beats for all—below—above!

Now pæans grand resounding far—
A cataract of Sound divine
Which throbbed with a tumultuous Life
With which I longed to mingle mine.

And, stirred within my deepest Soul
I saw my ev'ry life unfurled,
And saw and knew beyond a doubt
Myself, indeed, I am the World!

C. Reinheimer

SIGNS OF THE FUTURE IN MODERN DRAMA

IN this article I propose to give my impressions of four examples of modern drama, which I have lately witnessed, and which I think should interest all of those who are looking to the new civilisation. Of these, the first was Mr. Forbes Robertson's striking impersonation in 'The Passing of the Third-Floor Back,' adapted from Jerome K. Jerome's well-known book. One could not but be impressed by the extreme delicacy of its handling, the exquisite blending of light and shade throughout the theme. Many doubtless would admire it for the fact that it was in every way artistic, and that the chief character in the play was taken by a man who is a true artist in his own field. But by far the most important item lay in the possibility of staging such a drama, so as to attract the modern public. The very novelty of it drew the curio-hunters. It is true that the more puritanical amongst us might think that it savored somewhat of irreverence; but he would, indeed, be a stern and sour-minded critic who could pass such a judgment.

The Christ Master comes to mingle, not with the great and brilliant of the land, but among the somewhat commonplace throng in a boarding-house, and—speaking as one who has spent a good part of life in such, in various countries—let me say that the various types of character portrayed in the play are very true to life, even if there were a slight exaggeration noticeable in those of the inferior grade of human nature. Moreover, *emphasis*, perhaps the truer word, is necessary in plays like these, in order to bring home their message.

As I watched the successive acts, I found myself slowly realising in the dreamy fashion in which such con-

ceptions often penetrate, that the whole *was inspired*; and as the scenes proceeded I seemed to enter behind the unfolding of them, and to realise this more and more.

No ordinary man, however great an actor or playwriter, conceived such a theme by himself. The sweetly persuasive, yet dominating atmosphere of the stranger became folded round one and all, touching the sordid nature of their aims and pursuits with the gold of a heavenly ideal. "Here is a man who told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?"

As we watched—my companion being one of the truest and purest-minded of His followers—we were at once carried back to the days when Gods walked among men, and forward to that day when They shall do so once more. The rustle and lights and crowds around us became secondary. Some figures in that multitude were young and earnest with hearts aglow—because they too, in other times, had known the Presence that haunted the shores of Galilee.

Others, again, who watched, stifling a yawn—were those who, dull and inert, or actively hostile, had turned aside, and now could no longer hear the message spoken through the lips of a great actor in the twentieth century.

In the final scene, the actual passing is a suggestion, delicate, ethereal, spiritualised—nothing more. But that is all it should be. The open door and the darkness suddenly irradiated with a gleam of wondrous light, through which the familiar figure passes into silence.

So let us leave it.

The Servant in the House

Bolder in design, less finished in detail, but along the same lines was 'The Servant in the House,' and the impersonation of the Indian butler in the clergyman's home, by the Bishop of Benares, the long-expected guest—Manson; he takes service with the household, hiding his majesty under the retainer's garb, welcoming the outcast from

prison, the Vicar's reprobate brother, as his kinsman—and revealing something of his glory and compassion to the Vicar's little niece.

The wife's love, weak and selfish, yet with something of promise in its very exclusiveness, centres round her husband, the Vicar, urging him to worldly advancement, which her brother, wearing the clerical garb, but false to the spirit, upholds. Some would object to the crudity of the allegory in the later scenes, especially that where the cleansing of the Church is depicted.

Yet one forgives the, perhaps, unnecessarily lurid illustration of the drains, for the sake of the testimony the author struggles to present, his contribution to the New Era, his message to the old.

Manson is more of the Mysterious Prophet, less revealed in all-embracing tenderness for the many, perhaps, than the visitor to Bloomsbury. But he appeals to a different type of nature. He is none the less an attempt to flash the beacon-light, for those who will behold, and beholding bear witness. Both choosing disguises of lowly order, after the manner of Him who was 'born in a manger,' both wielding a strange, yet unmistakable influence. Manson, the Butler, and Mrs. Pennycherry's boarder remain in my memory as an endeavor, of which He who impelled it knows the significance.

For, not with sound of music, beat of drums,
He comes!
"Behold, I say unto you, Watch!
Let the door be on the latch,
In your home.
For it may be at morning,
Between the Light and dawning
I will come!"

False Gods

'False Gods,' a tragic yet powerful drama, it was my good fortune to witness in London last autumn, and it

will, it is to be hoped, reappear for us. Of the gorgeous and appropriate setting provided in the scenery little need be said, the magnificent spectacular representations in Drury Lane being familiar to most play-goers. We are taken back at a bound into the life of Ancient Khem, and the interest for Theosophic students and many others must lie specially in the religious reform initiated by the Free Thinker of his day, Satni. Satni, the menace of the priestly power, the young enthusiast, torn between his man's love for his affianced bride, Yaouma, and his devotion to a great cause, is without doubt at once the main and the most attractive personality of the group. Miéris supplies the touch of pathos necessary to a great and soul-stirring pageant, and is there not also a hint of the symbolic in her physical blindness? Does she not typify the blind faith, the peace of the devotee and orthodox religionist, who has not yet reached the stage of a further awakening? Other grades again less advanced are revealed in the slaves, the masses of the day, whose conception of a heaven is grotesquely material, but also pathetic. "No more blows of the stick and plenty to eat," comes the cry of these child-souls; it is enough for them, they fail to grasp the logic of Satni, who embodies for us the reformer of all epochs, in his earlier stages. He sees so clearly that he is convinced he can make others see.

He does indeed excite them sufficiently to rouse a spirit of destruction, the God-symbols are demolished, and the despairing multitude, who needed them, find themselves left comfortless.

A warning is here spoken even as Shrī Kṛṣhṇa gave it in ages past: "The man of knowledge should not unsettle others whose faith is imperfect."

Pathos may be said to form the undercurrent of the whole play. We have it in the forced renunciation of Yaouma by Satni, in the emptiness of heart felt by

Miéris when she bids farewell to Isis, the Virgin Mary of Egypt, in the reaction against Satni, by those he seeks to aid. The Christ fared no better. Having unsettled many in order to reach those few who are always ready in any epoch, the karma returns on the one who makes the sacrifice of all forerunners. In those bygone days the King and the Priest shared the authority; one held his power by the existence of the other: neither could endure apart.

Watching them in that Underground Chamber at the Pyramids, it seemed that the past suddenly blended with the future, and one beheld the day when the Great Ruler and the Great Teacher shall sit in office side by side again. And then comes the scene where the power of miracle is to be vindicated, and Satni, having been judged by the High Priest who trained him in youth, is dominated by the cold majesty of sacerdotal power, and himself sets in motion the mechanism of the phenomenon *necessary* to the worshipping crowd. A lie, yes, but the passage through veil after veil to the ultimate Deity beyond. "Veil upon veil shall lift, but there must be veil upon veil behind."

Right undoubtedly exists on the side of the High Priest, imbued though he is with the desire for rule, and strangely prefiguring the later dominance of Rome, since it was Egyptian Ritual which gave birth to Catholicism with its stately ceremonials, its majesty of conscious power. Satni threatens priestcraft. He is the Baldur of Norse Mythology, whose coming seals the doom of older Gods; therefore he must die.

Yet in his death is he triumphant, fulfilling the law, for, by the sublime pardon of the murderer he evolves in the poor shambling soul a Christ-like, wistful love and repentance, which is more than any intellectual subtlety. To his own soul, then, is Satni true. Kinsmen, beloved friends, teachers, all have to go that he may bear witness to the Light coming through him and after him.

By his very mistakes it may be, he alone may pave the way to the whole world's uplifting, since in suffering the penalty of these his very life is out-poured, not only for those around him, but for the millions he will never see.

We look at him, and we think of Bruno and Hypatia, and many another, and we pray that we, when our time comes to ascend the Calvary, may ascend it with feet as unsoiled and heart as noble.

The Blue Bird

Until now, speaking as an individual, I may say that nothing has fulfilled my ideal of the true Pantomime, and the mission of the drama to children is only beginning to be realised. But as is the case with other beginnings, there are those great in their particular office, sent to initiate the new order of things; and the stage is no exception to this rule. Maurice Maeterlinck is one of such pioneers. To the Occultist the weaving together of such a tissue of exquisite fancies as 'The Blue Bird' has a most vital significance.

The play itself is published in book form, therefore anyone can read it who will.

The Kingdom of the Invisible World—what a misnomer that sometimes appears—is revealed to little children when asleep. Light, their guardian, conducts them, and the elemental souls of familiar every-day objects become freed and hold converse. The animal stage, and the essence as it were of Fire, Water and Earth, the last typified by bread, are all represented. Nothing is inanimate. The fairy Berylune come to reveal the unsuspected glory that hides below many a humble human personality. The parents, whose chief concern is with the children's bodies, represent the unimaginative portion of this world. The dog Tylo is shown as the obviously *most advanced* below the human evolution; another pregnant

hint on a subject of which we know less than many others.

I notice that, in the original conception, the trees of the forest play a conspicuous part, and this I regret not to have seen in the English version on the stage; but it also will be familiar to us, who know that the old legends of Dryads and Nymphs are truer than many suspect, and that each of these forest lives will have its own guardian or overlooker, concerned with its development in particular. Perhaps no more charming ideas are embodied than those of the old grand-parents who sleep in the Land of Memory unless wakened by thought, and that unforgettable Azure Hall of the Future where dwell the children still to be born. With a habit of linking together many threads, which becomes instinctive to the occult student, I was instantly reminded here of the descriptions given (and those withheld) by Laurie in *A Child's Story of Atlantis*. Some of the 'secrets' spoken of there as chapters yet to be written are given here. The construction of flowers and fruit pertaining to a new era, a future Race, the inventions of the children in this strange blue world ere they become the men and women embodying such on earth, these speak to us of that Wonder City in California and of a perhaps yet further time. Maeterlinck has a sense of the fitness of things and the law of the Cosmos, which only one of the most delicate perception could observe. He does not show you these children born in a later act, as no doubt his genius might. Those who are coming to earth are only seen in the ship of Time, and the welcome chant of the Mothers is only heard as a burst of solemn yet glorious music; the singers remain unbeholden. The kārmic destiny is also depicted as waiting for each, impossible of evasion. "I have forgotten the crime I was to commit," cries a little one; "A hero is needed to fight against injustice; you are he;" calls out the inexorable voice of the hoary-headed Boat-Steerer.

"What is 'dead'?" enquire the aged grand-parents who have forgotten our blinding confusing speech. "There are. no dead," cries Tyltyl, watching the tombs in the grave-yard open to disclose a mass of white radiant blossoms. Mytyl, the personification of the old-world terror of the passing hour, clings to the brother whose matter-of-fact outlook on life made this strange pathway the safer for him to tread. The whole quest which Light has induced them to make is the evolutionary career of the human soul Itself. It returns to Itself, to its home, to find the very Bird sought for so long. The hours of clear vision may not last, however, and Light bids farewell as a Personification of that Divinity which is inherent in so many familiar shapes in daily life.

Back to the world of form come those who have been liberated from it, but not as they were before. Waking with the dreamy memories they endeavor to voice, they are met with the non-comprehension of the kindly, but materialistic. The Blue Bird once more takes flight, since again and yet again must the ego wander forth to seek the Supreme Beauty, nor can he give it to another; that other must find it for himself.

With the memories of that 'great King who shall rule on earth' and the 'Gardener of the Three Planets,' we watch the curtain fall. In that vast audience how many realise that they have been shown the dawning of a New Day?

I have seen a Wonder City,
  Dazed the eyes that looked thereon;
But forever stays about me
  Something of the light that shone.
In my city of the future
  One whereof the Poets sing,
I have seen a chosen people
  Gathered round a Priestly King.
So I walk my old world over,
  And its roadways hard and grey
Sometimes glow with that which lighteneth
  Wonder City far away!

EVELINE LAUDER

THE OCCULT ORIGIN OF NOBILITY

WHAT is the origin of all the various institutions we find around us? Most of them can be shown to have arisen from the compelling force of necessity or environment. If however we wish to get at any satisfactory explanation for the existence of such a thing as an aristocratic hierarchy with a King or Emperor at its head, we must, as usual, have recourse to the only method of clearing up any mystery, that is, to apply the key of Theosophic knowledge.

How many manners and customs there are around us which we take for granted just because we find them there when we arrive in incarnation! The child is constantly engaged in volleying forth streams of questions as to the why and wherefore of everything around him. He is by no means satisfied with the feeble answers that current conventionality returns him. He persists in his questionings, but, rarely receiving satisfactory explanations from his elders, seems eventually to arrive at the conclusion that nothing can be known about anything, and that the man who does happen to know a little more than modern prigdom is either a knave or a fool. So he drifts gloomily on through life, just accepting things because he finds them there, perhaps at the same time nurturing the pious hope of leaving worldly institutions a little better than he found them.

Those who have the inestimable advantage of the light which Theosophic study gives should at least be able to get some sort of a rational explanation about the origin of our different institutions. When we switch on the search-light of the Divine Wisdom to such a subject as forms the title of this article, we find such a clear and

natural explanation for the existence of a nobility, that we are dumbfounded at our stupidity in not having seen its obvious origin before.

Before it is possible to get within a measurable understanding of the reasons for our present-day nobility being divided into different grades of Princes, Dukes, Earls, and Barons, it will be first of all necessary to plunge back into the night of time, and see what our investigators have to tell us with regard to the conditions existing amongst the infant humanity of those far-off ages of our earth's history.

In the later sub-races of the Lemurian period, we are told of the coming from the Venus chain, which is a whole manvantara and three-and-a-half rounds ahead of our own humanity, of those splendid Beings known as the Lords of the Flame. They incarnated in the infant humanity, taught it the arts and sciences, and, choosing out the most advanced egos taking birth in the early Atlantean sub-races, advanced them to great heights of spiritual knowledge and power, and made them the kings and ruling classes of those times.

The system of government at that time may be described as a benevolent despotism. All the economic conditions which the Socialists are trying to bring about nowadays were then in practice, but the whole system of hierarchical order and absolute authority which brought about these ideal conditions was of course utterly different form the ideas of equality held by great numbers of Socialists at the present day. We have, then, in authority over the simple-minded and tractable peoples of that time, a great Adept on the Asekha level, who was Emperor of that vast Atlantean Empire, the like of which the world is not likely to see until the sixth sub-race attains its zenith of advancement. Under the Adept Emperor were Initiates of lower grades, some (we can presume) at the Arhat level, others, and these latter much more numerous, at the quite early stages of the Path of Holiness. These

lower Initiates formed the Emperor's viceroys and officials in his different provinces. In connexion with the above there is a matter of special interest to members, as one of the Emperors of the later Toltec Empire was found by our clairvoyant investigators to be none other than the Kingly Teacher who is known to us as the Master M.

He reigned supreme, having his commission from the divine Hierarchy that rules the worlds and guides the nations along the path of their destiny. His authority was unquestioned. He held the throne by 'divine right,' as it afterwards came to be called; and to the psychic vision of those early days, his aura was the sure sign and seal of advancement and wisdom. No one dreamt of opposing either his authority or that of his higher officials, who, though not so highly developed as their chief, were sufficiently in advance of the ordinary humanity of the day to be worthy of implicit trust and confidence. Every man in authority was responsible to his superiors, to the man above him in knowledge and power, and not to the ignorant electors below him, as the queer notions of modern days dictate.[1] Even in the dreary ignorance of subsequent ages, right down to the present time, some traditions of this 'divine right' held good. Specially is this the case with the rulers of China and Japan, who claim to be the 'Sons of Heaven.' Even a constitutional lawyer like Blackstone (*Commentaries on the Laws of England*, Vol. IV. p. 25-26, 4th edn.), whose matter-of-fact stodginess is able to stifle the most beautiful ideas, writes of the Kingly office: "He is not under the coercive power of Law, which will not suppose him capable of committing a folly, much less a crime. We are therefore, out of reverence and decency, to forbear any idle inquiries of what would be the consequence if the King were to act thus and thus, and since the law deems so highly of his *wisdom and virtue*, as not even to presume it possible for him to do anything inconsistent with his station and dignity, and therefore has no pro-

[1] Vide *Some Problems of Life*, by Annie Besant.

vision to remedy such a grievance." Remarkable indeed that the tradition should have persisted so long, in spite of the unworthy holders of that office with whom humanity has been afflicted in mediæval times!

In Atlantean days, the advanced ego who was to succeed to the throne invariably took birth in the body provided for him by the former King, that vehicle being by its pure heredity and delicacy admirably suited for his purpose, which the coarser bodies of less advanced entities would not be, owing to the large amount of low feeding and impurity common then in the outside world. The taking birth in the Emperor's family gradually developed into a stereotyped custom, until, in later days, when the fifth Race came into being and the psychic vision was lost, the mere fact of being born in the King's family gave the right to rule.

There was, however, another reason for this clinging to the hereditary principle. In the early sub-races a father had the power of transmitting qualities to his son, in a manner somewhat resembling the transmission of spiritual power from Guru to Chela, practised by the Teachers of the East to this day. Later on, the capacity of transmission disappeared with the coming of the germ of concrete mind, but the custom remained. In the beginning, not infrequently, the heir to the throne, although a high Initiate, received before his accession a higher Initiation at the hands of his Adept father. For long ages, this system of authority held sway, and it produced a perfection of organisation and general well-being which far surpassed any subsequent condition of things, with perhaps the exception of the early Indian civilisation, where much the same method of authority prevailed.

Casting our view down to the time of the fourth or fifth sub-races of Atlantis, we find selfishness predominant to such an extent, that the organised egotism of the rulers who took the place of the divine King-Initiates

obtained the upper hand. From the time of the withdrawal of the Great Ones into the back-ground, the woes of humanity increased in geometrical progression, and the fourth, fifth and sixth sub-races present to our view a welter of self-seeking and misery. The obliteration of the psychic vision, formerly so highly prized, prevented the original Semites from being able to see a man's actual place in evolution. The aura, which was the hall-mark of a man's capacity and virtues, was no longer visible. Nevertheless some tradition of the splendor of the ancient rulers still remained. The people spoke constantly of the days when men were ruled by Gods, and longed that their rulers should, at least in appearance, and if possible in daily life, shadow forth the splendor of the ancient Men of Power. The leaders of the later sub-races were not slow to imitate as far as possible their official ancestors, and commenced to make a clumsy copy of the aura by means of gold crowns or head-dresses of feathers, the size of which was commensurate with the dignity of the individual. Sensitives tell us that the yellow in the aura invariably shows itself near the head, and sure enough, the crown and head-dresses were placed in the proper position. With the yellow crown, however, red was invariably associated. 'Born to the purple' runs the familiar phrase, but by 'purple' a violet or mauve color is not meant; the Latin word *purpureus* means red, a brilliant bright red, and to this day kings and nobles clothe themselves in gowns of brilliant crimson. Here a slight digression must be made to explain the reason for the royal and noble color being red. Theosophical students will be familiar with the idea of the Seven Spirits before the Throne being at the head of particular Rays. Men whose egos happen to be of such or such a ray are spoken of as treading the way of Devotion, of Knowledge, of Power, etc., indicating that, in the course of their aeonian development, their inherent nature naturally takes them along the line of least resistance. Now, each of these rays has its

characteristic color in the aura of a human being, and the color which is specially characteristic of the Path of Power is a brilliant crimson. Perhaps there is some connexion here with Rajas, which is red. The man on the Path of Power is invariably to be found in a position of authority or activity during his later incarnations, so perhaps the red may be merely the sign of activity; however that may be, it is invariably very prominent in the auras of those who exercise public authority in any form, and we may safely presume that in the auras of the Initiate nobles it was the dominant color, very conspicuous to the psychic eye. Some tradition of that, too, seems to have remained, for in these cloaks of kings and peers to-day we find quite a good physical imitation of that color. Not only do we find that, but we see that the very grades of our nobility correspond almost exactly to the stages of the Path of Holiness. Compare for example the following, and I think everyone will agree that the comparison is so remarkable that it is difficult to explain it away by any other theory.

ADEPT-KING

Arhat	Duke or Prince
Anagamin	Marquis
Sakradagamin	Earl or Count
Srotapatti or Sowan	Baron
Probationary disciples	Knights

The critic will at once say: Yes, but what about Viscounts, Baronets, Archdukes, etc.? I am only concerned here with the *main* stages of nobility. Archdukes are but subdivisions of the ducal rank, and Dukes and Princes are frequently interchangeable. On some occasions Dukes have the right to the title of "Most High, Potent and Noble Prince".[1]

Although Viscounts are now recognised as being a definite grade, they were not originally nobles at all. 'Viscount' is derived from the Latin word *vicecomes*,

[1] Burke's *Peerage*, 1909. Introduction. p. 2.

and means a sheriff. The latter was, in the early days of English Constitutional History, the chief officer of the King. He was nothing more than an important official. He was the head of the military force of the Shire and Judge of the county court in Norman times.[1] Later on he came to be regarded as a noble, so his rank in the aristocratic hierarchy is a modern accretion, and was not originally a noble one. In fact, the first person who used the title of Viscount as a designation of nobility was Baron Beaumont, who was created such by letters patent in the reign of King Henry VI in 1440.

Baronet, of course, simply means a small baron. Again I say that I am only concerned with the main degrees of the hierarchy, and so all these subdivisions may be left out.

Each rank has a larger and more beautiful coronet than the one below it, till, when we come to the crown of the King, we have a positively gorgeous thing. Curious too is it to note that only the King can elevate his nobles to a higher rank, or can make a commoner a noble. So, too, it is only the Master, the Asekha Adept, who can confer Initiation on a disciple and raise him to a higher degree.

When we come to consider what knighthood means, and how the ceremony is performed, we are at once struck by its startling similarity to the well-known occult ceremony of the awakening of the kundālinī. The thyrsus, or magnetised wand or sword of the Hierophant was laid on the back of the suppliant in the Mysteries to arouse that mysterious force. When once awakened, it gave him the power of leaving the body at will, and of functioning in the astral world as what we would now call an invisible helper. The candidate was only to use that power for service, never for self. Even in modern days, the King lays his sword on the back of the man who is to receive

[1] Vide Carter's *English Legal Institutions*, p. 37, 3rd ed.

the honor of knighthood, and though the ideal of service for the knight has almost vanished, yet in mediæval times there was a distinct feeling that the true knight should be the helper and protector of all. His strength and skill was never to be used to oppress, but always to defend and help. Knighthood was then regarded as a religious ceremony, and many a long vigil was kept in church and chapel by those who received the honor.

Many other interesting relics of the old traditions are still with us. Even such dry and uninteresting things as Government Documents at once become instructive and amusing to those who will take the trouble to observe. To read the commission appointing an official or a commission of inquiry is to see at once that the King is regarded as almost a Divine Being, and the whole tone of the document suggests its emanation from a very exalted personage. The following is a good example of what I mean.

EDWARD R & I

EDWARD THE SEVENTH by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith to Our trusted and well-beloved so and so... (Then follow powers conferred.)

And Our further Will and Pleasure is that you do with as little delay as possible report unto Us under your hands and seals, your opinions upon matters herein submitted for your inquiry.

Given at Our Court in the—day of—in the—year of Our Reign.

(Vide Anson's *Law and Custom of the Constitution*, p. 65, 3rd Ed.)

Is it not curious that the personal pronouns are all written in capitals? The tone of official documents would sometimes incline one to think that the Almighty Himself had written them!

Another curious remnant of the tradition of Divine Kings is to be found in the rules of precedence and the regulations for levées held by the King. His presence is regarded as sacred. It is in fact called "The Presence," with a big P, and no man must walk away from it with his back turned! Surely all these matters cannot be coincidences, and must have their origin from Atlantean times.

Another curious relic from those ages is to be found in the gilded lions which invariably form the supports of the modern monarch's throne. It is difficult to find a throne which is without them. Sometimes the legs of the throne will be carved in the shape of lion's legs, or perhaps the arms of the seat will have lion's heads at their extremities. Constantly we have the lion and the King together. In fact the lion is called the 'kingly beast'. If we look back to Atlantis we shall find, as Scott Elliot tells us, that the Manu of the time intended the lion to be a strong, active, short-backed creature, ultimately to be man's most powerful instrument for traction purposes. Carefully did the Manu supervise and foster his growth, until the animal became a kind of domesticated pet, frequently to be found in the houses of rulers, rapidly growing in the play of the powerful magnetism emanating from their auras. With the overthrow of the Lords of the White Lodge and the installation of the Lords of the Dark Face in the Atlantean Empire, the continuation of the lion's development was neglected. The brutal and ferocious Turanians, feeding on warm blood and flesh, soon communicated their influence to the hitherto docile lion, and he followed his masters' example, and became a wild beast and began to prey upon others. The tradition of the kingly beast has persisted even to our own times, and though the animal has not realised the destiny originally in store for him in the mind of the Manu, perhaps at some future day when a fairer civilisation rules the earth, he may be developed along the lines on which he was originally intended to go.

Why too should the whole aristocratic hierarchy be called the "Nobility"? It is ever a rule laid down by the Great Ones in charge of evolution that he who would enter upon the Path of Holiness must lead a noble life. What greater contrast could there have been between the self-sacrificing ascetic lives of the old Noble-Initiates and the passionate and gross desire-life of the ordinary Atlantean humanity? Small wonder then, that nobleness of life came to be regarded as synonymous with lofty station and entry on the Path of Power.

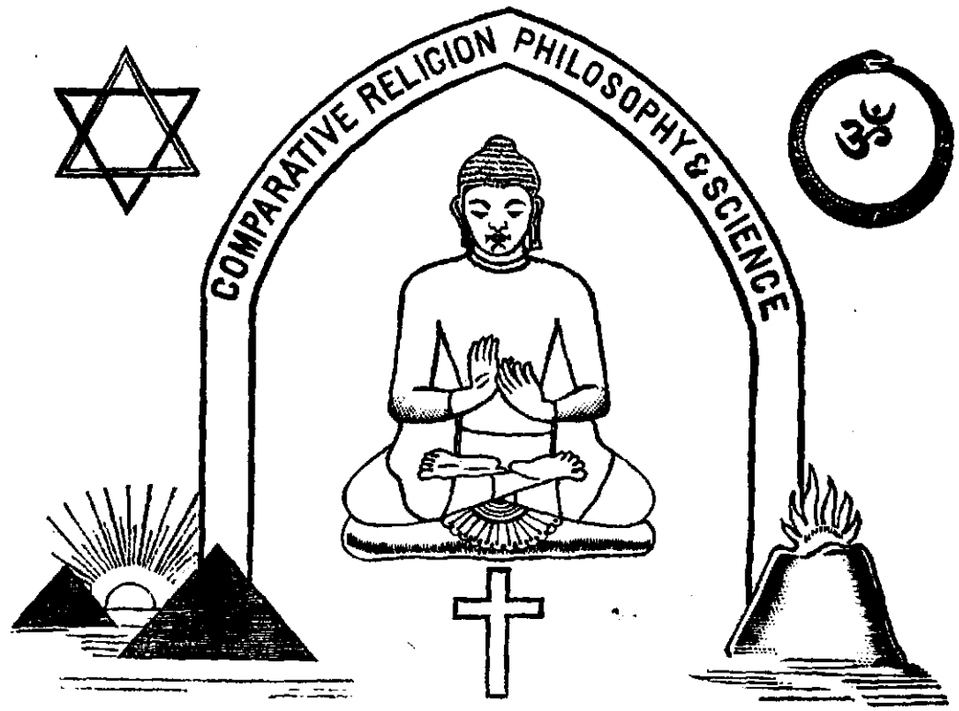
We may perhaps regard the 'gentlemen' as originally being those who in Atlantis were not yet definitely on the Path, but were differentiated from the ordinary turbulent humanity of the time by the very fact of trying to lead a 'gentle' life and of bringing their conduct into harmony with the standard which the Great Teachers of the Wisdom demand from all aspirants.

Although in the present-day aristocracy the inner nobility of character does not always correspond with the outer display of rank, we may perhaps hope that in the glorious days of the Sixth Root-Race civilisation, humanity may once again have a real nobility, noble in inner life as well as in outer form, with King-Initiates to guide its destiny to those tremendous heights which it is ultimately destined to scale.

H. O. WOLFE MURRAY

We must have kings, we must have nobles; nature is always providing such in every society; only let us have the real instead of the titular. In every society, some are born to rule, and some to advise. The chief is the chief all the world over, only not his cap and plume. It is only this dislike of the pretender which makes men sometimes unjust to the true and finished man.

EMERSON



IAMBLICHUS ON THE MYSTERIES

TAYLOR, in his Introduction to *Iamblichus on the Mysteries*, tells us that he believes that the work will be of value to two classes of persons, the lovers of antiquity and the lovers of ancient philosophy and religion. It will be valuable to the first because of the mass of information it contains, derived from the wise men of the Chaldeans, the prophets of the Egyptians, the dogmas of the Assyrians, and the ancient pillars of Hermes. Says Taylor:

It will be valuable to the student of philosophy and religion because of the doctrines contained in it, some of

which originated from the Hermaic pillars, were known by Pythagoras and Plato, and were the sources of their philosophy; others are so profoundly theological, and unfold the mysteries of ancient religion with an admirable conciseness of diction, and an inimitable vigor and elegance of conception. To which may be added, that it is the most copious, the clearest, and the most satisfactory defence extant of genuine ancient theology.

Iamblichus commences with an Epistle written by Porphyry to the Prophet Anebo. This Epistle consists of a number of questions upon certain theological mysteries and an expression of Porphyry's doubts and difficulties concerning them. It has been commented upon as strange that Porphyry, who ranks so highly among the Platonists, and who was denominated by them 'The Philosopher,' should have been so ignorant of the higher truths as he appears in his epistle to Anebo.

But Taylor thinks:

His ignorance however is probably only apparent, and may have been assumed for the purpose of obtaining a more perfect and copious solution of the doubts proposed in his epistle than he would otherwise have received. But at the same time that this is admitted, it must also be observed that he was inferior in theological science to Iamblichus, who so greatly excelled in knowledge of this kind, that he was not surpassed by any one, and was equalled by few. Hence he was denominated by all succeeding Platonists *the divine*, in the same manner as Plato, 'to whom' as the Emperor Julian remarks, 'he was posterior in time only, but not in genius.'

The Epistle of Porphyry is addressed "to the Egyptian Anebo," but the answer is given by another than Anebo, and is prefixed thus:

The answer of the preceptor Abammon to the Epistle of Porphyry to Anebo, and a solution of the doubts contained in it.

An anonymous Greek writer proves that this answer was written by the divine Iamblichus, who assumes the person of a certain Egyptian of the name of Abammon.

Iamblichus, in answering, takes first the dogmas peculiar to the Assyrians, then gives his own opinions, and in support collects quotations from the various ancients, and also from what he speaks of as:

...those particulars which were comprehended by the ancients in one treatise, and pertain to the whole knowledge of divine natures.

He informs his correspondent that if any philosophic enquiry is proposed, he will discuss it according to the ancient pillars of Hermes, from which Plato and Pythagoras constituted their philosophy. Also he says:

But such things as exhibit foreign enquiries, or which are contradictory and contentious, we shall assist mildly and aptly, or we shall demonstrate their absurdity.

Questions which proceed conformably to common conceptions, he will endeavor to discuss clearly; those which require experience of divine operations for an accurate knowledge of them will be explained as far as words alone will allow. Those full of intellectual theory will be developed with a view to the purification of the soul, for, he says:

It is possible for you and those who resemble you to be conducted by intellect to the essence of being.

Points which become known by a reasoning process will have perfect demonstration. Theological questions will be theologically answered, theurgic ones theurgically, philosophic ones philosophically. Those which extend to first causes will be followed up conformably to first principles. Those pertaining to morals according to the ethical mode.

And in a similar manner, we shall examine other things methodically and appropriately. Let us therefore betake ourselves to your enquiries.

Porphyry commences by saying "it must be granted that there are Gods;" and goes on to inquire as to their nature, wherein they differ and the causes of distinction; wherein Gods differ from demons;[1] how some of the Gods

[1] With regard to this matter, Plotinus says: "Let us understand how we distinguish Gods from demons . . . . for we often call demons Gods. We say and believe, then, that the race of the Gods is impassive, but to demons we attribute passions, and we say that they are everlasting but lower in degree than the Gods and nearer to us, holding a position midway between the Gods and our own race. And again, in the sensible world, they who dwell as far (downward) as the moon, the visible Gods, are secondary Gods, inferior and conformed to those intelligible Gods, being suspended from them as the radiance round every star."
(From *Plotinus on Love*, W. C. Ward, *Theosophical Review*, August 1901.)

are beneficent and others malific; what is the relationship between the Gods that have a body in the heavens and the incorporeal Gods. Porphyry asks also how the presence of a God or an angel, or archangel, may be known, and what are the indications; what is effected by the foreknowledge of future events; what is the nature of knowledge obtained in dreams, and why in dream we do not see so clearly as when awake; what value to place on the prophecies of what we should call seers or clairvoyants or diviners; what is the cause of what he calls 'divine mania'; the mode of operation of divination by incantations, imagination, through gazing at light, water, and various kinds of investigation. In addition to these questions, Porphyry also states many doubts, and gives what he considers an explanation of various phenomena, doubtless with the object of getting a fuller reply and explanation.

Having given the gist of Porphyry's questions, doubts, difficulties and proffered suggestions, I turn to the answers of Iamblichus, and as it is not possible to follow out fully the arguments to each point, it will be better to offer a kind of analysis of what he has said, for I can thus give some idea of the Theurgic method, or School. Theurgy was magic, and its mysteries were based on the theories of which this is an attempt at summarisation; it will thus be seen how the basis of the Mysteries explained by Iamblichus coincides with the basis of the Mysteries which Theosophy has come to bring once more into the world.

First, according to these Mysteries there is:

> The ONE—the Unmanifest prior to all, abiding in the solitude of His own Unity.... For neither is the intelligible connected with Him, nor anything else. From this ONE, arises the SUPREME GOD (the first Logos) who is the self-begotten, is Father alone, and is the Good, the fountain of all things, and the root of the first intelligible forms.
>
> From Him springs the ideal universe—the Universal Mind.
>
> For from Him entity and essence are derived; and hence also, He is denominated the principle of intelligibles.

Iamblichus tells us that this is the teaching of the Egyptian Mysteries, as taught by Hermes. From this Universal Mind to which belong the incorporeal Gods, comes the World Soul, to which belong:

> The divine intellectual forms which are present with the visible bodies of the Gods.

This shows the connexion between the Unmanifest, the Manifesting and the Not-yet-manifest, Porphyry having enquired as to this connexion. Says Iamblichus:

> The order of all the Gods is profoundly united, and the first and second genera of them, and all the multitude which is spontaneously produced about them, are con-subsistent in unity, and also everything which is in them is one—hence the beginnings, middles and ends in them are con-subsistent according to the ONE itself; so that in these, it is not proper to enquire, whence the ONE accedes to all of them. For the very existence in them, whatever it may be, is this ONE, of their nature...all of them possess in each other the communion of an indissoluble connexion.

Also Iamblichus expounds the teaching of the Mysteries with regard to the various orders of super-human Beings, down to Man, who according to the law is allied to them by nature, and is capable of knowing them. The Mysteries gave this knowledge, and brought about the realisation of the union which existed between Man and the whole Hierarchy above him. Iamblichus in the same answer concerning this connexion speaks of "the progression from, and the regression of, all things to the ONE," and he tells Porphyry how the higher Beings may be reached and invoked in order to elevate and purify. He says:

> The illumination which takes place through invocations is spontaneously visible and self-perfect; is very remote from all downward attraction; proceeds into visibility through divine energy and perfection, and as much surpasses our voluntary motion as the divine will of THE GOOD transcends a deliberately chosen life. Through this Will, the Gods, being benevolent and propitious, impart their life to theurgists in unenvying abundance, calling upwards their souls to themselves, and accustoming them, while they are yet in body, to be separated from bodies, and to be led round to their eternal and intelligible principle. For the Soul, in contemplating

blessed spectacles, acquires another life, and energises according to another energy . . . . Such names of the Gods also as are adapted to sacred concerns and other divine symbols, are able, as they are of an elevating nature, to connect invocations with the Gods themselves.

Here then, is the teaching in the Mysteries as to the nature and use of prayer, invocation and meditation.

We learn also that the soul has:

A twofold life, one being in conjunction with the body, but the other separate from all body . . . . . when we are awake we employ for the most part the life which is common with the body, except when we separate ourselves entirely from it by pure intellectual energies. But when we are asleep we are perfectly liberated, as it were, from certain surrounding bonds, and use a life separate from generation.

We learn that it is necessary for the soul to be able consciously to separate itself from the body,

That thus it may unite itself with the Gods, by its intellectual and divine part, and learn the genuine principles of knowledge, and the truths of the intelligible world.

Knowledge thus gained can be used for great purposes, *i.e.*, for the benefit of mankind.

Iamblichus then goes on to speak of the stages by which Man goes back to his source—the Supreme. He says that when the Gods appear (when the soul realises its union with them) the soul receives

A liberation from the passions . . . . and participates in divine love.

Thus man gradually realises his divinity and reaches towards the culminating point of the Mysteries—the point when the Initiate becomes a God. This can be either by union with a Divine Being outside himself, or by the realisation of the Divine Self within him. This is the stage known as ecstasy, when the gross body was in trance and the soul being free could effect its union with the Supreme. Plotinus says that this state cannot be permanent in earth-life until our union with God is final.

In earth-life it is but a flash . . . . . Man can cease to become Man, and become God; but man cannot be God and Man at the same time.

It follows that, as Iamblichus says:

It is requisite to consider how to be liberated from these bonds (the bonds which keep the soul from union with God).

And he tells how Proclus taught that the one salvation of the soul was to return to her intellectual form, and thus escape from the circle of generation, from abundant wanderings, and reach true Being.

Which life those that are initiated by Orpheus in the mysteries of Bacchus and Proserpine, pray that they may obtain.

This state was reached by the practice of the purificatory virtues, which were necessary for the Greater Mysteries, and concerned the purifying of the subtle bodies in which the soul works when out of the gross body.

There is an interesting explanation of some of the symbology of the Egyptians, in answer to Porphyry's question as to

The meaning of those mystic narrations which say that a certain divinity is unfolded into light from mire, that he is seated above the lotus, that he sails in a ship, and that he changes his form every hour, according to the signs of the Zodiac.

Iamblichus says:

They (the Egyptians) imitating the nature of the universe, and the fabricating energy of the Gods, exhibit certain images through symbols of mystic, occult and invisible intellections, just as nature, after a certain manner, expresses invisible reasons (or productive powers) through visible forms. But the fabricative energy of the Gods delineates the truth of forms through visible images. Hence the Egyptians, perceiving that all superior natures rejoice in the similitude to them of inferior beings, and thus wishing to fill the latter with good, through the greatest possible imitation of the former, very properly exhibit a mode of theologising adapted to the mystic doctrine contained in the symbols.

He then gives an explanation of the symbology cited.

The last part of the book—Section IX—contains answers to several questions and doubts of Porphyry regarding the Science of Astrology, into which it is not

possible to go in detail in a paper like this, but a study of them will be well repaid.

Iamblichus ends by shortly summing up what is the true end of the study of and partaking in the Mysteries. He says:

> In the first place, it possesses a power of purifying the soul, much more perfect than the power which purifies the body; afterwards it causes a co-aptation of the reasoning power to the participation and vision of THE GOOD, and a liberation from everything of a contrary nature; and in the last place produces a union with the Gods, who are the givers of every good.

ANNIE LEWTON

WITHOUT TWO WINGS NO FLIGHT!

Heart of the West
and
Head of the East
Be born in us!

Hills of the East
and
Seas of the West
Take shape in us!

Flower of the Pool
and
Rose of the Clay
Grow deep in us!

M. H. CHARLES

RE AND ISIS

[The following story is translated from a Papyrus in the Turin museum. The text was first edited by Pleyte and Rossi (1869), again by Lefébure (Ä. Z. 1883, 27 *et seq.*), twice by Budge (*First Steps in Egyptian*, p. 241ff. and *The Gods of the Egyptians*, Vol. I. p. 372ff). Translations have been published by Budge and Erman, in the *Handbook to the Egyptian Religion* (Eng. Ed. 145-156), and Naville in *The Old Egyptian Faith* (Eng. trans. 225ff) cites largely. Hitherto, however, no critical edition of the text with photographic reproductions has appeared, but if permission from Professor Schiaparelli can be obtained, this will be remedied before our next congress; accordingly, to spare space, all grammatical and philological notes will be reserved for such edition.]

THE practice of medicine in ancient Egypt was in the hands of three different classes of the population.

1. The priests of the temples. Their practice was based on theurgy, the knowledge of correspondences, or psycho-physical parallelism, and of various methods of suggestional treatment.

The story before us belongs to this school.

2. The empirical medical practitioner, who possessed some knowledge of the properties of drugs and of their preparations. His anatomical knowledge is rather that of the Upanishats than that learnt by different methods to-day; in fact, much in the various treatises that have come down to us seem to suggest that clairvoyance, of a certain variety, entered into his curriculum. I hope, in my next article, to offer several selections from various works of this school.

3. The popular magician, the village witch or wizard, whose methods find their parallels in much peasant superstition of to-day.

Traces of beliefs, the degenerate offspring of a higher knowledge, elements of primitive beliefs already outgrown by the more cultured classes, are to be found,

coupled with a very objectionable and unpleasant form of black magic. A comparatively innocent example is the Berlin Papyrus 3027; the *Demotic Magical Papyrus of Leyden and London*, edited admirably by Griffiths, will serve to illustrate this class.

The story before us is a simple one; the two principal personages are Isis and the aged Re.

Isis is open to two interpretations. She may be taken as symbolising the Sophia of the Gnostics, of which she may be regarded as the original; or one might venture to suggest that she is a member of the Makara Hierarchy, the rebels, who has incarnated in a human form.

The Re in our story may be taken as one of the Solar line, a Solar Piṭṛ, who functioned as a creative Deity. In a previous paper I suggested explanations for the Egyptian idea of aged Gods; I now venture upon another theory which may serve in conjunction with those already cited. The King of Egypt was regarded as divine. The pyramid texts furnish exhaustive proofs of this belief; and that it persisted unchanged may be illustrated by the claim of Amen-Hetep III. (recognised by the people) to be an incarnation of Amoun Re himself. Now certain of the Egyptian Kings attained a great age; Rameses II. reached the age of one hundred years. The lives of the Kings were passed largely in public, so that the people had ample opportunities of observing the various manifestations of senile decay in a being that they were taught to regard as in the fullest sense divine, the equal of the celestial Gods.

It is accordingly easy to understand how the infirmities of age might be extended to these beings themselves.

Isis, incarnated in a female body, was possessed of almost unlimited knowledge; she however fell short of creative power (Kryāshakṭi); this and the other divine

attributes that she lacked she determined to gain, and this she only could do by learning the secret name of Re, and so obtaining power over him.

She already knew the necessary words of power to animate objects made by her; she accordingly took earth kneaded into clay with the spittle of Re, and placed it in ambush on the God's path. As Re passed the serpent bit him, and the story well describes the effects of the bite of a poisonous reptile. He calls on his Gods for help, and Isis comes also. She offers to heal him on the condition that he will tell her his name. He finally consents, and the Papyrus ends with the application of the history to heal any one suffering from snake-bite.

The central part of the story thus illustrates the belief in the magical property of the name, a belief of world-wide extension in certain stages of culture. A naturalistic explanation of the origin of this belief is suggested in *The Theosophist* for April last (p. 869). It is to the effect that in a dusty land like Egypt, where instruments of percussion were in frequent use, the fact would hardly escape attention that the dust on such instruments on coming to rest after vibration would always take certain well marked figures, and that such figures would be identical in such instruments as gave the same tone.

The next step would be the affirmation that sound is the base of form. Sound could cause finer matter to assume definite form, and into such forms denser matter would be built and the body would result.

The body accordingly was nothing else than the manifestation in matter of the name. Until the name was uttered nothing could exist, as the Babylonian Creation text begins, describing chaos (King's *Tables of Creation*, I. 1):

"When in the height heaven was not named, and earth beneath did not bear name;" or again (*Eccl:* 6, 10) "That which is, its name already hath been called."

Thus in order to create anything it was only necessary to name it, according to the seventeenth chapter of the *Book of the Dead*, one of the earliest chapters (*Pap. Ani*, vii. 10, 11), "Who is he? Re, the creator of the names of his limbs; they became beings, the Gods who dwell in his train."

The Self-begotten came into being by uttering his own name (*Pap. Nes Amsu*, xxvii. 22, 23).

I brought forth myself from my mouth, my name, this my word of power; I am the becomings, I became in the becomings of the Becomer (Khepera).

Hence the name formed an integral part of the man himself. PjpjI speaks of himself (*Sethe Pyr.* Texts 909 a. b., Maspero PjpjI 169) as being in well-being together with his name, living together with his Ka. Space forbids me to prosecute further this interesting subject, which may be illustrated from the folk-lore of all lands.

The truth underlying this idea might be briefly stated as follows:

In the beginning all monads were undifferentiated centres of energy, and may be regarded as possessing the three following potentialities :—

1. Of responding indifferently to all external stimuli.

2. Of responding more readily to stimuli similar to those already received.

3. Of storing up the results of such stimuli. So that in course of time a given form of response, repeated sufficiently often in response to an impulse from without, can be initiated from within.

It will thus be seen that differentiation commenced with the first response to an external contact, and progressed, leading to ever greater division into smaller and smaller classes, until the maximum point of separation is reached. Thus any individual can be described in terms of vibrational response or name, and this name describes one individual and one only.

The return to unity can only be reached when each unit is capable of initiating all possible vibrational methods in an universe.

Thus it will be seen that the true name of a monad is nothing else but that complex of vibrations, which, if reproduced, would evoke the complete vibrational response of the entity, and if uttered would throw such monad into the maximum vibration possible.

Now as something very similar is true of all the vehicles or bodies through which a monad manifests, and as the characteristic responses of the various vehicles are not identical, it will be seen that each man is many named, and the various manifestations of an individual may be evoked by the utterance of such secret or true name. Many other interesting problems might be considered in regard to names: the influence of the ray or hierarchy on the name-class and its subdivisions; the phenomena of change and modification of name in the various evolutionary stages, as, for example, the new name conferred by Initiation. Such a study, however, would require an entire treatise, and even to attempt such a thing would need an author possessed of a far deeper insight into the inner side of things than my own. The following quaintly curious examples of a parallel thought-cycle to that which produced this narrative may be cited from the medicine of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

Contra dolorem dentium.—Christus super marmoreum sedebat; Petrus tristis ante eum stabat, manum ad maxillam tenebat; et interrogabat eum Dominus, dicens: 'Quare tristis es, Petre?' Respondit Petrus et dixit: 'Domine, dentes mei dolent.' Et Dominus dixit: Adiuro te migranea vel gutta maligna per patrem et filium et spiritum sanctum, et per caelum et terram, et per XX ordines angelorum, et per LX prophetas, et per XII apostolos et per IV evangelistas, etc....ut non possit diabolus nocere ei nec in dentes nec in aures, nec in palato famulo dei. (A.-S.L. III. 64.)

Hunt, *Pop. Rom. of West of England*, p. 144:

Christ passed by his brother's door,
Saw his brother lying on the floor:
What aileth thee, brother?
Pain in the teeth.

Thy teeth shall pain thee no more. "In the name, etc."

A worm came sneaking,
It bit a man.
Then took up Woden
Nine wondrous twigs.
He smote the Nadder
Till it flew in nine bits
There did apple and poison
Bring about that it
Nevermore entered house. (B. III. Harl. M. S. 588.)[1]

TRANSLATION

(My) tongue (telleth) of the God twice divine, Self-begotten Maker of heaven and earth in flame, the breath of life, of Gods and men, of beasts and cattle, of worms, of fowl and fish. In essence One, the King of men and Gods; ages to him are years. Many his names; these know not, these know not Gods.[2]

Now Isis was in a certain wóman surfeited of words; her heart misliked the myriads among men; she chose for herself the myriads among Gods, (high) reckoned she the myriads among the glorified. Of nought was she simple in heaven or earth even as Re, save that He is Creator of earth. The Goddess communed in her heart how she might know the name of the glorious God.[3]

Now Re came in every day before His sailors, and established Himself above the throne of the light-realm.[4]

The mouth of the aged one, twice divine, troubled Him; He shot forth His humors unto the earth, His spittle fell on the ground.

Isis removed it with her hand together with the earth that was upon it, and she fashioned therewith a glorious

[1] These examples are taken from J. F. Payne. *English Medicine in Anglo-Saxon Times.*

[2] Flame=Fohat?

Worms. Egy. Zdft, reptile, serpent, I have for euphonic purposes invariably translated by the old English equivalent, 'worm'.

[3] I have translottered 'Re' instead of 'Ra' since the Coptic transliterations PE, PH and PEI, leave no doubt that Re represents the name more correctly.

[4] Light-realm, lit. Horizon in the dual number. It is spoken of later as being made 'impassable' or 'Secret' and to be the home of the 'Souls' of the Gods.

worm. Crept it not quick before her face, she left it, it lay in wait upon the path, behind the two lands, on which the Great God fared as was His heart's desire.

The glorious God appeared, the Gods behind Him, in the great house (to whom be Life, Health and Strength) e'en as was His wont each day.

Bit Him the glorious worm, the flame of life went forth from Him, He who dwelleth in the cedars was overthrown.

The God twice divine opened His mouth, the voice of His Majesty reached unto heaven. The company of the Gods (asked): "What is this?" The Gods (asked): "What thing is this?" No words found He to answer; His jaws quivered, all his limbs trembled, the venom seized on His flesh, even as Hapi seizeth upon (that which is) behind Him. The Great God made firm His heart, and He called unto them that dwell in His train; "Cause to come unto me the Gods begotten of My limbs, them who came forth from Me."[1]

Give ye counsel of this that hath chanced, give rede of this thing of bane. My heart knoweth it, Mine eyes see it not, Mine hand made it not, it is not known in aught that hath been by Me created. No pain is like unto it, no bale is greater.

"A prince am I, son of a prince. My seed was begotten in God. Great am I, the Son of a Great one. My Father pondered My name.[2]

"Many-named am I, of many forms. My form subsisteth in each God. Called of Me is Atum and Horus Heken.

"It was uttered, My Father, My Mother, My Name, it was hid of love at My birth in My body, lest power should be given over Me to the sorceries of sorcerers.

"I came forth from behind to see My Creation, to traverse the two lands formed by Me, when envenomed Me—I wot not what.

[1] Cp. *Book of Dead*, ch. xvii. quoted in Introduction.

[2] All references to His Father must be taken as referring to Himself in His self-generative aspect.

"Behold, it is not flame, behold water is it not, My heart is in state of flame, My flesh is as it were brought to birth of shrilling winds.

"Bring unto Me my children, the Gods; glorious ones (are they) well knowing words; the cunning of their mouth reacheth unto heaven."

Then drew nigh unto Him His children, each in state of weeping.

Isis came also, having as glorious throne of breath of life, her mouth; her spells drive forth disease, her words of power make constricted throats to live.[1]

She spake: "What then is this, what thing is this, My Father God? Hath some worm instilled bane in Thee? Hath one, Thy child, uplifted his head against Thee? I speak, I cast it down by excellent words of power, and make him to go backwards from the sight of Thy rays."

The primal God opened His mouth. "I went forth upon the path to traverse the two lands, My country, according to My heart's desire, that I might look upon My creation.

"A worm bit me. I saw it not. Behold, it is not flame, behold water is it not. Colder am I than water, hotter than flame, my limbs bear sweat.

"Behold I tremble, Mine eyes are not stable, I see not heaven. Waters rise on My face (as) in summer season."

Spake Isis unto Re. "Tell me Thy name, My Father, for liveth he who calleth upon his name."

"I am Maker of heaven and earth, I knot the mountains, I create those that thereon exist.

"He am I, who causeth the water to beget the great flood. I produce the Bull of His Mother, and the generations of things pleasant. I make the heavens, I make

[1] *ts*, spoken spell, the word is possibly allied with *ts* (with det: for earth) backbone, spine. The 'words of power' of *Isis* awaken the throat, the power of hearing.

impassable the Light-Realm, and in its inner part I gave the souls of Gods. He am I who openeth His eyes and they become lights, who closeth His eyes and they become darkness. He at whose command the Nile-God raineth behind him.

"Not known to the Gods is His name.

"I am the creator of the hours, and they beget the days, He am I, who openeth the yearly feast, (who maketh) creative streams.

"I am the maker of the flame of life that the labors in camps may proceed.[1]

"He am I who is Khepera in the morning, Re in His life-prime, Atum who dwelleth in the land of the evening."

But the ongoing of the venom was not back-driven, nor was made whole the Great God.

Therefore spake Isis to Re: "Thine own name hath not been reckoned midst those which to me Thou hast spoken. Tell it unto me, and forth shall fare the venom, for liveth he who calleth upon his name."

The venom spake in flames, it burnt with burnings, it prevailed over Him, it flamed with flame of smelling.

Spake the Majesty of Re. "I give myself to be searched forth of Isis; come forth from My body, My name into her body."

He hid Himself from the Gods, wide was His seat in the boat of the myriads.

It became even as the time of the going forth of the heart.

Then spake she to Horus her son. "Take heed to (the oath) 'by God's life' that the God give me His two eyes."

[1] 'Labors in camps,' probably the public works that were undertaken by forced labor, in the seasons in which agricultural works could not be carried out.

(Thus was) the name of the Great God forth lifted by Isis the Mighty in magic.

"Fly forth O Venom! fare forth from Re! Eye of Horus fare forth from the God, (bright) as gold from His mouth.

"I wrought, I cast forth to the ground the venom, I have prevailed to protect the Great God, and to uplift over Him His name. Re liveth, Venom dieth and in manner contrary.

"N child of M liveth, the venom dieth." Thus spake Isis, mighty mistress of Gods,[1] who knoweth Re by name.

To be spoken over an image of Atum and Horus Heken, and a statue of Isis and an image of Horus.

J. R. SPENSLEY

AN ECHO

To the One who may know of our "pleading,"
To Those who "point out the Way,"
To the Light that is kindly leading,
We kneel, and bow, and "pray."

For the "crown" in the "mists" of the morning,
For the "Fruit" be it soon or late;
For the "Joy" of the "hour" that is dawning,
We patiently work and "Wait."

From our labor of love for others,
Like the homing bee to the hive,
Go our thoughts to the Elder Brothers,
As we Pray and Wait and Strive.

F. T. M.

[1] "Isis, mighty mistress of Gods." cp. *Demotic Mag. pap. Leyd .and Lond.* IX. 17:—

"Come to me Isis, Mistress of magic, great sorceress of the Gods; Horus is before me, Isis is behind me, Nephthys is my diadem, a snake, the son of Atum is that which, etc."

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE

FROM AN INDIAN VIEW-POINT

(*Concluded from* p. 242.)

FROM the contemplation of God we have now to turn to that of the *individual*. What is the meaning of life to Goethe? Did he share the Christian idea of the world as a moral institution, and of men as mere probationers for eternal beatitude or damnation? Or had he a deeper and more comprehensive conception of life's course and end?

The very simple answer to these questions is: *Goethe believed in evolution through re-incarnation.*

This may, indeed, be unknown and surprising to many people, even to professional Goethe-explainers, but it can none the less be proved unanswerably.[1]

That the materialistic idea of the soul as a product of the body was not approved of by Goethe, need hardly be said. But probably it is less known that he had an original proof for the existence of the soul[2] as a separate entity. It is given in the following words to Eckermann:

The stubbornness (*Hartnäckigkeit*) of the individual, and man's shaking off what is not suitable to him, is to me a proof that such a thing (a separate soul) exists.—Leibniz has had similar ideas on such independent beings, he calling Monads that which we designate with the term *Entelechie*.[3]

[1] According to L. Deinhard, *Das Mysterium des Menschen*, p. 210, Goethe's idea of re-incarnation has been treated by Prof. Max Seiling in his book *Goethe und der Materialismus* (Leipzig 1904), p. 61 *et seq.* This book I have not seen so far, but I trust that it will not make superfluous what I am going to say.

[2] *Sit venia verbo.* It is undesirable, in papers like this, to dispense with such words, vague though they be.

[3] This term Goethe borrowed from Aristotle, according to whom every product of nature (being the oneness of 'form' and 'matter') develops from a stage of latency through a stage of unfolding to a stage of complete expression or realisation (*entelecheia*). It seems that Goethe chose the term with regard to the 'stubborn' being which, though existing from the beginning, is fully manifest only in the stage of manhood, as it were, the stage of *sthiti* or preservation, to use an Indian term.

Dying, therefore, far from being the end of the soul, is rather

an escaping, a growing pale of the soul-light abandoning matter.[1]

And not to any eternal heaven or eternal hell does the soul go, but from birth it passes to birth until it reaches liberation.

So far as I can see, Goethe came to the belief in re-incarnation from at least six sides.

(1) He found it *impossible to imagine originating.*

Speaking on the foundations of natural science he says:

The conception of originating (*der Begriff von Entstehen*) is altogether refused to us; hence, when we see something becoming, we think that it existed already.

And in a stanza[2]:

Wo käme denn ein Ding sonst her,
Wenn es nicht längst schon fertig wär?

Whence, then, should come a something, had it not existed since long?

(2) He found it equally *impossible to imagine a ceasing of existence.*

To Kanzler Müller he said[3] that it was altogether impossible to a thinking being to imagine a non-being, a ceasing of thinking and life. In this regard everybody was carrying within himself and quite involuntarily the proof of his immortality.

And to Eckermann:

I have the firm conviction that our spirit is a being of wholly indestructible nature; it continues producing its effects from eternity to eternity; it resembles the sun which seems to set but to our earthly eyes, which, however, properly speaking, sets not at all, but continues shining without end. ..... Every Entelechie is a piece of eternity, and the few

[1] Dialogue with Riemer; Vogel *Selbstzeugnisse*, p. 134.
[2] The place of which I cannot find at present.
[3] In a saying the exact wording of which is not preserved to us; Vogel, p. 137.

years it is connected with the earthly body do not make it old.

And to Falk:

There can be no idea of annihilation. (*An eine Vernichtung ist gar nicht zu denken.*)

(3) He had rightly recognised that the law of the preservation of force needs to be understood not only cosmically. but also individually, unless development in the wider sense (Darwin) is impossible. He consequently combined it with a *law of economy* which he had not failed to discover in nature, so closely watched by him.

Referring to Wieland's death he said to Falk:

Never and under no circumstances can we speak of an annihilation in nature of such high soul-forces; she never disposes so extravagantly of her capital. Wieland's soul is by nature a treasure, a real jewel, to which we must add that his long life has not diminished but augmented these spiritually beautiful talents.

And to Eckermann he confessed:

I do not doubt of our continuance, for nature cannot miss the Entelechie.

And the same idea is implied in the beautiful aphorism[1]:

She (Nature) has introduced me, she will lead me out. I entrust myself to her. She may dispose of me; she will not hate her work.

(4) Closely connected with this argument is a fourth one which appears to have been practically the strongest of all to Goethe. He said to Eckermann:

The conviction of our continuance is proved to me by the *conception of activity*; for, if I work restlessly up to my end, it is the duty of nature to assign me another form of existence, when the present one is not able any longer to endure my mind.

(5) His belief in what the Indian calls *pūrva-janma-sambandha,* a continuation of pre-natal connections. Of this we shall speak presently.

[1] *Die Natur*; Vogel, *loc. cit.*, p. 130.

(6) The influence of *Leibniz' monadology*, of which re-incarnation is nothing but a logical consequence. This influence is especially clear in the following sayings of Goethe to Falk[1]:

> Some of these 'monads'...are so small, so insignificant, that they qualify themselves at best for a subordinate service and existence. Others, however, are very strong and powerful. The latter, therefore, use to draw everything approaching them into their circle. Only the latter I would call *souls*, properly speaking. Death is the liberation of the subordinate monads from the higher one and the separation from each other of the single ones. There is no question of annihilation; but to be stopped on the way by a powerful and at the same time vile monad and to be subordinated to it, this danger has no doubt something critical, and the fear thereof I for my part could not quite remove by the way of a mere contemplation of nature.

Taking all this together, it is quite unmistakable *that Goethe had no possibility of avoiding the theory of repeated births.* And that he actually embraced it to the fullest extent, I shall now show by some remarkable instances.

We have already seen, in the second example to the second argument above, how Goethe compared death and birth with the setting and rising of the sun.[2] In an analogous way in the little poem "Song of the Spirits over the Waters," the coming and going of the Entelechie is compared with the falling down of the water as rain and its consequent ascending again to the sky in the form of vapor, followed again by the downfall, etc.

> Des Menschen Seele
> Gleicht dem Wasser:
> Vom Himmel kommt es,
> Zum Himmel steigt es,
> Und wieder nieder
> Zur Erde muss es,
> Ewig wechselnd.

The soul of man is like the water: from the sky it comes, to the sky it ascends, and down again to earth it is forced, eternally changing.

[1] Vogel, *loc. cit.*, p. 135.
[2] The same idea in the dialogue with Riemer, Vogel, *loc. cit.*, p. 134.

Exactly the same idea appears as follows in 'God, Mind, and World':

> Und so kommt wieder zur Erde herab
> Dem die Erde den Ursprung gab.
> Gleicherweise sind wir auch gezüchtigt,
> Einmal gefestet, einmal verflüchtigt.

And thus it comes down to the earth again, that to which earth gave its origin. Just like that we are also bred: now consolidated, now evaporated.

And in a letter to Mrs. v. Stein, Goethe says:

> I have a strong longing to get away from here. The spirits of the old times do not allow me here a single happy hour.... How good it is that man dies precisely to extinguish the impressions and comes back bathed.[1]

Also the *continuance on other planets* is a matter of serious consideration to him.

Some years before his death (1825) he wrote to the chancellor Müller:

> Besides, I should not know what to do with the eternal beatitude, unless it would offer me new tasks and difficulties to be conquered. But that will be provided for. We need only look at the planets and the sun: there we shall also have enough nuts to crack.

Probably in this sense also his saying to Countess Stolberg[2] must be understood:

> In our father's empire there are many provinces.

Again, in Wanderjahre III, we have the striking sentence (*cf.* the Bodhisattva renouncing Nirvāṇa):

> We hope that such an Entelechie will not altogether leave our solar system, but, having arrived at its borders, will long to come back again, to enter once more terrestrial life and beneficence, in favor of our great-grandsons.

One of the most interesting instances of Goethe's belief in re-incarnation is his metric letter to Mrs. von Stein of the 14th of April of 1776. Here we have the Indian and likewise Platonic idea that two persons who perfectly understand and love each other must have lived

[1] Referring to the Greek idea of *Lethe*, 'Oblivion,' the river in which the dead bathe.
[2] Vogel, *loc. cit.*, p. 137.

in some intimate union already before this life. The philosophical exposition of this idea of *pre-natal connection* is the subject of the poem "Wiederfinden" (meeting again, rediscovery) which we shall deal with later on in connection with the problem of evolution.

The letter is a practical application of this ancient belief. Goethe was connected by a deep friendship with Mrs. von Stein, the wife of a Prussian minister. It seemed to our poet as well as to her that she was just the only existent complement to his own mind, and consequently both had to suffer a good deal from the impossibility of being constantly united. How are we to explain this painful state of ours? the poet asks in the letter.

Sag, was will das Schicksal uns bereiten?
Sag, wie band es uns so rein, genau?

Say: what is fate going to prepare for us?
Say: how did it bind us so purely, so exactly?

And the answer follows:

Ach, du warst *in abgelebten Zeiten*
Meine *Schwester* oder meine *Frau*,
Kanntest jeden Zug in meinem Wesen,
Spähtest wie die reinste Nerve klingt,
Konntest mich mit Einem Blicke lesen,
Den so schwer ein sterblich Aug' durchdringt.
Tropftest Mässigung dem heissen Blute,
Richtetest den wilden irren Lauf,
Und in deinen Engelsarmen ruhte
Die zerstörte Brust sich wieder auf..
.....
Und von allem dem schwebt ein Erinnern
Nur noch um das ungewisse Herz,
Fühlt die alte Wahrheit ewig gleich im Innern,
Und der neue Zustand wird ihm Schmerz.

Ah, *in times past* thou usest to be my *sister* or my *wife;* usest to know every feature of my character and to spy how the purest nerve was sounding; and with one look thou wert able to read *me*, who am so hard to be penetrated by a mortal eye. Thou wouldst drip moderation on the hot blood, directing its wild, erring course, and in thy angel-arms the torn heart would respire again..... And of all that a remembrance only is hovering about the uncertain heart: it never ceases feeling the old truth, and the new state becomes pain to it.

If it be objected that all this is mere poetry, that Goethe never seriously believed in these things, we may refer the doubter to a letter of Goethe's to Wieland containing the following prose saying on the very same point:

I cannot explain to myself the significance of the power which this woman has over me, unless by metempsychosis. Yes, we were once man and wife.

And this he often repeated later on, and he also spoke of the Roman emperor Hadrian as his grand-uncle, and of his friend Boisserée as having lived on the Nether-Rhine in the fifteenth century.[1]

Even the *act of re-incarnation* has been described by Goethe in a poem, the most wonderful poem, perhaps, existing in the West, and, it need hardly be added, one of the most misunderstood.[2]

In this poem, which evidently shows that Goethe thought of re-incarnation as taking place in the way of the chemical attractions, the sensual pleasure of the parents is compared with a *flame*, and the re-incarnating soul with a *butterfly* attracted by the flame and burnt in it—a really grand image partly evoked, as it seems, by the soul-butterfly of Greek art and of Celtic and other folklore. The poem is entitled "Selige Sehnsucht," "Blessed Longing," that means: "The Longing of the deceased," namely, for re-incarnation, but the original title was "Vollendung" (perfection) referring to the poet's view of life as an *evolution*, as is also evident from the third verse calling the act of re-incarnation a "*higher* copulation."

Even the beginning of the poem is characteristic. As many an Upaniṣad *ends* with the emphatic exhortation not to impart its secret teaching to anybody who is

[1] Bode, *Meine Religion*, etc., 2nd ed. p., 18 ff. This idea of meeting again is not, after all, so fanciful as it appears to be. For, granting the reality, in this life, of psychical forces tending to unite and re-unite certain persons, and granting the 'stubbornness' of the individual and its pre-natal and post-mortem existence,—why should not these forces go on exercising their influence also beyond the grave?

[2] The honor of having first recognised the real meaning of the poem, must, I believe, be ascribed to Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden.

not one's son or disciple (*nâputrâya nâçiṣyâya*), so Goethe *begins his* Upaniṣad with the words:

Sagt es niemand, nur den Weisen,
Weil die Menge gleich verhöhnet,
Das Lebend'ge will ich preisen,
Das nach Flammentod sich sehnet.

Don't tell it to anybody, only to the wise ones—for the multitude will but scoff at it—the ever-living I will praise, how it is longing for death in the flame.

The poet now addresses the soul-butterfly:

In der Liebesnächte Kühlung,
Die dich zeugte, wo du zeugtest,
Überfällt dich fremde Fühlung,
Wenn die stille Kerze leuchtet.

In the coolness of the nights of love which generated thee (*i.e.*, in former births), and in which thou generatest (as a father or mother), a strange feeling is overcoming thee (the attraction of the parental aura), when the quiet candle is glowing.

Nicht mehr bleibest du umfangen
In der Finsterniss Beschattung,
Und dich reisset neu Verlangen
Auf zu höherer Begattung.

No longer thou stayest shrouded within the shadow of darkness (*i.e.*, the post-mortem state), and a new longing is carrying thee away to a higher copulation.

Keine Ferne macht dich schwierig,
Kommst geflogen und gebannt,
Und zuletzt, des Lichts begierig,
Bist du, Schmetterling, verbrannt.

No distance is a hindrance to thee, thou comest flying, under the ban (*i.e.*, the aforesaid attraction), and, at last, avid for light, thou, O butterfly, art burnt.

The last verse is for the public:

Und so lang du das nicht hast,
Dieses: Stirb und werde!,
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunklen Erde.

And as long as you have not obtained that, this 'Die and be born!' so long you are but a dull guest on the dark earth.

The most convenient title to this incomparable poem would perhaps have been a saying of Heraclitus the Dark

referring likewise to the act of re-incarnation: "It is a pleasure to the souls to become wet (and fall into birth);" or another saying of the same: "For it is death to the souls to become water," to which may, for explanation, be added a third one: "Hades and Dionysos (*i.e.*, death and birth) are the same."

Looking back hence, and surveying once more the materials collected as testimonials of Goethe's belief in re-incarnation, we are necessarily struck by the fact that most of them are not from the works proper, but from the letters and private conversations of our poet. And here, then, we have the answer to the question why Goethe's belief in re-incarnation has up to the present day remained an unknown thing not only to the great public but even to the majority of Goethe enthusiasts. To a man so full of the joy of action as was Goethe, the certainty of a continued activity of the individual in ever new lives must have been a precious possession; it was *his holy secret* of which he spoke plainly only to his intimate friends, on which he avoided publicity as one avoids informing the public of one's heart-affairs. In his publications he was *intentionally dark* wherever he touched that belief, and how perfectly he succeeded, every one can easily convince himself by taking into his hand, *e.g.*, H. Düntzer's famous commentary on Goethe's poems.

Intimately connected with the belief in metempsychosis is, in India, the belief in *Karman*,—an ethical law of causation. Had Goethe any idea like it?

Of course, we must not expect to find with Goethe anything like the anthropocentric popular belief in Karman as a law of retribution for gods, men, and philosophising animals. The unreasonableness of any such view has been well elucidated by Mrs. Besant, in one of her lectures, by the short sentence: "There is no connection between money and virtue."

But very well we may ask whether Goethe believed,

in another and deeper sense, in the teaching expressed in the sentence: "What man sows, that he will reap."

The answer to this is contained in the significant word Goethe spoke to Eckermann on the first of September, 1829:

> We are not all immortal in the same way, and, in order to *manifest* one's self in future as a great Entelechie, one must also *be* one.

That means: Man is reborn as what he has *made* himself; if he has worked at his character, he will have a satisfactory rebirth; if he has neglected himself, has become weak and subjected to vices, the circumstances of his rebirth will naturally be unfavorable.

Nothing can be clearer than this. But still a second question waits also to be answered, and it is this: Are we *totally* our own work, or only *on the whole* or *partially?*

This question leads us once more to a striking agreement between Goethe and India.

The long and passionate dispute in India on Karman, free-will, and necessity (on the history of which a big book will be written some day) had, generally speaking, produced the knowledge that (at least) two factors have to be recognised as making man and his life, namely, (1) *puruṣa-kāra* "human activity," and (2) *daiva* "the divine, the fatally ordained". This distinction is up to the present day maintained with the Jains, whereas with the Hindūs the difference is obscured by the word Karman being applied (with what right, is another question) to both of these factors.

Quite an analogous conclusion was arrived at by Goethe, nay, he even used to call the second factor by a word which might appear to be a translation of the Saṃskṛt *daiva*, namely *das Dämonische*, "the demoniac".

Goethe was perfectly aware that every Entelechie is inevitably "unfree" to a certain extent, namely, in that it is only a limb of a higher whole and consequently,

besides going its "own" ways, is used as an instrument by that higher unit. In accordance herewith he distinguished between those actions and events of ours the causation of which we see, as it were, with our eyes, and those other ones for which we cannot find any kārmic explanation and which appear to us as the work of some unintelligible higher power ('providence'). The latter Goethe calls "the demoniac," or, occasionally, "the dear thing," "the dear thing they call God, or however it's called," "the dear invisible thing that leads and trains me," and the like, and he has uttered quite a number of important sayings on it, some of which are the following:

> Although that demoniac may manifest itself in everything corporeal and incorporeal, nay, expresses itself in a most remarkable way with the animals, it is most wonderfully connected especially with man, and it forms *a power, though not opposed to the moral order of things, yet thwarting it.*[1]
>
> ..... the demoniac which uses to accompany every passion and finds its proper element in the love between man and wife.
>
> As a checking, retarding power, the demoniac often shows itself also in the history of the world.
>
> Every extraordinary man has a certain mission which he is called to execute. After he has accomplished it, he is no longer wanted on earth in this form, and providence employs him again for something else.
>
> Every productivity of the highest kind, every important *aperçu*, every invention, every great thought bringing fruits and having consequences, is in nobody's power and beyond all terrestrial might. . . . In such cases man is often to be regarded as an instrument of a higher government of the world, as a receptacle found worthy for receiving a divine influence.
>
> The higher a man, the more he is under the influence of the demons.[2]

We are coming now to the problem of *evolution*. What is the course of the migrating soul, what its beginning and what its end, provided there be beginning and end?

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[1] *Aus meinem Leben*, iv.
[2] All these sayings from Eckermann's *Dialogues with Goethe*.

The general answer to this question is given by the already mentioned poem "Wiederfinden" (meeting again). It shows that also in this respect Goethe stands on classical ground, namely on the ground of Empedoklean-Platonic philosophy. The process of the world consists of two periods: a period of increasing diminution or differentiation, and a period of increasing growth or individualisation. In the first period Neikos or egotism becomes stronger and stronger; in the second period it is conquered more and more, and, at last, completely overcome by Philotes or altruism. In the first period the One becomes many, in the second the many become One again. So in the first period *separation* is the ruling principle, in the second period *union*. And this union is not a vague one: it is fancied by our poet, in a mystic way, to be a *re-union* of those who had been separated in the period of differentiation. Thus the problem of love is solved to him, and thus he begins his cosmogonic poem with a passionate salutation to his love, looked for unconsciously by him for milleniums and now found at last:

Ist es möglich, Stern der Sterne,
Drück ich wieder dich ans Herz!
Ach, was ist die Nacht der Ferne
Für ein Abgrund, für ein Schmerz!
Ja, du bist es, meiner Freuden
Süsser, lieber Widerpart!
Eingedenk vergangner Leiden
Schaudr' ich vor der Gegenwart.

Is it possible, star of stars, do I press thee to my heart again? Ah, what an abyss and pain is the night of farness! Yes, thou art it, the sweet, dear partner of my pleasures! mindful of past sufferings, I shudder thinking of the present.

And now the poet proceeds to explain the "night of farness" by describing, first, the creation of the world, *i.e.*, the process of differentiation, and then, the retro-creation, so to say,—the process of re-integration, or unification, up to his present "Wiederfinden".

Als die Welt im tiefsten Grunde
Lag an Gottes ew'ger Brust,
Ordnet er die erste Stunde
Mit erhabner Schöpfungslust.
Und er sprach das Wort: Es werde!
Da erklang ein schmerzlich Ach!
Als das All mit Machtgeberde
In die Wirklichkeiten brach.

While the world was lying in the deepest depth on the eternal breast of God, He, with august desire of creating, fixed the first hour. And he spoke the word: "Let there be!" *Then a painful Alas! was heard*, when the All, with a gesture of power, broke out into reality.

This corresponds to the *death of God* in Empedokles' poem: "Mighty hatred," it is said there, *i.e.*, mighty egotism, "mighty hatred was gradually destroying the limbs of God". Goethe continues:

Auf tat sich das Licht, es trennte
Scheu sich Finsternis von ihm,
Und sogleich die Elemente
Scheidend aus einander fliehn.
Rasch, in wilden, wüsten Traümen
Jedes nach der Weite rang,
Starr, in ungemessnen Raümen,
Ohne Sehnsucht, ohne Klang.

Light appeared and thus Darkness shyly parted from it; and all at once the elements, separating, fled asunder. Rapidly, in wild, vague dreams each was striving for farness, rigidly, in unmeasured voids, without longing,[1] without harmony.

And thus, at last, the state of complete dissolution is reached, the Chaos so beautifully described in the poem of Empedokles by the words: "There not the glorious frame of the sun is saluting, nor the hairy body of the earth, nor the sea; for the All was hateful and loveless and uncondensed." And now, hardly perceptible at first but constantly growing, the adversary of egoism appears: the "Morgenröte," dawn, as Goethe calls it—the striving for oneness: *love*.

Stumm war Alles, still und öde,
Einsam Gott zum ersten Mal!
Da erschuf er Mörgenröte,
Die erbarmte sich der Qual;
Sie entwickelte dem Trüben
Ein erklingend Farbenspiel,
Und nun konnte wieder lieben,
Was erst aus einander fiel.

[1] *i.e.*, without Love, the uniting factor.

Silent was every thing, still and desert, lonesome was God for the first time! Then He created dawn: she had compassion on the torture: she developed for the afflicted a sounding play of colors, and what first fell asunder now could love again.

Und mit eiligem Bestreben
Sucht sich, was sich angehört;
Und zu ungemessnem Leben
Ist Gefühl und Blick gekehrt.
Sei's Ergreifen sei es Raffen,
Wenn es nur sich fasst und hält!
Allah braucht nicht mehr zu schaffen,
Wir erschaffen seine Welt.

And with hasty endeavor those who belong together are looking for each other; and to *unmeasured life* feeling and look are turned. Whether it be a seizing, whether a snatching: if they do but take and keep each other! Allah need no longer create: *we* create his world.

In the poem "Soul of the World" (Weltseele), this theory of cosmic expansion and contraction, of the exhaling and inhaling of Brahman, is likewise alluded to. But we can hardly learn from it any thing essentially new. There are, however, some other passages which complete, as we shall see, in a remarkable way the picture of the soul returning to God.

If we ask for the *end* of the process, the answer given by the poem "Wiederfinden" seems to be, that it is the complete ceasing of individuality, the absorption into God. So it would result that the *great question of liberation* (mokṣa) was decided by Goethe in favor of the highest of the four states taught by Brahmin philosophy: the *sāyujya* or "complete union" of pure Advaita. And this *is* so. Although it doubtless suited better the heart of the poet longing for activity to believe in an *eternal* development, and, indeed, he sometimes expressed himself to that effect, yet he was not able to resist the knowledge, proclaimed by a Buddha and Śankara and other deep thinkers, that *every* individual separate existence, even the highest imaginable, is necessarily imperfect, and that, consequently, *all* life is pain, in the deepest sense, and therefore redemption from life, absorption into God, is logically the highest goal of man.

Compare the following sayings:

Könnt' ich doch ausgefüllt einmal
Von dir, o Ew'ger, werden.
Ach diese lange, lange Qual,
Wie dauert sie auf Erden! (*Sehnsucht.*)

O that I might at last be filled out by thee, Eternal One! Alas, this long, long torment on earth, how lasting it is!

Ich sehne mich nach Hause; ich habe in der Welt nichts mehr zu suchen.

I am *longing* for *home*; I have no more business in the world (letter to Herder).

Wir alle leiden am Leben.

All of us suffer from life.

Ach, an der Erde Brust
Sind wir zum Leide da! (Faust.)

Alas, at the breast of earth we are born for sorrow!

Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach, komm in meine Brust!"

Ah, I am tired of the world!
Why all that pain and pleasure?
Sweet peace,
Come, ah, come into my heart!

Observe that the peace Goethe is yearning for, is a deliverance from pain *and pleasure*, *sukha-duhkha-vimokṣa*, *i.e.*, Nirvāṇa.

This idea of Nirvāṇa is most conspicuous in the first verse of the poem "One and All":

Im Grenzenlosen sich zu finden,
Wird gern der Einzelne verschwinden,
Da löst sich aller Überdruss;
Statt heissem Wünschen, wildem Wollen,
Statt lästgem Fordern, strengem Sollen,
Sich aufzugeben ist Genuss.

To find itself absorbed in the Absolute the individual would willingly disappear. There all satiety dissolves; instead of hot wishing, wild willing, instead of tiresome demanding, and the strict 'you must'—to give up one's self, is a bliss.

And another saying:

Man would not be the most noble creature on earth, if he were not *too noble for it*.

When, then, will *mokṣa* be reached, and under what *conditions?*

Thales in *Faust* speaks of the development of individuality "through thousands and thousands of forms, and till thou reachest mankind thou hast time," to which is added a few lines later:

Denn bist du erst ein Mensch geworden,
Dann ist es völlig aus mit dir,

For when thou hast but become man, then it is all over with thee.

And at the end of *Faust* we read that the earthly life of both Margarete and Faust directly terminates with liberation.

This clearly shows that Goethe shared the Indian view, so much emphasised particularly in Buddhism, that precisely *human* existence is the only condition of life where the redeeming knowledge, *i.e.*, the knowledge of the unreality of the ego (*anattā*), can be reached and must be reached in the course of time. And it seems further to show that Goethe, like Schopenhauer, concluded from this that at the highest form of mankind the line of development comes to an end, and that therefore we need not admit the existence of superhuman beings.

But this is not so. For it can be proved by many instances that Goethe believed in the existence of superhuman beings.

In the poem *Das Göttliche* (The Divine), he exclaims:

Heil den unbekannten
Höhern Wesen,
Die wir ahnen!

Hail to the unknown higher beings whom our heart divines!

And in another poem (One and All) we read:

Teilnehmend führen gute Geister,
Gelinde leitend, höchste Meister,
Zu dem, der alles schafft und schuf.

Good spirits, the gently leading highest masters, guide with sympathy to Him who is and was creating every thing.

And the whole of *Faust* is pervaded by this belief.

Thus, if we want to unite this belief with the above-mentioned ideas of our poet's on liberation, then there is only one way left open to us: we must assume that Goethe believed in something like the *krama-mukti* or "gradual liberation" of the Vedānta, *i.e.*, that, in his belief, not directly extinction[1] (*nirvāṇa*), but first only *sāmīpya* "nearness" (*sc.*, of God) can be reached. So the superhuman beings asserted by Goethe would correspond to the *muktas* or redeemed ones in the latter sense—the unseen helpers of "God". And this is indeed, the teaching of the whole last scene of Faust (II) with its "angels," "fathers," "mothers," and "penitents". They enjoy the "nearness" of God—the forerunner of absolute *mokṣa*. They have overcome all conspicuous earthly deficiencies, but their work of self-perfection is not yet completely finished. This is shown by the facts: (1) that they are individuals; (2) that also Margarete and Faust, though liberated, continue as separate beings; (3) that there are younger angels and *more perfect* angels; and, finally, that even the latter directly confess that they have still to bear "some remnant of earthly existence" (einen Erdenrest), which, although seemingly an excellence, is "not cleanly."

There are further two separate poems which evidently evince this belief of Goethe's in a *gradual liberation with the extinction at the end.* The one points already by its title to the two states in question: the nearness and oneness, *sāmīpya* and *sāyujya*. For it is entitled "The higher and the highest ("Höheres und Höchstes") and concludes as follows its description of Heaven:

Und nun dring' ich aller Orten
Leichter durch die ewigen Kreise,

[1] This term is unsatisfactory because it expresses but the negative side of the event. But since the positive side cannot be expressed by words and since the other Brahmanic terms, *apavarga*, *mokṣa*, *etc.*, either mean the same as Nirvāṇa or are too wide, it is best to stick to the Buddhist term.

Die durchdrungen sind vom Worte
Gottes rein-lebendiger Weise.

And now I am more easily passing everywhere through the eternal spheres which are permeated by the pure essence of the word of God.

Ungehemmt mit heissem Triebe
Lässt sich da kein Ende finden,
Bis im Anschaun ewiger Liebe
Wir verschweben, wir verschwinden.

No check to the longing impulse, no end is to be found there, *until in the contemplation of eternal love we pass away,*[1] *we disappear.*

The other little poem, called "Cirrus," has its name from the technical designation of the highest clouds: it describes the passing away of the soul from *sāmīpya* to *sāyujya* by comparing it with a dissolving cirrus or feather-cloud.

Doch immer höher steigt der edle Drang!
Erlösung ist ein himmlisch leichter Zwang.
Ein Aufgehäuftes, flockig löst sich's auf,
Wie Schäflein trippelnd, leicht gekämmt zu Hauf.
So fliesst zuletzt, was unten leicht entstand,
Dem Vater oben still in Schooss und Hand.

And always higher the noble impulse is ascending. Liberation is a heavenly light constraint. A heaped mass, *it dissolves* into small flakes, tripping like lambkins, lightly combed, in a crowd. Thus at last that which easily originated below, quietly floats into the lap and hand of the father above.

And so I also believe that likewise the last stanza of "Faust," the words of the chorus Mysticus, refers to the *end* of *sāmīpya, i.e.*, to *nirvāṇa* or *final* liberation, and not, as all the previous verses, to *sāmīpya*. For even the most perfect angels belong to the "*transient*," *i.e.*, to that which is called here "a mere symbol," and which is said to be replaced, in this final Nirvāṇa, by something absolutely unimaginable.

Alles Vergängliche
Ist nur ein Gleichnis,
Das Unzulängliche,
Hier wird's Ereignis

[1] *Ver-schweben. cf. Nir-vāṇa?*

Everything transient is only a symbol; here, the inadequate becomes an event.

These words, are they not a striking counterpart of the last words of the dying Buddha:

Vaya-dhammā saṅkhārā; appamādena sampādetha!

All things existent are subject to decay; strive for perfection with incessant care!

And the *way* to perfection? Already as a student Goethe found the answer to this question, *viz.*, in the works of *Spinoza*. "That which particularly attracted me to him," he says, "was the boundless *disinterestedness* shining forth from every sentence. That strange word: 'Who loves God in the right way, must not desire that God love him again,' with all the premises on which it is based, with all the consequences springing from it, was filling all my mind. To be disinterested in everything, most disinterested in love and friendship, was my highest wish, my maxim, my practice, so that that bold later word: 'When I love you, what's that to you?' is just as if spoken from my heart."

And in another passage he says: "Our physical as well as social life, customs, manners, art of life, philosophy, religion, nay even many an accident, all are crying out to us: *that we shall renounce*".[1]

And this is also the key to the last part of "Faust," as Goethe himself tells us. Faust is taking up an altruistic activity, and in the same degree the contract with the devil, Mephistopheles (Māra), ceases to be binding, until at last he cannot hinder Faust from being redeemed by the "eternal love coming to his assistance from above".

Gerettet ist das edle Glied
Der Geisterwelt vom Bösen:
Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,
Den können wir erlösen.

[1] Italics in the original. ("Aus meinem Leben," xvi).

Und hat an ihm die *Liebe* gar
Von oben teilgenommen,
Begegnet ihm die selige Schar
Mit herzlichem Willkommen.

Saved is this noble soul from ill,
Our spirit-peer. *Whoever*
Strives forward with unswerving will—
Him can we aye deliver;
And if with him *celestial love*
Hath taken part—*to meet him*,
Come down the angels from above;
With cordial hail they greet him.'[1]

So we have the satisfaction, at the end of our enquiry, of stating that the practical philosophy of Goethe is in exact harmony with that of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: liberation by means of an unwavering altruistic activity, and, finally, of an irrational factor besides: divine love.

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

MY EL DORADO

Not where the golden gleam
Breaks from the fissured sand,
Or youth and pleasure seem
Ever on florid strand.

But where sad human life
Calls me to comfort pain,
To soothe the bitter strife,
That love and joy may reign.

There let my brightest dream
Of youthful fancy, free,
Lead on, all golden seem,
My el dorado be.

—VERNE DEWITT ROWELL

[1] Anna Swanwick, once more.



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

XVIII

OUR story now carries us back again to the great Atlantic island of Poseidonis, for this time Alcyone took a male birth in the white race which inhabited its northern mountains. He was born in the year 9,672 B. C., only a little before the final catastrophe which sank the island. The general condition of the country was one of great corruption, and the majority of the population, the dominant races which inhabited the plains, lived dissolute and

selfish lives, which involved the practice of a large amount of black magic. In these northern mountains, however, patriarchal conditions existed, and life in general was of a much healthier type than that in the plains below. The people had much less of the arts and refinements of civilisation, but were certainly purer and nobler than those of the cities.

Some of the tribes inhabiting the various valleys of the great mountain range owed a nominal allegiance to the Toltec king below; others had independent rulers of their own. But in either case the owner of the valley was usually practically also its undisputed lord; for his allegiance was merely nominal, whether it was given to some monarch of his own fifth sub-race or to the Toltec sovereign. Quarrels between the Toltec government and the mountaineers as to the payment of the amount of tribute were more or less constant. Owing to the extreme difficulty of manœuvring an army in such rugged country, it was rarely worth while for the Toltec sovereign to try to enforce his claims; but now and then an army was sent out, and usually it succeeded in devastating one or two isolated valleys, massacring the male inhabitants and carrying off the women and the cattle.

The father of Alcyone was Neptune, and his mother Herakles. His elder sister was Mercury, and his elder brother Albireo; his younger brothers were Psyche and Leo, and his younger sister Hector. The eldest sister Mercury became a postulant at a temple in the hills, and later was one of its priestesses. All the younger children of the family adored her, and she always gently protected, helped and taught them. The religion was a form of sun-worship, and all the great festivals were determined by the solstices and equinoxes. On the whole the life of these mountaineers seems to have been pure and healthy—a striking contrast to the utter corruption of the great cities of the plains. Neptune lived on his huge estate in truly patriarchal style; he may be said to

have owned a whole valley—for the land was all valleys divided by steep ridges. He had many dependants, but although they were respectful in a certain independent sort of way, they were really almost more like friends than servants.

We have here then a large group of people who lived happily together, and on the whole lived practically to themselves. They occasionally visited the men of neighboring valleys and received visits from them, but these were always rather formal affairs, needing a good deal of preparation, because of the serious amount of climbing involved in crossing the intervening ridges. The character of the country was such that a detour of many miles was frequently necessary in order to reach a house which would have been less than a mile off if a tunnel could have been made through the hill. On the whole these valleys were fairly secure against attacks from below, unless a very great force was brought against them and an elaborate plan was made to close beforehand all means of escape. They had books, but not many of them; there was much recitation of bardic poems and much telling of legends, of which Alcyone's mother, Herakles, had a wonderful collection—enough to make a modern folk-lorist green with envy. The people believed in nature-spirits, and there were among them many who had seen them.

The conditions in some ways rather resembled those of which we hear in mediæval England; all the weaving and spinning were done at home, and there seems to have been an immense amount of house and farm work. The housewives kept great stores of linen and herbs. The men seem mostly to have lived on horseback, using a kind of sure-footed mountain pony, which looked somewhat mule-like. Many of these valleys were loosely joined under a chieftain, and some of these chieftains paid, as we have said, a nominal tribute to the Toltecs, though most of them were independent, and among these last was the King to

which this valley belonged. As I mentioned, the Toltecs periodically attacked them, but rarely with success, because of the configuration of the country. Apart from the occasional menace of such attacks they lived peacefully and happily enough, with their harvest festivals and their festivals at the time of sowing the seed, at both of which races and athletic sports were prominent. Their society was necessarily limited, but very harmonious. Education was simple, and was chiefly given at home, for in most of the valleys there was nothing in the nature of a school.

Alcyone grew up happily, and was a strong and healthy boy. He deeply admired his father and mother, but his love for his elder sister, Mercury, was the dominant factor in his early life. As a small boy he could not bear to be parted from her, and did nothing without consulting her; and indeed as long as she lived she was the principal influence over him.

At a harvest festivity, when he was only ten years old, he first saw Vega, who was to be his future wife; he singled her out at once, and would play with no one else, and the small maiden, who was about his own age, seemed to be flattered by his attentions and to reciprocate his affection. He never forgot her, though as he grew older he became more shy in expressing his sentiments. When she was sixteen she had grown very beautiful, and several suitors were already eagerly applying for her hand —among them Alcyone's elder brother, Albireo, who was the heir to the estate and therefore could offer a better position than Alcyone could as a younger son. This troubled Alcyone greatly; he loved his brother and did not wish to stand in his way, nor to prevent Vega from becoming mistress of the whole valley, as she would eventually be if she married Albireo; and yet he felt that he could not give her up.

As usual, he confided in Mercury, who sympathised deeply, and told him that the matter must be left to the

decision of Vega, who might after all have a personal preference which would take no account of wealth in land or in flocks and herds. Alcyone kept himself in the background, and gave Albireo every chance, and only when Vega had definitely refused the latter did he venture to offer himself as a substitute. Vega joyously accepted him, and they were married when they were just twenty, and lived the happiest of lives together. Albireo loyally accepted Vega's decision, though he suffered much at first. After some years, he consoled himself by marrying another lady, Concordia, but they had no children, and a little later Albireo was killed in resisting one of the Toltec forays, so that after all Alcyone became the heir, and Vega stood in the position of which he had feared that he was depriving her.

Alcyone and Vega had a large family: their sons were Ulysses, Vajra, Achilles, Perseus, Rigel and Bellatrix, and their daughters Uranus, Selene, Aldebaran, Mira and Sirius—this last and youngest of the flock being born when Alcyone was already fifty-four years of age. Just at that time Neptune died, and Alcyone inherited the vast estate, which he directed with much wisdom, for while he kept the headship of the valley, and decided all cases himself, he yet left the practical management of the land almost entirely in the hands of his younger brothers Psyche and Leo, who were in many ways better at details than he was himself. For thirty-two years he held his position, hale, active and keen-sighted to the last, outliving most of his contemporaries.

The brothers who had assisted him so ably died long before him, but their place was well filled by his eldest son Ulysses, who proved a most capable manager. Through all this time his life flowed on evenly, and on the whole happily, for the only variations were good harvests or bad harvests, fine years or stormy ones, with occasional rumors of Toltec raids. His children grew up and married, and he saw his grand-children and even his

great-grand-children around him, and was always the best of friends and counsellors to all of them. The great sorrows of his life were the deaths of Mercury and of Vega, the latter fortunately taking place only a little while before his own.

The long-dreaded Toltec invasion, of which they had been hearing for years as harrying distant valleys, finally descended upon them in the year 9,586. Old as he was, Alcyone gathered together his people, and rode at their head to meet the enemy. Owing to the superiority of their position, the mountaineers were able to hold back the Toltecs for two days, and to slaughter many of them; but re-inforcements from the plains arrived, and Alcyone and his faithful followers were overwhelmed by numbers. He himself was killed, as were all the men and elder women of his tribe, while the younger women were carried into captivity down in the plains. Sirius, at that time thirty-two years of age, was one of the latter, and her subsequent experiences are recorded in one of the lives of Orion, which will appear later.

Ulysses, the eldest son of Alcyone, though left for dead upon the field of battle, afterwards recovered and, gathering together a few men who had contrived to escape to the hills, attempt a partial restoration of the ravaged estates. All the cattle had been captured and all the crops destroyed, but he made a beginning again in a small way; and though he lived only for a few years two of his children, Cetus and Procyon, whom he had hidden, carried on the work after his death, and had succeeded in bringing part of the estate once more under cultivation before the date of the sinking of the island. They were, however, among these who accepted the warning of the priests, and made their escape from Poseidonis in time to avoid the final catastrophe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NEPTUNE: ... *Wife:* Herakles. *Sons:* Albireo, Alcyone, Psyche, Leo. *Daughters:* Mercury, Hector.

OSIRIS: ... *Father:* Capella. *Mother:* Beatrix. *Brothers:* Polaris, Capricorn. *Sisters:* Herakles, Mizar, Vulcan.

URANUS: ... *Father:* Alcyone. *Mother:* Vega. *Brothers:* Ulysses, Vajra, Achilles, Perseus, Rigel, Bellatrix. *Sisters:* Selene, Aldebaran, Mira, Sirius.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Neptune. *Mother:* Herakles. *Uncle:* Osiris. *Brothers:* Albireo, Psyche, Leo. *Sisters:* Mercury, Hector. *Wife:* Vega. *Sons:* Ulysses, Vajra, Achilles, Perseus, Rigel, Bellatrix. *Daughters:* Uranus, Selene, Aldebaran, Mira, Sirius.

ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Concordia.

PSYCHE: ... *Wife:* Virgo. *Sons:* Viola, Taurus, Orpheus. *Daughters:* Minerva, Tolosa.

LEO: ... *Wife:* Alcestis. *Sons:* Pegasus, Berenice, Leto. *Daughters:* Libra, Fomalhaut.

ULYSSES: ... *Wife:* Phocea. *Sons:* Cetus, Procyon, Lacerta. *Daughters:* Cancer, Pollux.

GEMINI: ... *Young priest at temple.*

ARCOR: ... *Postulant at temple.*

XIX

Whenever he is not drawn elsewhere by absolute necessities of service or of evolution, our hero seems to gravitate naturally towards the great motherland of India. It is there that we find him reborn in 8,775 B. C., at a place called Dorasamudra (now Halebidu) north of Hassan in Mysore. His father was Proteus, and his mother Mercury, a most saintly woman, of high reputation for wisdom. He received what was considered at the time a good education, which conisted chiefly in memorising

immense numbers of verses on any and every subject—religion, legendary history and folk-lore, law, medicine, and even mathematics. His mother had a marvellous knowledge of all these matters, and her influence was of the greatest value to him in every way. There was a vast amount of unnecessary ceremonial, but the mother took an eminently common-sense view of all this, and constantly impressed upon him that a virtuous life was more important than a thousand ceremonies, and that truth, honor and kindliness were the offerings most pleasing to the deity.

His father taught him a number of priestly invocations, into which he threw himself with great vigor, and was able to perform them effectively, really succeeding in obtaining a response from the various entities upon whom he called. His will-power as a boy was remarkable, though not always wisely exercised; for instance, he was once discovered in the act of tearing off a nail from one of his fingers just to see if he could bear it. Once again, as in Peru, he acquired a reputation for writing temple manuscripts, and also for the extraordinary number of verses that he knew in proportion to his age, the latter being of course due to the influence of his mother.

When he was about twenty he married Uranus, the daughter of another of the priests. Although there was not yet at this period and in this place exactly a brāhmaṇa caste, there was a priestly class which already tended somewhat to keep itself apart, so that it was natural that a priest's son should marry a priest's daughter, although he was in no way bound to do so. The father of Uranus was a priest of considerable position, but not quite equal in rank to Proteus, who was a man of great power because he was in charge of the principal temple, a magnificent polished stone building with elaborate sculptures. The local Rājā, Castor, attended and supported this temple, so that the position of Proteus as his spiritual adviser was one of great importance in the State. Castor

owed allegiance to an overlord, Mars, who ruled a far larger kingdom, but he was practically independent, except as to foreign affairs.

Soon after the marriage of Alcyone a new factor was introduced into the case by the arrival from the north of Aries, a man with a great reputation as a magician—a reputation which was not altogether undeserved, for he really had studied deeply and acquired control over certain astral entities, and he also possessed a knowledge of some facts in chemistry and electricity, which enabled him to perform what to the men of those days seemed marvellous miracles. He had, too, some mesmeric power, and by the display of these various accomplishments he soon acquired complete ascendancy over Castor, and so became a formidable opponent to the orthodox Proteus, whose influence and prestige declined as that of the new man increased.

Aries did not in any way set himself in open opposition to Proteus, and he was not at heart a bad man, though it must be said that he took every opportunity to feather his own nest. Perhaps even more than by thought of gain, he was actuated by love of power and by the pleasure which he felt in working his wonderful experiments, and seeing the profound impression which they produced upon the people. Proteus was, not unnaturally, a good deal annoyed at the falling-off in his revenues and the decrease of his power, and he was thoroughly persuaded that the influence of Aries was entirely an evil one.

This condition of affairs went on for some years, the friction getting worse as time passed. Castor built a great temple for Aries, and the two cults may be said to have been in open rivalry. Proteus really believed Aries to be guilty of the use of various objectionable forms of magic, and did not at all scruple to say so, and this was partly responsible for the fact that Aries acquired a somewhat unenviable reputation, and though his undoubted powers were much admired, he was also

a good deal feared. Castor caused some trouble to Aries by always insisting upon partaking in his secret rites, trying always to understand the working of the various forces employed, and even to attempt new experiments of various kinds with them. As his own knowledge was after all somewhat limited, Aries was always distinctly nervous about these experiments, and eventually his fears were realised, as Castor contrived to get himself blown up and killed.

Of course Castor's death was supposed to be attributable entirely to magic, and Proteus, not unnaturally, made the most of this accident, and charged his rival with having intentionally compassed the death of the King; indeed, there is no reason to doubt that he really believed this to be the case. Aries indignantly repudiated this charge, and declared that Castor had come by his end through disregarding his warnings, and provoking the wrath of his attendant spirits. This unfortunate occurrence exasperated the feeling between the two rival sects, and the leaders actually began to hate one another and to enter into plots against one another, each feeling himself inspired by the highest motives and doubtless believing that his rival's success would mean disaster for the State.

As Castor had no heir, the overlord Mars sent his own son Ulysses to fill the vacant throne, and the two sects immediately began to scheme for the support of this new King. The showy miracles of Aries carried the day, and Ulysses, who was exceedingly eager after phenomena of any kind, became a devoted disciple of the magician. The success of his rival galled Proteus greatly, and it was chiefly through disappointment and baffled rage that he fell ill and speedily died, though his followers with one accord attributed this entirely to the working of magic by Aries. Whether there was any truth in their surmise it is difficult to say; there is no doubt that Aries, firmly convinced that Proteus was a dangerous man,

employed mesmeric and elemental forces against him, and it is quite possible that this may have weakened him and accelerated his death. Alcyone, at any rate, believed this. Young as he was, he succeeded to his father's position as chief priest of the great temple, and he undoubtedly felt that in doing this he was taking up arms against Aries and his followers.

In the meantime the lot of Aries was by no means a happy one. His own immediate followers naturally accepted his statement as to the cause of Castor's death, but there was a good deal of doubt and suspicion among the majority of the populace, and people feared and distrusted him more than ever. Ulysses also gave him a good deal of trouble, though not quite in the same way as Castor had done. It was not so much that Ulysses desired to perform all the experiments himself, as that he was constantly requiring to be entertained by new marvels, and would not believe when Aries told him that he had exhausted his repertoire. By this constant pressure Aries was forced into exhibiting experiments with which he was only imperfectly acquainted, and consequently he had to face some rather serious failures, which gave rise to doubt in the King's mind.

To retrieve his position Aries employed all the magical arts which he knew, even some which were decidedly dark in complexion. By means such as these he wove a kind of mesmeric spell round Ulysses, so that the latter eventually became a mere tool in his hands, and had scarcely any will of his own. But though in this way he had obtained complete ascendancy over the King, he was by no means free from trouble; in order to produce some of his effects he had resorted to trickery, and one of his subordinates, Scorpio, who knew of this, threatened to expose him to the King and the people, and so obtained a powerful influence over Aries, which he exercised mercilessly. Unfortunately his designs were more personal and less innocent than those of Aries, and so the latter

sometimes found himself involved in schemes which were intensely distasteful to him.

Among these was a plot with many complications, an account of which is not essential to our story. One of its chief points, however, was that Aries (or rather the schemer behind him) should obtain possession of Mizar, a younger brother of Alcyone, and induct him into some of the mysteries of the darker cult. The plotters had contrived to obtain a certain hold over Mizar in consequence of some small youthful indiscretions of his which they threatened to expose, and he was besides somewhat dazzled by the splendid prospects of success and power which they held out to him. Mercury however, was quite determined that no son of hers should fall under this fell influence, and she strongly urged Alcyone to take a determined stand in the matter and to declare open war if necessary.

An appeal was made to Ulysses about the affair, and the case was so pressed upon him that, even though he was sunk into a kind of stupor under the constant obsession of some of the entities directed by Aries, he found it difficult not to give ear to Alcyone's representations. Aries, however, seeing his plans to be in some danger, appealed to the weak side of Ulysses by proposing a spectacular exhibition of magic, in which he undertook finally to overthrow Alcyone and dispose of his pretensions to knowledge. Ulysses, who had a great love for theatrical display of any sort, immediately consented to this, as it had every appearance of fairness, and yet relieved him from the trouble of coming to a decision; so at an appointed time he summoned all the parties before him, and contrived what practically amounted to a public contest in magic before his assembled court.

It seemed a very unequal contest, for Aries was a man of great reputation, thoroughly well equipped with a certain amount of science on the physical plane and also

with capable co-adjutors on the astral—a man of commanding presence, hardly past the prime of life. Alcyone, on the other hand, was young and comparatively untried; he had none of the scientific knowledge, and his mantrams, though effective in their way, were only of the orthodox kind. His will, however, was strong, and he was absolutely determined at all costs to save his brother. He took counsel with Mercury, who urged him to undertake the struggle and promised him victory in spite of all appearances. The contrast between the two opponents was still further emphasised by the splendid robes in which Aries appeared, and the fact that he was surrounded by all his temple staff, whereas Alcyone had simply presented himself unattended, and in the ordinary white dress of a priest of his temple.

Ulysses was in his usual condition of partial obsession, and seemed somewhat dazed and hesitating in his speech, as he opened the proceedings by calling upon his friend and teacher Aries to state his case. Aries had had a tripod brought in, a sort of temporary altar, upon which he burnt great quantities of some special kind of incense, upon the stupefying effects of which he evidently calculated. He produced a number of his best miracles and worked up his auditors to a condition of great excitement and enthusiasm, though it must be admitted that some of them were also badly frightened. Finally he ended a long diatribe by calling Mizar out of the crowd of his followers to stand by his side, and asking him publicly to swear allegiance to him, which Mizar, being quite obviously under hypnotic influence, forthwith proceeded to do. Aries then called upon Ulysses and the courtiers present to witness this, and then, turning to where Alcyone was seated alone at the opposite side of the dais upon the upper part of which the King's throne was set, he projected all his mesmeric and magical force against him, and adjured him also to come over at his bidding and to be his slave. The stream of force poured upon him made Alcyone's

head swim for a moment, but as his sight cleared he saw the face of his mother before him. He rose and said:

"I come, but not as your slave!"

Bowing deeply before Ulysses, he strode across and confronted Aries, standing face to face with him, and challenging his mesmeric power. Aries raised his arms as though to curse him, and began rapidly uttering spells, mantrams. Alcyone said nothing more; he spoke not a single word, but kept his burning eyes fixed upon those of Aries, and threw all the force of his will into a most determined resistance. For some minutes they stood thus facing each other amidst breathless silence. Then Alcyone became conscious that the power of Aries was failing, and with one great effort of will he raised his arm and, pointing straight at Aries, said with fell intensity:

"May the power that thou hast misused depart from thee!"

Even as he uttered the words Aries, realising his defeat, fell to the ground insensible. Then Alcyone turned his will upon Ulysses, and called to him:

"O King, awake! Rise, shake off this evil influence, and defy the demons who have seized thee! Come forth from darkness into light!"

With a great start the King sprang to his feet, came down the steps until he faced Alcyone, and said:

"What is this that you have done to me? What change has come over me?"

Alcyone answered: "I have done nothing, O King; but the power of the deity has manifested itself, and thou hast been freed from the prison in which this man had immured thee."

And Ulysses replied, speaking to his courtiers; "Verily this which he says is true, for I feel as though I had escaped from some dark dungeon, and I know that whereas before I was bound now I am free."

Turning to Alcyone he continued: "You, who have done this great thing for me—I transfer to you by this act all the revenues of him whose wiles you have conquered, and I ask you to instruct me further in a magic so powerful as to defeat so easily the greatest magician whom I have known."

"There is no magic here, O King," replied Alcyone, "but that of a strong will, a pure heart and a sense of right; yet I thank thee for thy gift, and if it be thy will I will gladly help thee to undo the wrong that has been done. But first let me call my brother."

With a look he called Mizar to his side. Mizar came willingly enough, for the fall of his quondam chief had caused a shock which had enabled him to throw off the hypnotic influence, and now he felt not the slightest attraction to the darker magic which before had meant so much to him. Now he too saw before him the face of their mother, and he gladly attached himself to Alcyone, unable to comprehend how he could ever have even temporarily left him. Ulysses dismissed the assembly and, calling Alcyone to him, began at once to arrange for a series of instructions from him. From that moment he transferred all his interest and support to the great temple over which Alcyone presided; and, with the advice of his mother, Alcyone was gradually able to lead him from love of magical phenomena to a consideration of the mighty truths of life and death, and to inspire him with an earnest desire to set his feet upon the path which leads to perfection. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy made by Mercury in the thirteenth life, five thousand years before.

Ulysses on his part felt strong affection and gratitude towards Alcyone, and loaded him with honors. Young as Alcyone was, this triumph made him practically the greatest power in the kingdom, for Aries collapsed entirely, and ceased to be a factor in public life. Indeed, it would seem that his nerves were shattered, for he was

no longer able to command the entities with which he had formerly worked, and even his chemical and electrical knowledge appears largely to have slipped from him. It seems as though, in the tremendous effort of will which he made on the occasion of the public test, something had snapped in his brain, so that ever after that his memory was defective and quite unreliable. Most of his fair-weather friends deserted him, and Ulysses, who had now a complete revulsion of feeling, did not feel called upon to do anything for him, saying that he had already wasted over him a large proportion of his substance. This partial occlusion of memory may be regarded as merciful, for his life would have been a miserable one if he had fully realised the change which had come over his fortunes; but the weakness in the brain increased as the years passed, and he eventually sank into an almost animal condition. Now that Ulysses accepted Alcyone as his adviser he also came much into contact with Mercury, and felt the deepest respect for her, and it was in reality owing to her intercession that a sort of small pension was eventually assigned to Aries, so that he was able to live out what remained of his life without actual anxiety as to food and lodging.

Ulysses sent to his father the Mahārājā a highly colored account of all that had occurred, which so interested Mars that he promptly ordered Ulysses to send both Alcyone and Mercury to his capital. The visit was duly paid, and Mars received them with great pomp, and after a series of interviews with them desired that Alcyone should settle in his capital, offering to put him in charge of one of the principal temples there. It was difficult to refuse this munificent offer; but, after long consultation with his mother, Alcyone respectfully begged to be allowed to return to his own temple, representing that he felt the carrying on of its work to be a duty which he owed to his dead father, and also urging his earnest desire to help and guide the Mahārājā's son Ulysses,

for whom he felt a serious responsibility. Mars regretted this decision, but yet eventually granted the request, influenced thereto principally by the strong regard which he had for Mercury. The most intimate understanding seemed immediately to spring up between them, and though Mars would fain have had them both remain with him permanently, yet he would not oppose the clearly stated wish of the lady for whom he felt so deep a respect. In due course Mercury and Alcyone returned home, but from that time onward a constant correspondence was kept up between the Mahārājā and Mercury, and the Mahārājā more than once visited Ḍorāsamuḍra in order to see her.

Alcyone's influence over Ulysses was emphatically a good one, for without it the young ruler would certainly have fallen into dissolute ways. He had distinctly two sides to his character, both of them exceedingly strong. His interest in occult powers and phenomena, and also in the progress of his people, was undoubtedly genuine and strong, yet at the same time there was a streak of sensuality in him which led him sometimes into reckless disregard of the rights of others and of the duties of his position. Alcyone's advice and influence steadied him greatly, and much modified the occasional outbursts which occurred, so that on the whole the King was kept within reasonable bounds. The character of Ulysses changed greatly for the better under Alcyone's direction, and he formed and carried out many schemes for the good of his people, Alcyone and Mercury being always the force behind the throne in these matters, so that eventually this little kingdom became one of the most flourishing in the whole of the south of India.

Many years passed in this way, and in the fulness of time Mercury died, to the lasting sorrow of Alcyone and Ulysses. The Mahārājā survived Mercury by a few years only, and then Ulysses was compelled to transfer his energies to the management of the larger State. He

in his turn repeated the offer which his father had made, begging Alcyone to go with him to the capital, and saying that as all that he had been able to do in Ḍorāsamuḍra had been with the advice of and largely under the direction of Alcyone, he could not possibly take upon his shoulders the responsibility of this far larger work without the same help and guidance. Alcyone resisted this persuasion for a long time, but as his eldest son Siwa had now grown up, and was not only well able to take charge of his temple, but also quite willing to undertake that responsibility, Alcyone at last yielded to the urgent solicitations of Ulysses, and they journeyed together to take up the new work. Alcyone was at once appointed as chief priest of the principal temple in the capital, a post which he filled with dignity and success; and although at every turn both he and the new Mahārājā missed the sage counsel of Mercury, they were yet able to manage well by constantly applying the maxims which she had taught them.

Here then, Alcyone remained until his death, in a position of great honor, dignity and usefulness, in which he was succeeded by his brother Mizar. And yet in spite of all this he quite frequently had an irrational longing for the more active life of the world—a desire to go out with Ulysses in his occasional campaigns, and to live the life of a soldier rather than that of the priest and student. Nevertheless his life was on the whole a happy one, and one in which much good karma was unquestionably made. Finally he passed peacefully away at the age of eighty-three, leaving behind him a great reputation for wisdom and sanctity of life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARS: ... *Mahārājā. Wife:* Corona. *Son:* Ulysses.

MERCURY: ... *Father:* Pindar. *Mother:* Crux. *Brothers:* Aletheia, Dorado. *Sister:* Lyra. *Husband:* Proteus. *Sons:* Alcyone, Mizar.

URANUS: ... *Husband:* Alcyone. *Sons:* Siwa, Betelgueuse, Irene, Sagittarius. *Daughters:* Aquarius, Algol, Canopus, Arcturus.

NEPTUNE: ... *Father:* Betelgueuse. *Mother:* Ausonia. *Brother:* Proserpina. *Sister:* Minerva.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Proteus. *Mother:* Mercury. *Brother:* Mizar. *Wife:* Uranus. *Sons:* Siwa, Betelgueuse, Irene, Sagittarius. *Daughters:* Aquarius, Algol, Canopus, Arcturus.

MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Polaris. *Sons:* Iris, Tiphys. *Daughters:* Cygnus, Auriga, Altair.

BETELGUEUSE: ... *Wife:* Ausonia, *Sons:* Proserpina, Neptune. *Daughter:* Minerva.

IRENE: ... *Wife:* Regulus.

SAGITTARIUS: ... *Wife:* Elsa. *Son:* Olympia. *Daughters:* Pomona, Sirona.

AQUARIUS: ... *Husband:* Draco. *Daughters:* Phœnix, Tolosa, Lomia.

CANOPUS: ... *Husband:* Centaurus. *Sons:* Juno, Hebe. *Daughters:* Stella, Clio.

CASTOR: ... *Rājā.*

ULYSSES: ... *Rājā. Wife:* Orpheus.

ARIES: ... *Magician.*

MELETE: ... *Supporter of Proteus and Alcyone. Wife:* Wenceslas. *Sons:* Fides, Argus. *Daughters:* Cassiopeia, Andromeda.

CETUS: ... *Supporter of Aries.*

SCORPIO: ... *Traitor.*

XX

Again we find ourselves in India, for Alcyone took birth this time in the Peshawar district, in the year 7852, in what appears to correspond to the Kṣhaṭṭṛya caste, though it was then called 'rajan.' I see evidence at this time of three castes only, brāhmaṇa, rajan, and vis. They seem to have been originally clearly different races; the brāhmaṇa were the almost unmixed Āryans, the rajan were the Āryan intermingled with the ancient

ruling race of the Toltecs, and the vis was Âryan mixed with other Atlantean races, chiefly Mongolian and Tlavatli, with sometimes a certain intermixture of later Lemurian races. They were allowed at that time to intermarry among themselves, but not with any one outside of the three castes; and even already it was beginning to be thought more proper and fashionable to marry only in one's own caste.

Alcyone was the son of Aurora, a petty chieftain of considerable reputation as a warrior. His mother was Vajra, a brave and somewhat masculine woman. Fighting seems to have been the only business of this caste, and it was most persistently pursued. There was a vast amount of apparently aimless bloodshed. The part of the country in which we find ourselves was divided into a number of tiny principalities, and among these perpetual warfare went on. Occasionally a stronger man appeared among these kinglets and conquered several others, and thus made himself over-lord for a time, but at his death his kingdom almost invariably broke up, and the same dreary cycle of ceaseless war repeated itself.

On the whole it affected the mass of the population much less than might have been expected. Trade and agriculture went on to a certain extent all the time, and only the professional soldiers fought as a rule, though of course no man's life was ever really safe. It was a very curious state of affairs, the people being so highly civilised, and yet life being absolutely uncertain. There was no really settled law or order, but endless years of combat—constant sieges, constant expeditions. The Âryans were not yet settled—in fact, it may be said that the final immigration was still pressing on. By about 9700 B. C. the last Âryan inhabitant had withdrawn from the Central Asian kingdom round the Gobi Sea; but India was already settled and thickly populated, and these later bands were by no means welcome. For two thousand years they were held back in Afghanistan and Beluchistan,

and most of them only gradually, individually, peaceably, made their way down to the plains. Sometimes, however, raids were made by organised bands, and occasionally also there was an incursion of Mongols of various kinds, who massacred everybody. Certainly, at this period, this may be called a very turbulent part of the country. A larger kingdom, such as I have described, had just recently broken up, and determined struggles for the over-lordship were still going on.

The belief of the time was in some ways not quite the same at that in modern Hinḍūism. There was a trinity, but it was of Agni, Indra and Sūrya, and the higher idea of Shiva, Vishṇu and Brahmā does not seem to have been yet reached or known. Sacrifices on a large scale were painfully common, and the Ashwamedha or horse sacrifice seems to have been very highly esteemed. It was even said that a hundred such sacrifices would make a man higher than Indra.

Alcyone and his father and mother were in close association with a Brāhmaṇa family who had a great influence over his life. The heads of this family were Saturn and his wife Mercury; their eldest son was Bṛhaspaṭi (Alcyone's father in a former incarnation), and Neptune, Orpheus and Uranus were among their daughters. It may be said that the close friendship of this family formed the one redeeming feature of this life; otherwise, however necessary it may have been for the evolution of the Ego, it is not one that we can find much pleasure in contemplating. It will be recollected that in the previous birth Alcyone, though enjoying a wide influence as a spiritual teacher, used sometimes to yearn for the more active life of the soldier; it seems probable that this incarnation was a direct response to those desires, given in order to cure the Ego once and for all of such dissatisfaction, by offering him his fill of the ephemeral glory of the battle-field.

He began with some little enthusiasm for the military life, but soon sickened of it, and when the re-action set

in he would have been glad to return to that with which eight hundred years before he had not been fully content. Even when still quite a young man, he felt that he had had enough of this ceaseless slaughter; he was a brave and capable man, but he lacked the ruthlessness which is necessary for the great military leaders; he was too full of sympathy for the wounded and the suffering, whether they were on his side or that of his enemies. He expressed something of this to his mother, but she checked his further confidence by treating his scruples as effeminate, so he turned to his friend and companion Bṛhaspaṭi, who, being a Brāhmaṇa, fully sympathised with his feelings as to the uselessness and wickedness of all this organised murder. Bṛhaspaṭi took him to his mother Mercury, who was always affectionate and wise in counsel, and he had a series of long talks with her. She did not make the mistake of discouraging or ridiculing him, but admitted at once that his attitude was a reasonable one, and indeed agreed entirely with her own; but she pointed out to him that he had been born in the rajan caste, not by chance but as the result of some previous thought or action, and her opinion was that, distasteful as it all was to him, he should yet uphold the traditional honor of his house, and fulfil the duties of his position until such time as the gods should see fit to release him from it, as they easily could if they chose; and she believed and hoped that they would do so when they saw that the time had come.

So he went on through many years of all sorts of stormy, horrible, impossible scenes, always very tired of it all and yearning for a life of learning and meditation, till at last at the age of fifty he lost his right arm in a battle, and was in other ways so crippled as to render further fighting impossible. When he recovered, at the earnest invitation of Mercury and Bṛhaspaṭi he took up his abode with them, and may be said to have passed practically into the Brāhmaṇa caste—a change which seems

to have been quite possible in those days. Thus began the really happy period of his life, and he felt rather thankful than otherwise for the accident which had forced him into retirement from the field. His experience of the soldier's life had bred a permanent distaste for it, so that he never wished for it again in any future life, and though sometimes, when he had to do it as a matter of duty, he did it bravely and honorably, he never again felt any delight in it.

His attachment to Mercury was very strong, and when she died he mourned her long and sincerely. He remained with Bṛhaspaṭi, taking part in the temple ceremonies (though apparently there were some from which his crippled condition was considered to debar him), and studying with keen interest such philosophy as was available, till in 7774, when he had already reached the age of seventy-eight, the Tartars once more descended upon his district, dealing death and destruction everywhere. Against a foe so barbaric as this Alcyone felt it right to fight, and when after many days of siege and the most awful massacres it seemed certain that the town must soon fall into the hands of these savage marauders he went to the fort and, old and crippled though he was, offered himself to share the fate of his old comrades in arms, and die—since all must die—fighting as well as a man in his condition could. When, however, the fort was captured and destruction certain, the rajans saved themselves from the disgrace of defeat by simultaneous suicide, and it was thus that Alcyone died. I may mention that in this life his wife was Rigel, and his sons Perseus and Mizar, who both perished with him. There was also a female cousin Cygnus, who greatly admired him.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SATURN: ... *Brāhmaṇa*. *Father*: Virāj. *Mother*: Herakles. *Sister*: Vulcan. *Wife*: Mercury. *Son*: Bṛhaspaṭi. *Daughters*: Neptune, Orpheus, Uranus.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Aurora. *Mother:* Vajra. *Wife:* Rigel. *Sons:* Perseus, Mizar. *Cousin:* Cygnus.

XXI

As our hero had now had seven successive lives in male bodies, a change of sex takes place. We find Alcyone born this time in the year 6986 B. C. in the mighty kingdom of Egypt. Her name was Sebek-neferu-rā, and her father Sirius was the governor of a province and a man of importance in the country; he was of an old family, and stood high at Court and in the confidence of the Pharaoh. Her mother, Ursa, was a white woman—a daughter of a chieftain near the Atlas Mountains; but as he had been only a semi-civilised person no reference was usually made to this side of her ancestry.

Ursa was only tepidly affectionate to Alcyone, because she had hoped for a son, and was much disappointed; but the father loved the child dearly. When a son (Egeria) arrived eighteen months later, the mother was entirely wrapped up in him and therefore neglected the daughter somewhat; but the father and the daughter were only drawn the closer together by that. Ursa was very imperious and impulsive, but was evidently trying hard to control and improve herself. Sirius, on the other hand, was quiet and steady-going.

The girl Alcyone was well-educated; she had a keen brain and was affectionate, sensitive and observant, but very shy and in certain ways timid. As she grew up the father had her much with him; she asked to be used as a secretary, and he found her really valuable in that capacity. When she was fifteen he had a tiresome illness, but she carried on most of the work very efficiently, deciding wisely, even when he was too ill to be consulted, and acting boldly in his name. She declined, however, to use the death-penalty under any circumstances, although she exercised all the other powers of jurisdiction which

belonged to her father, using his official seal. Sirius, when he recovered, confirmed all her decisions where that was necessary, and applauded her actions. Two years later, her mother died after a lingering illness and much terrible suffering. Alcyone waited upon her and looked after her devotedly, while the son Egeria for whose sake Ursa had neglected her daughter, spent most of the time elsewhere and came to see his mother but very rarely. During this final illness, Ursa recognised that she had not done full justice to Alcyone, and had been somewhat blinded by the intensity of her affection for her son.

A young man of her own rank presently sought her hand in marriage; she was not averse to him, but she felt that she could not bear to leave her father, and Sirius on his side also felt that life would be empty without her. Still he urged her to accept the young man, as he seemed eligible and honestly in love. She obediently did so, and on the whole her married life was happy, though she always looked back upon her childhood as an ideal time. The religious ceremonies of the period impressed her very deeply, and seemed absolutely real to her while they lasted. The ornate ritual of Egypt, the splendid processions down the Nile, the hymns and dances in honor of the gods and goddesses, the magic that was worked by the priests, and the occasional materialisations of the deities—all these things had a profound effect upon her feelings, and played a large part in her life.

She had eleven children, to whom she was deeply devoted; they were very handsome, and made a beautiful picture when they were gathered round her. She lived chiefly for them, and she regarded social functions as tiresome because they took her away from the children, although she played her part as a grand lady when necessary, and was just and generous to those dependent on her. As she was beautiful, several lovers made advances of various kinds to her, but she invariably rejected them, and remained faithful to her husband.

One day an old man, Thetis, turned up—a travelling merchant, who had known something of her mother's early history, which had not been free from blame. Ursa had been an impulsive and headstrong girl; she had refused to accept a husband whom her father had designated for her, and had run off instead with another man. Her chosen bridegroom, unfortunately, turned out to be a worthless fellow who was already married, and he eventually abandoned her. Now this villain Thetis, discovering from gossip Alcyone's position, threatened her with the exposure of all this history, which would bring disgrace upon her mother's memory. Alcyone, being very proud with regard to this, and not knowing how her husband would take an exposure (he being a conventional type of man) in a weak moment agreed to pay money to this blackmailer, and therefore fell into his power. He was so mercilessly rapacious that she had to sell jewels in order to satisfy him.

However, one of her sons, Helios, a boy of fourteen, accidentally overheard one of her conversations with this extortioner, and, stung by a rude remark of the blackmailer, sprang out upon him and killed him. The mother was much shocked and startled, though of course from one point of view relieved also. There was great trouble as to the disposal of the body, and mother and son finally conveyed it by night to the river. The dread of discovery weighed heavily for some time upon Alcyone's heart, though, apparently, not at all upon her son's. Nothing further was heard of the affair, for the blackmailer's body was not found, and he was supposed to have travelled away again, as usual.

When Alcyone was thirty-seven years of age her father, Sirius, died. The loss was a very great grief to her; indeed, a child about to be born then died in consequence. One of her other children, however, proved to be mediumistic, and could see and speak to the dead father, and this brought great consolation to Alcyone.

Through this child (Demeter) Sirius was able to give her much good advice, and to reconcile her to his absence from the physical plane. During physical life he had been much interested in the service of the temple, and its magic, and he had often conversed with her about such matters as he was allowed to share with her. Even after his death they still spoke of these things. Her husband, however, did not seem to understand them or to care for them, though he was usually kind and proud of his wife. He was a successful man, and had considerable influence; his ideas were more worldly and less religious than his wife's, though I notice that he often deferred to her judgment about certain matters, and seemed to think that she might have some sort of inspiration.

No very conspicuous events were noticed as occurring in this incarnation; she met the ordinary joys and sorrows of life, but acted nobly and steadfastly a part which was not without its difficulties. She avoided all the little plots and conspiracies, political and social, which were so common at the time, and she attained a position of consideration and respect through a straightforward simple reliability. She lived to the age of seventy-seven, the head of quite a clan of children, grand-children and great-grand-children, retaining her faculties and power of affection to the last. Her husband had died some years before.

It would seem that, just as the dissatisfaction with life as a Brāhmaṇa brought Alcyone into a life of constant fighting, so his intense disgust with the unreasonableness and uselessness of that constant fighting brought him (or rather her) into what was on the whole a placid and comparatively eventless home-life. So true is it that strong desires bring about their own fulfilment.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

I

MARS: ... *Pharaoh. Father:* Virāj. *Mother:* Corona. *Wife:* Vulcan. *Son:* Herakles.

SATURN: ... *Brother:* Brhaspati. *Sister:* Selene. *Wife:* Jupiter. *Sons:* Lyra, Pallas. *Daughter:* Venus.

BRHASPATI: ... *Wife:* Mercury. *Sons:* Neptune, Pindar, Mizar, Sirius. *Daughters:* Osiris, Orpheus, Vajra.

SELENE: ... *Husband:* Achilles. *Sons:* Aldebaran, Vega, Vesta. *Daughters:* Aurora, Beatrix.

II

NEPTUNE: ... *Wife:* Uranus. *Sons:* Albireo, Centaurus. *Daughters:* Algol, Wenceslas.

OSIRIS: ... *Husband:* Aldebaran. *Sons:* Proteus, Psyche. *Daughters:* Aries, Cassiopeia.

HERAKLES: ... *Wife:* Lutetia. *Sons:* Deneb, Theodoros. *Daughter:* Gemini.

PINDAR: ... *Wife:* Beatrix. *Sons:* Castor, Aletheia. *Daughters:* Virgo, Taurus.

MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Elsa. *Sons:* Fomalhaut, Ajax. *Daughters:* Bellatrix, Aquarius, Regulus.

SIRIUS: ... *Wife:* Ursa. *Son:* Egeria. *Daughter:* Alcyone.

ORPHEUS: ... *Husband:* Vega. *Sons:* Betelgueuse, Tiphys, Iris. *Daughters:* Rigel, Andromeda, Auriga, Altair.

VAJRA: ... *Husband:* Melpomene.

THETIS: ... *Old Trader. Blackmailer.*

III

ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Cassiopeia. *Sons:* Clio, Hector, Proserpina. *Daughter:* Berenice.

CENTAURUS: ... *Wife:* Altair.

ALGOL: ... *Husband:* Aletheia. *Sons:* Dorado, Viola *Daughter:* Ophiuchus.

REGULUS: ... *Husband:* Proteus. *Sons:* Irene, Olympia *Daughters:* Adrona, Minerva.

EGERIA: ... *Wife:* Flora.

ALCYONE: ... *Husband:* Antares. *Sons:* Leo, Ulysses Helios, Leto. *Daughters:* Mira, Canopus Libra, Demeter, Lomia.

BOREAS: ... *Faithful Handmaiden.*

IV

ORO: ... *Wife:* Trapezium. *Daughter:* Markab.

LEO: ... *Wife:* Crux. *Sons:* Perseus, Sagittarius, Argus. *Daughters:* Arcturus, Draco.

ULYSSES: ... *Wife:* Capricorn. *Sons:* Cetus, Pollux. *Daughters:* Polaris, Arcor.

HELIOS: ... *Wife:* Alcestis. *Sons:* Capella, Siwa. *Daughters:* Ausonia, Concordia.

LETO: ... *Wife:* Pegasus. *Son:* Pomona. *Daughters:* Phœnix, Sirona.

MIRA: ... *Husband:* Viola. *Sons:* Melete, Hebe. *Daughters:* Sappho, Juno, Lacerta.

CANOPUS: ... *Husband:* Proserpina.

DEMETER: ... *Husband:* Procyon. *Sons:* Fides, Tolosa. *Daughter:* Phœsa.

V

PERSEUS: ... *Wife:* Juno.

ARCTURUS: ... *Husband:* Hebe. *Son:* Fortuna. *Daughter:* Stella.

POLLUX: ... *Wife:* Lacerta.

CAPELLA: ... *Wife:* Sappho.

CONCORDIA: ... *Husband:* Melete.

XXII

After a period of nearly a thousand years, Alcyone appeared again in 5964 as a girl in a Brâhmaṇa family at a small place called Aṭinapura, near Ujjain, in a kingdom called Malwa. Her father seems to have had a wide reputation as an astrologer, and many people came even from great distances to consult him. He appears to have made a large percentage of successes, and on the whole he seems to have given good advice; but he was exceedingly imperious and tyrannical, and if any person once neglected any advice of his he would never receive him again, no matter how high a fee he might offer. He amassed much money, but was charitable with it—not a bad man, but a fanatic and difficult to get on with, because he would regulate every detail of his life and everybody else's by astrology.

On some days his household had no food the whole day, because the influences were not favorable for cooking; at other times they were roused in the middle of the night, because of some evil stellar aspect, whose dire results could be averted only by prayers and ceremonies. He cast horoscopes for his children, and expected them to live up to them, which sometimes proved trying. He decreed that our heroine was born to a life of tremendous religious austerities, in order to atone for some supposed crime of the past, and also (in some way which was not very clearly formulated in his mind) to win thereby the favor of the gods for the country, and prepare for a vaguely glorious future.

The child honestly tried to appreciate a life of incessant prayer and semi-starvation, but found it difficult, and sometimes yearned to be without a mission, just like ordinary children. At other times, however, she quite believed her father's prophecies and entered into his enthusiasm, and there were occasions on which she was psychically sensitive and had gorgeous visions, and for the time those seemed to make up for everything. Still she was physically weak; and when she was about seventeen, during a seven days' fast she caught a fever and died. Her father was sorry, but I think even more indignant at the failure of his prophecies.

A curious little life, this, bearing no visible relation to those which preceded and followed it. It must have worked out a good deal of bad karma, but its principal use was probably as a stop-gap. A period of nearly a thousand years had passed since the last life, and as that last life was not in any way highly distinguished, it may well be that the spiritual force generated could not readily be extended to cover a longer time. She was needed in Kathiawar three hundred years later to meet the group to which she belongs, and this quaint little intermediate incarnation, with the heaven-life which it earned, just carried her over to the required time. Her

relations with the astrologer-father were probably the conclusion of some piece of karma, for they have not come into close contact since; nor will they in this life, as the astrologer had already passed away from among us before Alcyone's birth.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Phocea. *Mother:* Chameleon.

XXIII

After a short life spent in solitude, quite apart from her usual friends, Alcyone this time returned to the bosom of her group—to the very heart of it, indeed, for once more she sat at the feet of Mercury, once more she married Mizar, and for the second time in the thirty lives she and Sirius were twins. They were born in the year 5635 at Girnar, in Kathiawar, and were the children of the local Rāja, Corona. Alcyone had an extraordinary sympathy with her twin brother, always knew what was happening to him, and could sometimes foretell things about him. When quite a little boy, Sirius once had a fall from his horse, struck his head and was insensible for a few minutes. At the same moment, at home, some miles away, Chandrakīrti (Alcyone) cried, "Oh, he is falling," and herself fell in a faint. Again one day he was lost for a time, and his mother Leo was very anxious, because there was a suspicion that he had fallen down a well, and the mother began reproaching his attendant for not taking proper care of him. The little sister, however, lisped:

"It is all right, mother, you need not scold Biru. My brother is on the mountain, and he is very tired. I am also just as tired, and as soon as he comes in we shall both go to bed; but he is quite safe."

The twins were always both ill together and recovered together, and they seemed each to know what the other was thinking—or still more they seemed to think together, always liking the same people and things. Perhaps as

they grew up the *rapport* was not quite so perfect in every detail; they still had the same thoughts, but one would emphasise some of them more than the other did. It was commonly said by the people that they had only one soul between them, though in reality they had evolved along quite different lines. They were exceedingly alike physically, except that the brother was a little taller; and one of Alcyone's great jokes was to dress in her brother's clothes and see for how long she could deceive his servants into believing her to be their young master; and her aptitude was so great that she succeeded in this about nine times out of ten, and even several times went out for long rides with his grooms and attendants without being discovered.

Their characteristics, however, were decidedly different; the brother was slower and steadier, while the sister was brilliant but impulsive, and sometimes choleric and impatient. She was always ready to sacrifice herself for her brother, who on his part loved her very dearly and would do anything in his power for her. She insisted on being educated with him—on learning everything that he learnt, and so acquired a set of accomplishments somewhat unusual for an Indian girl. When, at the age of fourteen, he had his first experience of going out to battle, she demanded to be allowed to go too. Naturally their father would not permit this, and even Sirius, in all the pride of his new armor, said that it was not proper for a girl to fight, and, much more, that he could not fight well himself if he knew that his dear sister was in danger.

She was indignant, and went and shut herself up in her room in high dungeon; privately, however, she had determined to go in spite of them all, and go she did, disguised in the dress of a boy, Mizar (the son of Andromeda, a prominent noble at the Court), who was desperately but hopelessly in love with her, and so would do anything for her. He had been a play-fellow of the

twins, and had long worshipped the small Alcyone, without daring to aspire to the hand of the daughter of the King.

When Alcyone found herself in the battle she was distinctly nervous, but she kept as close to her brother as she could, and had the good fortune to be able to save his life, for while he was fighting with one man, another rushed at him from behind. Alcyone saw this, flung herself between them with a shout, and contrived in doing so to throw the assailant off his feet, though she too fell, entangled with him. In a moment he was on his feet again, with spear uplifted to kill her, but Sirius had recognised her voice as he was in the act of killing his previous antagonist. He swept round like lightning, and with the same swing of his sword cut off the arm which held the spear, but only just in time. Then he appointed some of his men to guard his sister, finished the battle (which he won) and then rode home in triumph with her beside him.

He could not chide her for her presence, because after all she had saved his life, as he had saved hers but he made her promise not to do it again by describing to her what a terrible shock it was to him when he heard her voice and realised that she was in danger, and how it took the strength from his arm and from his heart—though, as she instantly remarked, "enough of it seems to have remained to cut off a man's arm." However, she kept her promise, and after this she never went into battle with him again, though all such times were occasions of much greater agony for her than if she had actually been with him, for she seemed to sense whenever danger approached him, and she felt acutely that this time she was not there physically to ward it off.

When the time came for her marriage there was an eligible offer from the son of a neighboring Raja, but she absolutely refused to leave her brother. Her father was annoyed, but Sirius joined his pleadings to hers, and

eventually a compromise was arranged. The suitor was refused, but on condition that Alcyone should marry Mizar, who, as I have said was the eldest son of an important noble of the Court. Naturally he was overjoyed, and Alcyone was well content, for she had stipulated that her husband should come and live in a wing of the palace, so that she might not be separated from her brother. Cygnus, a younger brother of Mizar, was also hopelessly in love with Alcyone, and devoted his life to her service, remaining unmarried until her death; but afterwards he married Egeria.

A few years later Sirius himself married, but fortunately Alcyone approved of the bride (Orion) who came all the way from Amer, in the Jaipur State. The years which followed were on the whole very happy ones, though Alcyone had anxieties when her husband and her brother were away fighting. Presently, the Rāja Corona died, and Sirius became King, and was more than ever involved in affairs of State. Orion and Alcyone became bosom friends and were always together; they were commonly called the two Queens.

Both felt a strong attraction for the wonderful temple on the great hill which towers above Girnar. It was—and is—a truly marvellous building, like a vast mediæval castle of marble, court opening out of court, and hall out of hall, in bewildering confusion, with matchless carvings and lovely traceries on every hand. It was built on the side of a steep mountain, and the only entrance to it was through a single narrow gateway in a rugged picturesque gorge. So sharp were the slopes that hardly two of its halls were on the same level, and when one looked down upon the huge building from the neighboring summit, it had a curious effect of a forest of gleaming white marble domes, growing precariously up and down half-a-mile of steep hillside.

This stupendous temple had an absolute fascination for the two Queens; they were constantly having themselves carried up there in their palanquins, and when their

dearly loved husbands were away from home, fighting in some of the petty wars of the period, they spent much more time up there than in their palace below, even though instead of their wide marble halls they had only a tiny guest-chamber hollowed out of the rock—with, however, a prospect from its little window of fifty miles of fertile plain. It was up there that Queen Orion insisted on retiring (much to the dismay of her court physicians) when her first child was to be born, and up there in that tiny rock chamber Alcyone nursed her through the affair. Alcyone greatly loved this temple, and built from her own private purse a new shrine for it, and a lovely marble hall with many pillars. Saturn was the Head of the great Temple, and under him as officiants were Mercury, Vajra and Herakles. Helios and Achilles were eager young postulants in the same temple, but Helios died early. Mercury was the special adviser of the two Queens, and also of Sirius. The pious example of these two great ladies was widely followed all through the kingdom, and the cause of religion was greatly promoted thereby.

Sirius had a good deal of trouble with his eldest son Gamma, who was wayward and of bad disposition. Alcyone had no patience with him, and thought he ought to be sternly repressed, but his father was usually gentle and forbearing with him, and quite at the end of his life that attitude was justified, though he caused trouble over and over again in the meantime, and indeed was really responsible for his father's death. Because some dishonorable and treacherous actions of his had been discovered, he had fled from the court and had joined a hostile army which was invading the country. In the battle which ensued he wounded his father severely in the side with a spear, but fled in horror when he saw him fall. Sirius had himself put into a litter and still directed the rest of the battle, which was a complete victory for him. The son Gamma was captured, and was deeply repentant for his evil deeds.

When, later, the same enemy gathered together a new force and again attacked the country, the reformed Gamma led the troops against them, and won a final victory over them by a desperate deed of valor, leading a forlorn hope to certain death, but thereby gaining the day.

When Sirius, wounded by Gamma, had fallen from his horse in that previous battle, Alcyone also had fallen at home, crying:

"He is hurt; he will die!"

She suffered just as he did, lingered on for months as he did, and finally died on the same day, without any reason but sympathy with her wounded brother. She could not however forgive or receive her nephew Gamma, who had caused the death of his father Sirius; and even after Gamma died bravely in the effort to atone, she still said that it was the least he could do, and not half enough to expiate his wickedness. Alcyone herself had seven children, to whom she was a good and loving mother.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

I

MARS: ... *Mahārājā. Wife:* Virāj. *Sons:* Corona, Saturn.

II

SATURN: ... *High Priest. Wife:* Jupiter. *Sons:* Bṛhaspaṭi, Mercury, Herakles, Albireo. *Daughters:* Aldebaran, Osiris, Helios, Achilles.

CORONA: ... *Mahārājā. Wife:* Leo. *Son:* Sirius. *Daughter:* Alcyone.

THEODOROS: ... *Rājā. Wife:* Lomia. *Daughter:* Orion.

ANDROMEDA: ... *Wife:* Draco. *Sons:* Mizar, Cygnus, Argus. *Daughters:* Phoenix, Algol.

CETUS: ... *Supporter of Temple. Wife:* Adrona. *Sons:* Pollux, Avelledo, Lacerta. *Daughters:* Capricorn, Arcor.

PERSEUS: ... *Supporter of Temple: Wife:* Altair. *Sons:* Auriga, Tiphys, Iris. *Daughters:* Virgo, Taurus.

III

BṚHASPAṬI: ... *Wife:* Vulcan. *Sons:* Ulysses, Lyra. *Daughters:* Wenceslas, Procyon.

MERCURY: ... *Officiant. Wife:* Demeter. *Sons:* Psyche. Aurora. *Daughters:* Venus, Canopus.

OSIRIS: ... *Husband:* Siwa. *Sons:* Proteus, Aries. *Daughters:* Orpheus, Minerva.

NEPTUNE: ... *Wife:* Achilles. *Sons:* Ajax, Sagittarius, *Daughters:* Bellatrix, Eros, Aquarius.

HERAKLES: ... *Officiant. Wife:* Beatrix. *Sons:* Capella, Ophiuchus, Pindar. *Daughters:* Aletheia, Polaris.

ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Crux. *Sons:* Cassiopeia, Hector, Pegasus. *Daughters:* Berenice, Leto.

ALDEBARAN: ... *Husband:* Elsa. *Sons:* Betelgueuse, Pallas. *Daughters:* Rigel, Arcturus.

HELIOS: ... *Postulant. Died young.*

SIRIUS: ... *Wife:* Orion. *Sons:* Gamma, Fomalhaut.

ALCYONE: ... *Husband:* Mizar. *Sons:* Vega, Mira, Theseus, Antares. *Daughters:* Selene, Uranus, Regulus.

CYGNUS: ... *Wife:* Egeria.

VAJRA: ... *Officiant.*

ACHILLES:
CAPRICORN:
ARCOR: } ... *Postulants.*

BOREAS: ... *Waiting Maid of Alcyone.*

IV

URANUS: ... *Father:* Mizar. *Mother:* Alcyone. *Brothers:* Vega, Mira Theseus, Antares. *Sisters:* Selene, Regulus.

VEGA: ... *Wife:* Aletheia. *Sons:* Pomona, Viola, Dorado. *Daughters:* Mu, Clio.

SELENE: ... *Husband:* Vesta. *Sons:* Centaurus, Fides. *Daughters:* Concordia, Libra, Ausonia.

REGULUS: ... *Husband:* Irene. *Sons:* Olympia, Tolosa, *Daughter:* Sirona.

TALISMANS

THE facts that a precious stone will retain magnetism perfectly for a long time, and that it will store much power in a small compass, make it a convenient object when a talisman is required for any purpose. For a talisman is not, as is often supposed, a mere relic of mediæval superstition. It may be a definite and very effective agent in daily life. It is some small object, strongly charged with magnetism for a particular purpose by some one who knows how to do it, and when properly made it continues to radiate this magnetism with unimpaired strength for many years.

The purposes to which such things can be applied are almost infinite in number. For example, many a student at the beginning of his career is much troubled by impure thought. Naturally, he sets himself to struggle against it, and maintains a constant watch against its advances; but, nevertheless, thought-forms of objectionable nature are numerous and insidious, and sometimes one of them will contrive to obtain a lodgement in his mind and cause him much trouble before he can finally shake it off. He may, perhaps, have been in the habit of yielding himself to such thought in the past without realising the evil of it; and if that is so, his thought has acquired a momentum in that direction which is not easy to overcome. A talisman strongly charged with the powerful magnetism of thoughts of purity is a great and invaluable help to him in his efforts.

The rationale of its action is not difficult to understand. Impure thoughts express themselves as a certain definite set of vibrations in the astral and lower mental bodies, and they can find entrance into a man's vehicles only when those are either comparatively at rest or

pulsating so feebly that the impact from without can readily overpower the existing undulation and take its place. The talisman is heavily charged with an exactly contrary vibration, and the two cannot co-exist. One of them must overpower the other, and bring it into harmony with itself.

The impure thought-form has, probably, been made by some casual person, not usually with any definite intent; it is simply a suggestion or reminiscence of lower passions. It is not, therefore, a thing of great power in itself; but it is likely to produce an effect quite out of proportion to its intrinsic weight, because of the readiness with which the average person accepts it and responds to it. The talisman, on the other hand, has been intentionally charged for a definite purpose by some one who knows how to think; and this is a matter in which definite training makes so much difference that the lightest thought of a man who has learnt how to think is far more powerful than a whole day's desultory musings on the part of an ordinary man. So, when the two streams of thought come into contact, there is not the slightest doubt as to which will vanquish the other, if they are left to themselves.

If we can suppose that the wearer of the talisman forgot his good resolutions, and actually wished for a time for the impure thought, no doubt he could attract it in spite of the talisman; but he would be conscious all the time of great discomfort, arising from the inharmony of the two sets of oscillations. Now, in most cases, the man who is really trying to do better falls only because he is taken off his guard. The impure thought creeps in insidiously and has seized upon him before he is aware of it; and then, very quickly, he reaches the condition in which for the moment he does not even wish to resist. The value of the talisman is that it gives him time to recollect himself. The disharmony between its undulations and those of the wandering thought

cannot but attract the man's attention, and thus while he wears it he cannot be taken unawares, so that if he falls, he falls deliberately.

Again, some people suffer much from apparently causeless fear. Often they are quite unable to give any reason for their feelings, but at certain times, and especially when alone at night, they are liable to be attacked by extreme nervousness, which may gradually increase to positive terror. There may be various explanations for this. Perhaps the commonest is the presence of some hostile astral entity who is persecuting the victim—sometimes in the hope of obtaining through him some sensations which he desires, sometimes in the endeavor to gain control over him and obsess him, sometimes for sheer mischief and impish love of demonstrating his power over a human being. Here again is a case in which the mediæval remedy has a distinct practical value. Naturally the talisman against impurity would not avail in this case, for quite a different set of oscillations is required. What is wanted in this case is a centre strongly charged with vibrations expressive of courage and self-reliance—or, if the wearer is of the devotional type, with thoughts of the protective power of his special deity.

For a talisman has a double action. Not only does it operate directly by means of the undulation which it radiates, as we have just described in the case of impurity, but also the knowledge of its presence usually awakens the faith and courage of the wearer. In the case of a talisman against fear, which we are now considering, the two lines of action are clearly marked. Courage expresses itself in the mental and astral bodies by the strength and steadiness of their striations, and by the calm steadfast shining of the colors indicating the various higher qualities. When fear overpowers a person all these colors are dimmed and overwhelmed by a livid grey mist, and the striations are lost in a quivering mass of palpitating jelly; the man has, for the time, quite

lost the power of guiding and controlling his vehicles. The pulsations of strength and courage steadily radiating from the talisman are quite unaffected by the feelings of the wearer; so that the first tremblings of fear find a distinct difficulty in their way, when they begin to manifest themselves.

If unopposed, they would rapidly increase, each as it were magnifying and strengthening the other until their power becomes irresistible. The talisman prevents them from reaching this condition of irresistible velocity. It deals with them at the commencement while they are still weak. The resistance which it opposes to them is precisely the same in kind as that which a gyroscope opposes to any effort to turn it aside from its line. It is so determinedly set in motion in one direction that it will sooner fly to pieces than allow itself to be turned into any other. Now, suddenly to bring such a power as this into conflict with unreasoning panic would probably result in the complete shattering of the astral body concerned; but, if the gyroscopic force of the talisman is working first, its determined persistence along its own line checks the first beginnings of fear, and so makes it impossible for the person ever to reach the later stages of panic terror.

That is its direct operation; but it works also indirectly, upon the mind of the wearer. When he feels the first beginnings of fear stirring within him, he probably recollects the talisman and clutches at it, and then arises within him the feeling:

"Why should I fear so long as I have with me this strong centre of magnetism?"

So instead of yielding to the oscillations and allowing them to intensity themselves until they become unmanageable, he calls up the reserve strength of his own will and asserts himself as master of his vehicles, which is in truth all that is necessary.

There is a third possibility in connexion with a talisman, which is in some cases even more powerful than the other two. The object, whatever it may be, has been strongly magnetised by some individual, by the hypothesis a person of power and development, and therefore also probably highly sensitive. That being so, the talisman is a link with its creator, and through it his attention may be attracted. Under ordinary conditions its connexion with its maker would be of the slightest, but when the wearer is in desperate circumstances he sometimes actually calls upon the maker, much in the way in which the mediæval devotee when in difficulties invoked the assistance of his patron saint; and that call will unquestionably reach the maker of the talisman and evoke a response from him. If he is still living on the physical plane he may or may not be conscious in his physical brain of the appeal; but in any case the ego will be conscious, and will respond by re-inforcing the vibration of the talisman by a strong wave of his own more powerful thought, bearing with it strength and comfort.

Quite possibly many ignorant men would scoff at such an idea as a relic of mediæval superstition, yet it is an actual scientific fact which has been demonstrated on hundreds of occasions. So far as its direct action goes, a talisman will work only in the direction in which it is constructed to work; but its indirect action on the faith of the possessor may sometimes take very unexpected forms. I remember once making a talisman for a certain noble lady, in order to protect her against spasms of extreme nervousness and even positive fear which occasionally swept over her when alone at night. She told me afterwards that this talisman had been of the greatest assistance to her in an emergency which I certainly did not contemplate when I made it.

It appears that on a certain occasion she was driving an exceptionally spirited horse (I believe that her husband made it a sort of boast that he never used horses which

anybody else could drive) in a dog-cart, through a forest. The horse took fright at something or other, got the bit between its teeth, dashed madly off the road, and started at a wild gallop among the tree-trunks. The groom on the back seat was so certain that they were all destined to immediate death that he threw himself off as best he could, and was sorely injured by the fall; but the lady declared that her thought at once flew to the talisman which she was then wearing, and (she said) she knew absolutely that she could not be killed while, as she expressed it, under its protection. This utter certainty kept her perfectly cool and collected, and she steered that dog-cart through the thickest part of the forest with consummate skill. She declares that, on the whole, she was certainly in the air more often than on the ground as the wheels bounded over roots and crashed through the bushes. But nevertheless, she held on bravely until the horse became tired, and she was able to regain control of it.

She thanked me enthusiastically for saving her life by means of the talisman, but the truth is that it was not the direct action of the talisman in any way, but the strength of her faith in it, which enabled her to gain so splendid a victory. That was undoubtedly the main factor; there may have been a certain amount of direct action also, because the steadying effect of the strong undulation of the talisman would catch any dawning feeling of fear and still it, though I had prepared it to deal rather with first symptoms, gradually arising, than with so sudden an emergency as that.

There are various articles which are to a large extent natural talismans. All precious stones may be said to belong to this category, since each has a distinct influence, which can be utilised in two ways. The influence as it stands will attract to it elemental essence of a certain kind, and all such thoughts and desires as naturally express themselves through that essence; and, secondly,

the fact that it has these natural peculiarities makes it a fit vehicle for magnetism which is intended to work along the same line as those thoughts or emotions. Let us suppose, for example, that it is desired to drive away impure thought. Impure thought means usually a complex set of pulsations, but set on the whole in a certain definite key. In order to resist them a stone should be chosen whose vibrations are inharmonious with that key, so that they may offer to the impure vibrations the greatest possible resistance. If it is intended to make a talisman against those impure thoughts, the stone which naturally offers resistance to them is the vehicle which can most easily be loaded with the opposing influence.

The undulations sent forth by the stone are on the physical plane, while those of the emotions are on the astral plane—that is to say, an octave (or rather several octaves) higher; but a stone the particles of which swing naturally on the physical plane in a key which is identical at this level with the key of purity on higher levels will itself, even without magnetisation, operate as a check upon impure thought or feelings by virtue of its overtones; and furthermore it can be readily charged at astral or mental levels with the vibrations of pure thought or feeling which are set in the same key.

There are instances of decided magnetism of this kind in the vegetable kingdom also. A good example of this is the Rudrāksha berry, of which necklaces are so frequently made in India. The oscillations connected with it, especially in its small and undeveloped state, render it specially suitable for magnetisation where sustained holy thought or meditation is required, and where all disturbing influences are to be kept away. The beads made from the Tulsi plant are another example, although the influence which they give is of a somewhat different character.

An interesting set of natural talismans are those objects which produce strong scents. Incense produces a powerful effect along these lines, the gums of which it is

composed being specially chosen because the undulations which they give forth are favorable to spiritual and devotional thought, and distinctly inharmonious with almost every other variety. It is possible to compound an incense which will have precisely the opposite effect, and this was sometimes done by the mediæval witches, and is done to-day in Luciferian ceremonies. But quite apart from anything intentionally and determinately evil, it is generally desirable to avoid coarse and heavy scents, such as that of musk or of sachet-powder, as many of them are closely in tune with sensual feelings of various kinds.

An object not intentionally charged for that purpose may sometimes have the force of a talisman. A present received from some loved one, if it be of a nature that can be worn or carried about by the recipient, will constantly serve to him as a reminder of the donor, and often will so far give the sense of the donor's person as to prevent him from doing things that he would not do if that donor were looking on. I have myself heard of more than one case in which a man, wearing a ring or a chain given to him by his mother, was saved from committing some questionable act, or indulging in some improper pleasure, because just as he was about to yield to the temptation his glance fell upon the object, and that brought to him so strongly the thought of his mother and of what she would feel if she could see him, that he at once abandoned his project. A letter carried about in the pocket has been known to serve the same purpose—the man feeling:

"How can I do this thing with her very letter in my pocket—how can I take that into surroundings where I should be ashamed that she should see me?"

I remember one case in which such a struggle ended in the man tearing up the letter and throwing it away in order that he might be able to indulge himself; but usually the opposite result is produced.

Thus it will be seen that the objects which we carry about with us in our pockets may have a decided influence upon us. A man's watch, for example, which he has always with him, becomes strongly charged with his magnetism, and if after wearing it for some years he gives it or lends it to another, that other person, if he be at all sensitive, will be constantly reminded of his friend, and conscious of a feeling as though he were present. I remember that a prominent member of the Theosophical Society, long since dead, used to be fond of making presents of watches to those disciples in whom he was specially interested, charging them strongly before he gave them with whatever quality he thought that the recipient most needed. As his young friends naturally wore those watches, he succeeded in several cases in effecting in them considerable changes of character.

One very unpleasant thing (from one point of view) which we all have to carry about with us is money. It will naturally occur to the humorist to say at this point that he could do with a good deal of that kind of unpleasantness. I quite understand that point of view, and I recognise that in our present civilisation it is desirable to possess a certain amount of filthy lucre, and it is even necessary to carry at least a little of it about with one, so as to be prepared for unexpected emergencies. Nevertheless the fact remains that while money in the abstract is no doubt a good thing to have if one knows how to use it wisely, money in the concrete form of coins and notes is frequently charged with the worst possible magnetism. New notes and new coins are harmless enough, but after they have been in circulation for a little time they acquire not only all sorts of physical dirt, but also many varieties of other vibrations, nearly all of them exceedingly unpleasant.

The reason for this is not difficult to understand, for the magnetism surrounding the coin is produced by the thoughts and feelings of those who have handled it or

carried it. First, and as a general principle, without taking any special feelings into consideration, any coin which has been handled and carried by a large number of people must inevitably be charged with a great mixture of different kinds of magnetism. It is therefore, from the point of view of undulations, a centre of discord around which all kinds of warring influences are boiling up in the wildest confusion. The influence of such a thing as this is disturbing and irritating, and it has, though to a much stronger degree, exactly the same effect upon the astral and mental bodies as has the continued bombardment of radium emanations upon the physical body. Several scientific people have discovered by painful experience that to carry a minute fragment of radium in one's waistcoat pocket presently produces a peculiarly obstinate sore upon the skin underneath it. Just like that, but larger in proportion, is the effect produced on higher vehicles by the presence of a much-used coin. Copper and bronze coins are in this respect the worst of all—except perhaps old and dirty bank-notes. Gold and silver also absorb the influences which surround them, but their qualities make them somewhat less absorptive to the very worst characteristics. From all this it emerges that it is better not perpetually to carry about one more money than is actually necessary. I have known students who partially met the difficulty by carrying copper or bronze coins only in a purse so strongly magnetised as to be practically impervious to the unpleasant pulsations.

I know there are many people who will say that all these influences are external and unimportant, and that it is ridiculous to take trouble over matters so insignificant. I fully admit that the interior considerations of thought and feeling are of greater weight; yet I would point out, first, that these despised external conditions often greatly modify the internal, and, secondly, that most of us are not yet so far along the Path, nor do we find the treading of it so easy, that we can afford

to neglect the study of even the smaller helps and hindrances. The Christ is alleged once to have spoken strongly to the Scribes and Pharisees about their preference of external detail over internal reality; but remember that He is said to have concluded His strictures by remarking: "These things ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

C. W. LEADBEATER

GEMS FROM TIRUMANTRAM

Control and subdue the five elephants (senses); light the wick of wisdom in your mind; retire within and then look at the bodies in their true nature. You will find the good and easy path to the higher world.

Look intently straight within, between the eye-brows, meditating upon the mantra—a light will break forth; fix your attention thereon. The Lord resides in that place, which is the hall of wisdom; Him I witnessed and became at-one with Him.

God dwells within the heart like light, and will not be separate from it an inch. Though He dwells within your mind inseparate, your mind does not understand Him.

Learn the path by which you will avoid entering another womb when you give up this mortal coil. Know how and when you got the body you live in.



T. SUBBA RAO.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

T. SUBBA RAO

SUBBA RAO takes a high rank among Theosophical Worthies, for he is one of the most learned occultists of our Society. I can never forget what I personally owe to him, for, after Mr. Sinnett and Madame Blavatsky, he was my principal teacher on the physical plane. It has been recently said on high authority that he had an inborn distrust of Europeans. That may have been so—I do not know; I can only say that he never showed the slightest sign of distrust in his relations with me, but treated me always with the utmost kindness and real friendliness, and was most patient and painstaking in his instructions.

The afternoons and evenings which he spent with us upon the roof here at the Headquarters at Adyar were always times of vivid interest—times to which we looked forward with eager anticipation. We questioned him upon all sorts of subjects—all the many aspects of occultism—and he never hesitated a moment either for a word or an idea, but poured forth upon us a steady stream of the most valuable information. His erudition was never at fault, and hardly less marvellous than the vast extent of his knowledge was his extraordinary faculty of incisive expression. He could weave a romantic atmosphere round the most abstract of questions, and present them as living, clear-cut, real. His writings show his varied learning, but they give no impression of the brilliancy of his style and his remarkable fluency in oral instruction.

The light which is thrown upon his past history by *The Lives of Alcyone* is of the most striking character. We find him often near akin to the hero of these stories,

and even more often in close relationship with one or other of those who now stand among the Masters of the Wisdom. No less than three times in the course of this small group of lives he is the son of his present Master M. Once he was the son of the Master K. H., once His grandson, once His cousin; three times he was the son of the Master Jesus, and once His nephew; once he was the son of the Master Djwal Kul, and twice His brother; and we also find him several times in relations with Colonel Olcott, Madame Blavatsky and our President. But perhaps the most generally interesting of all his past births is that in which he was Pūrūshāspā, the father of Zoroaster.

A curious fact in connexion with this line of lives is that out of eighteen of them we find him only twice in a female body; in this he follows the illustrious example of his Master, who (so far as we yet know) appears to have been always male ever since He first set foot upon this planet. The earliest glimpse which we have so far had of Subba Rao is long before the thirty lives of Alcyone, for we meet him in connexion with the sending forth of the second subrace of the Āryans from Central Asia, some 44,000 years ago. Even then he was a sister of Alcyone and of two who are now Masters, and aunt to four others of the Great Lodge, including Masters M. and K. H. The last incarnation of Subba Rao of which we are aware is as a monk at Kanyakubja, about 650 A.D., as will presently be seen in the thirtieth life of Alcyone.

In the incarnation of which we are now writing he was a Smārṭa Brāhmaṇa. He was born in the Goḍāvery District on July 6, 1856. His father died when he was still a baby, and he was brought up by his uncle, the Prime Minister of the State of Pitthāpūr. He attended the Coconada Hinḍū School, and passed thence into the Madras Presidency College. His career there was a brilliant one, and when he took his degree in 1876 he was the first man of his class in the University. In the

same year Sir T. Māḍhava Rao, the Prime Minister of Baroda, offered him the Registrarship of the High Court of that State. Subba Rao spent a year there, but then preferred to return to Madras to present himself for the examination of a Bachelor of Law. He passed with great credit, being the fourth man of his year, and became a Vakil of the High Court of Madras in 1880. I am told that his practice was a lucrative one, and might easily have been much more so if he had devoted all his time to it; but the fascination of the occult was for him so strong that it overpowered all other considerations. In 1885 he passed the examination in Geology for the Statutory Civil Service, though it was a new subject to him and he had only a week for preparation.

Colonel Olcott says of him: "T. Subba Rao gave no early signs of possessing mystical knowledge. I particularly questioned his mother on this point, and she told me that her son first talked metaphysics after forming a connexion with the Founders of the Theosophical Society—a connexion which began with a correspondence between himself and H. P. B. and Ḍāmoḍar, and became personal after our meeting with him, in 1882, at Madras. It was as though a storehouse of occult experience, long forgotten, had been suddenly opened to him; recollection of his last preceding birth came in upon him, he recognised his Guru, and thenceforth held intercourse with Him and other Mahāṭmas; with some personally at our Headquarters, with others elsewhere and by correspondence.

"He told his mother that H. P. B. was a great Yogi and that he had seen many strange phenomena in her presence. His stored up knowledge of Samskṛt literature came back to him, and his brother-in-law told me that if you would recite any verse of the Gīṭā, the Brahma-Sūṭras or the Upaniṣhaṭs, he could at once tell you whence it was taken and in what connexion it was employed. Those who had the fortune to hear his lectures on the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* before the Theosophical Society's Convention of 1886

at Adyar, can well believe this, so perfect seemed his mastery of that peerless work. For a man of his abilities, he left scarcely any monument; the papers he contributed to *The Theosophist* and the one-volume report of his four Adyar Lectures are almost his entire literary remains.

"As a conversationalist he was most brilliant and interesting; an afternoon's sitting with him was as edifying as the reading of a solid book. But this mystical side of his character he showed only to kindred souls. What may seem strange to some is the fact that, while he was obedient as a child to his mother in worldly affairs, he was strangely reticent to her, as he was to all his relatives and ordinary acquaintances, about spiritual matters. His constant answer to her importunities for occult instruction was that he 'dared not reveal any of the secrets entrusted to him by his Guru'. He lived his occult life alone. That he was habitually so reserved, gives the more weight to the confidential statements he made to the members of his own household."

He held a very important position as a representative of the Shriṅgēri Maṭh, and that gave him great influence among the orthodox Hinḍūs. This position made it necessary for him to pay a certain amount of attention to the details of orthodoxy, and it was partly on this account that he was forced into a discussion with Madame Blavatsky on the question of the seven principles in man. In his celebrated lectures on the *Bhagavad-Gīṭā* he adopted the ordinary Indian four-fold classification of man. Various busy-bodies wrote to Madame Blavatsky complaining of his doing this, and this induced her to write an article in which she tried to reconcile the two statements. Subba Rao answered this, and their respective followers did their best, as followers always do, to magnify a difference into a quarrel; but we have Colonel Olcott's testimony that even to the day of his death Subba Rao always spoke kindly of our great Founder.

In spite of this controversy we hoped that for many a long year he would assist us in the arduous task of

trying to spread occult truth in the world; but that was not his karma. In 1890 he contracted some mysterious cutaneous disease which caused him terrible suffering—of which he eventually died on Midsummer Day in that year. On his deathbed he sent for our President-Founder, Colonel Olcott, and asked him to give him relief by means of mesmerism. The Colonel seems to have succeeded in doing this to some extent, and even hoped at one time to cure him; but it was not to be.

In the recently published American Convention Souvenir our President remarks that he took almost immediate rebirth in the same sub-caste and the same neighborhood as before, and that he is now a boy of nearly sixteen, one of the future workers for the Society, and probably one of its leaders in days to come.

C. W. L.

THE STREET

They pass me by like shadows, crowds on crowds,
Dim ghosts of men, that hover to and fro
Hugging their bodies round them like thin shrouds
Wherein their souls were buried long ago:
They trampled on their youth, and faith and love
They cast their hope of humankind away,
With Heaven's clear messages they madly strove,
And conquered—and their spirits turned to clay;
Lo! how they wander round the world, their grave,
Whose ever-gaping mow by such is fed,
Jibbering at living men, and idly rave,
"We only, truly live, but ye are dead."
Alas! poor fools, the anointed eye may trace
A dead soul's epitaph in every face!

J. R. Lowell



REVIEWS

The Art of Translation, by R. Raghunatha Rao, B.A., Mysore. The G. T. A. Printing Works. 1910.

Is there a more fascinating subject than 'the Art of Translation' for any lover of literature or any student of languages? Scarcely, we think. With high expectations, therefore, we opened the above-mentioned book—and we are happy to say that our high expectations have not been disappointed. The author, well known to some as the writer of a remarkable little book on *The Aryan Marriage* and also as the translator into Kannada of the Elementary Text-Book of Sanâtana-Dharma, has indeed given us a work of undoubted value. To him translation is a 'fine art' and he dedicates his monograph to 'all true lovers of the noble art of translation' in the hope 'that it may stimulate intelligent thought'.[1] We dare assure the writer that his hopes will be realised. In his foreword the author states that his "diligent enquiries to find out if there was any recognised publication on the Art of Translation were unsuccessful." This is a pity, and shows once more how necessary it is for Indian scholars—intelligently aided by Libraries in this country—to become better acquainted with the modern resources of bibliography and the evolving systematisation of scientific work throughout the world. How could he remain unacquainted with at least *some* examples of the huge special literature on the subject, either in separate works and in Magazine articles, or in the thousand and one remarks on the subject contained in the prefaces of translations produced by doughty experts in the art? The prefaces in the 'Sacred Books of the East' alone would have furnished him numerous hints. And what

[1] Prof. Haupt: 'Translating is death to the understanding.' Prof. Diels: 'Translating is playing or, if one prefers it so, toying.'

BAZ BAHĀḌUR AND RŪPMAṬĪ

HERE, as in the Śiva Rāṭri which we reproduced, is one of those nigh effects of which Indian painters are so fond, and in representing which they were so accomplished. The story belongs to the annals of Malwa. Rūpmatī was a Hinḍū poetess beloved by Bāz Bahāḍur. She was renowned for her beauty and musical attainments, and for her love of Bāz Bahāḍur. In 1561 Akbar's general, Adham Khān, conquered Malwa and captured Rūpmatī. Adham Khān pressed his attentions upon Rūpmatī, but she took poison to escape him.

The story is the theme of many songs, and pictures of the two lovers are far from uncommon. Sometimes they are riding out together by day to hawk, sometimes at night, following a torch-bearer who leads the way through a romantic land of hills and sandy defiles.

This picture is characteristically Rājput in style and inspiration.

DR. A. K. COOMĀRASVĀMI

INFINITY

A woman's dreamy eyes of gray
Looked into mine with love to-day,
And mystic visions o'er me stole,
And bore, on spirit-wings, my soul
Beyond the world and far away.

Her face was fair as sunrise gleam;
Her voice more sweet than rippling stream;
And, tranced in wonder, by her side
I listened till her soft notes died,
And silence woke me from my dream.

Eugene C. Dolson



BĀZ BAHĀḌUR AND RŪPMAṬĪ.

about Tytler's *Principles of Translation* now included in that popular and inexpensive series 'Everyman's Library' (No. 168)? He might also have heard of that most excellent and thorough work by Paul Cauer *Die Kunst des Übersetzens* ('The Art of Translation,' fourth, enlarged and corrected edition, Berlin, 1909) or even of that famous little *Sendbrief vom Dolmetschen* (Open letter on Translating) by Luther, or of Schopenhauer's remarks on the subject in his *Parerga und Paralipomena* (chap. 25, On Language and Words), not to speak of hosts of other contributions to the subject. Though, then, it is somewhat astonishing that the author has not been able to break through his literary isolation on this point, yet this fact is not altogether a loss, for we have, as a result, an independent and altogether original treatment of the problem. And it is certainly not only gratifying but also remarkable that by his unaided efforts he comes to a definition of what translation is which is materially and even almost verbally the same as that of one of the great western Masters in the art—which fact, incidentally, strengthens the conclusions of both.

Mr. Raghunatha Rao says:

> Translation is an art by which the ideas of an author are transferred vividly from one language into another so as to affect the mind of the reader in the way in which the original itself affects him.

Now, Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorff says (in his essay on what translating is, in his *Reden und Vorträge*, Berlin, 1900):

> The translator's aim should be to produce a text which affects modern hearers and readers in a similar way, and evokes in them as closely as is possible the same thoughts and emotions as the original did in the contemporaries and compatriots of the author.

We see at once that both statements are essentially the same. The German professor, however, is a shade more subtle in his analysis, in that he requires the translator to take the original *writer's* public as his measure and not the translator's public, as our Indian author does. The significance of this difference—with all it implies—will be seen at once.

The argumentation and the numerous illustrations in the work under review are limited to examples in and with regard to three languages—Kannada (and by extension the other Dravidian vernaculars), English and Samskṛt. In a sense this is a pity, for the book has therefore lost in universality, and has now largely to find its audience amongst the necessarily restricted public who are able to follow the full force of argument and illustrations, and who at the same time are interested in the subject. Yet we clearly see that what has been lost on the side of expansion, has been gained in pithiness and force, and perhaps this self-restraint has been both wise and useful.

For the illustrations two sources have been mainly made use of; first, Sir Monier Williams' English and Basavappa Śāstri's Kannada translations of Śākuntala together with the Samskṛt original; second, stanzas from the *Epigraphica Carnatica* with Mr. B. L. Rice's English renderings thereof.

The criticism of these, their careful analysis, and the new renderings proposed by the author are full of interest and exceedingly instructive. Very often indeed we concur with his strictures, and feel his new translations as improvements. In other places we differ (for instance on p. 50, where the author's familiarity with Kannada has misled him as to the appreciation of the translated stanza by a foreigner; he ought there to have followed his own example on p. 26; and likewise on p. 52 where the same holds good with reference to Samskṛt.)

Besides the practical part there is also a theoretical part, of great merit. Its first half somewhat 'smells of the lamp' and has a scholastic touch about it (paragraphs 1—3). This once more illustrates an exceedingly important psychological factor in modern Indian evolution. The author moves because of his own talents, education and labor on the mental level of what may be called modern, international thought. Yet he has not escaped altogether the influence of Indian scholasticism on the one hand, nor come into full *contact* with that international thought, on the other. This is due to the fact that a literary knowledge of at least two other chief European languages besides English (say German and French) cannot now-a-days be dispensed with for full participation in European, or Western, or modern mentality, neither can mere book-reading give it. Association with the Westerner, and if possible a visit to his countries, remain a necessity. I think it is perhaps due to this, that we cannot agree

at all with his strictures on Dr. Grierson's 'specimen' on page 72, interesting and instructive though the substitute table on p. 73 be. We think that the author's objections in this case are either founded on a misapprehension of the purpose which the 'specimen and translation' were meant to serve (though on p. 73 he shows his understanding of this purpose well enough)—or that it is a case of pure verbalism, turning on the meaning of the word translation, and being quite groundless. Of course, we do not refer to the *accuracy* or not of Dr. Grierson's analysis of the text as challenged in the second table. The remarks on pp. 74—77 seem to us also unwarranted, exaggerated at least. Is there no foundation of fact for that insolent word Bâbu English? And may we not pair Father Beschi with Mr. Bannerjea? But all of this savors too much of race-prejudice to be of real importance, so no more of it.

In the Chapter 'Method' the writer lays down five fundamental laws to be observed in translation, all of great practical value and utility, and in Chapter VII he enumerates seven excellent 'rules for guidance' with copious explanations; lastly, in the Chapter on 'A Test of Translations,' he formulates such a test as follows:

> The matter, manner, and effect of the translation should be the matter, manner and effect of the original.

There ought to be added: as far as compatible with correct, pure and idiomatic expression in the language of the translation. This is essential to the test, as matter, manner and effect in two different languages are mutually almost irreconcilable enemies.[1]

There are still many other important points and excellent remarks, and also more doubtful passages in the book. We cannot go into details with regard to all of them. Let us only mention the—in our opinion undeserved—strictures on the present state of lexicography with regard to the English language (we admit them fully with regard to many Oriental languages—only should not before all Orientals themselves remedy the want?) and on the other hand, that perfectly formulated rule 5 of methods to be followed, a rule indicating psychological insight and linguistic understanding. Also the

[1] Wilhelm von Humboldt in a letter to August Wilhelm von Schlegel (1796): "All translation seems to me simply an endeavor to solve an impossible problem."

remark on the meaning to an Indian of 'a warm' or 'a cold reception' will set many a reader thinking.

The length of this review, and the detailed criticism of some points, are motived only by our high appreciation of this valuable work. European scholars may still learn from it with regard to its Kannada and Samskṛt illustrations. The general reader will benefit by its general contents. The special worth of the monograph is that it shows—as said before—living contact with modern scientific mentality, and that it brings an up-to-date contribution to a general problem. Though racialism peeps here and there from its pages, though scholasticism exercises still an influence in some passages, the work as a whole is beyond all that, and to find such solid quality in a work of a modern Indian is always a joy, for it is a sign of the awakening of that higher svadeshi which is the svadeshi of humanity and of the intellectual solidarity of the human race.

An appendix gives, as additional illustration, the English and Kannada versions of the Royal Proclamation of 1858. Good indices of original passages explained are added. The book is well printed and low-priced.

Ergo: we wish it success and record the pleasure we had in reading it.

J. v. M.

NOTE

After writing the above review we communicated the book to Dr. F. O. Schrâder, who sent us the following observations with regard to it.

The Art of Translation is, indeed, a most gratifying and useful book. The most original portions of it are the chapter on Adaptation (p. 89 fll.) and the section on Figures of Rhetoric (p. 46 fll.). The criticisms are, on the whole, just; they show a matureness of judgment and freedom from prejudices which one is not accustomed to find in this country. A few objections which I have, are the following:

1. (To page 50, etc.) The foreign word should not be kept, unless absolutely necessary. In many cases we may put it, bracketed and in italics, after its translation.

2. The foreign word, if kept, should be always given in the stem-form (base) only, and not in the Accusative, etc., (p. 50 we read even "gâms"=Acc. Sgl.+plural sign!)

3. "Read the *whole* passage" in the first 'rule for guidance' (p. 101) should be "read the *whole work*," it being the constant sin of Hindû commentators and translators to explain a Sloka without any regard to what precedes or follows except immediately.

4. P. 76 and note forget that for Hindû boys receiving higher education English is not only compulsory, but is even *the* language through which they are taught almost every subject (*cf.* Latin in the European Middle Ages), whereas European boys do not learn a word of Samskrt, Tamil or Telugu, etc.—, with the result that to many an educated Hindû English is the *only* means of literary expression, they being sometimes incapable (cases of which are known) to correspond even with their family, in any other language than English.

From the Bottom Up; the Life story of Alexander Irvine. (William Heinemann, London).

This is a narrative of much interest to that large and increasing class of readers who realise that "in varieties of religious experience"—which relate God's dealings with men and men's dealings with God—are to be found reliable first-hand testimony to the reality of the spiritual life, to the existence of God and His working in the hearts of men. The book gives a simple, convincing, and very vivid account of the adventures of a poor Irish boy, who, by strenuous exertion and self-discipline, raised himself literally from the social bottom to a position in the United States apparently of some influence and repute. We have his first experiences as a worker, as a newspaper boy, hawking papers in Irish streets, and a very interesting account of his conversion while still a youth employed on a farm as scarecrow—a spiritual upheaval produced apparently by the combined beauty of a sunset, and the oft-repeated lines of a hymn heard the day before in Sunday-school. The point to be remarked is that the result of this spiritual awakening or inrush was permanent in its results on his character, producing also in its recipient the true missionary spirit regarding the salvation of others. We have also his later experiences as groom, collier and soldier.

Alexander Irvine had the gift of speech and the wish to speak and though hampered by receiving practically no education in youth, and by a strong Irish dialect, he took an active part in any lectures or prayer-meetings to which he could find his way. Before an audience of four thousand people in Portsmouth, he stood up in his marine uniform, and asked Mr. Bradlaugh, who had just been "demolishing God and the theologians," if he would take from him "the peace in my heart I call belief in God, and deprive me of the biggest pleasure in my life, and leave me nothing in its place?" Bradlaugh's answer was very characteristic, I imagine, of the man's nature. "Amid a most impressive silence, he said, 'No, my lad; Charles Bradlaugh will be the last man on the face of the earth

to take a pleasure from a soldier boy, even though it be a belief in God!'"

There was no cant about young Irvine, devout though he was. Untoward circumstances even gave him temporary fame among his shipmates as a boxer and bruiser. He has some significant passages on the purity problem, as it presented itself to him individually and in the Navy; but military life could not hold such a man long. After having gone through the experiences of the Gordon Relief expedition, and having purchased his discharge, he left the service, to try his fortune in the United States. In America he had many and various ups and downs, but with joy he soon welcomed an opening in missionary work amid the Bowery lodging men. His experiences in this evangelical work, and later in his pastorate charges, are interesting reading, and "give one furiously to think" on many things. Though in the beginning of his career Mr. Irvine had held a narrow theology based on the eternal hell and damnation theory, he had always a mind open to new ideas, and was ever anxious to supplement his existing knowledge. He was interested in the New Thought and tried several of its practices, had no objection even to receiving lessons in Yoga from a Yogi—or somebody who gave himself out to be such, and does not seem to have been a very enlightening teacher. The economic conditions of the poor and outcast, to whom his keen sympathy with human misery continually attracted him, converted Mr. Irvine eventually to Socialism—a conversion which when announced led to various unpleasantnesses from the "powers that be." He gives the following striking testimony to the help received from some New York Theosophists, while he was working at the Church of the Ascension, New York: "During the first year we had a tremendous stimulus in the meetings from the active participation of four of the most prominent Theosophists in the country—two of whom are members of the vestry. They sharpened the line between spiritual and material things. They brought to the notice of working-class Socialists the essential things of the soul. They made the meetings a melting-pot in which the finest, best and most permanent things were made to stand out distinctly. The world affords not a better field either for the testing or propagating of their philosophy, but they did not come the second year and we missed them very much."

E. S.

The Caste System, Its Origin and Growth; Its Social Evils and Their Remedies, by Gaṅgā Prasāḍa, M.A., M.R.A.S., etc. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. Allahabad.

This monograph of some ninety pages treats of a subject of vital importance to all India, for there is scarcely a more urgent problem in modern Indian life than that of caste. This present treatise is a strong plea against the institution in its actual degraded form, and an eloquent denunciation of its evils. Not so much an original production as a skilful combination of what eminent authorities (above all Sir Herbert Risley and Mr. R. C. Dutt) have said on the subject, it stands in its totality as a convincing document, profoundly sympathetic to any progressive mind. Those who have not gone into the question will find valuable data concerning it in its pages. In the first chapter an abundance of scriptural quotations (from Veḍas, Purāṇas, The Mahābhāraṭa, Manu and other works) are collected in support of the author's lusty onslaughts on the modern system. Chapter II deals with the origin and growth of the system, Chapter III with its evils, whilst the last chapter offers some suggestions to remedy those. The main suggestions proffered under this head are two: first, universal education and enlightenment of the masses, so as to educate and change public opinion with regard to the problem, and second, the promotion, as a preliminary step, of fusions between sub-castes, so as to reduce the several hundreds of them to the primary four alone. Sudden and complete abolition of the caste idea the author deems neither possible nor advisable. Finally, the author expresses his conviction of the immense difficulty of the task, yet professes that this difficulty need not give rise to despair. He concludes with a strong appeal to his countrymen to share in the work of reform and purification, choosing as his motto the words of the ṛṣhi: 'Truth alone conquers, falsehood never.'

While, therefore, the whole book is profoundly interesting and, save for a detail here and there, into which we will not enter, scarcely controvertible, we must join issue with its author on one point—his accusation levelled against the Theosophical Society and "its present policy of flattering Hinḍū vanity" which "applauds that degenerated system which is mainly responsible for the present downfall of the Hinḍūs." He adds that "its previous policy

was very different," and makes some bitter remarks about the attempt on the part of Theosophists to give "'occult' or 'esoteric' explanations of even their (the Hinḍūs') worst superstitions". We think our author profoundly mistaken in this point. However strongly the idealistic apology for Hinḍūism has been put forward by some Theosophical writers, the realistic indictment of the actual system has been given in a no less out-spoken way. Let the author compare for instance his own remarks on caste with those of Govinḍ Ḍās on p. 154, etc., of his *Hinḍūism and India* (published by the *Theosophical* Publishing Society, and so equally representative of Theosophical opinion) and he will find that his own vigorous protests are mere milk and honey besides these terrible condemnations. And again, the first object of the T. S. is still, as it ever has been "To form a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity, without distinction of race, creed, sex, *caste* or color." So long as this object is not changed, our author will be unjustified in his accusation. Lastly, let me state that, though the writer of this review has only a limited personal acquaintance with Indian members of the T. S., yet he has met and knows well a fair number of them; and his experience is that, up till now, he has not yet met *a single* Indian member of the T.S., who, on being interrogated on the caste system as it is, did not condemn it, deplore it and wish either for its purification or for its utter abolition. And as to Theosophical practice: let us only point to the Olcott Pañchama Schools in Madras or the educational work for the 'untouchables' undertaken by several Lodges of 'The Sons of India'. This goes even a step further than Mr. Gaṅgā Prasāḍa's plea, which stops short at the Shūḍra.

J. v. M.

The House of Strange Work, Elisabeth Severs. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. Price 1/-)

The readers of this Magazine will remember the excellent story in four parts we published some months ago. We are glad to see it issued in a very attractive form, clad in a nicely designed cover. The story, which is interesting, has its lessons to teach, and we recommend all our members to peruse it carefully. It will form an appropriate Christmas and New Year's present equally to young and old. We wish the booklet the success it deserves.

B. P. W.

Miscelánеas Egiptológicas. La Escritura Egipcia y su transcripción Castellana en Caracteres Neo-Latinos. By D. Manuel Treviño y Villa. Madrid.

We have read this work with great pleasure and refreshed by it our amateurish knowledge of the Egyptian system of writing as set forth in the Grammars of Brugsch, Budge and others. The present work is executed in large quarto, and contains ix + 70 pages, the latter in lithography so as to enable the inclusion of Hieroglyphic, Hieratic, Demotic, Greek, Coptic, Hebrew and other characters. The printing is exceedingly well done and the hand-writing of the lithographic part belongs to the clearest and most regular we have ever met in that kind of printing. The purport of the work is, as the title indicates, primarily the fixing of a system for the transliteration of Egyptian texts into Spanish, but secondarily the work is a primer of Egyptian alphabetic writing, as well as a dissertation on the sound values of the Egyptian alphabetical signs. The author calls his work 'una obra de divulgación,' but it is more than that. It is also, to a certain extent, an essay on phonetics, of which it behoves only experts to judge. Of the merits of this latter aspect we feel not competent to speak. Taking the book as an introduction to the study of that fascinating subject, Egyptian writing, however, we think the author has successfully performed his task. His definitions are precise, his examples abundant and well chosen; his demonstration is clear and the treatment is complete and practical. A useful classified table of the hieroglyphic signs is presented on p. 23. Several alphabetical tables, some reproductions of short hieroglyphic and demotic texts (more as illustrations than as examples) and an extract from the 'Tale of the Two Brothers' in 'print' (with transcription) and in 'current' writing as used by scholars are added to the volume.

The author's scheme of transliteration as compared with that of Budge (*Easy Lessons in Egyptian Hieroglyphics*, London, 1899, p. 31) is as follows:

a; à; â; i; u; b; p; f; m; n; r (Budge: r and l); h (Budge: h and ḥ); j (Budge: kh. The Spanish j is pronounced like the Greek *chi*); s (Budge distinguished the two letters equivalent to *sin* and *samech* in his table but transcribes them in the same way); ch (Budge: sh or s); q; k; g (Budge: a k with a dot under it; Hebrew *gimel*); t (Budge: t and th or *thèta*); d (Budge: ḍ) and z (Budge: tch or ṭ').

In terminating let us add that the author of the work is an F.T.S., and that he has dedicated it to another F.T.S., Don José Xifré. Furthermore the book is the first of its kind in the Spanish language.

A second volume of the *Miscelánеas Egiptológicas* is in preparation.

J. v. M.

Student's Chart of the Lives of Alcyone. (*The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 12 Annas.)

The very great interest caused by the publication of the lives of a member of the Great White Brotherhood living in our midst has found further demonstration in this nicely printed brochure published by our Chicago Lodge. Printed on fine ledger paper, with almost a complete list of all the characters appearing in the Lives and their relation to the hero of the story and sufficient columns to make additions, the booklet is cheap at its price of 12 annas. No reader of the Lives should be without a copy.

B. P. W.

Vejen till Sundhed, by Carl Ottosen. Copenhagen. 1909. (Dansk Bogforlaget. Price 4 Kroner.)

This most useful book, sane and healthy, deserves unrestricted praise. Its title 'The Way to Health' describes its scope, but the work differs in so far from most productions of similar name that it is more complete, more thorough and more all round in its treatment. A speciality of the publication are the numerous and excellent illustrations, a few in color, mostly in black and white. An introduction treats of what health really is, after which man's chemical composition is analysed. Then comes a long chapter on metabolism, written with great completeness and at the same time in a very clear and attractive way. Next the conditions necessary for efficient metabolism are described with regard to cells and tissue, the bones and members, the muscles and the nervous system. Light and the sun, fresh air, rest and work, nourishment, physical culture, clothing, are all fully treated of in a practical, sensible and moderate way. The following section treats of stimulants or luxuries (Nydelsesmidler) and good advice is given with regard to both harmful and beneficent forms of them, as on the one hand alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, spices, vinegar, etc., and on the other,

baths (sun, colored light, water, etc.), physical culture, food, excursions, etc. Two chapters on the care of the chief organs, and on various conditions of ill-health and their treatment conclude the book, and a copious index enhances its value. As said above, we unhesitatingly recommend this work as one of the best of the kind we have met, though, unhappily, we must content ourselves with this brief notice, as so few of our readers read Danish.

J. v. M.

In the Forest, by Baeda. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, 161 New Bond Street, London, W. Price 1/-)

This instructive booklet, which is illustrated with three beautiful pictures, deals with great world themes, and the story in its allegory conveys a sublime lesson. Nature is typified by the Teacher, the Young man is the Individual Self, the Forest is the World where experience is gained. This is another booklet that can be used by our members for those who need literature without Theosophical terms.

B. P. W.

Theosofie, de Theosofische Vereeniging en de Theosofische Beweging, by A. E. Thierens. 's-Gravenhage. 1910.

The writing of truly popular works and first introductions to complex sciences, philosophic systems, movements or world-conceptions is an admittedly difficult task. It requires an inner identification with the subject which will enable the writer to give his statement the pre-requisite element of complete naturalness; it requires philosophic insight to enable him to feel intuitively the full inner and outer relations of his subject—internally with regard to the relative importance of the parts of the whole, externally with regard to its value to the layman and the world generally; it requires the symbolic faculty which enables him to hint by the little which is said towards the much which is left unsaid. Further, the statement must be clear and transparent, yet suggestive; terse without being abrupt; rapid, yet with mental depth; attractive, yet not rhetorical; essential, yet not obscure. The logic sequence should be smooth without being pedantic, the treatment comprehensive without being lost in details, and above all the presentment should appeal to any unbiassed judgment without any given predilections on the subject treated, it should address itself to the naked and unprepared human faculty of honest judgment and rational thought. An introduction to Theosophy conceived on such a plan would be a boon indeed, and as far as we are aware there exists as yet very little of the kind in the ever growing field of our special literature. Most of our 'introductions,' especially those written by lesser stars in the Theosophical firmament, savor too much, too openly of propaganda; most of them repeat too naively the glad tidings in specific forms of revelational doctrine; most of them are too exclusively a mixture of concrete teachings and ethics; most, in fact, deal too little with mere principles without the help of extraneous fireworks of eloquence and persuasion to be judged by insight alone. In a word our present introductory literature appeals more to belief and feeling than to understanding, and deals more with facts of Theosophical doctrine than with principles of Theosophical attitude.

The author of the little work under review, entitled (in Dutch) 'Theosophy, the Theosophical Society and the Theosophical Movement' has, therefore, done singularly good work in attempting an essay on the lines sketched above, and this is the more gratifying as his attempt is on the whole a greatly meritorious one.

Starting from the familiar conceptions, spirit and matter, or objectivity and subjectivity, or self and not-self, and availing himself of the scientific hypothesis of the existence of ether, with its ions and electrons, the author propounds the theoretical possibility of the existence of planes and bodies (in our Theosophical sense) and then deduces theoretically possible special functions of these planes and bodies as known in modern Theosophical doctrine. Returning once more to the duality, spirit-matter (both polarisations of a higher unity), the author then deduces by ingenious reasoning the possible existence of such higher beings as Devas, Masters, etc., and further the law of re-incarnation with its corollary the law of karma. All this is kept quite within the domain of mere philosophical hypothesis and possibility, without any invocation of the help of revelation.

Then a very important and excellent definition of real and unreal knowledge is given, also called essential and non-essential or accidental, inner or outer, esoteric or exoteric. Esoteric is everything connected with the essentiality of things, with their noumena; exoteric is that which is connected with the form, the appearance, the phenomena. True Theosophy is identified with this esoteric knowledge—with *gnosis* in a word.

Now there are two ways along which such gnosis may be reached. The first way, we might say the direct way, is that of meditation, of withdrawal into the self, of Yoga. The outer way leads *through* the outer back again into the inner. *All* Theosophical literature, teaching, doctrine, belongs to the *outer* way. For just as many other words have an outer and an inner meaning, so has the word Theosophy. Nobility means either a class of people who have been 'ennobled,' that is, who have passed through a certain ceremony or have been the recipients of certain titles, or it means all those who manifest the abstract quality nobility. So, too, religion means at the same time an inner sentiment or an outer body with all it stands for. In the same way Theosophy has its outer and inner meanings: first, that of the attitude of the man who turns towards the self, secondly, that body of doctrine and teaching which has been promulgated by those who participate in this first aspect of Theosophy. In short there is an abstract, inner or esoteric Theosophy and an outer concrete or exoteric Theosophy. *The description of the inner becomes the outer!*

This is a rough and incomplete sketch of the first part of the little book. The second part deals with the Theosophical Society. Here also our author has made a daring and original attempt. He relates in broad outline its history, *without* silently passing over several important incidents of a more disagreeable nature. The Coulomb case, the Judge case and the recent troubles connected with Mrs. Besant's election to the Presidency, for instance, are fully dealt with. The author tries to give psychological explanations for these difficulties, and attempts to show their 'naturalness' in the course of events. This difficult section is fairly successfully treated, and—what is praiseworthy—without undue apologetics. Wholly successfully the author has not steered his difficult course. In places either too much or too little has been said, but as a first attempt at an exceedingly difficult way of treating the subject the net result is quite satisfactory. Two points might perhaps be specially singled out where the author seems to us to have fallen short of his task. The first is where he mentions the 'esoteric section' without any previous explanations of its nature or place in the Society. The second is where, in treating of Mrs. Besant's election and the troubles anent it, he brings in the argument (p. 41) that Mrs. Besant had been indicated by the Masters, who appeared to Colonel Olcott on his death-bed, as Their nominee. This argument clashes altogether with the trend of the arguments in the first part about the nature of true Theosophy, where he even says (p. 21) that the existence of the Masters cannot be a question of dogmatic belief. The rest of the second part is devoted to the usual practical information about the T. S., its National Sections and Lodges, its literature, organisation, etc.

The third part, lastly, which is very short and deals with the Theosophical Movement, sets forth the thesis that this *movement* is not restricted to time or place or name, and is to be found wherever a spiritual force is active for good and turning human consciousness towards the heart of things.

In several places in the booklet little details are to be found which might be advantageously harmonised, others that might be improved, passages that might be polished and logical transitions that might be made better. But on the whole this is one of the best introductions to Modern Theosophy we have as yet met. It reveals a significant progress in realisation within our ranks. It has an element of independence-from-within in it which is of the utmost value for the future of our movement. Generally speaking, the little book is on a higher level than much of the similar existing literature, and that it is, in many details, still open to improvement does not greatly detract from its general value. The quality of realised, conscious kinship with living and real ideas, which it reveals, is what really matters, and it is this quality which makes us think that its author has the root of the matter active within him. J. v. M.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

The ancient parables of great Sages justify their wisdom even in the Kali-Yuga! We have heard the story of the ever-growing fish in the ever-expanding area of water. Verily our *Theosophist*, the ever-expanding vehicle for the propagation of Divine Wisdom, will ever be found too small and limited for the ever-increasing demands upon its space. Though we have enlarged from 96 to 130, from 130 to 160 pages, still we have to speak of the lack of space, and our good readers will excuse the absence of this regular column, as well as of 'Academical Magazines' by Dr. F. Otto Schrader. All we can do here is to acknowledge with thanks *The Anti-Vivisection Review* for August-September; *The Metaphysical Magazine* for September; the October Numbers of *The Review of Reviews*, *The Co-Mason*, *The Indian Review*, *The Hindustan Review*, *The Journal of the South Indian Association*. B. P. W.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

Italy

This winter will be important for all Italian members and Lodges, since it behoves them, *one and all*, to take an interest in and to help in every way those whose duty it is to prepare for the Congress of the Federated Sections next year. By now it will be generally known that this Congress will not be held in Turin, as previously settled, but in Genoa from the 17th to the 21st September, 1911.

Genoa, the Headquarters of the Section, has been generally recognised as a better choice, and at that time of year should prove exactly adapted to our wants: it is also more convenient for all concerned.

The League for the spreading of Theosophical Literature, founded last April in Genoa, has been doing good work in distributing books and pamphlets to libraries, influential men and women, clubs and reading-rooms; and traces of results are seen in the kind of articles which from time to time appear in Reviews or in the Press, dealing with subjects evidently inspired by the reading of our literature. From April to August inclusive 111 books, 1,147 pamphlets, and 1,392 leaflets have been distributed gratis by the League.

In this connexion may be mentioned a useful little pamphlet of twenty pages, which gives all the general ideas of Theosophy, together with a list of the General Secretaries, a statement of the organisation and scope of the Society, a list of the principal books and the better-known periodicals and libraries of the various countries. This pamphlet, which has just been published in Genoa, is, with a few additions, virtually a translation of a similar one issued by the Society in New Zealand, to whom we are beholden for this useful little work.

There is an interesting Report in the September *Bollettino* of the 'International Congress of Liberal Christianity and Religious Progress' held this year at Berlin. The previous Congresses had been successively held in Boston (1900), London (1901), Amsterdam (1903), Geneva (1905), and Boston (1907).

This year's Congress was especially marked by the cordial attitude of sympathy and tolerance with the many and various forms of religious expression. The President, Professor Rade, went so far as to say: "We cannot understand religion otherwise than as a League of Universal Brotherhood; we know no other love of God outside of that which is manifested by the love of one's fellow-man—by peace."

In addition to this a strong motion on behalf of international peace was also voted; and the Congress terminated its proceedings by a useful discussion on the 'Relations of sympathy which should exist among the various creeds and tendencies of faith'.

All these ideas are such as are intimately connected with the first object of our Society, and Professor Penzig, in his interesting Report, ventures to hope that in 1912, when the Congress will again meet in Paris, Theosophy and the Theosophical Society will be officially and adequately represented and will make its voice heard on all these questions.

Speaking of Congresses, attention must be drawn to the Fourth International Congress of Philosophy to be held at Easter-time in 1911 at Bologna. The work of the Congress is to be divided into eight Sections: (1) General Philosophy and Metaphysics, (2) History of Philosophy, (3) Logic and Theory of Science, (4) Moral Philosophy, (5) Philosophy of Religion, (6) Philosophy of Right, (7) Æsthetics and Methods of Criticism, (8) Psychology. As Professor Penzig says in a communication to the October *Bollettino*: "This would, indeed, be a good opportunity of setting forth and discussing the Theosophical standpoint towards the various problems of philosophy, morals, religion, psychology, etc.

"'An exposition from a historical and critical point of view,' writes the President of the Congress, Professor Frederigo Enriques, 'of that in which the Theosophical movement consists, might also usefully appear in the section of General Philosophy or that of the History of Philosophy'.

"The communications destined for the Congress must be sent to the Secretary (Piazza Calderini 2, Bologna) by the 1st January, 1911, so that the organising committee may judge of their admissibility, and see to the printing and distribution of the syllabus to those participating, in order that discussions may be more rapid and profitable.

"All communications, as also the discussions, can be made in English, French, Italian, and German. The cost of inscription for admission is 25 francs."

Surely some of our talented and authoritative members will make a point of showing either by their presence and eloquence, or by their writings and studies, that Theosophy has a right to an important place in these Congresses of thought on abstract questions. The world is in need of what Theosophy can give to the thoughtful, and, besides our President, there are others who can present, on behalf of Theosophy, speeches and writings which will earn consideration and respect, and also bring light to all thinking people.

W. H. K.

Great Britain

The autumn work is now in full swing, and news is coming in of successful meetings in new and old centres. A promising beginning to the work, which showed in a very tangible fashion the increasing volume of energy now gathering, was the first meeting of our Executive Committee in September, at which over £200 was voted for propaganda work of various kinds. Grants were made to active Committees in different parts of the country to assist them to carry out schemes of public meetings covering a wide field; later on, I hope to be able to report favorably as to the results of these. London also came in for a share of the encouragement and assistance which the Executive Committee has it in its power to give, and £30 was voted towards advertising *The Theosophist*, the wide circulation of which we regard as one of our most important modes of propaganda. By this, and by a grant of £25 to the Buddhist Schools in Ceylon, we endeavor to repay a little the debt we owe to the great workers in our International movement, by whose labors it is coming more and more to be a strong and an honored force in the world. Mr. Wedgwood was co-opted to a place on the Executive Committee rendered vacant by the departure for the East of Mrs. Ransom. The Harrogate Training Centre has had the benefit of Mrs. Ransom's able guidance for a year while her husband has held the helm of the active Manchester City Lodge; many good wishes go with them to their new home at Adyar. Other friends whose faces and whose strong help we shall miss in the coming months are Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo, who return to Adyar after months of great activity in our territory.

In London one of the most important pieces of work of the month has been the issuing of a charter to the New Lodge, which will probably have found a new name by the time this is printed. The new Lodge is the first child of the H.P.B. Lodge which Mrs. Besant founded three years ago, and which has become a power in the Society; its special object is to bring the truths of Theosophy into every-day life and to bring every social and political problem into touch with Theosophy. In Dr. Haden Guest the New Lodge has found an experienced and energetic President who will be ably assisted by Lady Emily Lutyens as Secretary; the Lodge is also fortunate in having the strong support of Mrs. Despard, and we hope great things of it. For the rest, the regular London activities are well maintained; four separate courses of popular Sunday evening lectures are being held this month in different places.

Signs of new vigor in the South of England have been making themselves felt.

A few months ago we went to Bournemouth to assist in opening their New Lodge Room, occupied jointly by the T. S. and Co-Masonic Lodges. In Southampton, we have a steady centre of many years standing—steady because of the deep convictions and earnestness of the one who holds the fort there. A few weeks ago we went to Brighton to assist in consecrating a new Co-Masonic Lodge and Theosophical Headquarters under one roof. Thanks to the generosity and initiative of Mme. Jean Delaire, the President, permanent quarters, devoted entirely to the work, have been secured, where the Lodge will have a capital reading-room and a spacious lecture room. A representative gathering of members from various parts surrounded the General Secretary for the opening ceremony, which she performed, and hearty congratulations were tendered from all sides to the Brighton members. Eastbourne is another south-coast centre which is showing signs of activity; there has been a seed of interest there for years, but it has been left to Colonel Nicholson to quicken it into life. Folkestone also spent of a successful first year's work; their public lectures have drawn audiences averaging over sixty, and their members and associates number thirty-four. They adopt the plan, unique in our National Society, of admitting Lecture subscribers.

H. W.

America

The annual Convention of the American Section was held in the assembly hall of the North-western University Building in Chicago on September 10th to 14th.

For six weeks before the meeting a Summer School was maintained at Headquarters under the direction of the General Secretary, with the assistance of Mr. Jīnarājadāsa, Mr. Unger, Mr. Holbrook, and other Chicago workers. The enrolment was very promising at this first session of the School, and included students from even distant parts of the United States and Canada. Lectures and Conferences were maintained morning and afternoon from the 1st of August on.

The Convention opened with a social gathering on Saturday afternoon, September 10th, and in the evening a mystic play was presented to a large audience.

The business session of the Convention began on Sunday morning, with large delegations from all Sections of the country, representing in person or by proxy nearly all the Branches. After the first formalities and the acceptance of the credentials, memorial resolutions were passed in appreciation of the work of the Founders and of the President of the Society, of W. Q. Judge, and of Alexander Fullerton. The committee on resolutions reported a strong endorsement of *The Messenger* as the organ of the Section, and commended emphatically the increase both in its size and in its usefulness as a means of propaganda work. A re-arrangement of field-work was effected through the appointment of Mr. Jīnarājadāsa as general lecturer of the Section, Mr. Rogers as Sectional lecturer, and the authorisation of the appointment of local lecturers by the Executive Committee.

The General Secretary reported at length on the progress of the year, and pointed out that the Section to-day has the largest number of Branches in its history and decidedly the largest membership. The report called attention also to the greatly improved opportunities in the circulation of literature made possible by the establishment of the Book Corporation in connexion with Headquarters and of the Rājput Press. The Convention received with the utmost appreciation this report, recognising that the increased effectiveness of the Section is due primarily to the General Secretary, whose devotion and ability were never more clearly proved than in his willingness

to undertake two such important ventures as the Book Corporation and the Press entirely on his own responsibility, with the purpose of lodging the control of both, when entirely successful, in the hands of the Section itself.

In the election of officers, the Executive Committee remained unchanged, except for the appointment of Mr. Holbrook, now residing in Chicago, in lieu of a member in a distant city. Only one nomination was made for the position of General Secretary, and Dr. Weller van Hook was selected without a dissenting vote.

Mr. Carnes, of Washington, D. C., as Chairman of a committee appointed for that purpose, reported a revised constitution for the Section, in which, at the afternoon session, various changes were suggested. The constitution, so revised at the discretion of the same committee, was ordered to be printed in an early number of *The Messenger* and a referendum vote of the members is to be taken before the next Convention.

On Sunday evening an illustrated lecture was given by Mr. Jīnarājadāsa, entitled 'The Paths to God,' being a concise statement of the work of the various great world-religions, with pictures of their places of worship—temples, churches, mosques, cathedrals—and of the great church leaders and dignitaries of to-day.

On Monday and Tuesday conferences and addresses were the order of the Convention. On Monday evening Dr. Weller van Hook gave a public address and on Tuesday evening Mr. Jīnarājadāsa a second illustrated lecture, showing for the benefit of the delegates the line of effort pursued in his field of work as lecturer, making plain to them, therefore, one means at their command in furthering the activities of the Branches.

On Tuesday afternoon the delegates visited on the South Shore the building erected for the use of the Rājput Press. It is situated not far from the Chicago Country Club, on the edge of Lake Michigan. All who were able to be present were impressed with the location and with the large field of usefulness which lies before the Section in publishing and circulating Theosophical literature. Visitors at that time saw the press from which issues the monthly *Messenger*, and the shops in which are being set up three or four of the recent volumes by Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater. From the same press comes now each month *Universal Masonry*, edited by



Vol. XXXII No. 4

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

AGAIN a New Year is rising on the world's horizon, with 1911 graven on its disc. 1910 lies behind us; it has sunken into the Past. Pregnant with great issues was that past year, issues that many coming years shall see worked out. The Imperial Crown of Britain passed from Edward the Peacemaker to a Son whose brief tenure of power already has revealed qualities which presage a noble and beneficent reign, and new departures which will increase the dignity and the power of the Throne. It saw Theodore Roosevelt begin a struggle which may revolutionise America, and purge her public life. For us of the Theosophical Society the promise that 1910 would see the beginning of a great growth in dignity and power has been more than fulfilled: January witnessed, at the rare conjunction of the planets noted by all astrologers, the occult 'Birth of the young Child' who in due time shall be the vehicle for the blessing of the world. Two thousand years have run their course since a similar gift was vouchsafed to the 'Sorrowful Star'. With this, it seems superfluous to speak of the growth of the Society all the world over, the unprecedented sales of literature,

Mrs. Holbrook with assistants, and issued for the purpose of helping to bring back something of the ancient spirit and teachings to that large and potentially effective order.

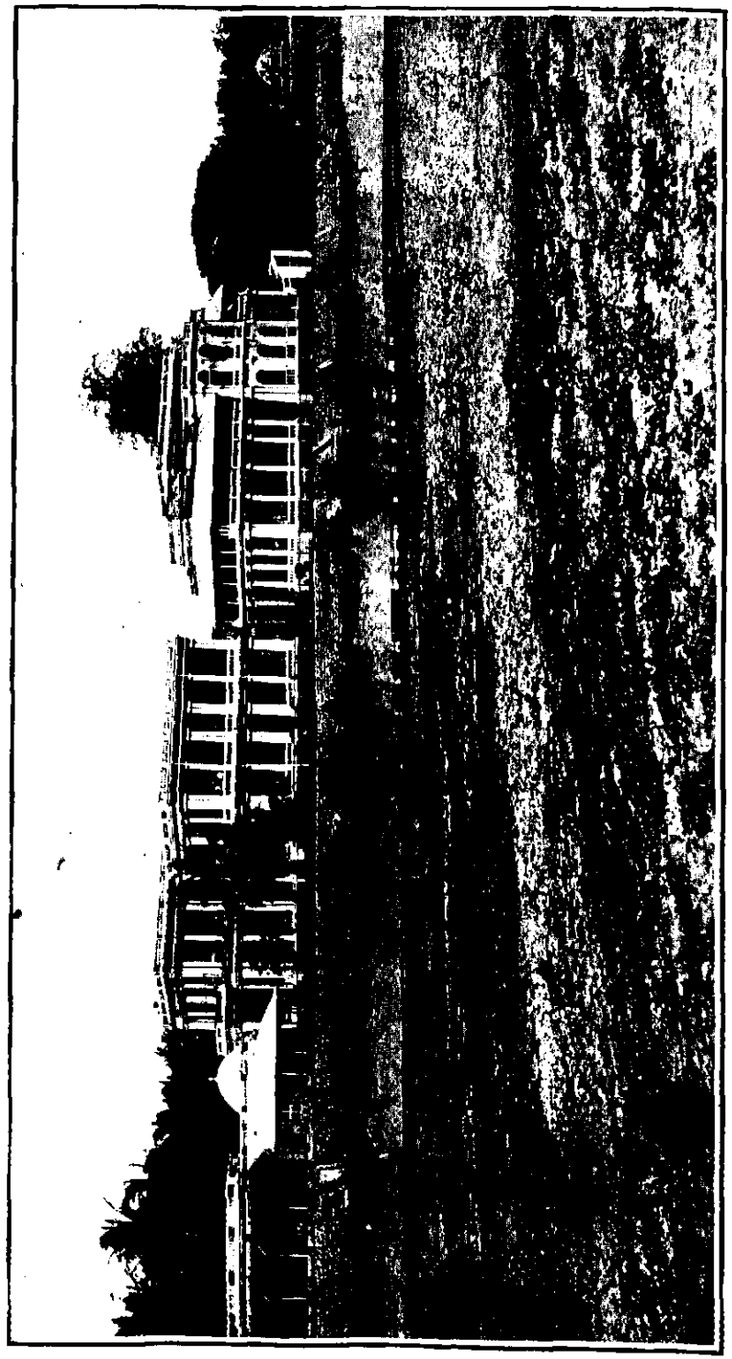
This most recent general assembly, as it is hereafter to be called, of the American Section, impressed all delegates with the position of Chicago as a coming centre for this work. Many who have been associated with the Society for many years in important capacities have found it best to make their homes in Chicago, and so, almost insensibly, the question as to where our activities are to centre, and from what point they can best spread over the country, is now, to all intents and purposes, definitely settled.

G. F. J.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

Owing to lack of space we very much regret that the review of our many valuable Magazines has been crowded out.

X.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, ADYAR, MADRAS.

the increase in the number of Lodge Halls, the rising of the Society in public esteem and official respect. In other years these things would have found due tabulation, but in this they seem insignificant.

***

A notable little book appeared in the last month of the dying year, entitled *At the Feet of the Master*. It contains the teachings on the 'Qualifications for Discipleship' given by the Master K. H. to His young pupil Kṛṣṇamūrṭi (Alcyone), and reproduced by the latter, who wrote down, as nearly as he could remember, the very words used by the Master. The book is dedicated 'To Those who Knock,' and thousands will draw from it inspiration and renewed vigor. Very rarely do such teachings find their way into the outer world. The little volume will find its place on the bookshelf of the aspirant with the *Light on the Path* and the *Voice of the Silence*.

***

Speaking of the *Light on the Path* reminds me that the recorder thereof, M. C., lost everything in the late failure of the Charing Cross Bank. If a tithe of those who owe gratitude to her for the transmission of that priceless work would show that gratitude now in a practical form, those losses would easily be made good. I am sure that any General Secretary would gladly forward any help sent from his Section, and, if M. C.'s address is not known, the General Secretary for England and Wales would serve as intermediary.

***

The Order of the Golden Chain serves as an admirable training for children who are too young to enter Leagues for public work. It was founded in the nineties, and has spread all over the world. The child repeats every morning:

> I am a Link in a Golden Chain of Love that stretches round the world, and must keep my link bright and strong.
>
> So I will try to be kind and gentle to every living thing I meet, and to protect and help all who are weaker than myself.
>
> And I will try to think pure and beautiful thoughts, to speak pure and beautiful words, and to do pure and beautiful actions.
>
> May every Link in the Golden Chain become bright and strong.

Such a morning promise consecrates the day, and lends charm and directness to the effort to "be good".

***

The second Convention of Indian Religions will be held at Allahabād on 8th, 9th, and 10th January, 1911. Hinḍūism, Buḍḍhism, Zoroastrianism, Christianity, Islām, Sikhism, Jainism, the Āryā Samāj, Theosophy, will all be represented. Such a gathering is most useful, and serves the great cause of religious peace, and we heartily wish it success.

***

I have consented, on the invitation of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, to speak at the Spring Assembly of the Liberal Christian League, to be held in Manchester in May, 1911. The subject suggested is 'The Emergence of a World-Religion,' and I doubt if it could be bettered.

***

It is interesting to see how medical opinion is gradually veering round on the question of mental healing. The *Morning Post* gives an account of a conference between doctors and clergymen on the subject, and says that there is a marked change in medical feeling in this respect, and that "the position now may be described as one of open-minded enquiry". No more can reasonably be expected, and truth, to be known, only needs to be enquired into.

***

A remarkable article appears in the *Madras Mail* of November 24, 1910, on "The Octaves of Nature:

Matter, Color and Sound". It is pointed out that "solid matter" no longer exists; it is made up of separate molecules, immersed in ether, and molecules are divisible into atoms, which are themselves merely vortices, "wreaths of ether in ether". Sound is vibration, and exists in seven kinds, the seven notes of the musical scale, each of which has its children in octaves: "We get no more than seven notes repeated again and again, in varying degrees of pitch." Color is vibration, and "we find again the magic seven lying within the octave of color;" the writer made experiments which enabled him to distinguish color by touch, and he found the body answer to the "magic seven," most difficulty arising over green. Matter itself is subject to the same principle, and its 'chemical elements' form a sequence; Mendeléef

> discovered that not only could the elements of matter be arranged like the scale of music, but that they also—like the tones of music—possessed octaves, and that "the gamut of matter like the gamut of sound moves in similar phalanxes and battalions; they both bow in awe to the mystic number of seven".

All the world is "a pæan of melody," and shows the triumph of the "magic of seven," and we may add, of the triumph of Kabbalists and Theosophists, so long ridiculed because their enlightened study of nature had led them to this same conclusion.

***

A photograph lies before me of a wooden shanty roofed with corrugated iron, taken at far-off Lagos, on the West Coast of Africa. Over the door are painted the words: 'Theosophical Book Depôt'. Mr. J. A. Fashanu, F. T. S., is the Manager. In such dim regions is the lamp of Theosophy lighted.

***

While these lines are in the press, preparations for Convention are going forward. A very large gathering is expected, and preparations are on a correspondingly large

scale. The present number of the *Theosophist* goes out in the middle of December, so the *Annual Report* will go, we hope, with the February issue.

***

I am to leave Bombay on April 22, 1911, arriving in London just in time for White Lotus Day. The Scotch National Society asks for a visit in June, when it is to hold its first Annual Convention. I hope to lecture in London on the May and June Sundays, and the English Convention will be held as usual in July. The International Congress is to be held in Genoa, in September, and from Genoa I shall turn my steps homewards once more.

***

Mr. Leadbeater and myself made, during August and September, a series of clairvoyant observations on the past of our earth, of the moon, and of the two preceding Chains. These will be published next year in book-form, under the title: *Man: Whence, How, and Whither?* We hope that the volume will prove useful to students, and will perhaps throw light on some of the questions arising out of the study of *The Secret Doctrine*. The record of the investigations as taken down by two volunteer scribes at the time has been read to the groups of students at Adyar and at Benares, and has aroused much interest. The published volume will consist of the re-arrangement of these notes.

***

The First Part of the *Universal Text Book* is now on sale, comprising the doctrines common to all religions, with texts from the Scriptures of the World in illustration of each. A large edition is being printed, so that it can be sold at 1/- (As. 12) in wrappers, and at 1/6 (or in India Re. 1) in cloth. My hope is that it will bring in suggestions and additions, so that later editions may be an improvement on the first. With the strong

movement which is now showing itself in favor of religious education, such a book may prove useful to the various religions as a common meeting-ground.

***

Our eighteenth National Society, or Section, was sanctioned on November 29th, 1910. Our Swiss brethren find it necessary to form their own organisation, instead of remaining part of France, as they were permitted by our President-Founder to do in earlier days. So we have now the T. S. in Switzerland, with territorial jurisdiction over the area covered by the Swiss Republic. May all be well with our youngest brother!

***

The T. P. S., London, has issued a new edition of *Isis Unveiled*, the famous and invaluable book by which H. P. Blavatsky announced her appearance as the Messenger of the White Lodge. It is in two handsome volumes, printed on feather-weight paper, so that the large book is conveniently light for reading. The publishers have, very thoughtfully, followed the original paging, so that all references may be correct for the new edition. Instead of the printing from the old battered plates, we have printing from new type, pleasant to read. In addition to these merits, the price is reduced to £1-1-0 (India, Rs. 16), and at this it should find a very large circulation. We heartily congratulate our London house.

***

The visit to Burma is finally arranged, and quite a a large party will leave Adyar for Rangoon on January 12th, 1911. The French and perhaps the Scotch General Secretaries will be with us, as well as other visiting members. We stay for three weeks, and then return to Adyar. Late in March I shall go north to Benares, and leave Benares for Europe.

THE SEAL OF THE SOCIETY

THE symbolism of the Society's Seal is not very recondite, but it carries within it some great and fundamental truths. "Old as the hills" it is in its constituents, if not in their juxtaposition.

The double Triangle which contains the Tau, or Egyptian Cross, is the symbol of the universe, the macrocosm, the manifestation of Deity in Time and Space, the One showing Himself in the Duality of Spirit and Matter; the triangles are interlaced to show the inseparable unity; they are two, to signify Spirit and Matter, Father-Mother; the upward-pointing is that of Fire, or Spirit; the downward-drooping of Water, or Matter. Each triangle, again, with its three lines and three angles, symbolises the triple nature of that which it represents. The triplicity of the fiery triangle tells of Existence, Cognition, Bliss; of Activity, Knowledge, Will; of creation, preservation, liberation. The sides are equal because "in this trinity none is afore or after other, none is greater or less than another;" because all are equally immanent in nature, equally present everywhere. The triplicity of the watery triangle signifies the three essential characteristics of matter: resistance, mobility, rhythm (or vibration). The twelve equal enclosing lines of the figure taken as a whole signify the 'twelve great Gods' of Chaldæa and of other ancient faiths, the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, the twelve months of the solar year. The subject would bear much further working out.

The Crux Ansata, or Tau, enclosed within the double triangle, is the symbol of Spirit which has descended into matter and has been crucified therein, but which has risen from death and rests triumphant on the arms

THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

PART III. ETHICS[1]

CHAPTER I

THE OBJECT AND BASIS OF MORALITY

THERE is a Science of Conduct as there is a Science of Biology, of Astronomy, of Psychology; there are Laws of Conduct, as sure and as changeless as all other laws in nature, laws which can be discovered and stated, and which form a system of co-ordinated principles of Action, leading to happiness and well-being alike for the individual and for the Race. This Science is Morality, or Ethic, Right Conduct, and it lays down the conditions of harmonious relations between individuals, groups of individuals, and their several environments small or large—families, societies, nations, humanity as a whole. Only by the knowledge and observance of these laws can men be either permanently healthy or permanently happy, can they live in peace and prosperity; where Morality is unknown or disregarded, friction inevitably arises, disharmony and pain result; for nature is a settled Order in the mental and moral worlds as much as in the physical, and only by knowledge of that Order and by obedience to it can harmony, health and happiness be secured.

Man, being divine in his nature, is Happiness in his deepest Self: "God is Bliss"[2] says the Hindū, and all religions echo the joyous statement: to enter into the "joy of thy Lord,"[3] is the Christian's hope. Hence, when

[1] The Board of Trustees of the Central Hindū College has kindly allowed me to use as freely as may be helpful the Third Part of its Text Book of Religion and Ethics.

[2] *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣhad*, III. ix. 24.

[3] *S. Matthew*, xxv. 21.

of the conquered slayer; hence it is the 'Cross of Life,' the symbol of Resurrection, and with this are touched the lips of the mummy, when the Soul returns to the body in the Egyptian imagery.

The Svâstika, or armed Cross, or fiery Cross, is the symbol of the whirling energy which creates a universe, "digging holes in space," or, less poetically and no more truly, forming the vortices which are atoms for the building of worlds.

The Serpent swallowing his own tail is the ancient symbol of Eternity, the circle without beginning or ending, within which all universes grow and decay, appear and disappear.

Such is the symbolism of the Seal of the Theosophical Society, given in brief—an ingeniously combined presentation of basic truths.

A STUDENT

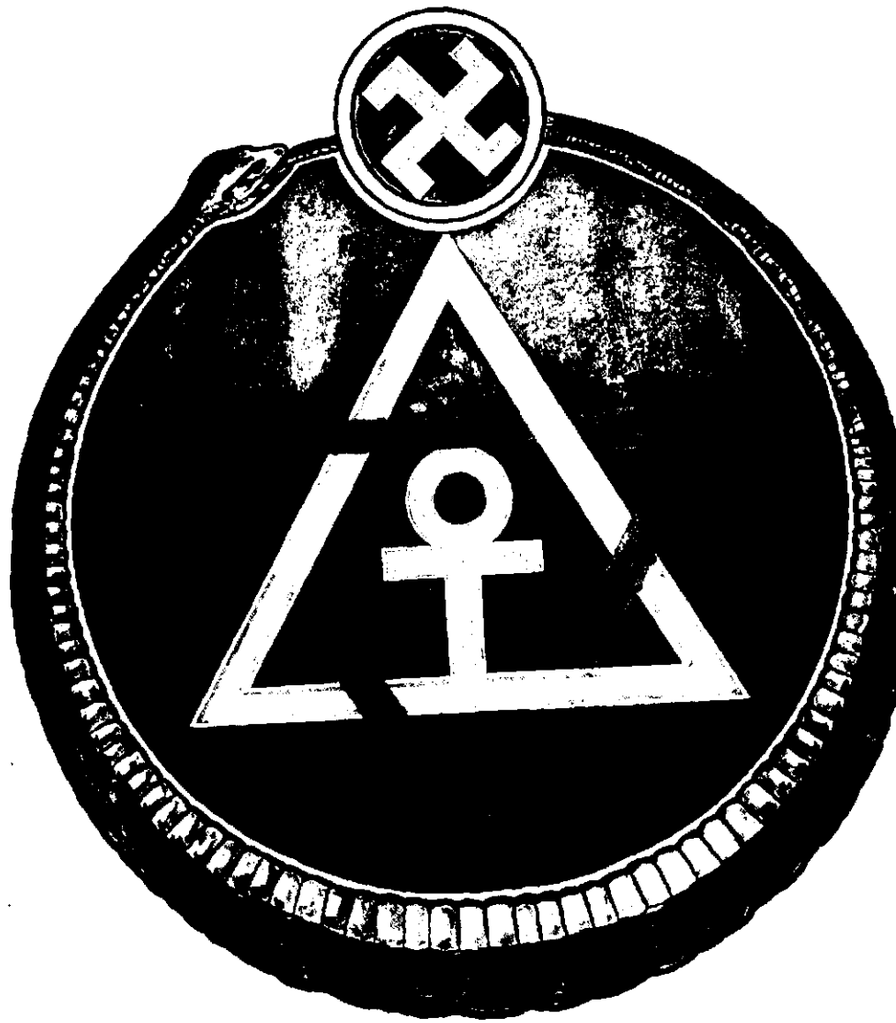
The Æsir (=the Gods) meet on Ida's plain, and of the mighty earth encircler (=the Midgârd serpent) speak, and there to memory call their mighty deeds, and the Supreme God's ancient lore.

There shall again [in the new earth, after the sinking of the old] the wondrous golden tables in the grass be found, which in days of old had possessed the Ruler of the Gods, and Fölnir's race.

*** *** ***

'Twas time's first dawn,
When nought yet was,
Nor sand nor sea,
Nor cooling wave;
Earth was not there,
Nor heaven above.
Nought save a void
And yawning gulf,
But verdure none.

Völuspa (the Vala's Prophecy) *The Elder Edda*



man puts himself into accord with the World-Order, which is divine, he brings his separated Will into harmony with the Universal Will, and pure Happiness is the direct and inevitable result. Perfect Morality would bring about perfect harmony among all living things, and therefore perfect Happiness.

The efforts of a man to bring himself into this harmony are often accompanied with pain, as the exercises which restore an injured limb to perfect working are often agonising. But the end, in both cases, is happiness. Our desires, reaching out tumultuously after objects which yield a passing pleasure, bring us into collision with the desires of others equally eager to possess, and the conflict wounds all. The reduction of these desires to obedience is often painful, but the pain is superficial and passing, while the peace which succeeds conquest is deep and enduring. In the long run right conduct means happiness and ill conduct misery. Truly did the Lord Buddha declare the Law: "If a man speaks or acts with an evil thought, pain follows him, as the wheel follows the foot of the ox that draws the carriage. If a man speaks or acts with a pure thought, happiness follows him, like a shadow that never leaves him."[1]

God is Love[2] and wills the Happiness of His creatures, and that Happiness can only be permanently brought about by the harmony of their wills with His. The Science of Conduct, therefore, by establishing Righteousness brings about Happiness, and its object is to fulfil thus the Divine Will.

As the object of Morality is Universal Happiness, so is its basis that on which Happiness depends, the primary truth of Morality as of religion:

The Unity of Life

We have seen[3] that God is one, that He dwells in every man, is the inmost Self of all. In all the multipli-

[1] *Dhammapada*, i. 1, 2.
[2] *John*, iv. 16.
[3] Part I. i.

city of living beings around us there is one Life. We have seen[1] that Universal Brotherhood is the inevitable corollary of this Divine Unity; we form but one body; and as, with a physical body, no one part can be injured without the whole body suffering, so is it with the Great Being, Humanity. All selves are part of the One Self, and an injury inflicted on one injures all. Thus, if a man injures another, he injures himself, none the less surely that for the moment he may not realise it; as our knowledge grows, we realise it more and more. Realised or unrealised it is a Fact, all-important, supreme. As the health of the individual body depends on obedience to the laws of hygiene, each organ working harmoniously with the rest, so the health of Humanity, the universal body, depends on obedience to the laws of Morality, by which each organ of the great human body works in harmonious relations with the others.

The Will of God points steadfastly to the highest Good, and guides His universe towards good. To work with this Will is to be in harmony with the movement of the world-system to which we belong, and thus to go with the stream of evolution; to go against it is to struggle against an overwhelming current, which dashes us against the rocks, bruises and wounds us. To do right is to be at peace with ourselves and with God, and is therefore happiness; to do wrong is to be at war with ourselves and with God, and is therefore misery. The ill-doer is ever discontented, irritable, unsatisfied, however favorable his outer circumstances may be; the well-doer is inwardly peaceful and contented, even when outer circumstances are the most unfavorable. But to obey the law we must know it, and hence the question arises: How are we to know the Right, that we may do it? How are we to know the Wrong, that we may avoid it? Granted that the Right is to work with the divine Will, and the Wrong is to work against it, how are we to know that

[1] *Ibid.* vii.

Will? There are three principal ways in which mankind has tried to discover what is Right and what is Wrong.

The first is the way of Religion and of Science: great Sages, the Founders and Teachers of Religions, have laid down certain laws, seen by Their spiritual vision to exist in the nature of things, and these they have declared authoritatively; these, like all other laws of nature, can be verified again and again by the use of Reason, purified from selfishness and desire. Expressions of the divine Reason, they can be discovered and expressed by the human Reason, which is its image, and can ever be re-verified by experiment.

This is the method of science: observation of facts, a generalisation, or hypothesis, based on the facts, experiments to test the hypothesis, declaration of the verified hypothesis as a law of nature. These laws, thus discovered and proved, are re-iterated authoritatively by experts in the science, and must be taken as true by the students until they are capable of independently re-verifying them; meanwhile the success of experiments done under guidance by themselves partially demonstrates the truth of the laws as stated. The Science of Morality follows this method; its laws have been discovered and are authoritatively stated, but are ever capable of re-verification, and also of new applications.

These laws are found in the Scriptures of the world-faiths, and those which are basic and of universal application are found in all of them. They are mixed up with local and temporary precepts, given according to the civilisation and general condition of the people to whom they were addressed; the permanent and universal can be distinguished from the temporary and local by the fact that the first are found in all Scriptures, whereas the second are various and belong to the separate religions. The unlearned and the young must accept these laws, as they accept all other laws, on authority; the earnest and

competent student can, by the use of his own reason and by experiment, re-verify them for himself.

The second way is that of Intuition, expressing itself as Conscience; but conscience, being the moral instinct, is, like all instincts, determined by past experience and is limited thereby, and is hence of individual, not of universal, authority.

The third way is that of Utilitarianism, "the greatest good of the greatest number;" but the minority is also a part of the whole, and its interests must be guarded, for majority and minority form one Humanity.

The union of the three ways is to be found in the recognition of the basic truth, the Unity of Life: this gives to the religious way its true foundation in the purified Reason; it gives to the intuitional way the explanation of the variations of conscience, according to the stage of manifestation reached by the One Life in each; it widens the utilitarian way by showing that the ultimate good of each is identical with the ultimate good of all, and that Morality must aim at nothing less than that ultimate Universal Good. The recognition of this truth of the Unity of Life guides us in the establishment of mutually helpful relations between all superficially separated lives. Every moral precept finds its sanction in this unity, and Universal Love, which is the expression of the unity, is the root of all virtues. Only this teaching can eradicate class, racial and national hatreds, put an end to suspicion and contempt, and draw all men into one human family, in which there are elders and youngers, indeed, but no aliens.

The imperative nature of the laws of Morality needs also to be understood. A law of nature breaks that which disregards it, and ensures the success of that which works with it. Every man brings with him into the world a 'character,' the sum of his mental and moral qualities, and he can work on this to the greatest advantage if he

understands what he should aim at, and the means whereby that aim may be realised. Character is the most potent factor in human life; on it depend inner happiness and outer success. A man of brilliant intellect and bad character may for a while carry all before him, but his fellows soon distrust him, and discredit saps his success. In every walk of life, the man of high character is sought for, and the love and trust of his fellows brighten all his days.

There are a Right and a Wrong which are of universal valency, the outcome or negation of the Love which "is the fulfilling of the Law".[1] They are summed up in the Indian verse: "Vyāsa has said but two things in the whole of the eighteen Purāṇas: Doing good to another is Right; causing injury to another is Wrong."[2] There are also relative rights and wrongs, depending on the stage of world-evolution as well as on individual stages of development and individual positions. The life of a world shows two great stages of evolution, the first half during which forms are perfected—the stage of going forth into matter—the second during which Spirit is increasingly unfolding his higher powers—the stage of return, the realisation of divinity. During the first stage, man grasps at everything he desires and develops a strong individuality by conflict; in the second he shares all he has, and yokes that individuality to service; ever-increasing separation is the key-note of the one; ever-increasing unity is the key-note of the other. Hence we need not brand as evil the rough aggression and the fierce struggles of barbarous times; they were a necessary stage of growth and were at that stage right, and in the divine plan. But now those days are over, strength has been won; the time has come when the separated selves must gradually draw together, and to co-operate with the divine Will which is working for union is the Right.

[1] *Romans*, xiii. 10.

[2] *Sanātana Dharma Advanced Text Book*, p. 286, (2nd ed.).

The Right which is the outcome of Love, directed by Reason, at the present stage of evolution, then, seeks an ever-increasing realisation of Unity, a drawing together of the separated selves. That which by establishing harmonious relations makes for Unity is Right; that which divides and disintegrates, which makes for separation, is Wrong.

CHAPTER II

The Relation between Morality, Emotion, Virtues and Vices

Emotion is derived from the Latin root, to move. It is the motive power in man, moving him towards and away from external objects, and is the expression of that part of the Spirit which is Will in the higher worlds, directed by Reason from within, and is Desire in the lower worlds, drawn out by objects which attract and repel by causing pleasure or pain. Under these two heads of attraction and repulsion fall all desires; we have love-desires and hate-desires, the wish to be united with or apart from the objects which come in our way. The primary desires in man are love-desires, seeking for union with the objects which maintain and carry on the body—union with food, with drink, with the opposite sex; these are the inevitable conditions of the prolongation of personal and racial existence, and become only wrong when they lead into excessive indulgence, which injures body and mind, or are gratified violently by inflicting injury on others.

The desires into which intelligence largely enters, mental gratification predominating over sense-gratification, are called emotions, and they naturally fall into the same two divisions as are found in the primaries, and we have love-emotions, tending to unite, hate-emotions, tending to divide.

Morality consists in the nurture and regulation of the love-emotions, out of which virtues are developed, and in the curbing and eradication of the hate-emotions, out of which vices grow. Desires draw human beings together into a society, but they also drive them violently apart by conflicts for the possession of the objects of desire, and no large or stable society can exist where no curb is placed on desires. Among savages, where physical desires are strong and intelligence weak, there is little stable society; persons are drawn together and driven asunder again by the violent movements of desire. The stormy gusts of desire keep the savage community in a constant state of change, unless a strong man dominates the rest, or it is ruled by men of a superior race who provide external restraints which keep desires in check.

As intelligence grows, desires are refined into emotions, and those which belong to the love-class are the constructive and binding forces in society. Thus: love between a man and a woman creates a family, and love between parents and children, brothers and sisters, holds it together. The family is a group of persons united by love, and growing out of a love-relation. Families are drawn together by friendships and love-relations between the youngers, and form a village, or community. Many communities make a province, many provinces a nation. Society grows out of, and is held together by, the love-emotions. And all emotions which are of the love-class, attracting them to each other and making them like to live in relations with each other, are constructive.

The hate-emotions work in exactly the opposite way; they break up families, communities and nations, and driving people apart and making them revolt against relations with each other, they are destructive.

In every human society, emotions of both kinds are found. If the love-emotions preponderate, the society grows and is prosperous. If the hate-emotions preponderate, the

society diminishes and gradually decays until it perishes. Hence the enormous importance of implanting and cherishing during youth all the virtues that grow out of the love-emotion, and of eradicating all the vices which grow out of the emotion of hate.

Even the emotions on the love-side may prove a source of danger, if any elements from the hate-side—monopoly, exclusiveness, covetousness, envy, jealousy—creep into them, and if they are not properly regulated and controlled. As a river, on which the fertility of a valley depends, may work havoc if it overflows its banks and rushes headlong over fields and villages, so may the river of love, the fertiliser and gladdener of human life, work destruction, if it is not regulated and kept within proper bounds. But this fact must not blind us to the truth that the love-emotions are the only forces which give birth to and maintain human society.

When human beings come together, whether in a family or in society, mutual relations arise, and these become more numerous, more complex, and more far-reaching as the society expands. Out of these mutual relations arises Duty, that which is due from each to each. Duty is that which ought to be done, an obligation arising from the relations into which a man has been born, or has voluntarily entered. A man is born into a family, a community, a nation, humanity; he is related to each of these by the mere fact of his birth, and owes to each a duty. The righteous man discharges his duties honorably, and becomes a bond holding society together; the unrighteous man meanly ignores his duties, and becomes a disintegrating force, undermining society.

When the mood of emotion which arises spontaneously out of love for an individual and expresses itself in beneficent action towards that individual, becomes a fixed habit expressing itself in beneficent action towards every person contacted, then the fixed and generalised emotional mood

is called a Virtue. A love-emotion made permanent and universal is a virtue. A father loves his son, and spontaneously does all he can for his good; when he does for any strange child what he spontaneously does for his son, he shows the virtue of Benevolence. On the opposite side, when the moods of emotion which rise out of hatred become permanent and general they are called Vices. Virtues and vices are fixed emotional states. The virtues are fixed love-emotions, regulated and controlled by enlightened intelligence seeing the Unity; the vices are fixed hate-emotions, strengthened and intensified by the unenlightened intelligence, seeing the separateness.

Because love is the expression of the One Self, the Eternal, the Real—"God is Love"—and virtues spring from this one Reality, they have been called "forms of Truth".[1] Truth is basic, and every virtue, springing from the Reality, must have truth as a constituent part. Hatred, which ignores the Unity and springs from the illusory sense of separateness, is fundamentally unreal, untrue. Virtues are forms of the True; vices are forms of the False; virtues are permanent, vices are passing; for Truth endureth for ever, while Falsehood vanishes away.

CHAPTER III

Classification of Virtues and Vices

We have already the broad division of Virtues and Vices, springing from the Emotion of Love and the Emotion of Hate, the constructive and destructive elements in nature and in man. The subdivisions of these in relation to others are conveniently suggested by the phrase about the world which is filled with a man's "elders, equals, and youngers".[2] The duties we owe to our superiors, our equals, and our inferiors give us a natural division of

[1] *Mahābhārata*, Shānti Parva, clxii. 9.
[2] *Bālabhārata*, Udyoga Parva, ii. 17.

Virtues and Vices, and all sub-classes grow out of these. Out of the emotion of love to our superiors grow all the virtues that are of the nature of Reverence. Those which grow out of the emotion of love to our equals are of the nature of Affection. Those which grow out of the emotion of love to our inferiors are of the nature of Benevolence.

Similarly with the vices that grow out of the emotion of hate; these show themselves to our superiors in forms of Fear, to our equals in forms of Anger, to our inferiors in forms of Pride.

In addition to the relations a man has with his surroundings, we must consider what a man should be in himself, apart from his surroundings, as an individual with certain qualities; these form the settled character of the man, and this general character will express itself in specialised virtues when it comes into contact with superiors, equals, and inferiors. This character should be the general expression of the love-emotion, controlled by the purified reason, and this character every man and woman, every boy and girl, must build up, if duty is to be righteously discharged, and life is to be made a blessing, not a curse, both to themselves and others.

'Self-regarding' Virtues

In a very real sense no Virtue is wholly 'self-regarding,' for no man can live wholly isolated from his fellows. But, conventionally, the virtues which concern the individual himself primarily, and only secondarily society, are classed under this head.

Among these, first and foremost comes Truth, the foundation of all virtues, Truth in thought, in word, and in act. Well may all join in the sublime invocation:

> O True of promise, True of purpose, triply True, the Fount of Truth, and dwelling in the True, the Truth of Truth, the Eye of Right and Truth, Spirit of Truth, refuge we seek in Thee.[1]

[1] *Viṣṇu-Bhāgavata Purāṇa*, x. ii. 26.

"Thy law is the Truth,"[1] sings the Psalmist. "By mercy and truth iniquity is purged,"[2] declares the wise King. "They who know Truth in truth, and untruth in untruth, arrive at Truth, and follow true desires,"[3] says the Buḍḍha. "Lie not one to another,"[4] urges the Apostle. "No man is true," says the Prophet, "in the truest sense of the word, but he who is true in word, in deed, and in thought."[5] "Truth is the eternal Brahman. . . Everything rests on Truth."[6]

Where Truth permeates the character it shows itself in all the relations of life as truthfulness, uprightness, honesty, integrity, righteousness, justice, impartiality, giving rise to trust, confidence, and mutual respect, and building a stable society.

"It must never be forgotten that no character can be virtuous which has not Truth for its basis, and that no character can be base when Truth is preserved unsullied. It is the root of all true manliness, the glory of the hero, the crown of the virtuous, the preserver of the family, the protection of the State. Falsehood undermines alike the home and the nation, poisons the springs of virtue, degrades and pollutes the character. The liar is always weak and always despicable; scorn and contempt follow him. For the building up of character, truth is the sure foundation."[7]

The next great virtue of the individual character is SELF-CONTROL, which leads to the nice balance, equilibrium and dignity which mark the well-evolved man. Self-Control implies the recognition by the man that he is the Spirit, not the body, and that he rules the matter which he has appropriated for his own purposes. "Action is born of mind, speech and body,"[8] and each

[1] *Psalms*, cxix. 142.
[2] *Proverbs*, xvi. 6.
[3] *Dhammapada*, i. 12.
[4] *Colossians*, iii. 9.
[5] *The Sayings of Muhammad*, 27, p. 6.
[6] *Mahābhārata*, Shānti Parva, clxii. 5.
[7] *Sanātana Dharma Advanced Text Book*, pp. 302, 303.
[8] *Manusmṛti*, xii. 3.

of these must be brought under control, and their energies held in due submission, in order to ensure Right Activity. Control of the mind can be gained only by meditation, by persevering effort, by cultivating the habit of attention, by concentrating the thought on the task of the moment in daily life. It is at once the most difficult and the most necessary of achievements, and nothing in the character is securely and permanently established so long as the mind is not under steady control. Control of speech—speech which is truthful, courteous, gentle, suitable, unwounding, pleasant, useful, necessary—will follow fairly easily on control of mind; useless, aimless chattering, so common in modern society, is an abuse of speech; it scatters the mental energies, weakens the intellectual fibres, and slips readily into gossip, ungenerous criticism and slander. Control of the body includes control of the senses and of all the organs; it implies attention to the laws of health and of cleanliness—to keep in the best possible health is a duty to society as well as to ourselves; it demands the fitting of diet to the needs of the body and its work, the avoidance of excess of every kind—in food, drink, sex-relations, sleep, work, exercise; it requires courtesy and good manners, manners which are nicely fitted to the varied occasions of life. The self-restraint and urbanity of good breeding is a valuable social asset, and it forms part of the control of the body.

CHEERFULNESS and CONTENT are of great importance, alike as being the condition of happiness for the individual, and as shedding happiness on all who surround him. Content implies belief in the Good Law, in the justice and love of God; it diminishes inevitable suffering, and deprives misfortune of its sting. Truly says the wise King of Israel: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,"[1] and: "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance; but by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken."[2] Even under

[1] *Proverbs*, xvii. 22.
[2] *Ibid.* xv. 13.

favorable circumstances, the discontented is unhappy, while even in the midst of trials the contented is bright and peaceful. Who does not know the difference felt on the entry of a person who is like a ray of sunshine, and of one who is "a wet blanket"? Unselfishness makes cheerfulness while selfishness breeds gloom. "Let one who desires happiness be controlled, and take refuge in perfect content; content is verily the root of happiness, the opposite the root of sorrow."[1]

HARMLESSNESS is the characteristic of the man who is growing towards perfection, the man who is "the friend of every creature". This has ever been the mark of the greatest Teachers of mankind; "Holy, harmless, undefiled," is the description of the Christ given in the *Epistle to the Hebrews*;[2] "Having compassion on creatures," is said of the Buddha;[3] "Harmlessness is the highest duty" declared Bhīshma.[4] Such harmless Beings, the embodiments of love, carry a benediction in their very presence; hurting none, injuring none, protecting all, they go to the PEACE.

ANNIE BESANT

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals; no one who holds the power of granting, can refuse it without guilt.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

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[1] *Manusmṛti*, iv. 12.
[2] *Loc. cit.* vii. 26.
[3] *Dhammikasutta*, 3.
[4] *Mahābhārata*, Anushāsana Parva, cxiv.

MAGIC IN OLD ATLANTIS

A youth is lying half asleep, half awake, on a grassy blank sloping down to a rippling brooklet. His face is perplexed, even anxious, the reflex of his troubled mind. He is the son of a wealthy and powerful family, belonging to the priesthood, the "Priesthood of the Midnight Sun," bowed to the service of the Gods of the Nether World, whom the priests sought in the gloom of night, in dark earth-caverns opening into passages that led down, down, into unknown depths.

At this time, the great civilised nations of Atlantis had drawn into two opposed camps: the one, looking to the ancient City of the Golden Gate as their sacred metropolis, maintained the traditional worship of their race, the worship of the Sun—the Sun in the beauty of his rising, clad in the bright colors of the dawning, encircled with the radiant youths and maidens of his court; the Sun in the zenith of his glory, the blazing strength of his mid-heaven, scattering abroad his brilliant rays of life and heat; the Sun in the splendid couch of his setting, touching into rarest softest hues the clouds he left as promise of his return. The people worshipped him with choral dances, with incense and with flowers, with joyous songs, and with offerings of gold and gems, with laughter and with minstrelsy, with joyous games and sports. Over these children of the Blazing Sun the White Emperor bore rule, and his race had for long millennia held unchallenged sway. But gradually the outlying kingdoms, ruled by his lieutenants, had become independent, and they were beginning to join together into a Federation, rallying round a man who had appeared among them, a remarkable but sinister figure.

This man, Oduarpa by name, ambitious and crafty by nature, had realised that, in order to give stability to the Federation and to make head against the White Emperor, it was necessary to call to his aid the resources of the darker magic, to make compact with the denizens of the Nether World, and to establish a worship which would attract the people by its sensuous pleasures, and by the weird unholy powers it placed within the reach of its adepts. He had himself, by such compact, extended his life over an abnormal period, and had rendered himself impervious to spear or sword-thrust by materialising a metallic coating over his body, which turned weapons aside as would a shirt of mail. He aimed at supreme power, and was in a fair way to reach it, and he dreamed of himself as sitting crowned in the palace of the City of the Golden Gate.

The father of our youth was among the most intimate of his friends, and privy to his most secret designs, and both hoped that the lad would devote himself to the forwarding of their ambitions. But the youth had dreams and hopes of his own, nourished silently within his own heart; he had seen in the visions of the night the stately figure of a captain of the White Emperor, had gazed into his deep compelling eyes, had heard, as from afar, his words: "Mazpa, thou art mine, of my people, and surely thou shalt come to me, and know thyself as mine. Pledge not thyself to mine enemies, thou who art mine." And he had vowed himself his subject as vassal to his lord.

Of this was Mazpa thinking, as he lay musing by the stream. For another influence was playing upon him, and his blood ran hotly in his veins. Ill-pleased at this indifference to their worship—nay, at his shrinking from it, even in its outward rites of animal sacrifice and poured-out oblations of strong drink—his father and Oduarpa had conceived the plan of drawing him into the secret mysteries by the allurements of a maiden, dark and beauteous as the midnight sky star-studded, who loved him

deeply, but had so far failed to win his young heart with her charms. Between her dusky brilliant eyes and his half-fascinated gaze would float the splendid face of his vision, and he would hear again the thrilling whisper: "Thou art mine."

At length, however, she had so far won him—persuaded to the task by her mother, a veritable witch-hag, who had told her that thus alone might she gain his love—as to obtain from him a promise that he would accompany her to the underground caves in which the magical rites were performed, which drew the denizens of the Nether World from their retreats, and gained from them the forbidden knowledge which changed the human into the animal form, thus giving opportunity for free play to the passions of the brute hidden in man, passions of lust and slaughter. Cyndaka had played upon his heart with skill taught by her own passion, and had fanned his indifference into fire, not enduring, indeed, but warm while it lasted. And to-day the passion was hot upon him, and the power of her allurements swayed him. For she had just left him, after coaxing him to promise to meet her after sunset near the caverns where the mysteries were performed, and he was struggling between his longing to follow her, and his repulsion from the guessed-at scenes in which he would be expected to take part. The sun sank below the horizon and the sky darkened while still Mazpa lay musing; with a shudder he started to his feet, but now his mind was made up, and he turned his steps towards the *rendezvous*.

To his surprise a considerable company was gathered at the spot; his father was there with his priestly friends, and Cyndaka with a crescent moon on her head, the sign of the bride, and a band of maidens round her, all clad in gauzy star-spangled raiment through which the brown lithe limbs gleamed duskily; a band of youths of his own age, among whom he recognised his nearest friends, were also waiting, with spotted skins of animals for raiment,

and light cymbals which they clashed as they danced round him like fauns.

"Hail, Mazpa!" they cried, "favorite of the dark Sun, child of the Night! See where thy Moon and her Stars await thee. But first thou must win her from us, her defenders."

Suddenly she was whirled away in the midst of the dancers and vanished in the darkness of the cavern yawning wide in front, and Mazpa was seized, stripped of his garments, a skin like that of the rest thrown over him, and intoxicated, maddened, he fled in her pursuit, amid laughter and cheers: "Hey! young hunter, be swift, lest the hounds pull down thy deer!"

After a few minutes Mazpa, with the shouting crowd at his heels, had raced through the outer caverns, and had reached a vast hall, blazing with crimson light. In the midst rose a huge canopy, red in color and studded with great carbuncles, that tossed back the light like splashes of fiery blood; beneath the canopy a copper throne, inlaid with gold, and before it a yawning gulf, out of which flashed tongues of flame, lurid and roaring. Heavy clouds of strange incense filled the air, intoxicating, maddening.

The rush swept him onwards, and he was caught up into a wild tumultuous whirl of dancers, who shouted, yelled, sprang into the air in wild bounds, circling round the canopied throne, and crying: "Oduarpa! Oduarpa! Come, we are craving for thee!"

A low roll of thunder crept muttering round the cavern, growing louder and louder, and ending in a tremendous clap just over head; the flames leapt up, and amid them rose the mighty form of Oduarpa, steel-grey in his magic sheathing, stern, majestic, with his face grave, even sad as that of a fallen Archangel, but strong with unbending pride and iron resolution. He took his seat on the throne, where he sat throughout all that followed silent

and sombre, taking no part in the riot; he waved his hand, and the mad orgy recommenced, the wildest dancers bathing in the flames which lapped over the edges of the gulf, and tossed themselves into the air. Mazpa had caught sight of Cyndaka in the midst of the youths and the girls, and he raced, mad with excitement, in her direction; she eluded him, her escort baffled him, he touched her only to see her whirled out of his reach. At last, panting, wild, he made a desperate rush, and the escort fled with screams of laughter, each youth with a girl, and he leapt on Cyndaka and clasped her in his arms.

Wilder and wilder grew the revel; slaves bearing huge pitchers of strong drink appeared, accompanied by others with goblets. Madness of drink was added to madness of motion, and the lurid lights sank low into twilight of redness.

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But see! out of the passage whence emerged Oduarpa, comes a wild procession; hairy bipeds, long-armed and claw-footed, with animals' heads, and manes streaming over shoulders, horrent, appalling, non-human yet horribly human. They hold in their clawlike hands phials and boxes, and as they mingle with the wildest dancers they give these to the revellers most mad with drink and lust. These smear over their limbs the ointment in the boxes, drink the contents of the phials, and lo! they drop senseless, huddled on the ground, but from each huddled heap there springs an animal form, snarling, ravening, and vanishes from the cavern into the darkness of the outside night.

The bright Gods help the wayfarers who meet these bedevilled astral materialisations, fierce and conscienceless as animals, cruel and crafty as men! But the bright Gods are sleeping, and only the hosts of the Midnight Sun, ghosts, goblins, and all evil things

are abroad. The creatures return, their jaws dripping with blood, their hides draggled with filth, ere morning dawns, and crouching on the huddled forms on the floor of the cavern sink into them and disappear.

Such orgies as these were held from time to time, Oduarpa using them to increase his hold upon the people, and he established similar rites at many places, making himself the central figure in all, becoming a veritable object of worship, and gradually welding the people together in allegiance to himself, until he became the acknowledged Emperor. His relations with the inhabitants of the Nether World—called in latter days the "Kingdom of Pan"—gave him much additional power, and he had trusted lieutenants, bound to him by their common knowledge of, and participation in, the ghastly abominations of that realm —ever prompt to carry out his commands.

He finally succeeded in assembling a very large army and began his march against the White Emperor, directing his course towards the City of the Golden Gate. He hoped to overawe and conquer, not only by fair assault of arms, but by the terror that would be spread by his hellish allies, and the ghastly transformations of the black wizards into animal forms. He himself had a body-guard of magic animals round him, powerful desire-forms materialised into physical bodies, who guarded him and devoured any who approached him with hostile intent. When a battle was raging, and the issue doubtful, Oduarpa would suddenly loose against his foes his horde of demoniacal allies, who would rush into the fray, tearing with teeth and claws, and spread panic among the startled hosts. When his enemies broke into flight, he would send these swift demons in pursuit, and the troops of wizards would likewise take animal forms, gorging themselves on the bodies of the slain.

Thus he fought his way onwards, till he came near the City of the Golden Gate, where the last army of the

White Emperor lay embattled. Mazpa had fought as a soldier in the army, partly under a spell, and yet awake enough to be sick at heart at his surroundings, and Cyndaka with other ladies had accompanied the camp. The day of the decisive battle dawned; the imperial army was led by the White Emperor himself, and the right wing of the army was under the command of his most trusted captain, Yoapa. During the preceding night, Mazpa had been visited once more by his early vision, and had heard the well-loved voice: "Mazpa, thou art fighting against thy true lord, and to-morrow wilt thou meet me, face to face. Break thou thy rebel sword and yield thee to me; thou shalt die by my side, and it shall be well."

And so indeed it happed. For in the fierce shock of battle, as the imperial troops were giving way, the Emperor slain, Mazpa saw, struggling gallantly against overwhelming odds, the face of his vision, the captain Yoapa. With a cry he sprang forward, breaking his sword in two, and catching up a spear, he threw himself at Yoapa's back, fiercely thrusting through a soldier who struck at Yoapa from behind. At that moment Oduarpa charged up, mad with fury, and struck Yoapa down, and with a cry that rang across the field, he summoned Cyndaka, by swift spell changing her into a fierce animal, which rushed with bared fangs at Mazpa, fainting from loss of blood. But in the very act, the love which had been her life cried out from Cyndaka's soul, and wrought her rescue! for its strong flow changed into loving woman the form of ravening hate, and with a dying kiss on Mazpa's dying face she breathed away her life.

And that night, while yet the human animals roamed over the battle-field, devouring and snarling, Oduarpa, enthroned on a pile of corpses, was crowned Emperor of the City of the Golden Gate.

ANNIE BESANT

SAVED BY A GHOST

CHAPTER I

Explanatory

I, Victor King-Norman, am an old man now, and the events of my boyhood, of which I am about to write, lie half-a-century behind me. But even now it is painful to recall them, and I should not have disinterred them from the grave of time and renewed their vivid sensations, but for a request from a Theosophical leader whose wish is law to me. In obedience to that command I tell my tale, suppressing only the true names of some of the actors in the drama.

My father, Norman King-Norman, had been a man of considerable reputation in London in his youth, in the days of King William IV of somewhat inglorious memory. After he married my mother he disappeared altogether from the London firmament of which he had been a luminary, and lived all the year round at Norman Hall, his ancestral home in the north country.

When railways began to be heard of, he was keenly interested in them, foresaw a magnificent future for them, and invested much of his fortune in them. When I was thirteen years of age he had become the leading director of a certain railway then in course of construction in South America, and in connexion with it he found it necessary to visit that continent—a much more serious voyage in those days of paddle-wheel steamers than it is now.

He took with him his family, consisting of my mother, myself, and my younger brother Gerald—a child of about

seven years. We took a house at the seaport town which was the terminus of the railway, and resided there during the greater part of our stay in the country; but my father's business frequently took him into the interior, to the unfinished part of the line. I believe that the contractors found themselves unable for some reason to carry on the work, and that consequently my father, on behalf of the Company, practically took the completion of the line out of their hands; at any rate, whether I am correct as to the business details or not, I know that after the first few months his absences from the town were frequent and prolonged. On several of these expeditions I was, to my great delight, permitted to accompany him; and once, on the memorable occasion whose history I am about to relate, my little brother Gerald was also allowed to join the party. The mother's anxious eye had detected—or she fancied so—some slight sign of diminished strength in the little boy; and it was thought that the entire change of life involved in a few days camping-out "up country" would be beneficial to him.

Before I can make my story intelligible to those who have not lived in South America, it will be necessary for me briefly to explain the social condition of that marvellous continent. There are—or were at the time of which I speak—four principal races among the inhabitants of that part of the country in which lies the scene of my tale. First came the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese conquerors—a haughty, indolent race; a race courtly and hospitable, by no means without its good qualities, but yet one whose strongest characteristic was an immeasurable contempt (or the affectation of it) for all other races whatsoever.

Next came the Red Indians—the earlier lords of the soil; of these many tribes had adopted a kind of squalid semi-civilisation, but many others were still savages untamed and untamable—men who regarded work of any kind as the deepest degradation—who hated the white

man with a traditional, unrelenting hatred, and (strange though it may seem) more than reciprocated the boundless contempt of the blue-blooded hidalgo of Spain. It will no doubt be incomprehensible to many of us that a half-naked savage can entertain any other feeling than envy for our superior civilisation, however much he may dislike us ; but I can only say that the quite genuine and unaffected feeling of the Red Indian towards the white man is pure and unmitigated contempt. It is not flattering to our self-love, but it is absolutely true for all that ; and an uncomfortable suspicion *will* sometimes creep in that there are aspects of the case in which his feeling is—well, not so very unreasonable.

Third came the Negro race—no inconsiderable portion of the population, and chiefly in a state of slavery, though the Government was doing all in its power to remove that curse from its territories ; and last and worst came what were called the half-breeds or half-castes—a mixed race which seemed, as mixed races sometimes do, to combine all the worst qualities of both its parent stocks. Indian, Spaniard, and Negro alike despised them ; and they in turn regarded all alike with a virulent hatred. So strong were these feelings that, when it came to enlistment in the army, the other races absolutely declined to serve in the same regiment with the half-castes, and these people therefore had to be drafted into regiments by themselves, so that there existed in the army regiments of both types, and their feelings towards each other were decidedly unfriendly.

At the time when my story begins these feelings of scarcely-veiled hostility had at last broken out into actual warfare. I forget what was made the excuse for the outbreak ; some orders which were given to the half-caste regiments offended their dignity in some way, and there was an open mutiny. Four of these regiments marched off under the leadership of a man named Martinez, an officer, not without a certain amount of ability, but bearing an atrociously bad reputation. He was popularly

credited with having broken over and over again every commandment in the decalogue ; but whether all this was true or fabulous, it was at least certain that he was a man of vicious temper and abominable cruelty. Nevertheless he was said to be a good though unscrupulous leader, and there was a certain dash about him which made men of his own race follow him.

The affair ought to have been nothing but a petty mutiny quickly suppressed, and indeed that was what the Government wished us to believe with regard to it. The Government of any South American State is usually in a rather precarious condition, and most of its subjects are generally ready on very slight provocation to make an attempt to overturn it ; so the disaffection spread and became quite a rebellion. In the part of the country where we were, little was known of the movements of the insurgents ; and, as I have said, it was the policy of the Government to minimise the whole affair and assure us that it was quite unimportant. Later, when everything was over, it transpired that Martinez had concocted a plot of considerable ingenuity, and had contrived by all kinds of specious promises to induce several of the savage Indian tribes to join him. The two parties to this precious conspiracy were each playing false with the other ; the idea of the half-breeds was to utilise the Indians to help them to massacre the whites, and then to turn upon their partners and murder them in turn, and thus consolidate their power. The idea of the Red Indians on the other hand was that they could utilise the mutinous regiments to help them to drive the white men into the sea, after which it would be quite easy to massacre the half-breeds, and so regain the country for themselves.

It never occurred to us that any danger from the insurgents could menace our little expedition into the interior. Whatever fighting there was, was going on some hundreds of miles to the south, and the whole of our part of the country was perfectly free from it. But

nevertheless we were destined to see much more of the struggle than we wanted, as my story will presently show.

The railway line ran through great tracts of primeval forest; and a South American forest is like no other in the world. Trees two hundred feet high and wide-spreading in proportion, literally one mass of blazing color; domes of blue or scarlet or orange, and great creepers, thick as a man's leg, hanging from tree to tree, extending often for hundreds of feet, and covered with flowers even more splendid than those of the trees themselves. It was a favorite game with the children to choose each one of these giant creepers, and try in spite of its entanglements to trace it out to its end—the boy who had chosen the longest creeper being of course the winner. It was a veritable fairyland, unequalled in its marvellous beauty, but much too thickly inhabited for human comfort.

Precisely because men are so few, the non-human inhabitants flourish to a degree unknown elsewhere, and a large proportion of them are dangerous to man. Splendid creatures, many of them, but distinctly uncomfortable neighbors. The jaguar, more beautiful and kingly-looking even than the royal tiger of India, but equally dangerous; the boa-constrictor, the largest snake in the world, often thirty feet long and as thick as a man's thigh; the alligator, deadly as the shark of the ocean, swarming in every river and pool; all these and many other creatures make the conditions of human life somewhat arduous in those marvellous South American forests.

Full of birds, too, are they, alive with colors equalling those of the flowers; parrots of all kinds; huge screaming macaws, painted crudely and gorgeously in scarlet and blue and yellow; tiny humming-birds, no larger than the humble-bee, but glowing with ruby and emerald like actual living jewels; hundreds of varieties all resplendent in hue, but songless, except for the deep ringing bell-like note of the *campanero*; all kinds of strange-looking creatures, wondrous in color but always with something bizarre about them, something unlike what is seen in any other land.

But it is the insect world above all others which forces itself upon the attention of a visitor, and usually unpleasantly. The tarantula and the scorpion are its aristocracy—not properly insects at all; huge ants, in countless millions, which start out upon mysterious migrations and turn aside for nothing; chigoes, uncomfortable little creatures which get under one's toe-nails and lay tiny little bags full of eggs, which have to be cut out by the servants each evening before one goes to bed. Assuredly the insect world is ever with us, and we usually wish that it was not.

Nevertheless, there was little of danger about our invasion of these primeval forests, for we were undertaking it under unusually favorable conditions. The small army of laborers who were working at the end of the line gave us the advantage of company. None of the larger wild beasts would come into the neighborhood of so great a crowd of men, and we learnt by dire experience how to deal with the smaller beasts. Along with us as a kind of valet and general guardian came our faithful negro servant Tito. He had been presented to us as a slave, but we had freed him, and consequently he was overflowing with gratitude.

The railway was a mere trench cut through the forest, almost in a straight line, for at this stage no intermediate station had as yet been erected, and though it passed in the neighborhood of several villages none of them were actually in sight from it, so there was nothing to prevent a clear run. I remember on one occasion, a few weeks before that of which I am writing, I had myself a very exciting experience on that same line. One day, when we were away at the end of the line just seventy-five miles from the terminus, news reached us through the arrival of a brother of one of the laborers

that very serious defalcations had taken place in the office at the terminus, and that the defaulting cashier was departing with his plunder by a certain steamer bound for Europe, which was due to start on that very day. The news arrived just an hour before the time for the sailing of the mail-steamer, and my father was in despair as to what to do. There were no telegraphs in those days, and a runner would take thirty hours to cover the distance, even going along the newly-made railway line.

We had an engine with us, but it was what is called a contractor's engine, not built for any high speeds; and even so, its regular driver was down that day with fever, and the young lad who was in charge of it, though he managed well enough to pull a few trucks up and down, was quite incapable of trying a record run with it. My father did not know how to manage the locomotive, and besides, it would have been a very serious matter for him to leave just then; but fortunately I, with a boy's fancy for machinery, had learnt to understand the engine pretty well, and had driven it many times, though only for short distances.

I at once offered to try to make the run in time to stop the steamer, and somehow felt certain that I could do it, although 'my' father thought it quite impossible. Moments were flying, however, and there was little time to discuss the matter, so he consented to my making the attempt, though he thought it foredoomed to failure. The engine had steam up, and a few moments sufficed to load it with coal, and make sure that its tanks were full; and then off I started, with the boy who had previously driven the engine as a fireman. The run was a most exciting one; I pushed that engine to its utmost speed, and it was fortunate for me that on the whole the line was fairly straight, for I was in no mood to slacken much for curves. Suffice it to say that I did the distance in the time, though I arrived with the plates of the engine red-hot.



As soon as we reached the terminus, I jumped off and rushed up to the signal-tower on the hill, the official in charge of which was well known to me; and thankful I was to see the mail-steamer still lying in the bay, though she was even already getting up her anchors. Under my instructions, my friend the official at once ran up a signal imperatively calling upon the steamer to wait. Meantime I ran down the hill to the port authorities, and very soon a boat with quite an imposing array of police and other officials was being rowed out rapidly towards the steamer. These port officials knew my father well as the consignee of large cargoes of rails and other materials, and so when once I reached the place my task was an easy one. Even the captain of the steamer knew me, and when he understood the gravity of the emergency he forgave me for delaying him. The defaulting cashier was at once arrested in spite of his excited protests, and haled ashore to prison, all the money being duly recovered. I believe I considerably damaged that engine by reckless overdriving; but the amount at stake was large enough to condone that trifling irregularity.

It was my father's custom to have a small wooden cabin built for him out at the end of the line, and live in it for a few days until the line had been constructed to a point which he found inconveniently far from it. Then he would have another similar cabin erected a little further along. Wood was so abundant that it was not worth while to carry the logs from one such halting place to another, even though it was only a few miles further on. There were generally plenty of logs lying on the ground, so some trees could be quickly chopped down and a new cabin put up at the cost of very little labor. The usual plan was to choose logs perhaps a foot in diameter and split them in half longitudinally, and in this way a rough hut was made quite strong enough to keep out any wild beasts known

in that country, though there were of course many cracks between the logs, through which came plenty of light and air. Generally such a cabin was made without a window, but with a rough door—a door which had no hinges, but was kept in its place during the night by a heavy wooden bar which prevented it from falling inwards. In the daytime the door was laid aside and the empty place served as a window. My father had a rough table for his office work, and we sat about on stumps or lay on the floor, as fancy dictated.

CHAPTER II

Attacked by the Indians

On the day on which my story begins, this hut happened to be erected at one end of a sort of glade or open place in the forest. Behind and on each side of the hut, the forest was not more than twenty yards away, but in front of its door the glade sloped gently down to the banks of a little stream perhaps a hundred and fifty yards away. Away beyond that stream, but concealed from view from the hut by great clumps of trees and a rise in the ground, was the (end for the time being) of the railway, where a crowd of men were busily working. The men usually took a short siesta in the middle of the day, according to the custom of the country, and we sometimes tried to do so too; but, not being used to it, I at least could never get to sleep. This siesta was still in progress, though if I recollect rightly, it was about the time of its conclusion. My father sat writing at his table; I lay on the floor reading a story, and little Gerald was playing some childish game away in a corner. The servant Tito was away about some of his work; at any rate he was not in the cabin or visible from it.

Suddenly the quiet of tropical noon was broken by a volley of rifle-shots—a most astounding phenomenon, for so far as we knew there was not a rifle except our own within fifty miles at least. We

sprang to our feet, and my father went to the door and looked out down the glade. As I have said, the spot where the men were working was not actually visible from our door; so, as there was nothing unusual to be seen, my father took his rifle from the corner where it leaned, and started to see what was the matter. I snatched up my rifle also—for I also had one; in that wild country even little Gerald never went out without his tiny revolver struck in his belt, and I habitually carried a brace of Colts, and took a rifle with me whenever I went out for a walk. And these precautions were by no means unnecessary, for, to say nothing of human inhabitants, dangerous wild animals came down quite close to the houses even on the outskirts of the town. Why, one morning I saw—but that is another story, as Rudyard Kipling so often says.

We were hardly outside the door when one of our laborers appeared from behind the clump of trees near the stream, running wildly. When he saw us he uttered a shout, but we could not understand what he said, and before he had time to speak again another rifle-shot rang out, and he threw up his arms and fell dead. Immediately there burst into view at the bottom of the glade a great crowd of painted savages, who waved their weapons and emitted blood-curdling yells. Several shots were fired at us, but fortunately we were untouched, and we at once retired into the hut and put the door into its place, slipping in the heavy bar behind it. Then quite calmly my father remarked to me, as I stood there with my rifle still in my hand:

"You take the crack to the left of the door, and I will take this on the right. Rifles first; then pistols. We must kill as many as we can before they can reach the hut. Steady, now; we cannot afford to miss."

We had not then the quick-firing guns of the present day; but still ten of those Red Indians fell before they had come more than half-way up the rise. Some word of command was

shouted, and in an instant they dashed into cover at each side of the glade, and for the moment disappeared from our sight. Still watching through the crack, my father said:

"This gives us a moment's respite. Load again; have everything ready, and all your ammunition where you can reach it in a moment. They will be on us again directly."

"But, father," said I, "who are they, and what is it all about, and why do they come here attacking us in this mad way? We have done them no harm."

"I don't know, my boy," he said; "and, as far as I can see, it does not seem very likely that we ever shall know, because whatever they want, and however they come here, we cannot hope to hold this place against a crowd like that; and all that we can do is to sell our lives as dearly as possible. We are a hundred miles from the nearest help, and long before it can get here they will have disposed of us. I should not care for that, but that we have little Gerald with us. Why in the world did I bring him just this time and no other? and then *this* must happen!"

"What do you suppose has become of the men—the laborers?" said I.

"They must have been all killed," replied my father, "in that volley that we heard. That is clear, because if any were left they would certainly have run in this direction, to try to take refuge with us."

"But I do not see why they should kill them, or why they come after us," I objected.

"No," said my father, "I do not understand it either; but at least this is certain, that they are in their war-paint, and that always means they have started out with the intention to kill, and that they will fight to the death. No one can tell the reasons on which these barbarians act."

At this moment we were interrupted by another loud yell, and the whole band of savages, who had come closer to us under cover of the forest, rushed out upon us simultaneously from both sides. Man after man fell, but they dashed up to the hut bravely enough, and threw themselves against the door. Fortunately the bar held, and, as they soon saw that they could do nothing to us, and were absolutely exposed to our fire, with another great shout they dashed back again into shelter.

So far we had escaped unhurt, while quite a number of corpses lay round the hut, for even little Gerald had taken his part bravely, and had shot at least two of the savages, besides wounding another. On my side one fierce-looking fellow had thrust the muzzle of his rifle through one of the cracks. I leaped to one side, seized it just as he discharged it, and fired my revolver over it straight into the face of its owner, who fell back with a groan, leaving the rifle projecting through the crack.

His shot filled the hut with smoke, but otherwise did us no harm. When they had fled into the woods I wanted to unbolt the door in order to take in that rifle, but my father would not allow it, saying that the Indians were certainly watching us from the woods, and that it would be an unnecessary exposure. Also he pointed out that the rifle would be of no use to us, even after we got it, as we were already armed and our ammunition would not fit it. It was a queer old muzzle-loader, fired with a percussion cap, and would certainly, as my father said, have been of no use to us; yet I relinquished that trophy with great reluctance, even though I knew quite well that the probabilities were that we should never live to exhibit it to anybody. So we pushed the rifle out, and let it fall among the bodies outside.

We had repulsed the attack, certainly, and so far we were unhurt, while the enemy had suffered considerable loss. We had gained but a barren victory, however,

and we were under no illusions as to the gravity of our situation. We had with us a fair supply of ammunition, and, entrenched as we were, behind—not boards, but—heavy logs which were bullet-proof, we might possibly hold our own against another such attack or even several such, though a chance bullet might at any moment find its way through a crack and lay one of us low. But we had no food whatever (save, I think, half a box of biscuits); and, worse still, we had only a half-emptied bottle of water. Our meals were under ordinary circumstances cooked for us by the missing Tito, but his primitive culinary arrangements were usually made out in the open or under a tree, and such stores of food as we had with us were kept with other stores down in the sheds near the railway line, so that if the savages chose simply to sit down and besiege us, there could be only one end to the affair.

Our conversation, as may be imagined, was not very hopeful. One thing alone seemed to occupy my father's mind—regret that he had brought my younger brother into this terrible position, and sorrow for the shock that the little boy's inevitable death must produce upon his loving mother. We speculated ceaselessly as to why these Indians were attacking us, and (more practically) as to what they were likely to do next, though the answers to these questions could hardly have been of any great importance to us. Whatever were their reasons, that they were going to kill us seemed certain. There appeared to be not the slightest loop-hole of escape, and absolutely the only thing that we could do on our side was to make the inevitable result as difficult for them as possible, and to exact from them as heavy a price for their victory as lay in our power.

Now ensued a long period of waiting, which was far more trying to our nerves (to mine at least) than the exciting time of the attack. All was silent in the forest around us, but unfortunately we knew well that

that silence did not indicate that the Indians had abandoned us. After a long time, indeed, we heard a sound of chopping, and marvelled much what our enemies might be doing. Presently we discovered the meaning of the sound, for quite suddenly—in a flash, as it were—the silence changed into a pandemonium of sound, the savages rushing yelling upon the hut once more, madly and uselessly discharging their rifles at it as they ran forward. As before, we fired as rapidly as we could, and had already accounted for several of the attacking party, when my father shouted across to me:

"Here, this way. Aim only at those men with the log."

Then I saw that six or eight of the Indians were carrying between them a huge log, which they evidently intended to use as a battering-ram to break in our door, which no doubt with so great a weight they could easily have done. But, though they had only some twenty yards to bring the thing, it did not reach us; my father's quick grasp of their intention foiled their plan for this time, at any rate, for we concentrated the fire of our revolvers upon those who were bearing the tree-trunk, and when they had gone half the distance already half of them were down, and the remainder found the weight too great for them. Others sprang forward bravely to take their places, but they were too late to catch the falling log, and when once it lay on the ground it was death for any man to approach it. Once more our assailants broke and fled in confusion. Once more we were left to exult over a temporary victory, and quite a pile of bodies lay upon and around their battering-ram.

This time, however, we had had the narrowest of escapes, for while my father and I were concentrating our attention upon those who surrounded the battering-ram, another plumed warrior had crept to the back of the hut, thrust the muzzle of his gun through a crack, and fired it at us from behind. He missed us, though

but by a hair's breadth, and we found the bullet [illegible] wards, embedded in one of the logs by the door. Little Gerald had seen him and fired at him; indeed it is probable that it was his shrill shout of warning which deflected the Indian's aim. Gerald reported that he had not killed the man, but only wounded him, for though he staggered back and seemed badly hurt, he was yet able to crawl off into the forest. Our foes had lost heavily in their three attempts to capture us, but we knew that that would make them all the more determined that we should on no account escape.

Now there began for us a period of the most trying suspense. Hour after hour passed by, and nothing whatever occurred. We could not hope that they had given up their prey; we knew well enough that their chiefs had been dismayed by the slaughter of their men, and that they had decided to wait until darkness gave them a better opportunity. For myself, I know that I wished that they would attack us again, that they would continue attacking us, for anything seemed to me to be better than that dreadful waiting for certain death. Of course we speculated as to where poor Tito was, and how they had killed him; as to how the attack upon the workmen had been arranged; and what had happened to the foreman, a big powerful Scotchman, who must surely have been taken unawares, or he would have contrived to give a good account of almost any number of the savages. We thought of the mother at home and wondered whether any news of our fate would ever reach her, considering that there seemed to be no one left to tell the tale.

We were, I believe, what would be called religious people, yet I do not recollect that at this crisis of our fate we talked much about religious subjects. Once only, so far as I remember, did my father refer to such matters.

"Well, boys," he said, "you are young to have to die like this, before you have seen anything of life, and

I am sorry that I brought you with me. But it is no use being sorry; and who could have foreseen this? But remember we are in God's hands, and nothing can happen to us without His knowledge; and whatever is His will for us, somehow or other that is the best for us, and if we die bravely, as Englishmen should, you may be sure that somehow we are serving Him in doing it, and when we meet Him hereafter it will matter very little when or how we died, will it?"

And I think that, young as we were, we were inspired by his example, and we were chiefly comforted by the thought that at least we were dying together.

Time wore on, and at last the quick darkness of the tropics fell upon us. I think the strain of waiting had told upon us all. I know that I had several times caught myself nodding, and I think that little Gerald was, for a time at least, sound asleep; but my father never relaxed his watch for a moment. When the darkness had fallen, and the sounds of the tropical night were all around us, he gave us a few words of kindly encouragement, and for the first time made a suggestion which seemed to be inspired by the faintest gleam of hope.

"Boys," he said, "I do not know what they are doing, but if they do not show themselves soon I shall open the door as silently as possible, and we will try to slip off among the trees."

"But," I objected, "surely, father, they will be watching us on all sides."

"Yes," said my father, "most likely they are, but at least there is just a chance that we might get through. At the worst, if we fail, they can only kill us, and that is certainly what will happen to us if we stay here."

When he said this I was all on fire to try the experiment at once; but then came to me the awful thought that perhaps we might not all escape, but that one of us might be killed; and suppose that one should

be my father, what then should Gerald and I do? Or suppose it should be little Gerald, what use would my life be to me? I said nothing of these thoughts, but my enthusiasm for the plan was damped.

However, our ferocious enemies gave us no opportunity of putting it into execution. Suddenly out of the darkness came something like a stream of fire, and then in rapid succession another and another, and it seemed as though they fell upon the roof of our hut. For a moment we could not imagine what they were, but very soon the ingenuity of the savages dawned upon us. Though the walls of our hut were made of heavy half-logs deeply set in the ground, it was thatched only with palm-leaves. Our enemies had observed that vulnerable point, and were shooting on to the roof flaming arrows wrapped round with cotton steeped in oil. In a few moments our roof was in a blaze, the hut was filled with blinding smoke, and the flaming fragments were falling all about us. We had to spring upon these fragments and stamp them out, or we should have been roasted to death; and while we were thus fighting for our lives with the flames, the Indians ran to where their battering-ram had fallen, picked it up and charged with it. With a tremendous crash the door and its bar broke from their supports, and in a moment we were surrounded by our foes. We could hardly see through the smoke, but already most of the burning thatch had fallen, and the onrush of the savages trampled out the flames.

"Back to back," my father shouted, and in a moment somehow he and I and little Gerald were together in the centre of the hut, in the midst of an evil-smelling mass of red men, who seemed to be charging upon us simultaneously from all sides. Even then our pistols rang out, and I know that one or two at least went down upon my side; but I received a heavy blow upon the head from behind, and then I knew no more for a while of what was happening.

After a time (how long a time I have no means of knowing) I came to myself again; but, as it seems to me in trying to remember it, only very slowly and confusedly. At first I was conscious of a vague sense of pain, of a curious persistent jolting and a strong desire that the jolting would stop, and let me be at peace. It continued, however, and the sense of discomfort increased, and presently I became dimly conscious that I was moving in some way, or rather being carried in some peculiarly awkward and uncomfortable fashion. I think I had no memory for quite a long time of the fight or the Indians, or indeed of anything; and I may have remained in this condition of semi-stupor for a long period. It seemed like interminable ages to me, yet of course it may really have been but a few minutes (I have no means of knowing); but as my senses gradually re-asserted themselves, I felt that at intervals I was being roughly pushed and scratched and struck by something from above, while I was confined in some uncomfortable way from beneath.

I am trying to describe the sensations of my recovery as well as I can, and yet I cannot really express them, for it was all indescribably vague and cloudy, and I seemed quite incapable of assigning causes to these sensations, or of understanding what was happening to me. But somehow by degrees it dawned upon me that I was upon the back of a horse or a mule, that the horrible jolting was caused by his stumbling over what seemed to be very uneven ground, and that the blows and scratches came to me from the low hanging branches of the trees under which we were passing. I think it was when I had got about as far as this, that my consciousness seemed to return to me with a kind of jerk, to wake up again within me suddenly, and I realised that I was bound upon the back of this animal, that he was one of a large number of similar creatures, some of which were loaded with what seemed to be bales of goods, while others were ridden by the Indians. I saw

also that many Indians were all about us on foot. And then with a shock, memory fully returned to me, and I realised that I must have been stunned by a blow in the burning hut, and that instead of killing me on the spot these Indians were carrying me off as a prisoner.

We were pushing through the forest at a good speed, and there under the trees the darkness was impenetrable. But almost as soon as my senses had fully returned to me we came out into a sort of clearing, where I could dimly see the mob of mounted and running savages which surrounded me. My first thought was, "Is my father also a prisoner?" And I raised a shout of "Father!" At least I tried to make it a shout, though I dare say in reality it was but a feeble cry. A moment of terrible suspense, and then a great wave of thankfulness came over me as I heard his cheery voice exclaim in reply from somewhere amidst the dusky mass in front of me:

"Ha, my boy, you are alive then!" he cried; "are you much hurt?"

"No, I think not," I called in reply, "but my head feels queer. But are you hurt?"

I had only just time to hear "No" in reply, when an Indian thrust his face into mine and savagely told me to be silent, and at the same time I saw some sort of struggle taking place in front, which suggested that they were closing round my father and trying to keep him quiet also. The man who had checked me had spoken in a kind of bastard Spanish—half Spanish, half Portuguese, but spoken with a curious thick guttural accent that made it well-nigh incomprehensible; but when the ruffians round me spoke to one another, which was very rarely, they did so in some language of their own of which I knew nothing. I could chatter well enough with the negroes in the curious *lingua franca* which they speak, and I tried in that to ask the Indians around me where they were taking us, and where my little brother

was; but they either did not or would not understand me. At any rate they made no reply further than roughly to repeat the command to be silent when I tried to shout to my father once more. For some time after this I was in anxiety concerning the fate of little Gerald, but at last as we were crossing an open space I had the great joy of seeing him alive and apparently unhurt. A man who seemed of some consequence among the Indians was holding him in front of him as he rode, seated on the neck of his horse. I called to him at once to ask if he was hurt, and he called back:

"No, not much," and, I think, asked after me. But the man who was holding him shook him roughly and ordered him to be quiet. Now that my mind was relieved as to the fate of my father and brother, I had leisure to consider my own condition, and it certainly did not improve on consideration. I found that I had been stripped absolutely naked, that my wrists were fastened together tightly behind me, and that my ankles were secured by a rope or thong which passed under the body of my steed.

In front of me was some sort of pack or roll of blankets, and to this also I was bound, apparently by the rope which tied it on to the horse. In my insensible condition I suppose I must have lain on this roll, tied to it as though I had myself been simply another package; and even now that I had come to myself I was unable to sit up and ride properly, or to extend a hand to save myself from striking against the lower branches of the trees under which we passed. Altogether my position was a vilely uncomfortable one, and when I add to that the fact that my head ached abominably from the blow which had stunned me, it will readily be understood that I was not in especially good spirits.

As far as I was able to think connectedly, I believe that I spent most of my time in wondering about the situation in which we found ourselves. Who could these Indians be, and what could be their object in attacking

us so savagely as they had done, and yet after all in taking us prisoners instead of killing us off-hand? I knew well enough, from plenty of stories that I had heard, that it was not their custom to take prisoners; and though while there is life there is hope, and it was at least an unexpected boon that our lives had been spared so far, I must admit that the more I reflected upon our probable future the less I liked the prospect.

It seems incredible, in such a hideously uncomfortable position, but I believe that I must actually have slept, or at least dozed; for I remember nothing of the dawning, yet it was full daylight when my steed stopped with a jerk, which woke me to the consciousness that we were out of that interminable forest at last. To my intense surprise I saw before me, not the wigwams of the Indians, but what appeared to be the tents of an army; and with that sight there came upon me a sudden gleam of hope, which oddly enough turned me absolutely sick. If here were military tents, surely here also must be civilised men, and since these Indians, instead of killing us, had brought us to this place, was there not possibly some hope of escape after all? What it all meant I had no more idea than I had had before, but at least this was something quite different from the gruesome end to our ride which my fears had been prompting me to expect when I fell asleep.

CHAPTER III

At the Camp of Martinez

The Indians now began to unload the horses and to turn them out to graze, and among others they untied the rope that bound me to the bundle in front of me, and also that which fastened my ankles underneath the body of the horse. They did not, however, untie the cord which bound my wrists, and they simply dropped me on the ground among the other bales, and paid but little further attention to me. Perhaps it was just as well, for I hardly think that I could have stood upon my feet,

and I was well content to sit upon the ground for a while and try to steady my swimming head and stretch my cramped muscles.

My father and Gerald had also been dismounted with a similar lack of ceremony, but a man stood on each side of my father as he sat on the ground, and though no actual endeavor to bind us was made beyond the fastening of the wrists, it was quite evident that we were carefully guarded, and that the Indians had no intention of neglecting us, or giving us any opportunity of slipping away from them.

Still, they did not prevent my father from walking over to where I lay and sitting down on the ground beside me, though his guards followed him closely. My father spoke authoritatively to such as appeared to be the chief men among the Indians, demanding in his best Spanish (which I must admit was barely intelligible) what they meant by seizing us in this way, by stripping us of our clothes, and generally treating us thus disgracefully. The Indians, however, took no notice—possibly because they really did not understand; though they must have known in a general way what he was saying, for presently they threw over us a couple of dirty *ponchos*. Now in that part of the world the *poncho* of "an" Indian was nothing but a blanket with a hole in the middle, through which the proud possessor put his head; so regarded as garments these things were distinctly inadequate, but at least they were enormously better than nothing, though we made many grimaces at their filthiness. My father proclaimed his intention of going to the nearest of the tents, and trying to open up communication with some civilised being; but this the Indians would not permit, and they were evidently prepared to use force if necessary to detain us where we were. So we soon agreed that it was better for us to remain quiet and let circumstances develop themselves, since it seemed reasonably evident that the Indians did not mean to kill

us or further to ill-treat us, and it was also clear that the camp was not yet awakened, for no one was moving about but a few sentinels.

The nearest tent to us was a large one, which was set quite apart from the others, higher up than they, and close to the edge of the forest. I remember it occurred to me that the scene in front of us had a certain resemblance to the little glade in which our hut had been erected, except that it was on a much larger scale. The forest lay behind us, and the larger tent which I have described stood with its back to it, something in the same way as our cabin had done. Down before it stretched a wide plain covered with the tents of the soldiers, and far away at the bottom I could see the gleaming waters of a stream. It was not difficult to infer that this must be the tent of the general, or whatever the officer in charge of this body of troops was called, for a special sentinel marched up and down a short beat in front of it.

In a few minutes appeared a tall Indian with a magnificent plume of feathers, whom I at once recognised as having been among those who attacked us the night before. Indeed, as he came nearer, and I could look at him more closely, I realised that I had seen him once before that also, though as he had then been dressed merely in the ordinary Indian fashion, I did not know him again at first in his war-paint and feathers. He had been pointed out to me in the streets of the town as a man of great power but exceedingly bad reputation, one who claimed the position of chief over all the Indians in that part of the country. He called himself by the name Antinahuel, which means, I am told, "the tiger of the sun," and he claimed descent from the ancient Incas of Peru. My information had been to the effect that there was in reality no foundation whatever for this claim, and that it was not recognised by the Peruvian Indians. Indeed, when in Peru I had myself seen the man who was accepted as the legitimate descendant, and while I have

no means of deciding between the rival claimants, I may at least say that that man looked gentle, dignified and kingly, while this man had a face which, though powerful, was full of revolting cruelty.

I was by no means reassured by my recognition of Antinahuel, for if half that I had heard of him was true, I could only wonder that after having fallen into his hands we were still alive. Still, we *were* alive, and the tents were evidence that we had some one else to deal with besides this relentless savage, so we waited with what patience we could. From the frequent glances directed by our guards and the others at the large tent, it seemed probable that we were waiting for someone to come out; perhaps for the general of this force to awaken. Presently, by degrees, the camp arose from its slumbers, and we saw frowsy-looking soldiers coming out of the various tents and talking together. We noticed at once that there was an absence of the discipline which one would naturally have expected—that the men were not all roused at once by a *reveillé*, but that they just seemed to wake as they chose. None of them, however, took any notice of us, or came up the hill to inspect us, from which we argued that they must be thoroughly accustomed to seeing the Indians in their war-paint —a sight which ordinarily would have instantly roused half-caste or Spanish natives into the wildest excitement.

Presently we could make out that some men dressed as officers were amongst the others, and a semblance of order began to show itself, some men trooping off down to the river with buckets. After a time, one who seemed to be a sort of leader among the Indians went down into the camp, and we saw him in conversation with one of the higher officers. After some few minutes' talk, they walked up the hill together and approached what we supposed to be the general's tent. Exchanging some pass-word with the sentry, who saluted him, the officer raised the flap of the tent and passed inside.

After an interval he came out again, accompanied by a choleric-looking little man who had evidently just been roused from sleep, and looked as though he resented it. He was dressed in a colonel's uniform, which, however, he wore in a slip-shod slovenly way. As he came out he was buckling his sword around his waist. As soon as he appeared, Antinahuel, who had, I suppose, been somewhere in the background all the time, came forward and exchanged with him a dignified salute.

We saw them speaking together, and it was evident from their glances in our direction that they were speaking of us. A crowd of soldiers was by this time gathering in that part of the camp nearest to us, apparently having realised that something unusual was going forward, but none of them ventured to approach very near to the tent, or to the group who were talking in front of it. The officer who had come up from the camp with the Indian turned towards them and shouted an order, and immediately four of his men came running up to him, received a few words of instruction, and then came quickly over to us, and motioned to us to rise and come with them. They did not touch us roughly in any way, but two of them ranged themselves one on each side of my father, another took charge of me and the fourth of little Gerald, and thus they marched us up before the little man, who was evidently the commander of this curiously undisciplined force.

We were certainly not very dignified in appearance; apart from our filthy *ponchos* we were absolutely naked, and not even decently clean; for the branches of the trees which had scratched and struck us as we rode hurriedly through them had covered us with smears and scratches, so that we presented a most disreputable appearance. Nevertheless, as soon as we were brought up before the commander, my father at once poured out upon him a most indignant complaint as to the way in which we had been treated, accused the Indians of the

slaughter of his workmen, and threatened the dire vengeance of the British Government on the heads of all concerned. His Spanish, as I have said, was distinctly faulty, and the effect of his outburst was much marred by the fact that at points where he became utterly explosive he generally had to turn to me for a word; for the fact was that, from running about perpetually among the negro and Indian servants, I knew more of the *patois* of the country than he did. The little commander heard his tirade to the end, and then began to speak in reply with, I must admit, a praiseworthy courtesy. He began by expressing his deep regret at the 'accident' that had happened to us, assuring us that it was all a mistake.

"A mistake!" roared my father; "then it is a mistake for which somebody will have to pay heavily. Perhaps you do not realise that a number of men have been killed, seventy, eighty, a hundred men!"

The little commander shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands, and assured us that no one could regret more than he the impetuosity of his Indian friends, but that in war these little mistakes would occasionally occur, and after all it was done, and it could not be undone.

My father was becoming more and more indignant, but he saw that this was not the time to discuss the question of eventual compensation or retribution, so he demanded that we should be instantly set free, and that our clothes should be returned to us, asserting that he was a British subject and did not propose to be treated in this way.

The little colonel, with a patience really wonderful for him, considering what kind of man he was, replied that all this should be done, but that there was a little ceremony—a mere nothing—which it was necessary that we should go through first. He said that he had often heard of the English, and heard wonderful stories of their prodigious valor, and that while he regretted deeply,

most deeply, that his Indian allies should have made the stupid error of mistaking us for Spaniards, and so putting us to all this deplorable inconvenience, yet on the other hand it was surely his good fortune which had brought us to him, in order that we might assist him in carrying out his plans.

He then gravely proceeded to offer to my father the command of one of the four regiments which he said he had with him, on consideration that we threw in our lot with him and took the oath of allegiance to him. He explained to us that he was General Martinez, and that the intolerable tyranny with which he and his race had been treated by the Spaniards had induced them to rise and throw off their yoke; that when this was done he himself intended to be the President or Dictator of the military republic which he should form, but he assured my father that in return for the help which he would now give him he should receive a high post in this State of the future.

The cool assurance of all this amused us even under those circumstances, but it also aggravated my father still further, and he contrived to make the gist of his answer exceedingly clear, in spite of his broken Spanish. He declared that he, as a foreigner, had nothing whatever to do with the local disturbances of the country, and that he absolutely declined to take part in them either on one side or the other; nor would he under any circumstances take the oath of allegiance to one who was an insurgent against the lawfully established Government of his country.

It appeared to me that the little commander was getting decidedly annoyed, and his hand began to trifle ominously with his sword-hilt; but still he kept his temper wonderfully, and explained to my father that he had absolutely no choice in the matter. He was grieved to insist, he said, but the fact was that he had stolen a march upon his enemies, that he had shaken off their pursuit

and had contrived, quite unknown to them, to move his regiments far to the north of where they were supposed to be, and that he intended to strike an unexpected blow at the town which was the terminus of our railway, descending upon it from the interior on the side where there were no fortifications, and taking its authorities entirely unawares. Now, through a concatenation of circumstances which no one could deplore more than he did, we had learned the secret of this plan of his, which must be known to no living person; and therefore (once more he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands) desolated though he was at the apparent interference with our liberty, he was absolutely compelled to put us instantly to death if we would not throw in our lot with him.

Still my father indignantly refused, asserting over and over again that as an Englishman he declined to take part in such affairs. The little commander's patience was rapidly giving out, and at last he spoke quite sharply and definitely:

"I can waste no more time, sir. You must choose at once; either you will swear fealty to me, according to our usual form, or you will die within the hour."

And he turned to his officer and ordered him to bring from his tent what was necessary for the taking of the oath. Two soldiers immediately brought out thence a little table, a large book, an inkstand and a pen, and at the same time the officer brought a large carved wooden crucifix—evidently stolen from some church—and threw it down on the ground in front of us.

In order to explain the presence of this last article I must mention one of the peculiarities of this formidable little man. Whatever he may have thought it wise to admit to his men, he knew perfectly well that the undertaking of driving the white people into the sea would be no light one, and that he could hope to achieve it only by retaining the most enthusiastic devotion of every one of the

limited number of his followers. Furthermore he knew these followers well; he knew that they were steeped in superstition to the very marrow of their bones; and he knew well also the tremendous hold that the priests of the Catholic Church had in that semi-civilised country over the members of their flocks. Perhaps the form of Christianity which was at that time prevalent in South America was the most degraded to be seen anywhere on earth; but that in no way interfered with the fact that the priests in reality ruled the country, and that in one way or another what they wanted was always done. He also knew well enough that the influence of the Church was hostile to him, not so much because he was a notorious evil-liver, as because the priests were very well satisfied with things as they were, and did not desire any interference with a Government which was thoroughly under their thumb.

In order to defeat this ecclesiastical influence he had hit upon a device which, though it had no other merits, might at least be described as bold and ingenious; with quaint blasphemy he had aped the celebrated declaration of King Nebuchadnezzar, and had made every one of his followers take a solemn oath that until the war was over and the country in their hands they would speak to no priest, would enter no place of worship, and would offer no petition to God or man, except to himself. Each man had to swear this in front of Martinez himself, and in token of his temporary renunciation of his ancestral faith each was made to set his foot upon the crucifix. Every member of his motley crowd had gone through this ceremony, and now Martinez demanded that we should go through it also.

I need hardly say that we had not the remotest intention of doing anything of the kind. We were members of the Church of England, and not of that of Rome; but nevertheless my mother was a devoted follower of Dr. Pusey, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and I myself

habitually wore a tiny ebony and silver crucifix around my neck underneath my clothes—the only thing, by the way, which the Red Indians had left me, because, I suppose, they recognised it as a magical symbol of the Christians, and may perhaps have feared its power. You may imagine therefore with what horror we regarded this impious suggestion of the general's; though I think there is no doubt that, even if there had been no crucifix in the case, we should equally have refused to be thus coerced into attaching ourselves to a cause with which we had no sympathy.

Martinez paid no attention to my father's indignant though ungrammatical protests, but curtly ordered him to put his foot upon the crucifix and to take the prescribed oath. I clearly remember the thought passing through my mind: "What in the world will my father do now?" for I never even dreamt of the possibility of his complying with so atrocious a demand. For what he did do I was as utterly unprepared as anybody present. Remember that during all this conversation they had never loosed the cords which bound our wrists; so you may imagine the wild astonishment with which I saw my father, having taken a step forward as if to put his foot upon the crucifix, suddenly disengage his hands as if by magic, strike the little commander a tremendous blow in the face which promptly knocked him flat on his back, and then jump over his prostrate body and disappear into the forest close behind him!

The whole thing was so sudden, so startling, so comical that, in spite of the still formidable circumstances, I burst into a peal of laughter, which was echoed by little Gerald. All was confusion for a few moments. The officers rushed to pick up their half-stunned commander, and fetched a camp-stool for him to sit upon. The men in the camp behind shouted with surprise and, though I am not actually sure of it, I have a strong suspicion that my laugh was echoed by some of them also. In the few

moments while Martinez was recovering, no one seemed to know exactly what to do. Possibly the second in command was not on the spot, but at any rate nothing was done, and I suppose that it may have been five minutes before the commander, after much drinking of water and much gasping and swearing under his breath, was once more in a condition to speak.

When he found utterance his language was not parliamentary. He was purple and choking with rage. He dragged himself to his feet, though at first he could stand only by leaning with his hand upon the table. He drew his sword; he flourished it, and the looks which he cast upon his officers were so savage that it really seemed as though he was going to use it.

"Where is that scoundrel?" he shouted.

The officers looked at one another with stupefaction, for up to that moment I verily believe that no one had thought of pursuing the fugitive. Martinez became madder than ever.

"What!" he roared, "you have let him escape! imbeciles! incapables! pursue him at once—at once, I tell you! My honor has been insulted, and I will have his blood."

Hurriedly some arrangements were made for the pursuit, and one or two companies of soldiers were hastily marshalled and sent off to beat the forest. As soon as they had departed Martinez turned his rage upon me. He seemed to be almost foaming at the mouth, and looked as though he was possessed by a devil, and he hissed his words between his teeth as though he were on the point of literal physical explosion.

"Son of a scoundrel!" he said, "within an hour you shall see your villain father hanged on that tree!"

"You will have to catch him first," I interrupted, with a laugh—which was not politic, I admit. But I was so glad to see my father escape that I did not think of

that then, nor of the fact that, if *he* had escaped, *I* certainly had not.

"You impudent young dog!" he spluttered. (I really cannot translate the exact phrase which he used, but it was worse than that.) "You at least shall swear allegiance, and you had better do it at once, or I will have you flayed alive."

I am afraid I laughed again, which was rude of me, but he really did look so utterly ridiculous in his impotent rage, and with a great lump already rising between his eyes, where my father had struck him.

"I shall do no such thing," I said; "and if you dare to touch me, my father will repay you for it when he comes back."

He half raised his sword, and for a moment it looked very much as though my career would be cut short then and there. But somehow he controlled himself, and an evil glint came into his one available eye (the other was fast closing under the influence of the blow). He turned and called Antinahuel.

"Perhaps," he said, "your men can manage to make this young coxcomb change his mind. Don't you think so?"

A slight disdainful smile passed over Antinahuel's face.

"Perhaps they may," and he signed to some of his men, who came up and began to drag me away. Martinez said no further words to him, but turned upon my little brother Gerald.

"You, at least, you little spawn of the devil, put your foot on that cross and repeat after me the words which I shall say to you."

"Don't you do it, Gerald," I shouted back to him, as I was being dragged off; "remember S. Agnes!"

For not long before we had left home, our mother had told us the legend of S. Agnes, a Roman maiden of

thirteen, who, it was alleged, had died for the sake of her faith sooner than perform some act of sacrifice which was against her conscience. Or perhaps she refused to be betrothed to what she called a heathen—I am not quite sure after all these years. But I know that the story had recently been told to us, and that we had both greatly admired the little girl's heroism.

I wrenched myself free sufficiently to look back and see what the little boy did. He looked up quite bravely into the furious face of Martinez, and said in his clear childish treble:

"I will not do it. You are a very wicked man."

What followed next I do not like to tell, even though I really believe now in my inmost heart that it was the act of a madman. Martinez whirled his sword above his head and cut the child down as he stood looking up in his face. When he saw the little body lying before him I think even he was ashamed, for he threw down his sword and turned away, muttering something about not having meant to do it. Even his officers, a set of hardened ruffians, showed some disgust on their faces, and all drew back as Martinez walked hurriedly into his tent.

What this meant to me, who loved that little brother more than my own life, I can hardly tell you. What I did I cannot justify; I can only tell you that I also was half-mad with grief and rage. But then and there I, a captive in the hands of ruthless savages, and little likely, so far as could be seen, to live to see to-morrow's sun, registered with all the force of burning hate a solemn vow that I would never turn aside from the pursuit until I had slain Martinez in revenge for the death of my brother. I was wrong, of course, but I was only a young boy, and the provocation was terrible.

Meantime I soon had my own affairs to think of. The Indians dragged me away to the borders of the forest, and after a little searching they found what they

wanted—two young and flexible trees growing only a few yards apart. Four or five threw themselves upon each tree, and by their united weight and strength bent down the tops until they came almost together, and then they proceeded to tie me between these two tops, the right arm and leg to one, the left arm and leg to the other; and as soon as that was done to their satisfaction the men let go the trees, which instantly sprang back as far as they could and left me hanging between them. A diabolically ingenious woodsman's substitute for the mediæval rack of the Inquisition.

To be left hanging in such a position for hours under such a nerve-rending strain is an experience which I would rather not try to describe; nor need I tell in detail how they stood jeering underneath as I hung in mid-air as though on an invisible S. Andrew's cross. Nor how they pelted my aching body with fragments of broken bottles, or struck at me from beneath with long *lianas*, torn from the neighboring trees. I will not harrow your feelings with a description of the unnameable tortures which they inflicted upon me all through that weary day. But this at least I can say, that however horrible were the sufferings all through the day, only the one overpowering feeling burned ever stronger and stronger within my heart and mind—black, bitter hatred of Martinez, and the resolve to be revenged upon him for my brother's death. So entirely was I wrapped up in this that I believe for the most part I gave no answer to their repeated enquiries whether I would not now take the required oath. But I know that sometimes I replied by calling down curses upon their heads and threatening that dire vengeance should overtake them. It is best to draw a veil over this. Let me say only that their ingenuity was diabolical and their resources seemed endless.

I suppose that they got tired of me at last, as I showed no signs of yielding to them, and they felt that they must do something to bring matters to a crisis. So they hung

me from the branch of a tree by a rope passed under my shoulders, and then proceeded to light a fire beneath my feet, which were soon most horribly burnt. But at the same time the hot air and the smoke half-suffocated me, and evidently I must have fainted. I suppose this frightened them, for their orders were not to kill me; and so for that night they desisted from their cruel work. But of all this I know nothing.

CHAPTER IV

The Flight

I regained consciousness only slowly and confusedly, coming back into a strange and terrible sense of all-pervading pain, which seemed to fill the whole world. Gradually this world of acute anguish contracted and became more definite, until at last I realised myself as a small boy still alive upon the physical plane and in a condition of horrible suffering. I found myself bound to a tree, just at the borders of the forest, not far from the tent of Martinez—bound by a rope which passed round me and the tree many times, and so formed a support without which I must of course have fallen, as the soles of my feet were so shockingly burnt that it would have been quite impossible for me to stand upon them for a moment. It was night, and the camp lay quiet before me, except for the sentinels who walked steadily up and down on their beats. Two of these were not far from me, one passing up and down in front of the commander's tent, and the other taking a much longer beat along a certain section just outside of the nearest row of tents. No one seemed to be specially guarding me; indeed it was quite unnecessary, as I was not only securely tied, but I could not have moved a yard even if I had been free.

As may easily be imagined, my thoughts were of the saddest. My brother had been murdered before my eyes; my father was a fugitive in a trackless forest, which

I knew to be full of wild beasts, and was furthermore being pursued relentlessly by men who knew no mercy. I had nothing to expect but certain death—probably of the most appallingly painful kind. So perhaps I need not be ashamed to acknowledge that for a time I felt absolutely despairing, and only wished that death might come even now to release me from further suffering. The conditions were so bad in every way that it seemed to me that they could not be worse, and I actually even prayed for death, saying that I could bear no more.

But just at this moment of utter weakness and despondency, I saw something which for the moment actually made me forget even that excruciating pain; for there, just in front of me, stood my brother Gerald, whom I had seen only a few hours before cut down by the sword of Martinez! Indeed, the mark of that cruel blow still lay across his head—a great ghastly wound cleaving the skull asunder. And yet somehow even that did not look terrible at all, for the expression of the face was so sweet that it quite overpowered the impression given by the wound. He stood before me exactly as in life, the flickering light of distant camp-fires fully upon him, and yet his form seemed also to be surrounded by a faint light of its own.

But the wonderful thing was the expression of the face. It was the same child-face I knew so well, changed in no particular, and yet showing so much more than it had ever shown before. That he himself was happy—radiantly happy, and utterly at peace—no one could have doubted for a moment; and yet the eyes were filled with pity (but pity obviously for me only, and not at all for himself) and with the desire to encourage and strengthen me. I tried to speak, but could not; nor did he on his side say a word; but he took a step forward, his face broke out into a radiant smile of love, and he laid his hand caressingly upon my breast. And then, in a moment,

he was gone, just before the sentinel, who had reached the end of his beat, turned his face in our direction once more.

I find it difficult to describe the effect which this beautiful little apparition had upon me. All my manifold pains were still as insistent as ever—my whole body was still nothing but one mass of agony; and yet my mental attitude had in that moment become just the reverse of what it had been before. Remember that I knew nothing then of the astral plane, nothing of the possibilities of life after death; so to me this was a special portent from heaven, a special sign from God Himself, who had permitted my brother's spirit to return from the unseen world in order to cheer and comfort me in my trouble.

Inevitably then followed the certainty that, however hopeless the prospect might appear, somehow or other all would be well. Either, impossible as it appeared, I should somehow escape and recover, or else, if I was to die, I knew that I should die soon and painlessly, and be with my brother once more. Since outward circumstances were entirely unchanged, it is perhaps hard to comprehend that my despondency had vanished as though it had never been, and that I was now in a condition of eager expectancy—expectancy that something would happen, either death or some kind of liberation. What form this latter would take I could not imagine, and I remember reviewing the situation without being able to find a single reasonable suggestion.

If I remember rightly, I think I had decided that if there was to be some kind of intervention, the most likely form for it to take was that in some unexpected way the Government might have received warning of the forced marches which Martinez supposed to be unknown to them, and that they on their part might have sent a force to intercept and surround him. I knew that that was practically impossible, yet every other supposition seemed even more impossible still, unless I was to expect some sort

of direct angelic intervention, and I knew that such things were rare in these latter days. But that something would happen either to kill me or to release me I felt quite assured. And when the something *did* happen, although it came in a way which had never for a moment occurred to me, it was only for the moment that I was startled.

I felt the touch of a hand, evidently extended from behind the tree, and immediately afterwards I was conscious that the rope which bound me with such painful tightness to the tree was relaxing. I remember it flashed through my mind that my unknown friend behind the tree was probably not aware that I was unable to stand, and should certainly fall as soon as that rope was removed, and that thus his amiable intentions would be frustrated, and the sentry's attention attracted. But that was evidently foreseen. My deliverer waited until the nearest sentry's back was turned, and then, as the rope slackened, an arm came round, caught me and drew me quickly and silently behind the tree. I had just time to recognise in the faint flash of the distant firelight that my rescuers were my father and the negro servant Tito, when the latter picked me up in his arms, and we executed a hurried and silent retreat into the forest.

When we had penetrated perhaps two hundred yards Tito laid me down, pulled out his huge clasp-knife and quickly cut the cords which still bound my wrists; but even when my arms were free I was unable to use them, because they had been so cramped and strained by the many hours of confinement. We exchanged a few hurried words, my father commiserating me for my sufferings, and I interrupting to ask whether he knew of Gerald's fate, and in the same breath assuring him that I had seen him since his death. My father seemed hardly to understand; I think that he supposed me to be delirious—as indeed I well might have been, considering all that I had been through; at any rate he said that

he knew of Gerald's death, and that we must not stop to talk now, but must make every effort to get as far away from the camp as possible before my escape should be discovered. I was a helpless burden upon them, as I could not walk a step, and even the motion of being carried, gently and carefully as Tito did it, cost me harrowing pain.

In the dense forest the darkness was intense, and it was necessary that we should move as silently as possible, and with the utmost circumspection; so our advance was naturally of the slowest. Every moment we expected that an alarm would be given, and that we should hear the commencement of a pursuit. But I hoped that the sentry might not notice my absence, because the tree to which I had been bound was at some distance from him, just within the shade at the edge of the wood, and the camp-fires, which a hour or two earlier had lit up that place, were now dying down. Time went on and nothing happened, and we made such progress as we could, but even at the best it was painfully slow. I knew nothing of the direction in which we were going, for the only thing of which we thought was to put as great a distance as possible between ourselves and that camp. Soon we found that the ground was rising—in places rather steeply.

All too soon for us the dawn came, and the earth leaped from dark night into broad day-light with the suddenness peculiar to the tropics. At the first light Tito laid me gently down, and asked my father to sit with me while he looked round for some place of concealment, as it was clear that we were still far too near the camp to avoid discovery unless we contrived to hide ourselves. Also it seems that I was rapidly sinking into a stupor of exhaustion, and Tito, who knew something about medicine as practised among the negroes, thought it would be dangerous for me to push on further. After some search he found a place that would suit us admirably, and

came back to carry me to it. It was a huge tree of unknown age, the heart of which had gradually rotted away, so that there was quite a chamber inside it, carpeted deeply by a soft powdering of decayed wood—a kind of natural sawdust. To all appearance the tree was as perfect and as sound as those around it, and the only way to enter this sylvan chamber was by climbing up the tree to a height of some fifteen feet, and then lowering oneself through a hole, whence perhaps a branch had fallen a century ago. The problem was how to get me into this retreat; but it was a case of necessity, and at last the thing was accomplished.

My father slipped off the *poncho* which had been given to him the day before. I was laid on that, and the corners were tied together so as to make a kind of cradle. Through that Tito slipped the rope which had bound me to the tree, which he had had the forethought to bring with him, rightly thinking that in our desperate condition almost anything might come in useful. Then he climbed the tree to a certain height, my father throwing up the end of the rope to him, and slowly and with great care he raised me from the ground and got me wedged between the trunk of the tree and a huge liana. Then he descended and helped my father to mount, and left him to hold on precariously to the liana and to support me, while he himself climbed a little higher, obtained a foothold close to the hole, and then by means of the rope drew me up and rested me beside him. Then he dropped lightly down upon the dust, which made that inside floor much higher than the level of the ground outside. My father then climbed up the few remaining feet, and carefully lowered me down into the arms of Tito. Soon they had me laid upon the floor, and it seemed almost comfortable to be able thus to rest in a recumbent position after so many hours of misery.

I hoped to sleep, but fever had seized upon me, and I believe that most of that day I was barely

conscious, and at times even delirious. I knew nothing of what was going forward, but my father told me afterwards that, almost as soon as we were established, they heard a great noise from the direction of the camp, and an amount of shouting which evidently betokened great excitement. The faithful Tito climbed to the top of our tree and found that, because of the rising ground, he was able to see most of the camp. He reported much hurry and tumult, and presently declared that large bodies of soldiers were being sent into the forest in several different directions, evidently to search for us.

You see, our recapture was of enormous importance to the plans of Martinez. He had succeeded in altogether eluding the Government forces which had been sent out in pursuit of him. By several days of almost incredible forced marching he had contrived to lead his men into a position from which they could easily attack a town of great importance. His manœuvre was entirely unexpected by the Government army, whom he had deluded into the idea that he had moved in the opposite direction; indeed, they were occupied in hunting down the small band which he had sent down there in order to mislead them—they supposing that that was his entire army. He had halted his men at the spot where we had made his acquaintance, to give them a couple of days' rest after the forced marching before they swept down upon the town, and in that wild district it was reasonably certain that he could not have been seen or his presence reported.

But if I and my father, or even one of us alone, could escape, could by some incredible means make his way to the nearest house or village, and thence send the alarm down to the seaport city, all Martinez's advantage would be lost; and since he had risked everything on this one bold move we may say that his cause would be lost too, and his life unquestionably forfeited. Therefore it was of capital importance for him to get hold of us at all costs, and so, instead of allowing his men to rest as he had intended them to do, he sent them out to

range the forest in search of us. He knew well that we could not have gone far, for he knew that I at least was sorely wounded, and that my father had no weapon; nor can it have seemed conceivable to him that we could escape for a single day the myriad dangers that surrounded us on every side in that forest. He did not know that we had the invaluable assistance of Tito, who knew all about these things, and was perfectly capable of protecting himself in the forest, and of wringing subsistence out of it.

They told me that groups of soldiers again and again came past the very tree in which we were hiding. They even overheard scraps of their conversation, and Tito, who knew their language perfectly, reported that they spoke much of witchcraft and of a supernatural deliverance. It was evident from what they said that the superstitions of Martinez also had been aroused, and that he was in a condition of panic fear. He thought (it seems one of his officers had told him so) that in killing Gerald he had brought ill-luck upon himself; he was unable to understand, as indeed were all of them, how my father could suddenly have got free when he was obviously securely bound, and he thought of my disappearance, when I was practically at the point of death, as another instance of supernatural interference. I remember that my father said that at one time some soldiers had thrown themselves down to rest quite close to the tree. Tito listened eagerly to their conversation, anxious to pick up any information that might be of use to us; and my father was oppressed with the fear that I might reveal our hiding-place by giving vent to low delirious mutterings. Fortunately this did not happen, and in the course of the afternoon I fell into a deep refreshing sleep, from which they wakened me only when darkness had fallen, and it was time to set out once more.

Meantime Tito had risked his life by climbing out of our refuge more than once to fetch some water for me,

and some leaves of a plant which he knew, which he chewed into a paste and laid upon my burnt feet and some of the worst of my wounds. I do not know what this remedy was, but its effect was magical in the relief of pain, for when I was awakened in the evening, though still weak and in great suffering, I was distinctly much better than in the morning, and all trace of fever had for the time left me. The soldiers had retired to their camp just before night-fall, but we had little doubt from what had been overheard that the search would be renewed the next day. I felt great regret at leaving my soft couch, and in truth somewhat doubted the wisdom of moving on at all, since we had discovered so excellent a shelter; but both Tito and my father felt that they would know no ease until they were much further away from the camp.

They got me out of our refuge much in the same way as they had before got me in, and we set off up the hill. The whole general trend of the ground seemed to be upward, and several times during the night we came to little open places from which we were able to see the camp-fires of our enemies far below us. As we rose higher the trees grew somewhat less thickly, and our progress was on the whole rather more rapid—less slow would be a better way to put it. Once again dawn came, and Tito searched for a hiding-place, but this time no convenient hollow tree was to be found. We were in a region of magnificent monarchs of the forest, mostly with wide spaces between them, but so huge were they that though their trunks might be a hundred feet or even two hundred feet apart, their branches often intermingled high above our heads. These giants would have been quite unclimbable, except for the fact that in nearly every case huge lianas, with trunks as large as many a tree in these cold northern climes, wreathed round their splendid trunks and usually afforded a comparatively easy way of ascent for an active person.

While Tito was ranging about in search of a hiding-place it occurred to him to climb one of these great trees in order to see what our enemies were doing. Without much trouble he found a place from which the camp was still clearly visible, though very minute now in the far distance, and he saw the same hurry and preparation and sending out of troops as before; but though he saw nothing new, he presently heard something which sent him down the tree at his best speed, and he came rushing to us with a face of that curious livid grey which is the nearest that a negro can come to turning white with fear.

"Dogs, master!" he said, "they are setting the slave-dogs on us. Listen!"

When we listened attentively, sure enough we heard far off the sonorous bay of a blood-hound. We knew that these great dogs were kept by certain slave-owners in the interior to track down run-away negroes; but how Martinez could have got hold of one we could not imagine. I can only suppose that among his men there must have been one who knew of the existence of such creatures on some inland plantation, that he must have mentioned the matter to his officer, and that when Martinez heard of it he must at once have sent off some men to borrow these dogs, even though to do so would put the great secret of his presence there into the hands of some at least of the people of that plantation. Indeed I fear much, knowing something of his character, that he may have adopted terribly efficacious means to ensure the silence of every human being upon that plantation; perhaps there may have been a wholesale massacre.

At any rate there were the dogs, and there could be little doubt of their ability to track us, both to our hiding-place of the day before and to the place where we now were, and our chance of escaping them seemed remarkably small. I had often heard stories of the untamable ferocity of these creatures, and of their resolution in following up a trail to the last. We sought no more for a

place of concealment, but hurried hopelessly on, tending ever upwards towards the summit of the mountains. But we knew well that the progress of our pursuers would be very much faster than our own, and that nothing could save us from being overtaken.

Tito had a theory, founded upon some negro superstition, that the smell of blood would destroy the keenness of scent of the hounds, so he drew out his big knife and made with it a slight cut in his arm, sprinkling the blood which flowed plentifully around the spot where we were then standing. He seemed to have some confidence in this method, although he admitted that with some dogs it had been known to fail; so it seemed rather a slender reed to support the edifice of our hopes. We were at this time on the edge of a sort of ridge, and in front of us the ground dipped again, and made a kind of ravine, along the bottom of which flowed a shallow stream. On the other side of the stream the ground rose again, and the hillside stretched on before us. Looking at this stream a flash of inspiration came to me, as my father held me in his arms.

"Father," I said excitedly, "don't you remember the history of Scotland? Don't you remember how Robert Bruce was once pursued by blood-hounds, and how he escaped from them by walking in the water, so that he left no trail?"

A light of hope appeared in my father's eye.

"Why, yes," he said, "I have heard that story, long ago when I was at school. At least we can try it."

Rapidly he explained the method to Tito, who at first seemed hardly to comprehend, but as the idea penetrated he said:

"That is true. Of course scent will not lie in the water. But then we cannot lie in the river, and when we get out again the dogs will smell us."

"No, Tito," said I, "walk along the river until you find a big branch hanging over it, and then pull yourself out by the branch without touching the ground."

"That is it," said my father; "let us try it. It may succeed, and anyhow there is nothing else to do."

I think Tito was doubtful about it, for he had a well-founded terror of those awful dogs; but we hurried down into the ravine, into the shallow stream, and then began to wade steadily up it. They had to walk some distance (I cannot say we, for I was being carried all the time, and was acutely sensible how much I added to the dangers of the party) before we could find in the right position a branch which Tito thought possible. But even then, he took us on past two or three which might have suited us, because they belonged to giant trees which stood all alone, and he wished to have a line of retreat open to him.

Meantime the baying of the dogs sounded alarmingly near; but at last we came to a branch which satisfied Tito's fastidiousness, because it belonged to a tree whose branches interlocked with others, so that it might be possible for us to make our way (as the monkeys do) along what may be called the upper storey of the forest. The branch was thick and strong, but just beyond reach by jumping, and here arose a difficulty. The streamlet was but knee-deep, and it was easy enough for us to wade in it, but if my father should lay me down upon the bank a clue would be given to those remorseless brutes who were following us so closely. They did not want to lay me down in the water—as they might easily have done, for I could have sat with my head above its surface—because the paste of leaves which Tito had made was still covering my wounded feet, and he declared that inflammation might set in if it were removed; so my poor father had to stand holding my heavy weight in his arms while Tito climbed cautiously up him and stood upon his shoulders. Then, with a very little jump he

was able to grasp the branch and to pull himself up upon it. Then, unwinding the rope (which he had carried round his waist) he soon had me up beside him and carried me a little way to where a fork gave a place in which he could safely leave me, while he went back and pulled up my father by means of the same rope.

We found ourselves upon a branch as large as the trunk of many a tree, so that they were able to walk along it quite easily towards the giant trunk, supporting themselves by the many branchlets which sprang from it and by the twisted lianas which were hanging all around us. They were soon at the trunk and, crawling round it, made their way along a branch at the opposite side. Then, stepping off from that to an equally huge branch of another tree, which interpenetrated this one, they were able to follow that up to its trunk and to pass from that tree into a third, so that we were now at a considerable distance from the stream, and high up the hill.

Climbing a little further up this third tree, Tito discovered a place where two branches, leaving the trunk side by side, provided a comfortable platform on which there was plenty of room for us all; on which also I could be laid out—not quite so softly, perhaps, as in the tree-trunk of the previous day, but still with some degree of comfort. We got ourselves settled there only just in time. We were high enough up the tree to enable us to see over the ridge, and soon a party of soldiers came into sight, with two blood-hounds in front, each held in a leash, and eagerly straining forward. They came up to the spot where poor Tito had so unnecessarily shed his blood, but it had no appreciable effect in checking them. They smelt about for a moment, and uttered savage bays, I suppose at the smell of the blood. But they resumed the trail immediately, and followed it over the edge of the ridge and down to the water. There they stopped, but the soldiers waded in and encouraged them to cross. When they reached the other side, however, they halted and appeared to be at a loss. The soldiers said:

"They have turned up or down."

The company immediately divided, each party taking a dog with them, one going up the river and the other down. Those who turned upwards presently came to the tree by which we had pulled ourselves out of the water, but the dog gave no sign, and the soldiers passed on. After a time they came back again on the other side of the stream, it apparently having occurred to them that we might not have crossed it after all. Then, on returning on the trail, they began to shout to the others, who had gone downwards, and then sent a man running after them, and soon we saw that party also returning on the other side of the water. Then a consultation was held, and it was evident that they did not know what to do next.

Presently the officer in charge gave an order, and the men dispersed—evidently to search the neighborhood; but it seemed to me that they went off very slowly and unwillingly. Some of them passed close underneath our tree, and once more we heard them talking about witchcraft, and declaring that it was useless to search for us, as the devil had evidently carried us off because we were heretics—which struck me as rather amusing on the part of men who had, at least for the time, openly renounced the Christian religion themselves, and practically bound themselves to worship only that fiend Martinez. They spoke also of the anger of Martinez, and his wild asseverations that at all costs we must be recaptured; they suggested that he was mad with terror, and indeed I think he may have been.

It seemed impossible that the idea that we must be hiding in a tree should not occur to them; yet apparently it did not. I believe that, if they had had the sense to bring some of the Indians with them, our little ruse would have been penetrated; but fortunately for us there was a good deal of jealousy and ill-feeling between these

allies, and so Martinez had evidently determined to do the work with his own men. All day the soldiers patrolled up and down at intervals, evidently driven by their officer to keep moving, yet fully convinced that their task was a hopeless one, and continuing to pursue it half-heartedly only for the sake of being able to say that they had done something. At different times we caught scraps of conversation, but always to much the same effect—dread of the anger of Martinez, speculation as to what he would do, and suggestions and stories of the supernatural.

The day wore slowly on, and this time Tito dared not leave our post even for a moment, for the slightest motion of the leaves might possibly attract attention, with so many searchers wandering about eager to gain the reward which (we heard them say) Martinez had promised to anyone who should find us. The day before he had brought in a bunch or two of wild fruit, but to-day we could get nothing whatever, and both he and my father were suffering much from the pangs of hunger, for it was now nearly three days since they had had anything worth speaking of to eat. I myself was probably better without food for awhile in my condition of weakness, though now that I was somewhat better from the fever I had begun to feel some hunger. I suffered more from lack of water, for the fever returned slightly during the day; but there was nothing for it but to be still and take care not to show ourselves.

When the sun was nearing the horizon, the officer gathered his party together and they departed down the hill, taking their dogs with them; but we could clearly detect the reluctance which they felt to go back and face the anger of Martinez with the report of failure. Fearing the possibility of some trick, we watched them well on their way before we ventured to leave our hiding-place, and then Tito hurried down to reconnoitre, and search for some food before darkness actually fell.

He was fortunately successful in finding some guavas and wild bananas, and a little later some bread-fruit, and presently he dug up for us some kind of tubers which had a faintly sweet flavor.

I could take but little of these, but my father and Tito made a meal which, though hardly satisfactory, was at least a great improvement on the scanty fare of the previous day.

I was lowered carefully out of the tree, and we resumed our flight. When morning came again, we were on the shoulder of the mountain, and Tito once more climbed the highest tree in sight, in hope of gaining some information with regard to the movements of the soldiers. He was unable to see the camp, but after listening with the utmost care he came down convinced that we were not immediately menaced in any way—certainly not by the dogs, whose cries would have been audible for a long distance in the calm morning air. Under these circumstances Tito advised continuing our flight for some time by day, and this was accordingly done. They pushed on, still beneath the shade of the trees, but now in a downward direction, until about eleven o'clock, when they decided to make a halt at the side of a tiny stream of water. My father and I lay down to sleep while Tito watched. As he saw nothing whatever that seemed in the least suspicious, he lay down to sleep in his turn, when my father woke an hour later.

At this time Tito ventured gently to wash off his paste of leaves and examine my wounds, because he was now able to get some more leaves of the same kind, with which he replaced his previous dressing. He reported that they were all doing well—that is to say, as well as could be expected—even the feet; though I overheard him, when he thought he was out of ear-shot of me, expressing his doubts to my father as to whether I should ever really be able to walk again. On this day also

for the first time we were able to talk in comfort, and I had the opportunity of hearing my father's story.

The explanation of the apparent miracle of his escape was in reality exceedingly simple. It appears that the Indians had made the mistake of tying his hands with a green raw-hide rope, and during the long night ride through the forest he had set himself by steady pressure gradually to stretch this as much as he could, until finally he could slip his hand through it. He was wise enough, however, not to let our Indian captors see this, and by straining slightly against it he easily contrived to give the notion that he was still tightly bound. But he was all the time awaiting his opportunity, and when he saw the arrangement of Martinez's tent, and that the forest was so close behind it, it occurred to him that here was an opportunity of escape of which a bold man who moved with lightning rapidity might easily take advantage. He realised that he was for the moment abandoning his sons, and so he did not take the step until it was quite evident that Martinez could not be moved from his position. He said that he scarcely expected to be allowed even so much as a minute before the pursuit commenced, and that he regarded the whole affair as the most desperate of chances; but still there seemed to be literally nothing else to be done, and, as this was the only way, he took it.

As I have said, the whole thing was so unexpected, and the consequent confusion so great, that he really got five minutes' start, and made good use of it. He knew that he could not hope by mere running to tire out men who had horses at their disposal, so from the first as he ran he sought for a place to hide in. The pursuit had often come quite close to him, and he had been on the brink of discovery half-a-dozen times; somehow he just contrived to dodge his pursuers, and after a time the idea of tree-climbing was suggested to him by the fact that the various monkeys whom he startled as he moved from place to place invariably took at once to the trees,

and as invariably vanished utterly from sight, even when he was only a few yards from them.

"If they can do this," he thought, "surely a man can do it also."

So before the searching soldiers came back again, he had already found himself a nest in one of the larger trees. When the soldiers had passed for the second time, and he thought he was safe for the moment, he was much alarmed to see a negro moving stealthily through the forest, evidently searching for something—for *him*, he greatly feared. Indeed, this proved to be the case, for this was the faithful Tito, who had been aware of the attack upon the cabin, but had been cut off from return to it by the cordon of besieging Indians. He had lurked in the neighborhood in the hope of being able to render some assistance to his master, had seen the capture and had run through the whole night on the track of the party. He had concealed himself in the edge of the forest, had witnessed his master's escape and Gerald's death, and had also seen something of what had happened to me. He was afraid to rejoin his master while the soldiers were still in the woods, as they had established a sort of central meeting-point, at which their various parties reported progress, quite close to the tree which he had selected for his hiding-place. As soon as the soldiers had finally withdrawn he descended, and began to quarter that part of the forest in search of his master, and though he did not actually find him, he came in sight of him, and as soon as my father was assured of his identity he called to him. Their joy at meeting was tempered by the dreadful news as to Gerald which Tito had to convey. Then they consulted as to what could be done, and decided that, heart-rending as it was, they could do nothing whatever during the daytime, but if I survived until the evening they cherished some hope of being able during the night to effect a rescue—as in fact they did.

Of course I told my story of the apparition of my brother, and Tito, I am sure, fully believed it, for he said :

"Master Gerald sure was an angel when he was on earth, and sure he is an angel now; and the good God sends His angels to help those who are suffering."

My father was not so certain; all that he would permit himself was:

"Well, my boy, I do not know what to say; they do say that God sometimes allows the dead to return for His own good purposes, and of course there is the story of Samuel and the witch of Endor; and we hear too that some of the Saints have shown themselves. Anyhow, whether Gerald himself was there or not, we are surely right in saying that it was God who sent the vision to comfort you, for it came just at the right time, and it gave you the courage to endure until we came to rescue you."

I need not tell in detail the further story of our flight. From that time on we travelled by day and rested by night, my father and Tito each watching in turn. We gradually worked our way down the other side of our mountain and round its base, advancing then with the greatest circumspection, lest we should fall foul of Martinez and his army; but fortunately we saw nothing of them, and we contrived each day to get something in the way of food, though it was only fruit and roots. My great sorrow was that I must all the time be such a burden upon the others, because I was quite incapable of walking even a step, and this made our progress so slow. It may be that the frugal diet and the life in the open air was in reality the best thing for the cure of my wounds. Tito did well enough, but my father, who had had a touch of consumption in England, suffered from the changes in temperature and the lack of the clothing to which he was accustomed; for he had nothing but the dirty old *poncho* which had been given to him—now

no longer dirty, for Tito had washed it thoroughly in a mountain stream. Tito was little better off, for he had only the shirt and light cotton trousers which he was wearing at the time of the attack; and I was distinctly worse off, for I had absolutely nothing at all!

I think it was on the eleventh day that, from some rising ground, we at last caught sight of the roof of a house. Promptly we made our way in that direction, and then my father and I hid ourselves, while Tito went ahead to reconnoitre. He found the place to be a *hacienda* or country-house, and as soon as he came into the presence of the owner and told his story to him, the good gentleman immediately manifested the greatest concern, and came hurrying out with Tito to see what could be done for us.

From that moment our troubles were over. Our worthy friend and his most kindly wife treated us with the utmost hospitality. The good lady was full of pity for my condition, though I was now far on the road to recovery, and insisted on my going to bed and having my feet dressed and bandaged in somewhat less primitive fashion. Loud were their denunciations of the inhumanity of Martinez, when my story came to be told in detail. Our host, who, like so many others of the *haciendados*, lived an entirely secluded life on his own estates through the greater part of each year, had known nothing whatever of the presence of Martinez in his neighborhood. Once in two months or so he usually sent his servant, or more usually a party of two or three servants, down to the seaport town, to bring his letters if there were any, and to purchase such stores as he could not provide on his own estate.

We had no idea as to what might have been happening during the days of our flight, and we rather feared that Martinez might have succeeded in taking the city unawares, so our host called together his servants and told them the news which we had brought, and

asked for volunteers to go down to the coast and discover the condition of affairs. Several of his men immediately offered themselves for the service, and out of these he chose two young fellows, explaining that he did not wish to send more because it was impossible to say that the *hacienda* itself might not be attacked during their absence, and he desired to keep as large a garrison as he could. These two young men were then sent off upon their journey, with many charges to exercise the utmost vigilance, and even when they reached the town on no account to ride straight into it as was usual, lest they should find it in the occupation of the insurgents.

Our host told us that, if no accident happened to them, they might well be back in a week, and that the only thing we could do was to spend the intervening time with him; though he hoped indeed that, if the news which came to us was good, we would consent to honor his poor roof by a much longer stay. We thanked him heartily for his hospitable intent, but told him that as soon as possible we must get back to my mother, so that she might know that at least she was not deprived of both her sons and her husband. My father, indeed, had confided a letter for her to the care of the two messengers, telling her in outline what had happened, and that we two were now safe, and in the best of hands. Our host also had entrusted to them a letter to a friend of his who was a high official in the town, telling him of the presence of Martinez and warning him to see at once to the defence of the town, if it were not already too late.

During that pleasant week we to a great extent recovered ourselves. The cough which had been troubling my father grew better, though indeed he never was quite free from it, and he finally died of consumption in England a few years later. I always felt that but for the villainous Martinez, and the exposure which he had forced upon us by his proceedings, my father might have survived for

many years more. For myself, I seemed for the time to have lost my boyhood. I was unable to move about, but after all I did not want to do so, and I seemed to desire only to rest. Much of the time I spent in bed, though for some part of each day they always carried me down into the great sitting-room, where I was generally laid upon a sort of settee, or sometimes they carried me out into the garden and put me in a long wicker-work chair under the trees.

I did not know whether to be glad or sorry when at last the messengers came back, bringing the reassuring news that the city knew nothing whatever of Martinez and of his movements. Our host's official friend had sent him a party of twenty soldiers to garrison the *hacienda* if it should be attacked, and meantime thanked him heartily for his warning, and stated that the city had been hastily put in a thorough state of defence, and that scouts had been sent into the interior to try to discover Martinez and his little army.

Our host and hostess pressed us urgently to stay with them until the attack was over and Martinez was defeated, for they felt quite sure that this would be the outcome of the struggle. My father felt, however, that it was his duty to be by his wife's side, and so, with many heartfelt thanks, he declined this kindly offer. Our friend had a palanquin constructed for me, and offered to send back with us to the coast the same two young men who had already once made the journey. Then he pressed us also to take with us half the band of soldiers as an escort. My father would by no means consent to this, as he felt that while we were still uncertain as to the position of Martinez the *hacienda* might be attacked, and every man would be necessary for its defence; but he gladly accepted the offer of the two young servants to carry the litter, promising them a large reward when he should safely reach the coast.

Our host insisted about the soldiers, and eventually we had to compromise by allowing three of them to accompany us, and indeed they proved themselves both merry companions and very useful fellows, constantly relieving the servants in the carrying of the litter when they were tired, and so enabling us to make fairly constant progress instead of having to rest at least half of the time, as would otherwise have been the case. One of them, who was a clever man with his hands, contrived a scheme by means of which the litter could be slung between two horses, so that when we came to a long stretch of level ground we could make much easier and more rapid progress. In this way we journeyed along, meeting with no special adventures, and we finally reached our home on the sixth day from that on which we left the *hacienda*.

The mother met us, mourning deeply indeed for her lost son, yet devoutly thankful after such wild experiences to welcome her surviving son and her husband—safe at any rate, if not exactly sound. It was six weeks from the night of our escape from Martinez before I was able to set my feet to the ground, and even then for a long time I had to walk warily and but little at a time.

Exactly what had happened to Martinez and his plans we never clearly understood. My mother always believed that, because of the wicked murder of my brother, some sort of divine curse had fallen upon him, so that he was no longer capable of decisive action. My father was more disposed to think that our escape had disheartened him, because he supposed that we should certainly be able to convey to the coast town the warning of his presence, and so defeat his plan. Much later, vague rumors were afloat of disaffection among his followers, of rebellions against his cruelty, and of a general opinion among his men that his dash and good fortune had left him. However all this may be, the fact remains that that attack upon the seaport town was never delivered, and that Martinez instead

disappeared into the interior with his followers, and that no authentic news was received of him for nearly three months.

Then came the tidings that he had attacked a small town away in the interior, and had occupied and fortified it, having killed all such of its inhabitants as refused to swear allegiance to him. As soon as this story was confirmed, all was activity in military circles. Such regiments as were available were got together and put on a war footing, and the Council of the town issued a call for volunteers, since the number of soldiers was but few, and they were very anxious that there should be not the slightest doubt as to the assembling of a sufficient force definitely to crush Martinez.

My father, though fretting much at the delay with regard to his railway, had made no attempt to engage any body of workmen, saying that he would be no party to the risking of any men's lives away there in the jungle, until both Martinez and his Indian allies were finally disposed of in some way. As soon as he heard of the formation of the volunteer bands my father promptly offered himself, though much against the wish of my mother. His services were at once accepted, and he was given command of a company in the regiment that was formed—principally, I think, because he was an Englishman, and because of the terrible story of the death of his son. This position he very willingly accepted, for the volunteers were chiefly gentlemen, some of whom he had known before. I, too, though hardly thoroughly cured yet, was very eager indeed to offer my services, and though my mother would not allow me to enroll myself as a soldier, she could not refuse me permission to ride along with my father.

With a final chapter to tell you what came of all this, and what happened to us on that expedition into the interior, I shall be able to bring my story to a close.

CHAPTER V

The Revenge

Through all that had happened I had never for a moment lost sight of my purpose—of my firm resolve to kill Martinez in revenge for the death of my brother. I had said no word of this either to my father or my mother; I kept it as a kind of pervertedly sacred thing in the recesses of my own mind. I wondered how it would be possible for me to do it, and when a way would open before me; but that some way would open, and that I should do it, I never had the slightest doubt, and when I heard of the formation of that volunteer corps I felt at once that here was my method, and that Providence was pointing out my path. Therefore it was that I immediately resolved to join it, and my mother's refusal to allow me to enroll myself did not trouble me in the least. I fell in with her wishes, of course; but I knew with a deadly certainty that it would nevertheless somehow be managed that I should accompany the column. And when, on starting out, my mother embraced me and adjured me to be careful to avoid all danger, I said to her, with a calm certainty which must have impressed her:

"Mother, you need not fear. I shall come back to you quite safe."

I think I must have believed myself to be an instrument of divine vengeance; I moved through all those stirring scenes like a person in a dream, just as I had endured all through the ten days' march when I was being carried alternately by my father and by Tito, feeling little, caring for nothing, enduring all things, because I was all the time waiting for my day to come, waiting for the moment when my vengeance should leap into active life. A curious state of mind, I know—a very unhealthy state; I am not defending myself; I am merely trying to describe as faithfully as I can exactly what I felt.

In just the same state of mind I rode day after day on my pony, by my father's side, as the troops made their way through the forests in search of the insurgents. The details of those days of marching made no impression upon me; my mental vision was occupied only with one figure, that of Martinez, and I regarded him with a steady, ever-burning, never-changing hate. Yet it was not so much even hatred as a calm certainty of doom—the knowledge that I should fulfil my destiny, and that that destiny was to slay this monster.

At last came the day when our guides told us that we were drawing near to the town which Martinez had occupied—that we might hope to come in sight of it by evening. Martinez, however, was ready for us. He had even come out to meet us, and arranged for us an ambush into which we promptly fell. For he had concealed his force in the forest upon our line of route, and they suddenly opened a tremendous fire upon us precisely when we least expected it.

Those Spanish-American troops are never very steady under fire, at the best of times; still less so when that fire comes as a terrifying surprise; and the front of our column wavered and crumpled up under it. Then was shown the advantage of a volunteer troop, whose members, as I have said, were mostly gentlemen by birth. Hearing the firing, and seeing the wavering of the men in front, my father shouted a command to his company, and in a moment we were moving steadily and swiftly forward, the rest of the volunteer regiment following hard on our heels. Instead of dashing into the little glade where the front ranks of our men were being shot down, or whence they were flying in disorder, we promptly scattered out on both sides and rushed through the forest itself upon the hidden soldiers of Martinez, who, thus taken in flank, had to turn and defend themselves.

This charge of the volunteers rallied the regulars, and in a few moments they also were joining in the fray.

But that was no organised battle, and rarely had we any opportunity of falling into serried ranks at all. It resolved itself into a series of hand-to-hand combats, fought out among the trees. Friend and foe were so inextricably mingled that it was not always easy to distinguish them, for though the volunteers looked trim enough, many of the Government soldiers were scarcely smarter in appearance than the ragged and ill-appointed free-lances of Martinez.

The rebels fought bravely, for they knew that they were fighting for their lives, as well as for all the fantastic rewards which Martinez had promised them. How far they really believed his stories of the fabulous wealth and power which awaited them, it is difficult to say; it may be that they fully accepted them, for most of them were ignorant enough to believe anything; but at any rate they knew very well that after their capture of the town and the murders that they had committed, no mercy would be shown to any of them who might fall into the hands of the Government. The Government General had hoped to have considerable superiority in numbers. Counting the Indians as well as the mutinous regiments, it is by no means certain that he had any superiority at all, but it was difficult to form any estimate in a fight that took place in so irregular a manner and amidst such unusual surroundings.

There were several open glades in the forest, and twice in the course of that amorphous struggle I took part in a charge, which in each case cleared the glade of the rebels. It is a very curious experience for one who is not used to warfare—to find oneself one of a body of men animated by a single thought, to look at all the faces round one and watch them set in grim determination, forgetting all else but the stern resolve to hurtle down upon the enemy, to trample them under-foot or to drive them away—and to wonder, half-startled, whether one's own face looks like that. Then comes the sharp command, the wild ordered rush onwards, and then the

rattle of rifles or the clash of steel, the leaping over dead bodies, foe and friend alike, not even noticing which they are, full only of the one idea, to press on, press on. And then the glade is won, and we halt and look back for a moment to see heaps of dead, to see the green grass all trampled and red with blood; and yet there is no time for horror, no time for anything but still that one idea; where are they whom we must conquer?—let us press on, press on.

At least it was so with me. For the earlier part of that fight I kept by my father's side. Quite early my pony was shot and fell under me, but I sprang clear and seized the bridle of a riderless horse as he came past, sprang upon his back (he was far too tall for me) and turned him again into the fray. But in doing this I lost my father for a moment, and could not at once get back to his side. So I ranged through the battle, looking everywhere for the man whom I knew I should find. I took my share in the fighting, I suppose; I know that wherever I saw a rebel or an Indian I fired at him, and I think that few of my bullets missed their mark.

But presently my big horse fell, as the pony had done (I think he had been wounded when I first mounted him); and this time I was thrown to the earth with a jar, and it took me a few moments to recover my senses. The rifle which I had carried was injured in the fall; some part of its mechanism was bent, so that when I tried to fire it I could not. I cast it aside, and seized in its stead the nearest weapon that offered, a long naked sword which was lying on the ground in front of me—dropped, I suppose, by some officer as he fell dead, or perhaps was merely wounded and had crawled aside. I did not stop to think of that; I seized this great sword (far too heavy in reality for me to wield) and started off again on foot, still seeking for what I still knew I should find.

By this time the result of the battle was a foregone conclusion. Everywhere the Government troops were steadily driving back the insurgents, and many of the latter were already in flight. It was said afterwards, and I fully believe it, that this success was due to a great extent to the fiery valor of my father. The Colonel in command of the volunteer corps fell, badly wounded, early in the fight, and my father instantly took command and carried the regiment to victory. There were others in it of the same nominal rank as he, yet no one for a moment questioned his assumption of the lead. They think highly over there of the bravery and fighting qualities of the English, and so I suppose it seemed natural to them to follow an Englishman. At any rate they did so, and, civilian though my father was, without any experience in military matters, he led them with dauntless courage, and he led them to victory. If he lacked, as he must have done, knowledge of tactics, that lack mattered comparatively little in this strange hand-to-hand fight in the forest. What told there was personal courage and dash, and of those he had plenty.

I was still far from strong, and I had been racing about for some hours through the battle—and a battle is probably one of the most fatiguing things in the world; yet I had no thought of being tired, no time to feel tired—for no feeling, no thought could be allowed to distract me for an instant from the certainty that God would give my vengeance into my hand. Long I looked for Martinez everywhere, and but for that inner conviction I must have been disappointed. But I knew so surely that I should find him, and that all this vague fighting was a mere preliminary, that I never hesitated for a moment, never doubted for a moment; and at last I saw him.

He stood under a great tree with his back to it, and two of the Government soldiers were attacking him, and for the moment that little group seemed to be apart from

all the rest. Perhaps it was only in my mind that they were apart, for I saw that one figure only; and yet I think it is true that there were only the dead for some yards around. The two soldiers were assailing him boldly, and he was defending himself with his sword—the same sword, I thought, with the hatred surging up within me, the same sword that had slain my brother. But he had been famed in earlier days as the best swordsman in the army—some said the best swordsman in South America; and, even while I looked, one of the attacking soldiers went down before him, and then quickly the other, and he stood alone with the light of battle in his eye.

And then—he saw me, as I was springing towards him. His face changed and there came over it a look of diabolical hatred, and yet at the same time, I am sure, a look of fear.

"What," he shouted, "are you here? You have brought all this ill-luck upon me; you and your cursed father and brother!"

"Yes," replied I, "I am here; and I shall kill you."

I sprang straight at him; I might have shot him from a distance, but I meant to kill him with the sword, as he had killed Gerald. I had seen the fear in his eyes—I am sure of that; but now he turned upon me with a laugh of scorn, seeing that I was armed only with a clumsy old sword, and knowing himself a master of his weapon. In a moment we were fencing; I had learnt some fencing at school, yet I doubt whether that was of use to me at this critical moment. I fought by instinct and not by knowledge; yet I must have fought better than I knew, for even as our swords clashed together again and again I saw a change in his eye; I saw the look of triumphant malice fade away and the haunting fear show itself again, I suppose because in some strange

unexpected way he could not strike me down at once, because he found me more nearly a match for him than he could possibly have expected.

I think he was scarcely taller than I—I have said that he was a short man; but his reach was longer, and his familiarity with the weapon incomparably greater. My will was indomitable as ever, but my arm was rapidly tiring, and it was only by the most tremendous exertion that I could move that unwieldy sword quickly enough to guard against his lightning-like blows and thrusts. I knew that slowly and surely he was beating down my guard, and that, if he once did that, my fate was sealed. At last, after a shower of mighty blows, came a lightning-like thrust at my heart. I parried, but my failing arm was some infinitesimal fraction of a second later than it should have been. I struck the blade down, but not quite far enough. It was turned from the heart at which it was aimed, but it ran into the fleshy part of my thigh. Springing back after the thrust, as a fencer does, Martinez caught his foot in a root of the tree and went over backwards, his sword falling from his hand. In a moment I leaped upon him, put my foot upon his breast and the point of my sword at his throat. He cried out for mercy.

"Mercy!" I said, jerkily perhaps, for I was panting from the terrible exertion of the fight; "what mercy did you show to my brother?"

And I pressed the point of the sword upon his throat.

Yet again he shrieked for mercy. Somehow in some previous part of the struggle the breast of my shirt had been torn open, and the little silver and ebony crucifix which my mother had fastened round my neck was hanging outwards as I stooped over him.

"Mercy!" he said, "for the sake of the Christ whose image you wear!"

A half laugh came from me to hear this renegade, who had tried to make me trample on the crucifix, now begging for his life in the name of that same Christ whose image he had profaned. But not for that would I be turned aside.

I had recovered my breath by now, and I drew back my arm to make the final thrust, when suddenly that arm was stayed. Once more beside me stood my brother, looking up earnestly into my face, and holding back with his little hand the arm that would have avenged him. This time at least it was no hallucination, for Martinez saw it too. I saw the awful look of terror in his eyes; I saw the sweat of fear break out upon his face as he groaned in horror. But I looked into the eyes of the dead. My brother's hand was on my arm, and he was looking up gravely, earnestly, pleadingly, into my face. I could not kill his murderer now. As I threw down my sword and drew back with a strange emptiness in my heart, the most lovely and loving smile broke out over my brother's face, and then once more he was gone. As I turned away from the prostrate Martinez, he drew a knife out of the leg of his long leather boot, and stabbed at me even as I was retiring. I sprang aside instinctively, and before he could rise to his feet a little knot of the Government soldiers came racing up and sprang upon him, wrested his knife from him and made him their prisoner.

Still with that strange empty feeling I turned on my heel, and was about to go I know not where, when I caught sight of the forbidding face of Antinahuel, taking aim at me with a rifle over the top of a bush. My movement was more instinctive than reasoned; with the quickness of long practice I drew out the revolver from my belt, and two reports sounded together. I felt a numbing blow in my right arm, and the pistol fell from it, to the ground; but before I myself sank down beside it I had time to note the horrible blue hole in Antinahuel's

forehead—blue for a moment, before the blood gushed out of it as he fell backwards. I myself fell also, for the blood was pouring from the wound in my thigh, in addition to the shock caused by the rifle bullet; and so for a time all knowledge of mundane affairs passed from me.

When I came to myself again it was dark night, and I lay for a time watching the stars, still hardly conscious, hardly able to think of my present situation and caring nothing for the future, conscious chiefly of one thing—an awful thirst, produced no doubt by the great drain of blood from the body. I had suffered much at many periods of my story, as you know by this time; yet I think that nothing that I suffered was ever so terrible as that thirst while I lay helpless under the stars. The night seemed to be years in length; sometimes I seemed to be unconscious for a few moments, and then I woke with the conviction that I must have slept through a day, and that another night had come upon me, and yet when I looked at the stars I saw that they had scarcely moved.

I lost all count of time, but somewhere amid what seemed the centuries I realised uncertainly that some lanterns were approaching, and presently with a start of joy I heard my father's voice, and saw his face bending over me. I cried to him for water, and in a moment he held a flask to my lips, and then I think I must have swooned again for pure joy that that thirst was allayed. Quickly now my wounds were bandaged and I was carried gently away from the field.

And here to all intents and purposes my story ends. Of what avail to tell of my slow nursing back to health and strength, of the thanks given both to my father and to me by the Government of the country, and the decorations it bestowed upon us for the victory which, it said in its politeness, was so largely due to our bravery? What need I say of that day a month later, when I stood silently watching, amidst a mob howling out execrations, while Martinez was shot in the great square of the capital? The hatred had gone—gone utterly out of my life, wiped out of it by the touch of the dead. No, not of the dead, but of the living, for I had looked into my brother's eyes, and I knew that he lived and loved me still. And so I was content, though then I knew nothing of the beautiful fate which would bring my brother back to life fifteen years later in a country far away, which would bring him in that new body into my life again, which would enable us both to recognise one another, and to realise that death can never part those souls that truly love.

C. W. LEADBEATER

The poles are scarcely farther apart than the views of western Spiritualists and Asiatics with respect to communion with the dead. The former encourage it, often try to develop mediumship in themselves or their family members, to enjoy it, support many journals and publish many books to tell about and discuss their phenomena, and cite the latter as proofs of the scientific basis of the doctrine of a future life. Asiatics, on the contrary, discourage these necromantic dabblings as soul-debaucheries, and affirm that they work incalculable evil both upon the dead and the living; obstructing the normal evolution of man's spirit and delaying the acquirement of *Jñanam*, the highest knowledge. In Europe and America one often meets around the séance-table the noblest, purest, most learned, as well as their opposites; in the East, the mediums and sorcerers are patronised only by Pariahs and other degraded castes, as a general rule. At the West, in these latter days, families usually feel glad rather than sorry if a medium is discovered in their household, whereas in India it is thought a disgrace, a calamity, something to deplore and to abate as soon as possible.

H. S. OLCOTT—*Old Diary Leaves*

A MYSTERIOUS MANUSCRIPT

The Manuscripts in the Adyar Library

THE collection of Manuscripts in the Adyar Library is really unique in its Samskṛt department. It contains already over twelve thousand works—of which several indeed are duplicates of the same treatise, but of which, on the other hand, a considerable number are unique, not known to exist in any other library, and, lastly, of which a great number (if not unique) are of great rarity. Besides these Samskṛt Manuscripts there are also several others, the presence of which in our collections is perhaps less known to the public. We have, for instance, a magnificent copy of the Pāli Tripiṭaka and a small number of other Pāli works, and further some Telugu, Tamil, Chinese, Javanese and Tibetan Manuscripts. Besides these, again, we possess a considerable number of Japanese and Chinese prints (mostly Buddhistic) both in xylography and typography, amongst which are the Tokio edition of the Chinese Tripiṭaka, and also, the late King of Siam's printed edition of the Pāli Tripiṭaka in Siamese characters.

Our library being a young one with very limited financial means at its disposal, some of the works in languages other than Samskṛt have not yet been adequately determined and catalogued, though it may be added that at least the Chinese Tripiṭaka has now been duly arranged by Mr. Spurgeon Medhurst and ourselves, and that we have also determined the character of the few bundles of Tibetan Manuscripts in our possession. The latter contain nothing of a startling nature. There is, we may say of course, a copy of the *Vajracchedika* or *Rdo-rje-gchod-pa*; then there are some minor treatises relating to

Padmasambhava and similar matters, important neither in contents nor extent, nor in perfection of the writer's art. We may perhaps add that we ourselves possess a small collection of Tibetan blockprints, comprising some 2,700 leaves, and containing amongst other matter an *Aṣṭasahasrikā Prajñāpāramitā*, two different editions of *Milaraspa* (each containing the two works), and two different *Padma Thangyigs* (both differing from the texts made known by Grünwedel and Schlagintweit).

A Solitary Leaf of a Tibetan Manuscript

Besides the Manuscripts mentioned above there is one other Tibetan production in our collection, a solitary leaf of what is evidently a big book. It is a splendid specimen of Tibetan caligraphy, though the leaf itself has not come to us in an altogether undamaged condition. On both outer ends it shows clear traces of being singed or burned, and on the right hand side perhaps an inch has broken off, the material having become brittle when undergoing its fire-ordeal. The text is only slightly interfered with, at most the width of one or two letters having been lost in this way; and these lost letters, owing to the nature of the text written on the leaf, can be easily restored, as this text consists chiefly of a series of formulæ which occur over and over again with only a slight verbal change in a single expression or group of expressions. The material of the leaf is some tough and leathery paper, colored dark blue and polished on that part of it on which the text has been written. The letters, beautifully and clearly executed, about a quarter of an inch high (*pa*, *ba* and the like), do not show any difference from the modern form[1] and are written or painted in the well-known shiny, yellowish-golden color which lends such beauty to Tibetan writings of that class. The leaf contains eight lines on each side; it measures

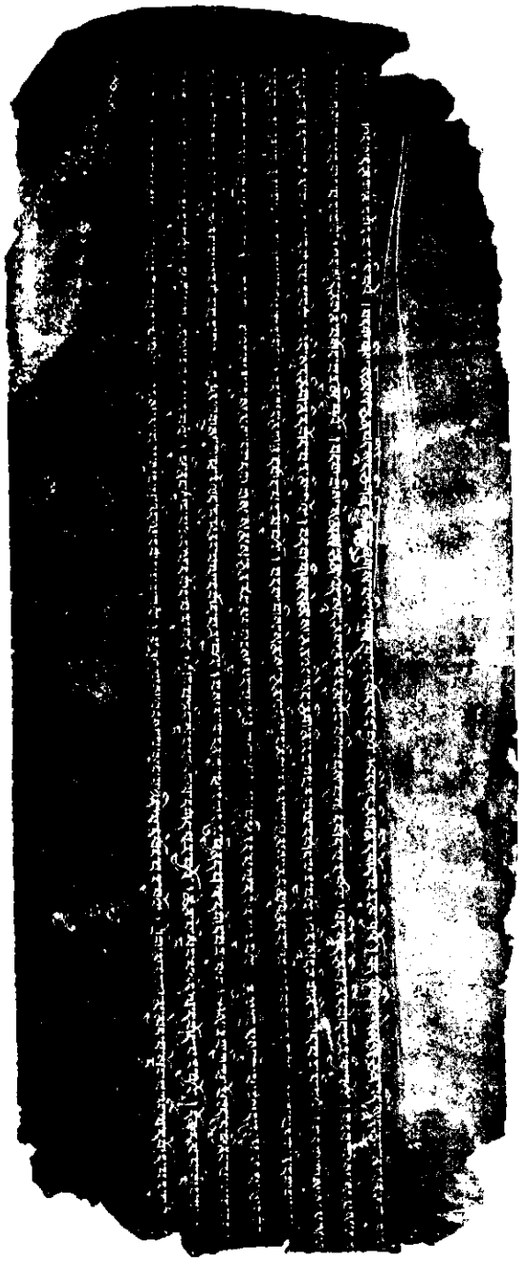
[1] The initial letter *a* does not occur on the leaf, so we cannot compare its form with the variety designated by L. D. Barnett in the *J. R. A. S.*, 1903, p. 111, as characteristic of Tibetan palæography.

exactly ten inches high and in its present condition nearly 24½ inches long, but its length may have originally been 1 to 1½ inch more. Our reproduction on a scale of a little under one-third gives a clear idea of the state and appearance of the leaf on its recto side.

How the Manuscript came to Us

The history of the arrival of the Manuscript in the Adyar Library is already romantic in itself. Dr. Schräder, the Director, had, soon after his first arrival in India, taken care of a young Brāhmaṇa orphan to whom he intended to give a good education with a view of qualifying him for secretarial work of some kind. After having been placed in the Central Hindū College, the lad preferred, however, to lead the parivrājaka life, went north and was subsequently only occasionally heard of. He seems to have wandered through Nepāl amongst other places, and in November, 1908, Dr. Schräder received the latest tidings from him. This news was contained in a letter (bearing the postmark of Askote, Almora, November 17th, 1908[1]), giving some particulars about his present condition and asking for a determination of the nature and contents of the Manuscript leaf, sent by the same mail per book-post under separate cover. He stated that a friend he had met *possessed a collection of such leaves*, of which this was one, but did not know what it was, and would be glad to be enlightened on the point. With characteristic forgetfulness he neglected to add his present address, so that no answer could be sent; and after several months Dr. Schräder, unhappily, destroyed the letter, the precise contents of which he is now no longer able to recall. How this Manuscript came into the possession of the youthful brahmachārin's friend remains thus an unsolved problem. Let its solution be as it may; the fact remains that we are in the possession of this tantalising knowledge that somewhere up north someone

[1] Though the accompanying letter was destroyed, happily the cover in which the Manuscript was sent was kept, which enables us to fix the date given.



possesses the remainder of this Manuscript, not knowing its unique value, which I am going to demonstrate further on, perhaps not taking due care of it, whilst we are impotent to rescue it from oblivion and possible decay or disappearance.

The Unique Character of the Manuscript

When Dr. Schräder, on a mere chance occasion, during the autumn of 1909, submitted the Manuscript to me I at once recognised it as something special and remarkable. On first sight I found its orthography quite peculiar showing the ancient *da-drag* and the subjoined semi-vowel, *ya* between the initial *m* and the vowels *e* and *i* in full use. Most readers will exclaim: "What are these *da-drag* and subjoined *ya*?" They represent ancient forms of Tibetan orthography, which, according to modern authorities, *ceased to be employed before about the year 800 of our era.*[1] It will be seen immediately how important that single leaf at once became by this discovery. For either we have before us a modern copy artificially reproducing the obsolete orthography—and an example of such a procedure is as yet absolutely unknown—or we have a genuine old Manuscript dating from within a century or two of the introduction of writing into Tibet, which took place in about 640 A.D. It would bring 'us 'into contact with the work of the earliest translators from Samaskṛt into

[1] For some literature on the subject see Jäschke 'Tibetan Grammar' (1883) § 34, and Dictionaries (1871 or 1881) *s. v. da*; Csoma de Körös 'Grammar of the Tibetan Language (1834), p. 11; Schmidt 'Grammatik der Tibetischen Sprache' (1839), p. 20, 21; Sarat Chandra Dās 'Tibetan-English Dictionary' (1902) *s. v. da-drag*; L. D. Barnett, *J.R.A.S.*, 1903, p. 109 and p. 821; W. W. Rockhill, *J.R.A.S.*, 1908, p. 572; L. A. Waddell, *J.R.A.S.*, 1909, p. 933 (especially p. 942) and compare also p. 69; S. W. Bushell, *J. R. A. S.*, 1880, p. 435 (especially plates after p. 534; the subjoined *ya* seems to be there, but the rubbing is very imperfect); M. A. Stein 'Preliminary Report, etc., in Chinese Turkestan' (1901) last plate and p. 57. From Laufer's 'Studien zur Sprachwissenschaft der Tibeter Zamatog' in the Sitzungsberichte der philos.-philol. u. d. hist. Classe der k. b. Ak. d. Wissensch. zu München (1898), p. 519, we must conclude, ex omisione, that the Tibetan Grammar Zamatog, written in about 1500 A.D., no longer knows the *da-drag*, whereas Thonmi-sambhota's grammar (about 625 A.D.) treats of it, according to A. H. Francke in the *J.&P.A.S.B.*, 1910., p. 410. Whilst correcting the proofs of this article the October numbers of the *J.R.A.S.*, for 1910, have come to hand, in which see L. A. Waddell, p. 1247 and especially p. 1250 and 1251. In this article the *da-drag* is proven to have been employed as late as about 840 A.D.

Tibetan, and would in another way be of importance as indicating the survival at the present day of bulky specimens of the old writing, examples of which—in a very limited number—have until now only been found buried under the devastating but preservative sands of Turkestan.

What hopes for further discovery this possibility evokes it is needless to say. Let us mention only the importance such discoveries would have for the intricate history and genetic development of the Buḍḍhist writings. Textual criticism could not hope for a better find. Little wonder, then, that I remained perplexed as to the truth of the matter, and could not easily pass over the fact that the appearance of our leaf is fresh, that it does not clearly indicate any hoary past, and does not lend force to the theory that this leaf is more than a thousand years old. And yet the cold Tibetan climate is a good preserver, better than that of tropical India with its moisture, its heat and its devouring insects.[1]

To What Work the Leaf Belongs

In attempting to solve the above puzzle the first step to take is evidently to determine to what work this isolated leaf belongs. Unhappily there is no marginal short title on the leaf, such as is found in almost all xylographs; there is no chapter closing or beginning, no colophon or other indication which might give a clue. The only thing is to judge the contents as such. There is however one indication of a secondary nature, and that is the page number. The leaf is marked on its recto side *ga* × × *go-bshi* or in other words Vol. III, page 94. Taking the volume number as applying to a single work—seeing that this is a Manuscript, and not a printed work, in which separate treatises

[1] I will not enter here into any technical discussion about the peculiarities of the Manuscript, if any such exist. That may be referred to more learned heads. Let me however note one point, the occurrence of the curious term *rang-byang-chhub* in the series sroṭāpatti, etc., after arhat, which term Chandra Dās in his dictionary (1166 b.) gives as the equivalent of *rang-sangs-rgyas* or *pratyekabuddha*. I may also add that the use of the *da-drag* does not tally with Barnett's analysis of it in the Endere fragments, *J. R. A. S.*, 1903, pp. 110, 111.

are often included in a number of volumes, and accordingly marked with a volume number which has no reference to their individual length—the whole work must be of considerable bulk.

Now a perusal of the contents showed the enumeration of the various well-known series of the four (five) fruits or paths (sroṭāpatti, etc., including rang-byang-chhub or pratyekabuddha as the fifth), the six pāramiṭās, the eighteen shūnyaṭās, and the mention of several other series, which are, however, not singly enumerated like the former, but only mentioned collectively, as for example the four noble truths, the noble eightfold path, the four meditations, the eight escapes or emancipations, and the five powers. It is clear that the most probable hypothesis is that, with regard to length (at least three volumes) and contents, we have here to do with one of the larger Prajñāpāramitās. And if this be so, the choice must lie between the *Shaṭasahasrikā* (the 100,000 shloka Prajñāpāramitā), the *Pañchaviṁshaṭishasrikā* (in 25,000 shlokas) and the *Aṣṭāḍashāsrikā* (in 18,000 shlokas). The two smaller recensions, the *Ḍashasahasrikā* (in 10,000 shlokas) and the *Aṣṭasahasrika* (in 8,000 shlokas) are scarcely probable as the original work, as both are continually printed in Tibet in a single volume, and it is not likely that our Manuscript, containing as much matter on a page as the printed editions, would expand to (at least) three volumes in writing.[1]

Going a step further, considering all elements at my disposal, I have come finally to this conclusion that the most likely hypothesis is to assign our fragment as belonging to the 25,000 shloka recension,

[1] The above according to Csoma de Körös-Leon Feer in the 'Annales du Musée Guimet,' Vol. II, p. 199. It should be remarked that whilst these authors give the 25,000 shloka recension as contained in three volumes, both the catalogue of the *R. A. S. B.* ('A nominal list of Tibetan Manuscripts and xylographs,' etc., by P. Ghosha, pp. 4, 5) and of the St. Petersburg Academy (I. J. Schmidt and O. Böhtlingk 'Verzeichniss der Tibetischen Handschriften und Holzdrucke,' etc. [1846], Nos. 187-190) indicate only editions in four volumes.

called by abbreviation nyi-khri in Tibetan, and consisting in reality—as that word indicates—of perhaps roughly 20,000 shlokas. I need not detail how I have finally came to this conclusion, which, it must be remembered, is after all only a hypothesis. Suffice it to add still—that a rapid glance through this 25,000 shloka recension in the Chinese Tripiṭaka, one through the Samskṛt 8,000 shloka edition published in the *Bibliotheca Indica* by Rājendralāla Mitra, one through the Tibetan 100,000 shloka edition[1] as far as published in the *Bibliotheca Indica* by Pratāpachandra Ghosha, have only given me several dizzy headaches, but have not led me to an identification of our passage.

Clairvoyance to the Rescue

So there the matter stood, without prospect of further development, when I bethought myself that it might be interesting to attempt an appeal to the powers of trained clairvoyance for some suggestions, or perhaps a solution of the problem. So on the evening of November 17, 1909, at 9-30 P.M., after the day's work was over, I went to Mr. Leadbeater with the Manuscript, outlined the case to him, and asked him if he would be kind enough to go into the question either by sheer clairvoyance or by psychometry. It should be understood that I told him only the barest facts of the case: that here was a Manuscript which according to its orthographic peculiarities must be supposed to have been written before 800 A.D., that it was Tibetan, and that further than that there was nothing known about it, neither as to its ultimate provenance nor as to of what work it formed part. Unnecessary to add that Mr. Leadbeater knows no Tibetan or other Oriental languages; and though himself a Buddhist and keenly

[1] It is curious that during all the twelve years that this publication has been in progress no one concerned has noticed that on the outer titles from beginning till end *stong phrag brgyad pa* has been printed and on the inner and chapter titles *stong phrag brgyo pa*. Jäschke has a clerical error in his London (1881) dictionary and gives *stong phrag* as 'ten thousand;' his Gnadau 1871) dictionary is correct on this point.

interested in its living aspects, has made no scientific studies concerning its development, nor is specially acquainted with the literature about it by any but the more popular writers amongst the western Buddhist scholars.

Readers of this Magazine are familiar with the results of clairvoyant enquiry as applied to historic researches through the series of 'Lives of Alcyone'. Those as yet unfamiliar with this subject can do no better than read Mr. Leadbeater's own little manual on *Chairvoyance*, describing the whole theory concerning the exercise of this power; and they may also advantageously compare Mr. Mead's remarks on this subject in the introduction to his work on *Did Jesus live 100 B. C.*? It is here, of course, not the place to insert a *petitio principii* concerning the reality of clairvoyance, some knowledge of which subject is taken for granted in our readers. Psychic researchers may note down the case here related as an interesting document for study, and those interested in this problem will find a good illustration of a chance example of clairvoyance, quite casually demonstrated without any previous preparation or warning. In the regular and systematic exercise of the power in lengthy series of investigations, such as those connected with *Thought-forms*, *Ancient Peru*, *Occult Chemistry*, and others, the existence of some preliminary preparation might be argued, but here we have a mere chance chip thrown off from the block, and the spontaneity of its production has a special demonstrational value.

The Date of the Leaf

Mr. Leadbeater at once, most kindly, acquiesced in my wishes. It has been my privilege—as it has been that of many others in close connexion with him—to have often witnessed such little spontaneous 'asides' to his more regular work. Those of us who have had this experience might construct an interesting evidential

chain of argument and circumstance in favor of the reality of his possession of this abnormal power in a scientific sense.

He first took the leaf in his hands, sat quietly for a few moments, half closed his eyes, and began to speak. The Manuscript was very old, he said; it had been written in Tibet, or at least somewhere amongst the mountains of the Himālayan chain, or those north of them. He could not at first say exactly where. Glancing over contemporary Europe to find some landmarks for the fixing of the date—a process said to be quite feasible—it was found that it was about the time of Pepin le Bref and Charlemagne. Some interesting details of personal description of the latter were given, some glimpses of scenes in his life were depicted, and some living touches of the life of the times were described in a most casual manner, and in the merest passing. A glance over contemporary England confirmed the approximate date gained, and whilst Mr. Leadbeater was wandering round amongst these pictures of ancient life, I looked up and verified such details as lent themselves to it from the cyclopædia. It has always struck me as an amusing fact that, whereas in olden times the wizard—at least traditionally—had his proper setting in picturesque and dramatic surroundings, he now-a-days uses a prosaic typewriter, and does not despise the use of dictionary and cyclopædia to check as far as possible his own results. In occult methods, too, civilisation brings progress!

A direct question brought the answer that, running rapidly over the history of the Manuscript in reverse order, from the present day to its genesis, our leaf proved to be the original production and not a later copy of it. At the moment no further precision of the date fixed was attempted, as this would entail considerable difficulty; for in such a matter concrete minute points of comparison are needed, fixed points as it were, and these depend largely on the actual knowledge present in the consciousness of the seer.

Within historical times, this would not be very difficult for countries whose languages the seer understands; but for nations speaking languages or using chronologies unknown to him, the process would be laborious. Some practical makeshifts are in many cases resorted to, as for instance, when in events coinciding with Roman times the contemporary name of the acting consul was looked up and then his date read up in some cyclopædia. Pre-mediæval Europe offers generally considerable difficulties. Huge periods are commonly computed from astronomical observations.

The Author of the Leaf

Having fixed his attention on the writer of the Manuscript, Mr. Leadbeater gave a description of him and ascertained some facts connected with him. His name was unluckily not determined, though somehow in a vague way the name Sambhava was mentioned in connexion with him. He was an oldish man of commanding appearance, seemingly of some Mongolian race—perhaps Tibeto-Chinese. There was an impression that he had been born somewhere on or near the Chinese frontier. He was observed writing in a sort of monastery, a great bare walled place, part of a much larger establishment. This place was, in a sort, identified in an interesting way. During the summer of 1909 Mr. Leadbeater and myself had read the proofs of Ekai Kawaguchi's work *Three Years in Tibet* which has been published by *The Theosophist* Office. Whilst clairvoyantly looking at the Tibetan writer, long since dead and gone, and at his dwelling-place, Mr. Leadbeater said that this was the same place which Kawaguchi had visited and described in his book. He stated: 'Look up Kawaguchi; you will find there the description of the same place. It is situated to the east of the river. Nyalba (or Nyalva) is the name of a village near by.' Upon being asked how he knew this, he answered that a habitual exercise of clairvoyance brings with it the automatic arising of pictures of the original when

various subjects are spoken or read of. So, in reading a book of travel, the practised clairvoyant continually sees before him the real scenes and incidents described. In this way he recognised the old monastery as that which he had seen in connexion with Kawaguchi's book. The detail is interesting. But I have not been able to identify the place from any description in the book.

The Writing of the Book

The vision showed the beautiful Manuscript and there was 'lots of it'. The Manuscript in the final state, of which our solitary leaf is a specimen, was not the immediate result of the translation. The translation itself was done from a palm-leaf Manuscript, written in some form of Samskṛt. The ancient translator worked at it as his great life-task, taking many years over it. His labor was a sort of secret charge. The first draft was written on some dirty-looking white-grey paper. From this the Manuscript was copied with scrupulous care and in painfully neat caligraphy on the blue paper of which we have the sample. The writing was done, it seems, with some kind of bamboo or wooden brush or pen. My notes do not record the detail, but I believe it was given at the time. The copying as well as the translation were equally sacred tasks to the Tibetan monk.

According to Csoma de Körös-Feer the Tibetan translation of the 25,000 shloka recension of the Prajñāpāramitā is unknown.

Glossolaly

Except in the *Christian Creed*, where he has given *ponton piléton* as the original form of the *pontiou pilatou* in the Gospels, Mr. Leadbeater has to my knowledge never yet published direct readings from ancient Manuscripts, clairaudiently obtained. The more interesting is it that on this occasion he reproduced several larger and smaller snatches of sound heard from the Tibetan writer in reading his Manuscripts. It must be borne in mind that clairvoyance does not in itself enable its possessor to read ancient

Manuscripts if he does not know their script, but the clairvoyant, or rather clairaudient can hear and reproduce the sounds uttered by the people of the time who read these writings aloud. The sounds heard seem to belong to three different categories. They are those of the Samskṛtic original, those of the Tibetan translation, and one sentence which seems Chinese.

I spell as well as I can phonetically with the ordinary continental values of the letters.

(*a*) *Chinese.*

The monk began his readings with what seemed a set formula running somewhat as follows, though the exact order of the sounds is not guaranteed.

fo do bo zo

Remarks:

This looks more Chinese than Tibetan, and may represent an invocation in the monk's mother tongue, as he was possibly a Chinaman by birth. It must also be remembered that the titles of the Chinese Pāramitās abound in monosyllables having an o sound. The Chinese names for the three Chinese versions of the 25,000 shloka recension are named: Fāng-kwāng-pān-jo-po-lo-mi-ching, Mohō-pān-jo-po-lo-mi-ching, and Kwāng-tsān-pān-jo-po-lo-mi-ching.[1] Pān-jo-po-lo-mi-to is the Chinese transcription for Prajñāpāramitā.

(*b*) *Tibetan.*

The following sentences and isolated works or expressions were dictated as Tibetan. They were of course pronounced through an untrained English larynx by one not conversant with Tibetan, nor, for the matter of that, with Samskṛt or Chinese.

1. *fo khiön*[1] *khab dzju*[2] *lobchen thupha*[3].

[1] kh=Greek chi; iö as in French bière.

[2] dzju as in English jujube.

[3] Something between thirpa (ir as in English thirst), thupha or thirpo (short o).

[1] Bunyiu Nanjio 'Catalogue, etc., of the Chinese Buddhist Tripiṭaka,' Oxford, 1883, col. 4.

2. *tcha khiĕn sangtszu lo bat*[1] *tsze gyal bor ang khor bat zug hrang*[2] *po chellung phota*[3].

[1] Bat or pat.

[2] Hrang very guttural in its initials and the a sound very short.

[3] Phota or phoda.

Remarks:

An adherent to the doctrine of sub-conscious memory will probably see in ang khor bat a reminiscence of the name of the famous ruins in Cambodia.

3. *Shrī chen.*[1]

[1] Something between chen, short chan or chin.

4. *naljor.*

5. *genpakdenchub.*

6. *norlab dipak denpo.*

Remarks:

Number one may be intended to represent a name; I have a lingering remembrance that it was given as such, but I have not recorded the fact in my notes.

Number two was a sentence from the book.

Number three and five were isolated words.

Number four was a word known to Mr. Leadbeater and recognised by him, as it is used in Theosophical literature, it is of course the Tibetan equivalent for Yoga, Yogin, Yogāchārya or Yogāchāra.

Number six may be a name again.

(*c*) *Samskṛtic* (Classical Samskṛt, Buḍḍhistic Samskṛt, Pāli?)

Taken from the original Manuscript from which the Tibetan translation was made.

1. *Itipisso bhagavan arahan.*

Remarks:

This is evidently the well-known Pāli formula: Iti pi so bhagavā arahaṁ sammāsambuddho vijjā-caraṇa-sampanno sugato lokavidū, etc.[1] It would be strange to find

[1] "That is the Noble One, the Saintly One, the perfectly Enlightened One, Endowed with Wisdom and Virtue, the Welcome One, whose look penetrates the worlds," etc. See Bhikkhu Ñāṇatiloka "Die Reden des Buḍḍha," Erster Band, Einer-Buch, Leipzig, [1910?], p. 57. The formula does not seem to occur in the written canon of Ceylon, but to be in current use among the Buḍḍhist population.

Pāli in the original instead of some form of Samskṛt if our book is really one of the Prajñāpāramitās. But a similar formula was at one time known to Tibetan Buḍḍhists[1] in the form: "Itjapi so Bhagavā(n) Samjaksambuddho vidschdschatscharaṇasampanno Sugato Lokavidjānuttaro" (as transcribed by Schiefner), given as the language of Magadha.

The words were given as the beginning of a sentence.

May it be that Mr. Leadbeater heard the Pāli form in Ceylon during the course of his lengthy residence there, and clothed the nearly similar sounds in a form reminiscent of them in some sub-conscious way?

Mr. Leadbeater himself thinks this hypothesis probable. It was his opinion that in each of these cases, out of a torrent of unknown words which he heard, his mind pounced upon such as were already partly familiar to it, and even that he might easily have been deceived by apparent and superficial resemblances to words sub-consciously present in his mind.

2. *Saririv pilikulenda.*

3. *Buddha rajanān wahanseye nama swaweva.*

Remarks:

Buddharājānanwahansé is an honorific title frequently applied in Ceylon to the Buḍḍha. The words heard may only have *resembled* these.

We publish the above details in the hope that some reader or readers thoroughly conversant with spoken Tibetan and Chinese or with Buḍḍhistic Samskṛt may shed some light on the problems they raise. As an almost unique example of what they are in the way of recovered sounds from the past heard by clairaudience in time, they cannot fail to have also a special interest for the student of such matters.

The Pre-history of the Document

What we have written up till now has a special interest mainly for the psychic researcher, the philologist and

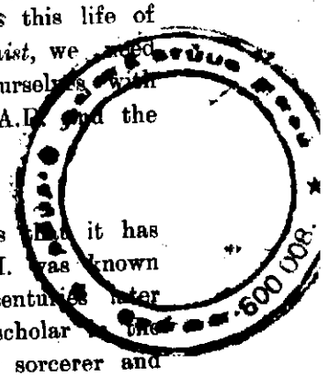
[1] A Schiefner 'Wassiljew's Vorrede, etc., zu Tārānātha's Geschichte des Buddhismus in Indien,' St. Petersburg, 1869, p. 29.

the student of Buddhist history and literature, and generally also for the Theosophist. What now follows is of special and almost exclusive interest to the latter. For the stray scholar, who may have happened to meet and read these pages, hypothesis and description cease and romance begins. But even if he should regard what follows as a mere story, it is an interesting one which will amuse him if no more. Needless to say that we ourselves regard the following to be as much a subject for serious consideration as what has gone before, and that we consider that our own faculties and expectations are by no means the measure of the possible or the true. Besides, we are able to bring forward a few corroborative arguments with regard to some points of the story.

After having come thus far in the description of the author, his place and time and book, I asked Mr. Leadbeater to go a step further and follow up the Samskṛt Manuscript from which the Tibetan translation was made. By tracing it back to some other Manuscript from which, in its turn, it might prove to have been copied, and so on, we would at last come to the original author and also probably to the title of the book.

Already, when describing the Tibetan translator, he had said that the man looked somehow familiar though he did not finally identify him (not as to name, but as to ego). Also the Samskṛt Manuscript had a 'curious feel' about it, he said. And in acceding to my request he very soon said: "I believe that Master K. H. may have had something to do with the book." He then described how in ascending along the line of time, the Master's influence became perceptible in the Manuscript, growing stronger and stronger as he moved into the earlier past, until at last he found Master K. H. himself as its author, nearly two thousand years ago. First the Manuscript took him to India. It was interesting to watch the description of how the surrounding climate was softening, and at last was transformed into one of tropical heat, and how the

country in which he was moving changed from icy Tibet to glaring India. After a few centuries he found himself transported—much to his surprise—to the identical monastery and library where Alcyone (in the thirtieth life) was abbot and librarian. In that library the Manuscript was one of the great treasures, and either that self-same Manuscript, or a copy made from it, was the Samskṛt book seen in the hands of the Tibetan translator. As this life of Alcyone will soon appear in *The Theosophist*, we need not give any particulars here, but satisfy ourselves with the statement that its time was about 650 A.D. and the place Kanyakubja.



Nāgārjuna

It is well known in Theosophical circles that it has been stated that he who is now Master K. H. was known in a former life as Pythagoras, and some centuries later in India as Nāgārjuna[1]—a great saint and scholar of the early Buddhist world, renowned as a mighty sorcerer and great philosopher, a voluminous author, a Methusalah who lived for three centuries as a Buddhist patriarch, the focus of countless legends, stories, traditions and even fairy-tales. To him at last the investigation leads when searching for the ultimate (or rather penultimate, as we shall see) origin of our mysterious leaf. The following are the bare facts as Mr. Leadbeater told them that evening.

We are now somewhere near the time that the Christian gospels were written, about 200 A.D., or rather a little less; between 150 and 180 A.D., would be more exact. Nāgārjuna is now an old man. He wrote the original Manuscript, but this was itself not an original production, but a translation from an Atlantean Manuscript. There is already a queer and romantic story current about it. This Manu-

[1] See about Nāgārjuna: Albert Grünwedel 'Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet und der Mongolei,' Leipzig, 1900, p. 29; L. A. Waddell 'The Buddhism of Tibet,' London, 1895, p. 10; W. Wassiljew 'Der Buddhismus,' St. Petersburg, 1860, p. 232, also translated into English in 'The Indian Antiquary,' Vol. IV, Bombay, 1875, p. 141. A list of literature on Nāgārjuna in Grünwedel's work, note 31, p. 203.

script was a holy relic when one of the later Atlantean migrations left Poseidonis. They took it with them to India. After a long time of peaceful dwelling in the new land, the Āryan hordes begin to invade the country from the North. The older Atlantean tribe began to be harassed and to be sorely pressed. They fought like lions but without avail. They formed the kṣhattṛiya or rājan caste, and were red-colored. At last they saw their doom was sealed, and they decided to bury their sacred treasure. They did, and it remained buried in a dry sandy place for thousands of years, quite undisturbed. This Atlantean Manuscript was enclosed in an air-tight case, hermetically sealed and made out of some sort of metal. Its preservation remained perfect.

Nāgārjuna got hold of information about it and located it by some magical means, after which he dug it up. The Manuscript was written in colored hieroglyphics on what seem metal plates. It was about two feet long and twelve inches broad. There were twenty-seven lines of script, written on one side of the plates only, which numbered one hundred and fifty-three. In translation the text expanded considerably. It was translated on palm-leaves about sixteen inches long and four high, on which twelve lines were written on *both* sides. About three of such palm leaves went to one metal sheet. The translation seems to consist of three parts —three bundles anyhow. The work is known as *Samboḍhi*; this is the original title and Nāgārjuna is the translator. This translation is somehow dual in its nature. There seems first to be a mere translation, corresponding exactly to the original, and then secondly, under the same title, something which seems a commentary. There ought therefore to be two books or parts, with the same name but quite different contents.

After this translation was made, and the work commenced its wandering career throughout the centuries, it began to expand. This process of expansion went on and

on till the book reached Tibet. And even before it reached India from Atlantis, it had already begun increasing its initial size.

A curious phrase in or connected with the initial Manuscript: is "The great King of Glory who liveth for 124,000 years."

This then is the story of the Manuscript in so far as it related to Nāgārjuna, and so far as briefly outlined in a short and cursory investigation lasting in all scarcely more than one hour, certainly less than two hours.

Some Corroborative Observations on the previous Paragraph

The first interesting corroboration for our story is that, in effect, there exists a legend that Nāgārjuna did find a case with manuscripts from which he drew the materials for writing the Pāramiṭās, all of which tradition ascribes to him. In the popular versions this case was recovered from the nether-world or the sea, by the aid of a King of the Nāgas. It will be remembered that occult enquiry has suggested the equivalence of the name Nāga—really meaning serpent, a mystical being playing a great part in early Buḍḍhistic legend—with the name of an Atlantean tribe or race. They were so called, it is stated, because their tribal totem, borne before them in war, was a snake. Nepālese Manuscripts of the Prajñāpāramitā record[1] in their colophons that they had been drawn from the nether-world by Nāgārjuna (नागार्जुनेन पातालादुद्धृता). The Chinese biography of Nāgārjuna[2] relates the story as follows:

"Nāgarāja (King of the Dragons) took pity on him [Nāgārjuna] and took him with him to his palace at the bottom of the sea, and showed him there seven precious receptacles, containing the Vaipulya books and

[1] *J. & P. A. S. B.*, Vol. VI, 1910. p. 309 and 426.
[2] Wassiljew 'Der Buddhismus' and 'Indian Antiquary'. See note to previous paragraph. The English translation is defective.

other Sūṭras of a deep and mystical meaning; Nāgārjuna read them for ninety consecutive days, *and then returned to the earth with a case* (*Kiste*)."

Waddell[1] adds that Nāgārjuna alleged that the Buḍḍha Himself had composed the treatise.

A second corroboration is perhaps to be found in the fact that the 25,000 shloka recension is commonly given as printed in three volumes, which fact may have something to do with the 'three original parts' described.

The third is with regard to the name Sambodhi. In the 25,000 shloka recension of the work, the fourth of its eight chapters is called Sarvakārābhisambodha or 'cognisance of all forms, whereby the Bodhisaṭṭva acquires a right understanding of the various phases of the mind under different circumstances,' and the sixth chapter is called Ekākṣhna-visambodha, or 'knowledge of all times present, past and future'.[2]

The fourth corroboration is with regard to the statement that there were two different books, a translation and a commentary. Rājendralāla Miṭra writes in his work already quoted, p. xiv, the following:

"The second abridgment of the large work [the 100,000 shloka recension of the Prajñāpāramitā] is usually reckoned at 25,000 shlokas...but...roughly calculated it is limited to 20,045 shlokas...Though professedly a digest, the arrangement of the work is not founded on the plan of the Shaṭasahasrika, and the treatment of the subject is generally different. In fact the work is an independent one on the subject of Nihilism bearing on the attributes of Buḍḍha."

For a quite recent discovery of the existence of a separate work included in the Prajñāpāramitās see M. Haraprasāda Shāstrī in the *J. & P. A. S. B.* Vol. VI, No. 8,

[1] 'The Buddhism of Tibet,' p. 11.

[2] Rājendralāla Miṭra 'Ashṭasahasrika' (Bibliotheca Indica), Calcutta, 1888, p. xiv, xv.

August, 1910, p. 425. This short note is quite important for our present problem and was published a year after Mr. Leadbeater's researches. It also gives some clue to the process of expansion of the earlier versions, and states that the prose portions of the work alone are original, the verses are 'different works'.

All the above considerations deserve further careful study, and it is highly desirable that all those competent to shed more light on these problems should not hesitate to co-operate towards this end.

Back to Atlantis

The investigation did not altogether end with the facts ascertained concerning Nāgārjuna's part in the production of our Manuscript. A further endeavor was made to trace back the Atlantean plates to their origin. The inquiry was a quite summary one and disclosed only a few general data, but one of them was of special interest. It was found that ultimately the primary Manuscript was one which Master M., when, more than ten thousand years ago, a Ruler in Poseidonis, had had copied. Mr. Leadbeater stated: "Master M. has a hand in it also. I am not surprised. For wherever you find Master K. H. there you may be sure you will somehow meet Master M. also." It was not definitely stated at what time this took place. Anyhow the copy was, some 11,500 years ago, in the possession of a secret society then existing in the capital of Poseidonis, and having wide ramifications all through the land. It was then a period of the grossest general corruption, but at the same time this hidden league of white magicians and good, pure people was active in the very heart of the degraded civilisation.

Now in the fifteenth of the series of lives of Orion—which series will be published in course of time in the pages of *The Theosophist*—its hero lived in a female body in Poseidonis, from 9603—9564 B.C. She, together with another woman (Sirius) belonging to the same mountain tribe as herself,

was made captive in a military expedition of the Toltec army against her people, and both were carried off to the city and apportioned as slaves to a rich and highly placed official. They suffered torture and abuse to such an extent that they attempted to run away and they were ultimately successful in reaching a place of safety. Whilst hurrying through the streets of the town on their way to freedom they actually passed the house in which the meeting-place of this secret society was situated. When arriving at the point in his story, telling of the existence of this secret brotherhood, Mr. Leadbeater suddenly exclaimed in tones half of despair, half of anger: "And by Jove, they did not know, they did not know!" On being asked: "Who did not know what?" he explained the above situation, and said that if the two fugitives had only turned in there, they would have been safe and their tribulations ended. In seeing the house in which the Manuscript was guarded, and being back in the times and places of Orion's life in that period, the other pictures connected with all concerned had also been evoked, and for the first time he realised what *might* have been in that life, instead of what actually was. Certainly this was the first time that I witnessed emotions manifested because of adventures of more than ten thousand years ago.

A Tangled Skein

A tangled skein, indeed, has the strange story of our mysterious Manuscript proved itself according to its occult history obtained by clairvoyance, according to its immediate history in arriving in the Adyar Library, and according to the evidence of its special orthographic character. The intermingled threads have now been unravelled, but another tissue has at the same time been woven in connexion with it. We find two Masters, Alcyone, Sirius, Orion, more or less directly connected with it—further investigation would perhaps reveal more kārmic links. Involuntarily we therefore ask ourselves a question which seems to suggest itself: May the coming of this leaf to us carry some

purpose as yet unknown? We do not know; perhaps the future will show.

Conclusion

Before ending we must once more emphasise the fact that this little investigation was undertaken quite on the spur of the moment, without any preparation whatever. The various details outlined above were not in the least all known to myself, and even of the little of what I knew about the Prajñāpāramitās and Nāgārjuna I did not tell a word to Mr. Leadbeater in outlining the case when submitting it to him. This casual investigation, besides, was only one of many similar ones which I have seen Mr. Leadbeater undertake in a like way. Let us admit, to say the least of it, that the story, taken as a mere concoction, is a clever improvisation for one not consulting a single book at the time, and without any special knowledge of Oriental languages and the more technical literature about them. Let us admit again that the instantaneous use of the imagination in the manufacture of such a consistent story, or such use of the dramatic powers of the sub-conscious self, would be—if anyone wishes to ascribe the tale to their action—of a nature remarkable enough to merit some attention and to demand some explanation.

We hope then that the above narrative, quite apart from its interest to Theosophists, may serve a useful end in offering a remarkable 'case' for those interested in the whole problem of clairvoyance, or of the Theosophical doctrine of the ākāshic records. It is a typical little case, perhaps not rich enough in details and data to furnish sufficient materials for scientific study and analysis to reach final conclusions, yet certainly sufficient as a starting point for such study. There must be several people with the abilities and knowledge of a Flournoy or a Lutoslawski, to mention widely divergent temperaments, who, in combination with Samskṛt, Tibetan and Chinese scholars, might contribute a most instructive discussion of this report.

It seems to me that their labors would not be uselessly employed on it. There are great difficulties still to be explained, as for instance, the utterly Buddhistic nature of our leaf in connexion with its alleged pre-Buddhistic origin, but, all the more welcome would be all additional information which would enable us to understand all this —in whatever direction that explanation might eventually prove to lie.

JOHAN VAN MANEN

THIS IS MY BABYLON

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."—*Psalm*, 137.

This is my Babylon,
This earth, this sea, this sky
The radiance of the setting sun,
The night wind's gentle sigh,
And when the glorious day is done
The birds' sweet revelry.

This is my Babylon!
Far from the City's Gate,
Where the pure Stream of Life doth run,
And where, in high estate,
I held sweet counsel with the Son,
On Life, and Death, and Fate.

This is my Babylon,
This bondage of the flesh,
This lust of life, these riches won,
Earth-joys, that bind afresh.
With Zion's, what comparison!
And yet—Life's glittering mesh.

This is my Babylon.
Zion! for thee I weep,
Home of my heart! That I should shun
The rock and pathway steep!
Zion beloved! For ever gone!
I visit thee in sleep.

BÆDA

IN THE OUTER COURT

IN *The Outer Court* by Annie Besant has a deep meaning for those who strive to live the spiritual life. It has a triple meaning, as have all spiritual books which contain treasures of true esotericism.

Mankind, as it progresses, works more and more consciously at the uplifting of its culture, and by the light of the broadening consciousness illuminates all the spheres of its activity. Step by step the man advances, and as he works and evolves, all his divine capacities begin to manifest. The hidden God, the reflexion of the God of the universe, manifests in His three aspects, as Will, Wisdom, and the creative Mind. This unfolding goes on in the same order as in the kosmos. First, the Holy Spirit of Activity manifests; the creative Mind manifests as the higher principle in man. Then unfolds the second aspect of the Higher Self—love, which in conjunction with knowledge becomes Wisdom, S. Sophia, Theo-Sophia, the Son of God, who offers Himself for the salvation of the world. At last the third aspect unfolds—the Will, illuminated by love and knowledge, which in atoneness with the Will of the Father, becomes wise.

The evolution of divine humanity begins with the unfolding of the second aspect of the Trinity. This unfolding may be considered as a series of psychological moments, beginning with the victory over the animal and ending with the triumph of the inner God. The ideal of the truly spiritual man conquers the animal; the ideal of the Divine raises the man above himself, creates the super-human; there, on the threshold of a higher life, the illuminated man leaves for ever the child-life, and takes his evolution consciously into his own hands. He concentrates all his forces, the

whole light of his mind, his accumulated experience, on the inner building-craft (creativeness); just as the gifted artist with every movement of his brush strikes a line which is necessary for the manifesting of the ideal which burns in his soul, so he who treads the Path builds step by step the qualities and virtues, out of which is gradually born a character akin to the shining ideal. According to a strictly elaborated plan, he brings into order the stormy forces of his soul, harmonises and directs them, and builds the new man, the higher biological type, the second Adam.

The man who is capable of such a creative work, advances rapidly, burning his fetters and his limitations on his way, not allowing himself any delay or stoppage. In him grows indifference towards himself, to his own wishes or feelings, and therefore an entire dispassion, which in its turn gives birth to fearlessness. Then begins the fiery work of the Spirit, which does not stop before any difficulty and fears no strain. All the wishes of the soul have burnt into the one wish to prepare oneself for a noble service, and therefore there cannot be any more "my will". Consciously and freely, with steady firmness, the man builds the new type of man, the Superman, who shall bring him to the Temple. There is nothing accidental or impulsive in his work; everything is built according to a plan, everything has its meaning and its place, even the simplest details of his daily life, and therefore every detail must be worked out to perfection. It is, in the full sense of the world, the patient work of the gardener, who gives himself to the culture of his own garden with knowledge and an unwavering attention; daily he waters, trims and attends to his garden, careful that not one leaf may perish from parasites, not one plant may suffer from lack of sun and water. The man who enters the Path is like this patient gardener, who does not feel annoyed or weary, for his gaze is fixed on the future and he knows the law of growth: he knows that

even the smallest blade of grass cannot grow if its root does not receive the necessary food, and if its stem does not bathe in pure air and in the sun-rays.

But to be able to recognise the whole meaning of a work according to a conscious plan, he must have attained a definite stage in evolution; he must have finished with unconscious evolution, surrendered the seeking of personal joys, even in the form of the most refined spiritual enjoyments. No arguments and persuasions can help the man to understand the occult law of ascension, as long as a part of the lower selfhood is not burnt out, and he has not humbly bent before the cross which points the way.

The work of illuminating the consciousness begins like every thing here on earth: from below upwards, not *vice versâ*. First, the man recognises the necessity of physical culture, then of intellectual, and at last, far later, the necessity of spiritual culture. This is the reason why truths, which have become in the present time axioms in connexion with the lower spheres of human activity, are far from being recognised in relation to the higher spheres. We should think a craftsman a silly man, who should begin to forge iron, or to sew a garment, without any plan of work. We should think very lightly of the artist, who should begin his picture without having thought of its subject; or of the man of science who should begin to write a book, not knowing what he was about to say. But as soon as comes in the question of spiritual work, of rebuilding his inner world and consequently all his relations to the outer world, the man of to-day shows the completest anarchy of thought, the completest lack of understanding of the laws of evolution. Just as the savage lives without any culture, so he who follows the path of unconscious evolution can do without any plan of life. But as soon as the man is athirst for spiritual life, as soon as he rises a step higher and looks back on his past, he understands the

necessity of a conscious building of life; boldly he sets to work, his eyes fixed on his shining ideal. The work of purification becomes to him a categoric imperative, because it has become already the law of life of the growing builder. But for the man who yet seeks passionately personal joys, the most refined perhaps, such a work seems to be an awful tyranny over the personality, an intolerable regulation of movement, which he has been used for many ages to make impulsively, according to his wishes and moods. This is the subtle and dangerous temptation of many a passionate and gifted soul, whom pride and spiritual laziness hinder from starting the work from the beginning. The temptation comes in the thought: "This slow and tedious path is not for me; it is too simple, too elementary. Can I not rise with one stroke of the wings above all these tedious steps, with one effort of will and inspiration fly to the summits? There must be a magic method for burning instantly and completely all hindrances, and then, free from all fetters, rising directly to God." Feeling in himself great powers, the man thinks that his path is a peculiar one, not such as the path of all other men. He fancies that he knows since long ago all the laws of the higher ethics; but knowledge is not only a mere dead remembrance of what we have heard and read, which may rest for long years as useless material in a store-house; *only that can be called knowledge which has gone through the fiery experience of the soul,* has been in touch with the depths of the Spirit, has gone through the feeling and the will of the man. Only such knowledge is real living knowledge and has the right to be called so, because it *creates new life*. The knowledge which is not realised in life is dead knowledge.

Of such a kind is the knowledge of the man who reads the Sermon of the Mount, and who breaks the law of love all through his life. He thinks he knows the teaching of the Christ, when he reads only words. He has

no suspicion that he must yet *learn* to read the Gospel, that he must open the Holy Book with a pure heart, and that, outside the obvious meaning, the Gospel has yet another, a deeply esoteric meaning, which unfolds itself to the illuminated. All Holy Scriptures have several locks; through spiritual effort the seeker finds the keys to them. Theosophical books, dedicated to the inner building-craft, have also several keys: the intellectual, the soul-key, and the spiritual. The man who is not yet ready for a deep inner work, will read in such books only a series of useful suggestions for the outer regulation of life. A more thoughtful reader will be charmed by the fine poetry of the inspired artist, and he will feel their deep symbolism. The spiritually ripe man will come in touch with the fiery Spirit of the more advanced architect, who has already attained the heights, and who lovingly calls us to the true path. In this fiery contact is born a new understanding of life, and the resolution to follow the footsteps of the more advanced.

That is the reason why it is impossible to read the book called *In the Outer Court* with the physical and mental eyes only. He who is able to penetrate to its depths will find priceless indications for the upbuilding of his life and the preparation for the higher path. If the aspirant to spiritual life will follow unwearyingly those indications, and try to reach their innermost meaning, then he will find the Path, on which one gate will open after another before him, until he comes to the threshold of the Temple itself. It has been said: "When the pupil is ready, the Teacher is always ready. He cannot fail to see him, because the pupil has lighted his lamp."

ALBA

MONA-REULTA

THE extreme north-east coast of Ireland is wild and strange; signs of the giants are everywhere—from the fantastic Causeway to the deep silent pool over which still rock-shapes bend, gazing down, down, always down. What they gaze upon no mortal knows!

Vivid emerald turf crowns the perfect semi-circle of the giants' amphitheatre rising just beyond the Causeway. On the turf a youth lay stretched in the lovely summer sunshine. This weird coastland fascinated him; it hinted to him of familiar things, and drew elusive shadows from out the grey deeps of memory.

He loved to wander over ghostly Dunluce—his imagination re-peopling it with the brave generations long since vanished. He often sat on its crumbling walls that rise perilous above sheer scarred cliffs, and fell a-dreaming till long after the last gleam had died down in the west, and he was left "by the grey sea-surge alone in the darkness". He felt very, very sorry for the unhappy giant frozen to stone in the cliffs not far away, whose grim ghastly face rises defiantly above the ruthless waves tearing at his throat.

The boy—whose name was Terence—looked down to the Causeway and tried to picture its story. Being of Irish blood—though born in far Australia—Terence thrilled to think how Finn, the Irish giant, had punished his boastful Scotch neighbor—who had sworn to "make a mouthful of him before breakfast!" Finn, with true Irish courtesy, had, all in a moment, thrown across the waters the wondrous Causeway, whereon the Scotch boaster might come, dry of foot, to fulfil his rash vow.

In the soft dreaming of the summer's day, "all drowsy and tender blue," Terence could almost see those mighty beings of old seated upon the slopes of the amphitheatre beneath him; and from the waves lapping the shore far down seemed to rise myriad forms—denizens of water, earth and air whose rhythmic dances unrolled before the rapt semi-mortal of the giant race the mysteries of Nature's guarded realms.

Terence had secured a volume of old history—of those stormy days in Ireland when the ferocious Governors of Queen Elizabeth strove to break the rule of the indomitable Irish chiefs—[what men they were! men of soaring pride and iron will]. As he read on, two words seemed to leap out of the page: "Mona-Reulta!"

"Mona-Reulta, Mona-Reulta," mused Terence.

"Bog-of-stars"—he read as translation.

Terence thought of quiet Australian pools in whose still depths the giant gums and sparkling stars were reflected faithfully; he remembered, too, some Irish bogs, but lately seen, where soft tender stars twinkled far, far down.

He turned to his book to read the words again, and slipped swiftly from dreaming present to intense and living past.

....A great dining-hall in the rough palace of 'the Raven,'—the 'bloody Raven' to his enemies. A swarthy chieftain was the Raven, valorous and strong—truly a "great-hearted slayer of men".

From the head of the long supper-table his proud dark eyes beamed kindly upon his famous warriors, seated now so peacefully around the festal board. How mighty they appeared to the little boy who sat away at the end of the table! At his end shone no golden vessels, nor candlesticks of silver or of brass. Only glaring lights stuck in jars and bottles, only wooden cups and platters, only clamorous serving-men instead of the deep-voiced mailed warriors. To the boy this robber King

and his followers were heroes, 'gods' whom he worshipped. In them he saw no flaw, no stain—only a magnificent prowess against which none might stand.

And the Raven's 'Queen'—was she not the fairest and most gracious of women? Beside her sat their only child, a fair and dainty maid, and to her Raymond, the boy, had given his heart's allegiance.

A few days previously young Raymond had been champion in the youthful games, and the 'King's' little daughter had stepped shyly down from her place beside her father to give the victor his prize. She was clad in kirtle of green and coat of cloth-of-gold, and her sunny hair flowed loose, after the fashion of long ago. She approached the blushing champion and raised soft Irish-grey eyes. A swift light flashed in their depths, and to her sweet rosy lips sprang the unbidden prophecy:

"One day thou wilt do some great deed, O Raymond Fitz Raymond, Fitz Pierce!"

Raymond's heart leapt into flame. Into the flame poured high resolves and passionate vows; he swore he would keep those words—or die!

After a time, for some unremembered reason, Raymond passed from the Raven's abode and found himself amid very different scenes.

He found himself a drummer-boy keeping time for the pipers of a small army. An army of restless, dancing 'Queen's kerne,' who went bare-headed and with bright-hued mantles floating from their lithe shoulders; of pikemen whose heads and breasts were covered, and with slender weapons aslant their shoulders; of gun-men about whose ancient pieces coiled the slow-burning tow-match. Only a few English officers, 'Queen's men' commanded this quaint mixed array; they rode slowly and were clad in mail front and rear, some gilded, some but dull iron.

Two of the officers rode near the band of pipers with whom went the drummer-boy, whose gay laugh and eager eyes inspired the pipers to quicker, wilder efforts.

"Tom, what thinkest thou?" demanded one officer—a gilded one—of the other. "Shall we snare this bloody Raven to-night?" And he who spoke was Lord Deputy of Ireland.

The drummer-boy's sticks fell clattering to the ground! He of the dull armor turned sharply upon the boy:

"Ho! what sort of a drummer-boy art thou! pick up thy drumsticks and be not so clumsy. 'Tis for the Queen's soldiers thou art drummer—not for some barbarous robber."

Then he turned to the Lord Deputy: "A thousand pardons, my Lord, but these rough manners do anger me. The Raven is thine," he went on emphatically, "of that I am sure. He little dreams of our attack, and I know that but few men are with him—"

"Art sure?" broke in the Lord Deputy. He knew how these hill chiefs could slip through one's fingers.

"The Raven is thine," repeated the officer, Captain Thomas Lee—"thine, dead or—"

Just then the fifes burst out; the drummer must drum, so he heard no more. But oh! how his heart ached.

"Traitor, traitor," he moaned to himself. "Oh, if only I had known! It seemed so good to lead to battle and brave deeds. But to lead an enemy against Clan Ranal! is this the end of all my dreams?"

A few hot tears stole down his cheeks. Then he fancied he heard a faint sweet voice: "One day thou wilt do some great deed, O Raymond, Fitz Raymond, Fitz Pierce."

"Oh, I shall, I shall," muttered the unhappy lad, "I swore I would."

Because his mind was disturbed, Raymond's hands drummed uneasily, but he was so absorbed that he did not hear the pipers' curses upon his un-rhythmic drumming,

and very soon his drum rang out clear and strong again. An idea had come to him.

"Tom, where are we?" asked the gilded Lord Deputy.

"Your Honor, we are passing a bog named Mona-Reulta. 'Tis about one-third of the distance we must go," answered the Captain.

"Bah! what barbaric names these Irish love; who can remember them! what does it mean? then may-hap I shall understand it."

"Your Honor, on clear nights the stars shine down in the bog pools, as clear and as soft as they shine in the sky. So Mona-Reulta means the 'bog-of-stars'—the starry bog."

"A strange uncouth name anyhow," ejaculated the Lord Deputy—then fell silent.

Hours passed, and the little army struggled on through the night by narrow paths up the dark wild mountains. It gained the summit at last and halted. All looked eagerly down to the valley where they knew the Raven had his 'nest'. In the dim dawn-light they could faintly see the walls and towers of the 'proud bird's' home.

Slowly, slowly, with utmost caution they crept down the mountain side. "Death to the one who makes the slightest sound"—had gone the fierce order through the ranks. Nearer and nearer they drew, silently making ready the scaling ladders for the final rush up the walls. The little city slept before them; no sound, no bark of dog, nor warning wail of cat—deep slumber held them all.

The city had two gates: the Deputy's main division had now gathered before the one in front; a smaller detachment crept breathlessly round to the other one on the far side, where a wooden bridge spanned a stream.

They were almost there, when a sudden sharp roll of a kettle-drum rang out violently! and then silence .... Then bugles calling frantically, fierce cries, commands and oaths—a wild clamor within the walls where just a moment before such deep silence had reigned. So quick were the Raven's warriors that almost at once guns blazed from the walls. The besiegers were astonished, and withdrew to consult. The leaders hurriedly made fresh plans; then they threw themselves upon the city, stormed it, entered, and found it—empty! Ere long in the freshening morning light, they could see the Raven and all his people disappearing into the mountain fastnesses. Pursuit was useless, so they took possession of the deserted 'nest'.

Noon came. The Lord Deputy and his chagrined officers held a court-martial in the big dining-hall. The drummer-boy was brought in, bound with thongs, his face pale, his head and neck red and sticky with blood. But his blue eyes shone bright and steadfast as stars. He looked round the familiar hall and noted every loved and familiar detail. But he spoke no word.

"Why didst thou do this mad thing?" spluttered the disappointed Lord Deputy. "Thou art a Queen's man and hast played the traitor. What does he say for himself?" he asked impatiently of those standing near.

"Your Honor, he says he could not help it, the deed shone like a star before him."

"Take him, and shoot him," raged the Lord Deputy. "No, no—that's too good for the scoundrel. Captain Lee, take him and drown him in that bog we passed. He can add his precious star to those already there," he finished grimly.

That evening big soldiers lifted a bound unresisting form, to the feet of which was tied a great stone, and flung it down into the still 'bog-of-stars'. A splash—broken rippling waters—then again a placid Mona-Reulta, and the evening star shining sweet and kind.

* * * * * *

"Terence, Terence, it's too late for you to be sleeping here on the turf." Terence's mother had wondered at his long absence and had come out in search of him.

Terence sat up, rubbed his eyes and looked puzzled. It was difficult to believe that he was Terence, alive and well, and not Raymond Fitz Raymond Fitz-Pierce lying silent beneath the soft bog waters with the shining stars.

"H'm, I've been dreaming, I suppose," he said, "but it felt quite real."

He rose, and walked slowly back to the hotel with his mother.

"Mother," he asked, "do you think that we have to live many times so as to carry out what we vow to do?"

"I think so, laddie," said his mother gently.

JOSEPHINE RANSOM

Be assured that you can no more drag or compress men into perfection that you can drag or compress plants.

If ever you find yourselves set in a position of authority, and are entrusted to determine modes of education, ascertain first what the people you would teach have been in the habit of doing and encourage them to do *that* better. Set no other excellence before their eyes; disturb none of their reverence for the past, do not think yourselves bound to dispel their ignorance, or to contradict their superstitions; teach them only gentleness and truth; redeem them by example from habits which you know to be unhealthy or degrading; but cherish, above all things, *local associations* and *hereditary skill*.

It is the curse of so-called civilisation to pretend to originality by the wilful invention of new methods of error, while it quenches, wherever it has power, the noble originality of nations, rising out of the purity of their race, and the love of their native land.

RUSKIN, *The Eagle's Nest*

SCENES FROM INDIAN LIFE

THERE is no city more characteristically Indian-Muhammadan than that of Hyderabad, Deccan; Delhi, the seat of the Mughal Empire, is more cosmopolitan, an Imperial rather than a State capital. The Ruler is the premier Muhammadan Chief, a man of marked ability and liberal views, though curiously averse to coming into contact with the outside world, and known through his Ministers rather than directly. He led the way in introducing religious education for all his subjects, providing for the needs of children of all the great faiths. Men walk the Hyderabad streets heavily armed, with business-like-looking knives thrust through the wide tightly bound sash, two knives to a man. The scene shown in Picture 1 may be seen any day, the gateway with towering minarets giving the last touch of beauty. Flood the picture with eastern sunshine, dress the people in brilliant many-colored garments, fill the air with the gay tinkling of bells on horse and bull and the loud cries of vendors of sweets and fans —and you will be in Hyderabad.

Picture 2 carries us to another faith, the ancient faith of Zarathushtra, preserved by some 80,000 Pārsīs, refugees from their own fatherland, in truth, but settled here so long that India has become their well-loved mother. The Priest is engaged in worship of the Sacred Fire, with all the necessary paraphernalia for the ritual, and the cloth dropped over nose and mouth prevents any chance contamination of the Fire with his breath. A great faith, though now in fragments, founded by Him who became the Buddha, when, as the Supreme World-Teacher, or Bodhisaṭṭva, He was incarnate as Zarathushtra. Turn to Picture 15, and again we see the careful preservation of

the elements from pollution; in the Tower of Silence the dead body is laid, and the vultures plunge heavily down from their watch-tower on the wall, and, rending the flesh from the bones, leave naught to soil the earth or air.

On the banks of the great Jhelum river rising in far Kashmīr, and tumbling furiously as a mountain-torrent through Himālayan gorges till it spreads out widely on the placid plains—a Hinḍū fakir, more properly yogī, sits. The hut and sandals are unusual; more often the yogī wanders barefoot and shelterless, with a single bowl and wooden crutch—a familiar figure all over India (Picture 3).

Picture 4 gives the Taboot carried in procession by the Musalmāns during the Mohurrum ceremonies, at which the cruel deaths of Hasan and Husain are yearly commemorated. Often Hinḍūs as well as Muhammadans are seen beating their breasts and joining in the wailings of the mourners, keeping alive the memory of the murdered grandsons of the Prophet.

The pathetic group of blind beggars in Picture 5 will not fail to win lavish charity; the instrument carried by the left-hand beggar is the famous tom-tom, or Indian drum, played on with the fingers, and the normal accompaniment of Indian song.

From begging to labor. Picture 6 carries us to the preparation of a field for rice; little walls of mud mark off rectangular spaces, which are flooded with water, and ploughed with a simple but effective plough drawn by buffaloes. The picture shows the 'water-buffaloes,' the most ill-tempered of the bovine tribe, with small fierce eyes from which grievance is ever lowering, and long back-curved horns the points of which protrude when the head has vanished between the legs; the one happiness of this creature is to bury himself in water, with only a nose above the surface—whence his name.

The field is flooded by means of such a well as is seen in Picture 7. A man runs along the pole to the centre, and then going backwards and forwards from that point, alternately depresses and raises the end to which the skin bucket is attached; it fills itself in the well, and, as it comes to the surface, the man holding the bamboo attachment tips it over so that it empties itself into the trough, the water rushing on through a prepared channel to the place where it is wanted.

This simplicity of machinery is characteristic of Indian industry; see the three sticks by which the heavy log is raised and which supports a cross-stick as seat for the upper sawyer in Picture 8. The Indian workman makes his own machines with sticks, aided now and then by a stray pulley, and mounts crazy structures with a confidence and ease that amaze and terrify the European beholder. None the less, the work is as well done as if he had the elaborate apparatus of the West.

Basket-making is much the same all the world over, but one wonders where the negroid Lemurians of Picture 9 picked up the pretty wistful-eyed boy of Āryan type.

Mrs. Annie Steele has made famous "The Potter's Thumb" of Picture 10, and, very deft is the hand that sets whirling the potter's disc, and, as by magic, evolves from the lump of clay the pots, saucers, tiles, that strew the ground. It is fascinating to watch the potter's work, and one realises the force of the question: "Hath not the potter power over the clay?"

Weaving, again in fashion simpler than the West would deem possible, is seen in Picture 11. Effective enough, though simple, and the cloth grows under clever hands. A Muhammadan industry this, supporting myriads of homes.

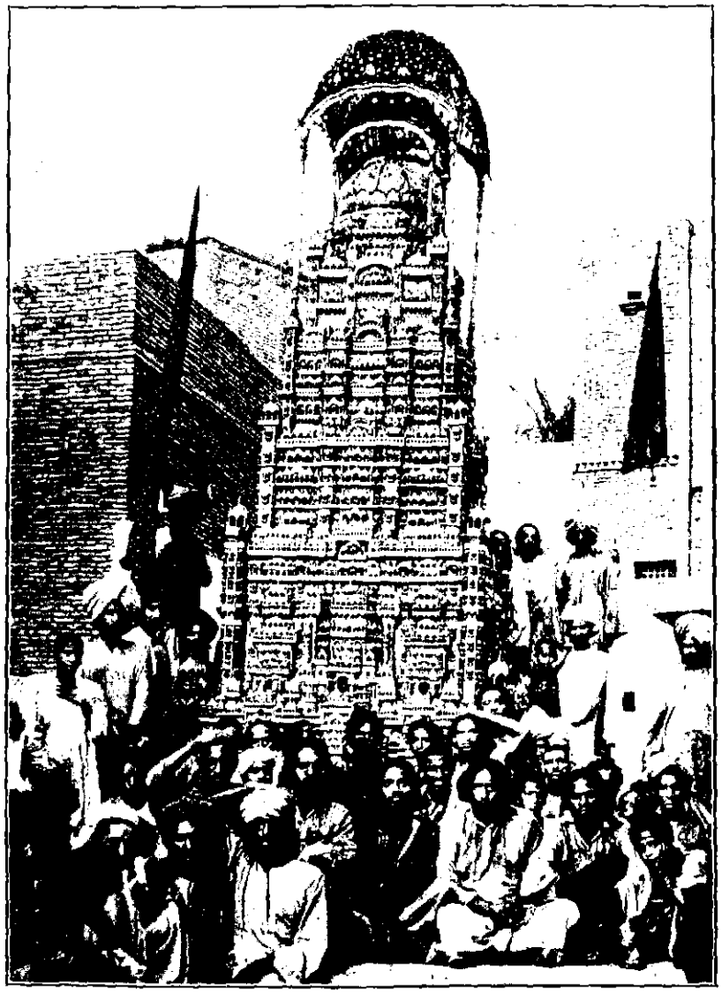
Weird indeed is the musical instrument seen in Picture 12, and weird the long lamentable notes that are produced from its interior. The lower part is a horn,



I. THE MAIN STREET, HYDERABAD, DECCAN.

II. A PARSI PRIEST.

III. A HINDU FAKIR ON THE BANKS OF THE JHELUM.



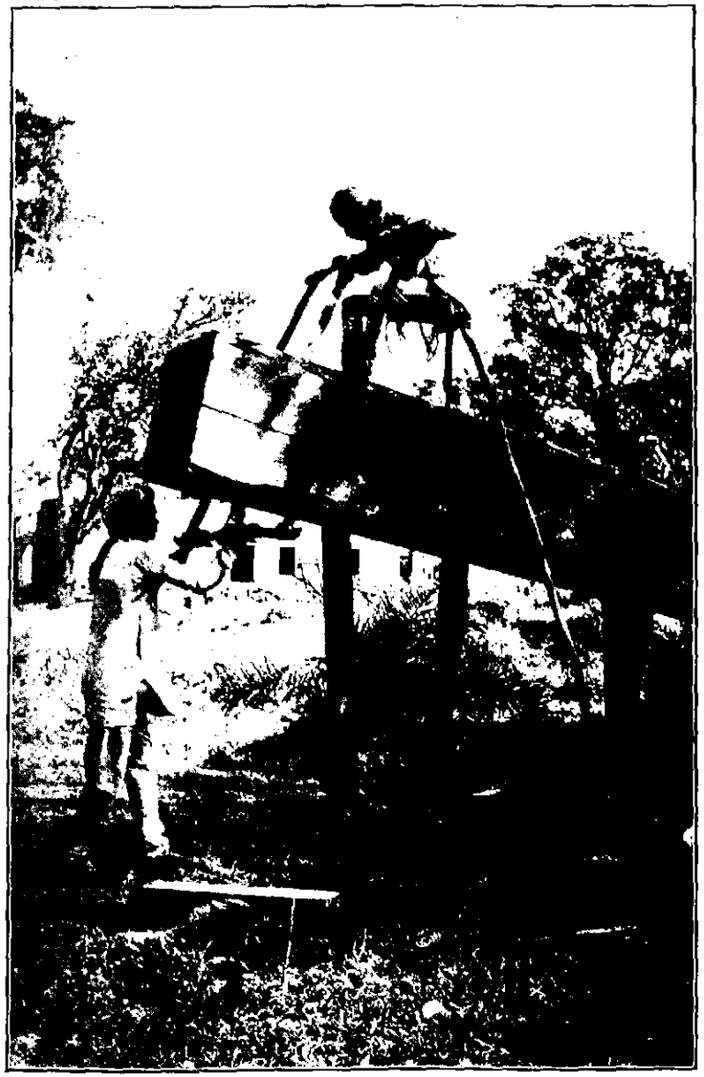
IV. A MOHURRUM TABOOT.



V. A GROUP OF BLIND BEGGARS.

VI. PLOUGHING THE FIELDS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.

VII. RUSTIC WATER LIFT IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE.



VIII. SAWING.



IX. INDIAN BASKET-MAKERS.



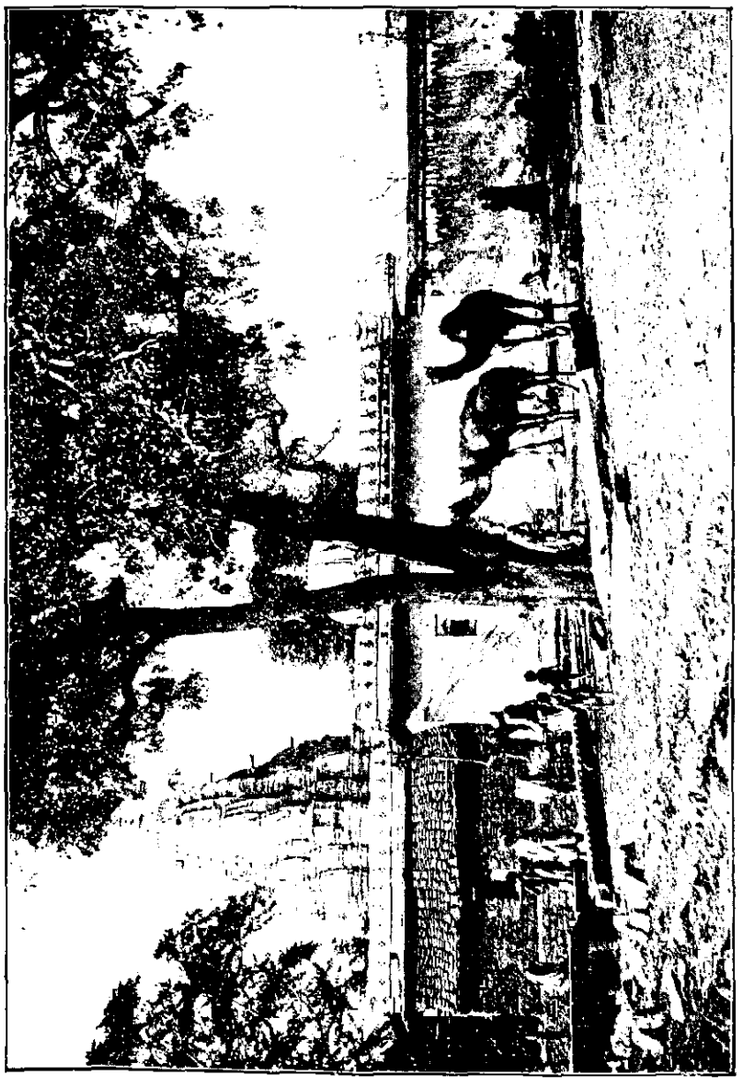
X. "THE POTTER'S THUMB."



XI. VILLAGE WEAVERS.



XII. A WEIRD MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.



XIII. A COMMON VILLAGE SCENE IN CENTRAL INDIA.



XVII. SUGAR IN PROCESS OF MANUFACTURE FROM THE SUGAR-CANE.



XVIII. A MADRAS-SURF BOAT.

THE CROSS OF CALVARY

WE all know that modern biblical criticism has proved that beyond the Gospels there is no historical evidence of the events therein recorded. And as science accepts nothing but that which can be proved in the ordinary plain historical way, the Gospel accounts have for many persons lost their authority.

Some of the scientific investigators assert that the events represented in the Gospels have not taken place at all, that the scene on Calvary is a legend, although there may be few who deny the historical personality of Jesus.[1] This tremendous, unique, wonderful drama, represented in the Gospels, to which men have clung with all the hope of their life, has been made doubtful by investigation.

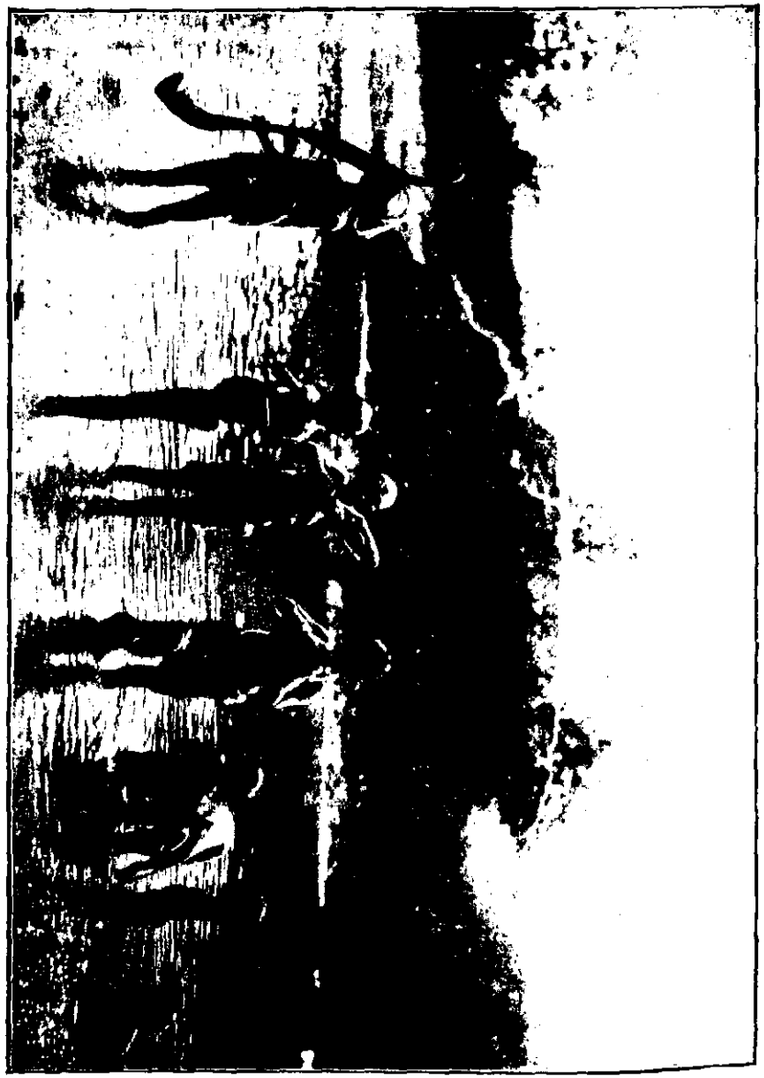
But can it be doubtful, unreal, that for which thousands of human beings, through all time, have died and lived? can it be merely a legend?

Let us assume that biblical criticism is right, and that no such event has taken place on Calvary. The question then is whether, when science and critical investigation take from us the Calvary event as history, they also take from us the truth of a world's Savior, of a divine victim, of Christ in the flesh, and His great redeeming love.

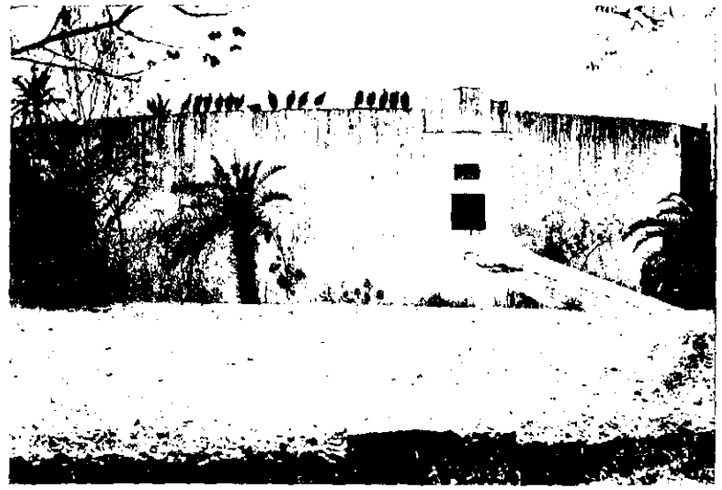
It is this question that I shall answer, endeavoring to separate the truth from the form, the life whereby we may live from the physical event.

Let us begin by endeavoring to find out the reason why science, while itself attaining to greater truth, supplants religion, and seems to deprive the Church, which

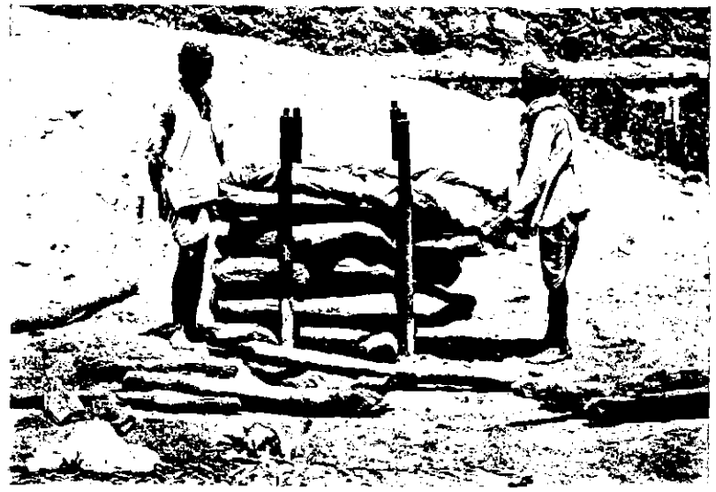
[1] See German biblical investigation in general, and in particular Pastor Dietrikson's article in the *Morgenblad* for the 10th April, on "New and Old Beliefs".



XIV. AFTER THE DAY'S WORK IS OVER.



XV. ONE OF THE PARSI TOWERS OF SILENCE.



XVI. A HINDU CREMATION.

is the original interpreter of truth, of one dogma after another.

Must it not be a sign that Christianity is not true, when the Church wavers and gives way before the light of truth which science little by little is enabled to throw upon it?

Let us find the answer by a circuitous way.

When science, with its newly-discovered knowledge of nature, would have robbed the Church of the story of the creation, it brought about a reform in theological teaching, but dealt no death-blow to theology or the Church; for instead of that which science pulled down, it built up something new. On this point it appeared that the very knowledge that science had acquired and which it directed, as convicting criticism, against the Bible account, fitted in exactly as the substance or essential side of the Bible legend. The great geological periods, the central force working and producing through the natural forces of time, fitted in exactly as the real meaning of the days of the creation and the personal God.

In other words, science gave back to the Church a knowledge that the latter had formerly possessed, and for which the story of the creation had originally been a popular and external form. Similarly with several other similes in the Old Testament, understood literally until our own day.

Now criticism is aimed at the New Testament, the Gospel story of Christ's passion and crucifixion. This too, say some, is a legend. But whereas, in the case of the story of the creation and the Old Testament, something was put in the place of what had been pulled down, the same criticism possesses nothing on this point to give instead; for while science has discovered the knowledge that gives the key to the Old Testament, it is still groping for that which will open the New. In other words, it has made its way far into the domain of natural

science, but still stands with its hand on the latch of the door leading to psychology; and it is psychology that alone can reveal the hidden meaning of the New Testament, just as it was the knowledge of natural science that revealed that of the Old Testament.

The relation of natural science and psychology to one another is exactly the same as that of the Old to the New Testament. The New Testament has its confirmation in the Old, just as psychology has its confirmation in natural science. There is thus an exact logical connexion in the fact that just these two branches of science that are inwardly connected with one another respectively reveal the two similarly connected Testaments.

Psychology and its laws follow that which nature, the great cosmic and universal world of matter, is—psychology being a part of natural science—and this is the mutual relationship of the Old to the New Testament, for the New Testament is a continuation of the Old, *a consequence of the confirmation.* Because God breathed His Spirit into man, as related in the story of the creation, because man ate of the tree of knowledge, that is to say, gained much experience in the world of matter, because he once more left the flesh-pots of Egypt, that is to say, returned from the sensuous world to the spiritual way—because all this happened as told in the New Testament, so that which takes place in the New may take place as told in the story of Calvary.

Now it so happens that the West possesses no psychology; both empirical and speculative psychology are still at an initial stage. And we venture to say that it is this circumstance which is the reason of the wavering attitude of the Church; not that it champions a lie, but that it lacks, as much as its critics, that psychological knowledge which only can give the key to the abstract truth, when criticism divests it of its symbolic form.

But religious truths can no more perish than can the human soul itself. If therefore their natural defender, the Church, lacks the ability to give them life, help must come from without. In the first instance it came, as we heard, through biblical research, through criticism itself, through natural science; in the second case it comes from modern Theosophy.

Modern Theosophy is nothing but a certain group of psychological truths, which in the present day make their way into the western world from the great common reservoir of truth in the East. And this group consists of the very truths that the Church has forgotten, and for which science is still seeking—the knowledge of the developmental possibilities of the life of the soul, of the hidden forces, of the Spirit in man as a divine seed, which through long development attains the mastery over the physical and material life of the body. We shall therefore be compelled to turn to modern Theosophy, if we wish to find the key to the Gospel story.

Some Theosophists also say that the Bible account is legendary; but while science, on the basis of its newly-acquired knowledge of nature can only to some extent penetrate to the substance of the legendary form, Theosophy, as the inheritor of the ancient eastern philosophy, as possessor of both natural science and psychology, does so throughout.

When science utters the word 'legend,' or 'myth,' it believes that in so doing it has dealt the death-blow to every story of which it has not, through its own knowledge, the key; for it means by the word 'myth,' either stories which relate cosmic facts in personified form, *e.g.*, the ecliptic, etc., or stories that are simply and solely fiction, without corresponding reality.

Some Theosophists also, as we have said, teach that the story of Calvary is a 'myth'; but they give another meaning to the word 'myth'. Mrs. Annie Besant, the greatest living authority on Theosophy, says in her inspired book *Esoteric Christianity*:

> A 'myth' is, by no means, what most people imagine it to be—a mere fanciful story erected on a basis of fact or even altogether apart from fact. A 'myth' is far truer than a history, for a history only gives a story of the shadows, whereas a 'myth' gives a story of the substances that cast the shadows (p. 152).

The shadows are the physical events, and that which casts them, the reality, the body, is the spiritual events on the inner or higher planes. The use therefore of the mythical form is no guarantee that no corresponding physical event has taken place. On the contrary, a corresponding physical event is always hidden behind the 'myth'. Behind the parable of the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt is the historical Exodus, but only told in order to give expression to the truth regarding the transition from a spiritual stage of development in the history of the people, the transition from the stern discipline of action to the higher stages. The 'myth' does not confine itself to relating the historical event as it presented itself to physical observation upon the physical plane, but tells in its own language of the spiritual realities, the truths and events, which, in the spiritual world, occasion the shadow in the physical.

Those, therefore, who seek in historical chronology for the event in the form in which it is given in the 'myth' will always be disappointed, will find nothing; and, as they have no comprehension of the real nature of the 'myth,' they will say that the whole thing is a made-up story.

But is a historic drama any less true because the author has concerned himself principally with the psychological side of the events?

Just as an author produces nothing of value, nothing that has a living value for others, unless, in what he has written, he has caught and represented the essence, the spirit, that which lies behind the phenomena, and only employs the external form, the physical event, for the purpose of imparting a higher, hidden, general

truth, so is it with the Bible 'myth' and with the story of Calvary.

It is no chronology that gives data and the shell of the events, but it expresses the great common spiritual events in the life of the soul. Like good writing, it tells infinitely more than the external, physical occurrence.

While the poet relates intuitively, but with unconscious inspiration—a condition of which we have striking examples in our own great writers, Wergeland and Ibsen, who both gave far more in some of their works than they themselves, with their waking consciousness, so to speak, were masters of—the authors of the 'myths' relate, in full consciousness, from their own knowledge and observation, for they are always initiated, that is to say, their consciousness is open and perceptive also on the inner planes lying behind the world of sense.

In the story of Calvary, which is a 'myth' in this sense, we thus find both history and something more than history; but on account of this interweaving of the spiritual with the sober history, those who take it all for history, and try to find the historical Jesus in the same form, and in connexion with events as they are related in the Gospels, find no basis for their research.

In accordance with this explanation then, the Bible 'myth' is both historical facts and—let us call it—elevated psychology.

It states, on the one hand, great spiritual truths, which concern the spiritual development of the human life on the whole; it tells of the human disciple's last stage of consecration and union with the Christ principle, God, and his ultimate victory over matter.

On the other hand, these general truths are associated with the life of a historical person, with Jesus, surnamed Christ, because in his life He gave these truths embodiment, and thereby became the typical ideal for the race and

culture which arose just then, and whose task it is again to give them life, which He, Christ, came to initiate.

Every 'myth' differs from other forms of story in being written in a peculiar language, and this language is the language of symbols.

Just as we in the external world use words to indicate things, so on the higher planes symbols are used to indicate them. The symbols form a picture-alphabet that is employed by all myth-writers; and each picture has its known meaning. When the idea of sacrifice is to be expressed, it is represented by the aid of the cross; if the idea of space is to be expressed, a circle is employed; the idea of the divine manifestation is expressed by means of a point, and so on. A knowledge of the symbols is therefore necessary in order to read a 'myth'.

In order, therefore, to be able to read the Calvary-myth aright, we must be able to interpret the symbols in which it is expressed.

The principal symbol used here is the cross. And the cross is an ancient figure that is found in all religions, long before Christianity.

In the ancient religion of Egypt, the cross is of the tau-form, in the Greek the equal-armed, sometimes changed to the svāstika, and in the Roman the form we have adopted: and in all forms the fundamental meaning is the spiritual sacrifice, the Spirit's connexion with and descent into matter. By the vertical line, the Spirit, the light, descends into the world of matter, intersecting the horizontal line, which represents matter. The vertical and the horizontal lines represent respectively mind and matter; and these two lines, joined together in a cross, indicate their mutual relation to one another, the connexion of mind with matter, its descent and life-giving power in matter, its sacrifice in order to raise matter.

When the mind has descended into matter, it must once more work its way up out of it, free itself. This it does

by developing and transforming its body, matter, into an obedient instrument, in other words spiritualising it. The divine light, or Spirit, after permeating matter, takes it up with it into the spiritual world, *i.e.*, recreates it. We, therefore, see in the Egyptian cross the line of matter, the horizontal line, resting upon the vertical, which is the Spirit line. This form of cross is the symbol of triumph, the ultimate victory of the mind.

Finally, when the line of matter, the horizontal line, in the Greek cross, is not raised more than halfway up the vertical, and is there given arms; this is an indication of the method of development, life and death, the two changing conditions of existence, the turning of the wheel of life, the manner in which the properties of matter or the body, are transformed from material to spiritual. Through many lives and many deaths, man is transformed from the material, the child of nature, into the spiritual, the superior being, by a refining or spiritualising of the properties. The svâstika is the symbol of the many earthly lives, of reincarnation, nature's method of development, of the manner in which the mind frees itself.

The svâstika is therefore called the world's master-builder—God's hammer, the hammer that brings sparks out of the stone; and the sparks become worlds. We have the same symbol in Thor's hammer, the enchanted weapon that, according to mythology, the dwarfs forged against the giants, or the titanic pre-cosmic forces of nature.

Thus the three forms of cross indicate the descent of the mind, the Roman; the victory or triumph of the mind, the Egyptian; and the mind's method of development in order to attain to victory, the Greek. In the Christian history of the cross, in the story of Calvary, we shall find all these three stages of the cross represented.

The life, or mind, that descends, that is 'crucified,' is one and the same everywhere and in all forms. We see the same life in the stone as in the plant, in the animal

as in all the various human stages; and in all these stages, in all these forms, the life is fettered by matter, it is not free, and does not know itself or its own powers. And in order to make the unity in life's path to the cross intelligible, a human form was fastened to the cross, to show that even in the human form, the highest embodiment of physical life, the life is not free.

The human form, too, is only a form, that is an intermediate stage, a stage that must be overcome.

The human form on the cross is a symbol, which was first adopted in Christendom in the seventh century. This is a sufficient proof that the crucifixion, as represented in the story of Calvary, is not meant to be a photographic reproduction of the physical manner of Jesus' death, but a symbol for one of the ordinary spiritual truths known to the Christians.

The human form on the cross is man's soul fettered by matter; but it is also the symbol of its salvation, its triumph, when it leaves matter and soars into the spiritual world; through the numerous lives in the world of matter, it must die to matter, this continued constant dying, which culminates in the complete laying down of the flesh, in the death on the cross, is its triumph over matter. The fact that this last idea has also been the opinion of the first Christians, and that they have wished to represent their Savior as triumphant, and not as suffering, finds support in old, pre-Christian pictures of the cross, where one sometimes sees, not a bleeding, suffering, woeful figure, but a radiant, triumphant form, from whose outstretched hands blessing flows like a river of light.

Probability favors the belief that it is this same symbol that the Christians have annexed and employed in connexion with the Savior. And it is this thought that the author of the Gospel has evidently wished to express, when, in the drama of Calvary, he raises *three*

crosses, and not only the Savior's. We have the cross of Jesus, but we also have the crosses of the two thieves. The thieves were nailed to a cross on the earth, and Christ allowed Himself to be nailed to a cross on the earth; but there is a difference in degree between their crucifixion and His, between their life and His, between their death and His death, His as Savior, theirs as thieves.

In order to illustrate my thought here, I will refer to Vigeland's picture in the chancel of the Vaalerengen[1] church. By the aid of other symbols, which he has grouped round the central symbol, the cross, the artist has more or less consciously, with happy intuition, expressed this difference between the cross of Christ and those of the thieves, and also between the two thieves' crosses, so that the three crosses indicate the three great universal stages of development in man's spiritual life, applicable to all ages and all places, the descent of life, or the Spirit, the development of life, and the triumph of life. Properly speaking, the artist should have employed the various external forms of cross—the tau-form for Christ's cross, the Roman and Greek crosses for the two thieves. This he has not done, but, as we shall see, he has brought out the difference in another way.

The evangelist emphasises the difference by the words he assigns respectively to the thieves and to Christ.

The whole of the long series of earthly lives that the human soul passes through during its stay upon this planet falls naturally into three parts or stages—one stage when the soul, life by life, binds itself more firmly to the external world, the development of the appetitive nature, when its life consists of eating and drinking, of hearing and seeing and feeling, *i.e.*, the descent of the life; a second stage, when the soul once again detaches itself, that is to say reduces the needs of the body to

[1] Vaalerengen is one of the suburbs of Kristiania.

the most necessary, and transforms its coarser, natural out-going desires into a refined inward emotional nature, *i.e.*, the turning back of the life, or the development of the heart; and finally, a third stage when it is quite free and triumphant, that is to say, it has reached its stage of consciousness, is become itself, knows itself as a soul with divine spiritual powers, as one who dwells in the abode of Truth, *i.e.*, the triumph of life, when the goal of the ordinary external earthly life is reached. In the external world, these three stages coincide with what is called natural man, civilised man, and lastly supernatural man.

In the secret doctrines of religions, there are said to be two ways for the soul, the out-going and the returning, which it must tread in order to attain Initiation, or become a crowned Spirit. These two ways, which coincide with the first two of the previously-mentioned stages, are what, according to this representation, the author of the Calvary drama has represented symbolically in the two thieves' crosses; but Christ's cross, which coincides with the third stage, that of supernatural man, indicates the goal, the ultimate consecration or crowning.

The first thief's cross is, then, the gospel's symbolical or metaphorical form of expression for the out-going path, when the soul is at a mental stage in which it is still blind and ignorant, in which its only law and guide is its sensuous desires. It takes and takes, without a thought of giving back. It is ignorant of spiritual values and divine justice; and this the evangelist indicates by representing the first thief as the scoffer. As S. Luke has it: "One of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying: 'If thou be Christ, save thyself and us'."

Contempt, derision, and denial are characteristics only of the very young, still ignorant soul, the soul that does not yet see the threads upon the back of the fabric of life, or the spiritual life within the bodily life.

In the Vaalerengen church, the painter has emphasised this same thought by placing the cross of the first thief under the tree of the knowledge of good and evil—an inspired idea, as the tree of knowledge is just the symbol of the stage of life in which development takes place through blind, uncritical experience, when the soul throws itself headlong into the external life, in order to become acquainted with the material world into which it has descended, and grows by the fruits of those experiences which it works out between the earthly lives, in Hades.

I say in Hades, for at this early stage of development there is no abode in heaven. As long as one lives only upon the experiences that the sensuous life gives, one does not create any conditions for being able to reach heaven in the time of rest between the earthly lives. Heaven, the spiritual condition of bliss, presupposes the presence of a spiritual body; and this finer spiritual body (causal body, as it is called in Theosophy, because it bears within it the seed of the following life), this finer body is built up only by cherishing and tending here on earth, spiritual thoughts and spiritual feelings, forms of mind to which the natural man has not yet awakened,[1] though the lower heavens are reached in the mental body.

The second cross is also characterised as a thief's cross, but there is a difference; for at this stage, notwithstanding that the soul still takes, and may thus still justly be called thief, as it draws in its impressions through the external material world, and has need for and absorbs foreign impressions, a transformation, as we heard, has begun. The raising of matter has begun; coarse desires are transformed into cultivated feelings, and thereby the development of the heavenly body has

[1] Any one desiring to make a closer study of man's constitution and development should read the little book, *Man's Seven Principles*, one of the Theosophical text-books.

commenced—the heart-development—the condition for conscious life also upon the higher planes. The soul then aspires to the ideal conditions. It is conscious of the law, God's hidden, secret law of development, the law of cause and effect, the divine justice; and it begins to make a choice in its actions, and to choose the good. It willingly submits, without kicking against the pricks, to the pain of paying back its debt from the out-going road, and renounces enjoyment. It is, in other words, at the conversion stage, on the road to conversion, as it submits with patience to its fate. This higher mental stage of the human soul is symbolised in the Gospel in the other thief, by the words which he addresses to the first, as he says: "Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." These words express a confession of sin and the will to bear the consequences of former actions and do right in the future—all marks of a soul on the road to conversion, of the awakening higher mental life.

The difference is also clearly emphasised by Christ's words, when He says to the second thief: "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."

These words could not have been addressed to the other thief. They cannot, as we have already heard, be said to persons in the first stage of development, since, as we also heard, man in the first stage of development, symbolised by the stage of the first thief, does not in himself possess conditions for reaching heaven, as his constitution has not yet developed the corresponding body.

If heaven were a voluntary gift, Christ, in His divine mercy, would have addressed these words to both malefactors. But we are told distinctly here as in many other places, that the consciousness of heaven is a stage of development, something attending the development, a result of the vibrations that our own ideal striving and

desires set up in the spiritual matter, just as the conscious physical life on the physical plane is a result of the vibrations that desires and endeavor have started in physical matter.

The artist has rightly emphasised the difference between the first and the second thief's cross by planting the second cross under the tree of life, as the first stands under that of knowledge.

The tree of life is the symbol of the human soul at the stage when the mind—in the conditions we call life and death—oscillates between heaven and earth, in other words, when it dwells alternately in heaven and earth.

The soul itself is the eternal tree of life. At an earlier stage the soul itself is also the tree of knowledge. It grows up from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil into the tree of life.

The tree of knowledge indicates the stage of development that is described in the Old Testament, in the old covenant, when the Savior had not yet appeared, because man at that stage had no need of a Savior yet, as, according to his constitution, he was not yet sufficiently developed to be able to know or see Him, not possessing the spiritual eye, nor could he learn of Him the way to heaven, nor follow Him.

This stage on the road to knowledge, when one only seeks experience, and grows through good and evil actions, but is unreceptive of all spiritual learning, has been, as a whole, passed—as far as our race is concerned.

We have entered upon the new covenant. We have the conditions for being able to develop the spiritual consciousness. We have become the Tree of Life, with its top flowering in heaven. We can see and know the Master, Christ, notwithstanding His crucifixion in the flesh; and the conditions are ours for being able to learn of Him spiritual knowledge. Our soul thirsts for the living water, and we stretch out our hands and pray that He

will teach us the way that He Himself has gone. And therefore we have need of a Savior, for though the longing for life has been born in our hearts, though we can see Him, yet we do not of ourselves know how to tread the Path. Every disciple has need of a Teacher and Master, of the Savior, as teacher and guide on the Path; and it is as a symbol of the disciple's ability to see the Savior, and his own need of the Savior, that the second thief cries: "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom."

Midway between the two thieves' crosses, which symbolise respectively the natural man, the wholly ignorant soul, and the civilised man with possibility and condition for the disciple stage, stands the Savior's cross, the cross of consecration, the cross of freedom, the symbol of the race's ideal for the future, its ultimate victory over the material world—the Savior's cross, when the great illusion of matter is overcome once for all, when the eyes are opened, and see the matter in all the three worlds as unreal, as dead, as the skull at the foot of the cross.

Behind this cross there is no tree—the tree, the fixed, immovable life, cannot be a symbol of freedom—but above the cross floats the crown of everlasting life, and at its foot lies the skull, as a symbol of the words: "It is finished!"—the life of the body has been overcome.

All the words that Christ utters upon the cross express, like these, superhuman power and triumph, exultation over His victory.

So also the words He addressed to the thief: "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." Who can give so costly and wonderful a gift, but He who Himself is free, who has trodden the Path, who is Himself a Savior? Only He who has Himself overcome the three worlds, who stands higher than they, can lead others into them. These words therefore stamp the crucified Christ as the

Teacher, the Savior, as He who stands infinitely far above the two thieves, his fellow-sufferers in the flesh.

And He cries: "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" which has been interpreted: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" The occult scientists, however, agree that this interpretation is erroneous. If the words had been, as in the twenty-second Psalm: "Eli, Eli, lama azabothani," the translation would have been correct; but they are not 'azabotha-ni' but 'sabachthani'. This gives a different meaning, for "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani" is the disciple's mystery-cry of exultation at the Master's Initiation: "My God, my God, how Thou hast glorified me," and not the cry of despair: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

These then are the three great stages of life that the evangelist represents—the natural man, the disciple-stage, and the Master.

And just as the two thieves' crosses were past and present, so the Savior's cross represents the future, that to which we aspire. Jesus did not give Himself up to death in the sense that He was a substitute, so that what He did, we need not do. Many before Christ had gone through the same Initiation; we shall all pass through it later on, all become Saviors, pass from the civilised stage to the supernatural, from the disciple's stage to that of the Master. But in earlier ages the act had generally taken place within temple-walls, in the Mysteries shut up in the temples.

Jesus revealed the Mystery-secret. He let the crucifixion, or death-act, be accomplished in his flesh and blood, so that it should be known to all people, while in the Mysteries it took place as an act of experience in the finer bodies only, as a subjective experience on the inner plane.[1]

[1] See Dr. Steiner's *Das Christentum als Mystische Thatsache*. We must remember, however, also that Jesus' Initiation was accomplished in a unique manner in our own cultural epoch; it is not unique in the history of the world, for Orpheus, the Greek-Keltic civiliser and Savior, suffered a sacrificatory death. See Henrik Lund's *Religionen Religionerne*.

Men—we—have passed from the first stage of ignorance, from the first thief's cross, to the now conquered consciousness of heaven, the second thief's cross, through the blind experiences in the natural man's stage.

We pass from the consciousness of heaven to the Savior-stage, the third Calvary-cross, through conscious spiritual experiences, called yoga, or disciple-training. In this training certain phases of consciousness, or small stages of initiation are gone through, which, in the Gospel, are symbolised in the seven separate acts in the story of the Cross—the washing of feet, or the *initiation* into humility, the scourging, or the initiation (into) fortitude, and the crown of thorns. According to the old Christian interpretation, Christ's crucifixion is the fourth degree of consecration; it is the opening of consciousness on the plane of thought, the complete victory over the three worlds, the physical, the astral, and the mental—in other words, complete freedom from what we call the 'wheel of life,' the three phases of existence in our development. After the crucifixion there are Initiations that belong to the supernatural development on a higher plane—the mystical burial, the descent into Hades and ascent into heaven, all symbolical indications of degrees in the development of the mental life up to the final consciousness of God, the consciousness of the Buddha.

Modern Theosophy invites us to this training, having in its midst initiated persons, teachers, who have themselves gone through the first degrees of Initiation which lead up to the Savior's cross, and who can therefore lead others in the way they themselves have walked, on to the Master.

If we first accept the doctrine of development, and look back along the road we have traversed from the natural man up to the civilised man, it does not seem surprising that we shall also go on farther, that we also shall reach the supernatural stage, marked and pointed out to us by Christ.

It is these great general truths in psychology that the evangelist has described in the drama of Calvary.

An initiated Christian, the Abbot Mattæus, who lived in an Egyptian desert monastery, is said by the great Theosophical initiated teacher, Mr. Leadbeater, to be the author of the Gospels. He wrote the original story, the original Gospel, in Hebrew.

It was Mattæus' idea, says Mr. Leadbeater, to give the history of all the Initiated a common, allegorical popular form; and he joined this history to that of Jesus Christ, and also mixed up with it fragments of his eastern learning from Indian and Persian sources. He sent what he wrote to the chief abbot in Alexandria, who set his monks to translate it into Greek, each one doing it according to his ability, in proportion to his own degree of initiation. In this way many variations and interpretations arose, and of these, four have come down to us.

Do we lose anything by the knowledge that the manner of Jesus' death, his physical death, was not exactly as related in the Gospel, and therefore cannot be traced in history?

The story of Christ's sufferings was acted upon the physical plane in much smaller dimensions than are described in the Gospel. If we had been present when Jehoshua the agitator, the rioter, the heretic teacher, was stoned and mocked and hissed by the populace, we should certainly not have recognised in Him the radiant, triumphant Christ of the Gospel; we might, on the contrary, have been among those who threw the stones.

And yet He was the Christ; yet this painful, dark event in the history of the Jews was the shadow of the great Calvary drama, which was acted in all its power on the inner plane for the salvation of man.

Only the Initiated, who saw with the spiritual eye, saw and comprehended; and they related the real nature and substance of the event, so that we also should comprehend and see. They related it in their own form, that

of the 'myth,' and in their own language, symbols, in order that the secret and divine should be revealed and yet hidden.

Do we lose anything by this form of narration? No! For only through this form of narration has that which would otherwise have been hidden been revealed to us who are still on the way. Only through it has God in the flesh become visible to those who were otherwise blind, to those who had not developed the spiritual eye.

EVA BLYTT

IN THE SHADOW

In the day Be-with-us
Shall we look back, from diamond depths of calm
Upon the bitterness of Now-a-days?

Being so sure, so still,
That we can touch the memories of earth
And smile at loneliness in Now-a-days?

Shall we be so at-one,
So knit each heart to heart, so lost in love;
That Be-with-us will *cancel* Now-a-days?

FELIX INFELIX

INDIAN TEMPLES

VERY varied are the temples that stud the hills and plains of India; from the railway carriages one sees the hill-tops crowned with little temples; every village clusters round a temple, and often has small shrines upon the outskirts; the line of shops in the streets of towns is broken by a temple archway; everywhere, whether in bustling crowd or silent solitude, the temple consecrates the Indian life.

In the far North, where the Himālayan mountains meet the plains and Gaṅgā issues through the 'gate of Hara' to wend on her long pilgrimage, we see a little temple (Picture 1) nestled on the hill-side, and mirrored in the calm surface of its tank. Such temples may be seen dotted over the mountain-sides, silent reminders of the Eternal in the midst of time.

In the far South, where Shrī Rāmachandra is said to have crossed to Laṅka—now Ceylon—to rescue his stolen wife, has been raised the mighty temple figured in Picture 2, a characteristic South Indian structure, for in the South the temples are huge, with vast carven pillars, long corridors, immense courts and halls. Remnants they are of a race of giant-builders, at which the puny men of to-day look with wonder and awe.

See this huge temple of Chiḍambaram (Picture 3), with its pillared terraces and its great central erection, or 'gopuram,' again a structure rarely, if ever, seen in Northern India, where the temples, as a rule, are small, as may be seen in Pictures 8 and 9. Pilgrims flock yearly to Chiḍambaram, perhaps the most sacred of Southern Indian shrines.

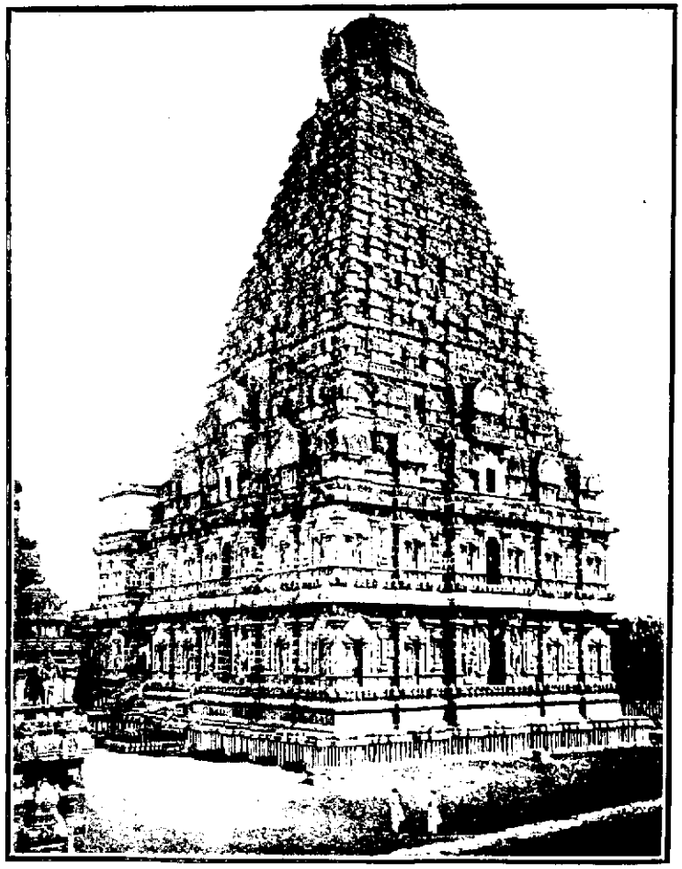
Tanjore has another of the famous Southern temples, where a huge ornate gopuram lifts its massive bulk



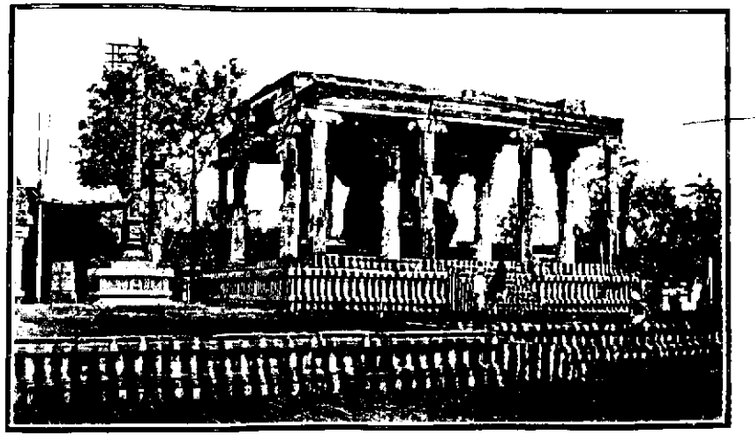
1. HILL TEMPLE IN THE HIMALAYAS, NEAR HARDWAR.

II. RAMESHVARAM.

III. CHIDAMBARAM.



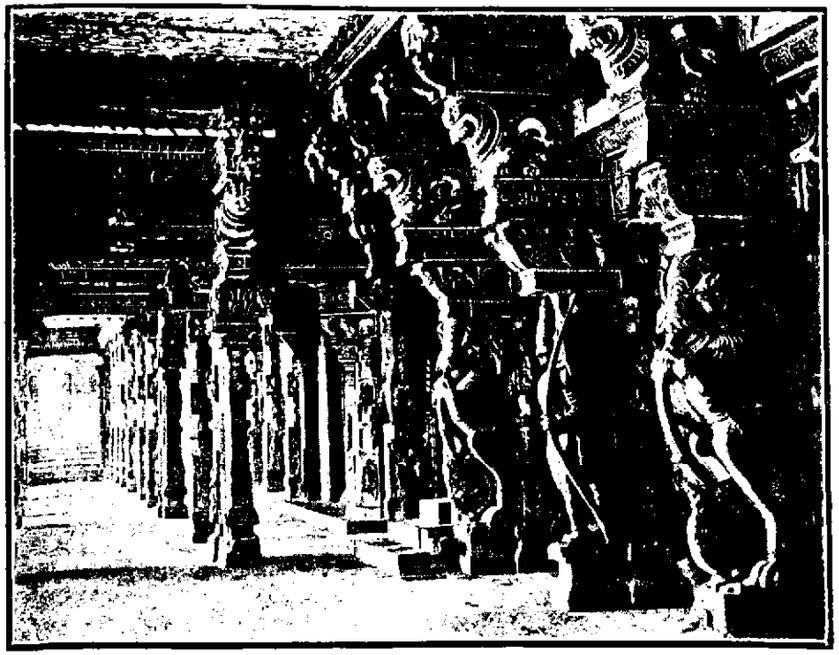
IV. TANJORE : THE GREAT GOPURAM.



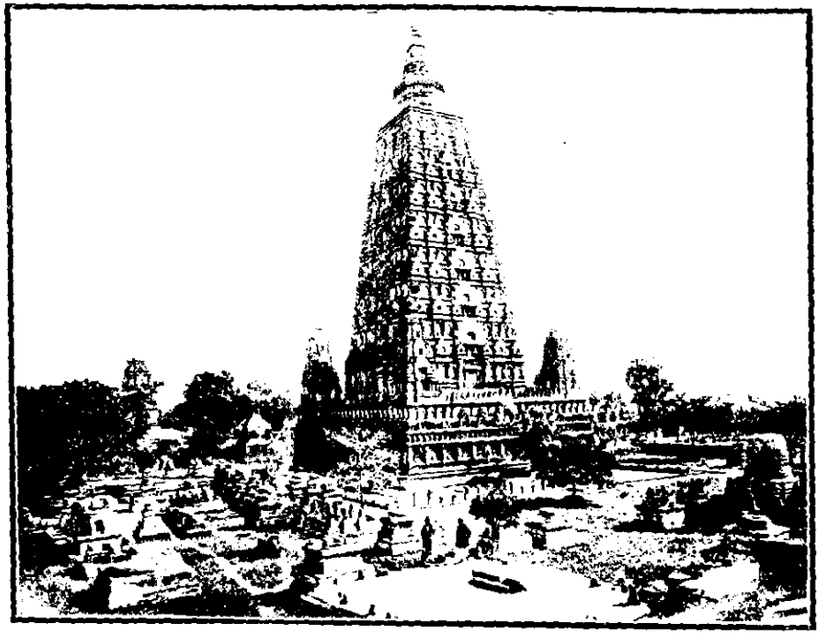
V. TANJORE : THE GREAT STONE BULL.



VI. MADURA : INTERIOR OF THE HALL OF THOUSAND PILLARS.



VII. MADURA : ENTRANCE TO THE HOLY OF HOLIES.



XI. BUDDHAGAYA.



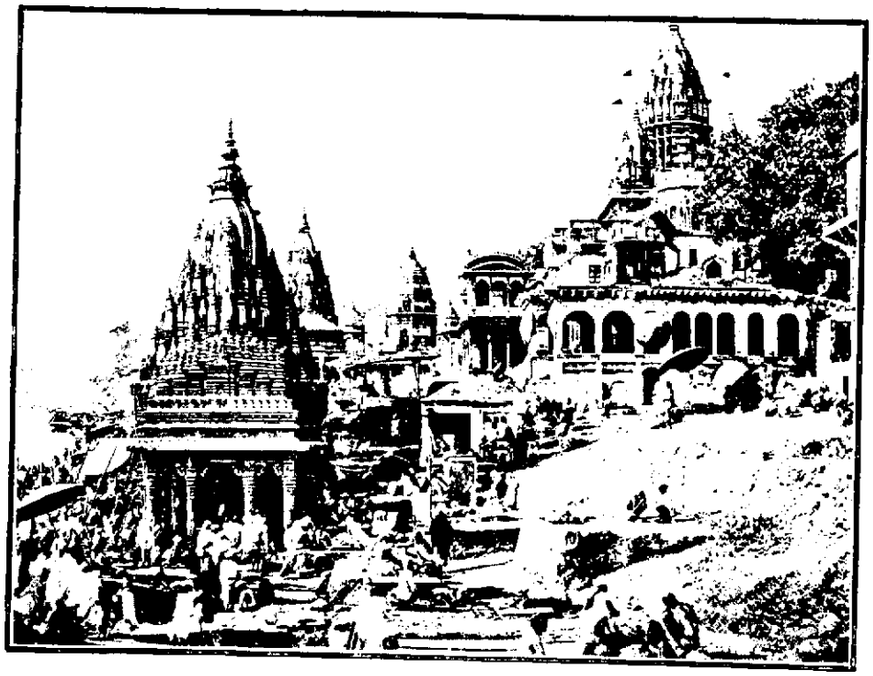
XII. A PICTURESQUE BUDDHIST MONASTERY.

(Picture 4); the great stone Bull figured in the next picture is the Sacred Bull of Mahādeva, and in smaller proportions may be seen facing the shrine in every temple dedicated to Him.

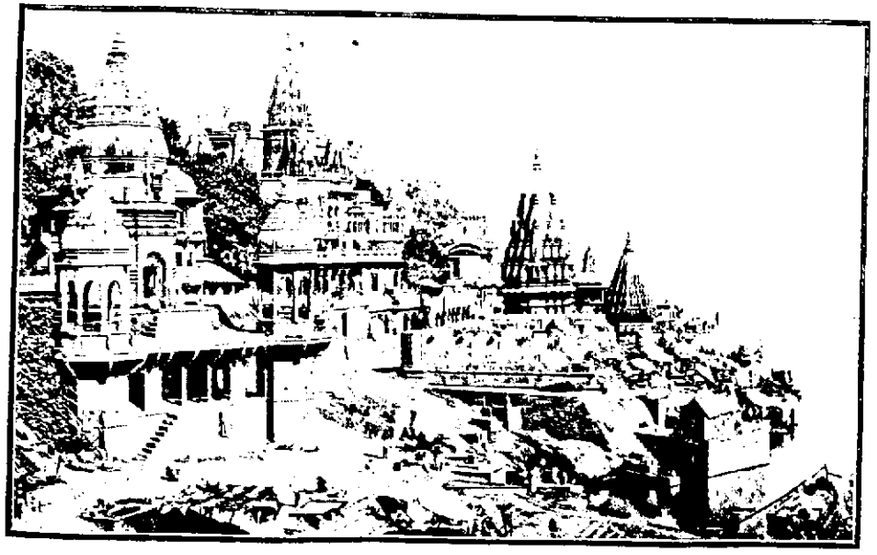
Madura rivals Tanjore with its equally famous temple, in the huge bulk of which even 'the hall of a thousand pillars' seems but small. In another part of it, splendidly carved pillars form a long arcade leading up to the holiest place, and it is said that the innermost shrine is an empty cell, for viewless as air is the Supreme Deity —"not in the sight resides His form," He who is the Formless One.

Benares, Kāshī, the Sacred City of Hinḍūism, is truly a city of temples. The long curve of the city, like a crescent moon, is studded with temples, rising one above another on the shelving banks. The graceful dainty spires shown in Pictures 8 and 9 are as characteristic of Northern India as are the huge gopurams of Southern. Worship in India is individual, not congregational as in the West; the worshipper bathes, sits on the river-bank, praying or meditating, and then, buying a few flowers, goes to the temple and offers them, often passing from one to another, leaving at each his loving offering. The social side of worship is seen in gatherings to hear the reading of the Scriptures, the preaching of a svāmi, the chanting of sacred stories, and the singing of hymns, or, at festivals, the marching in procession. There is nothing like the 'common prayer' of Christendom.

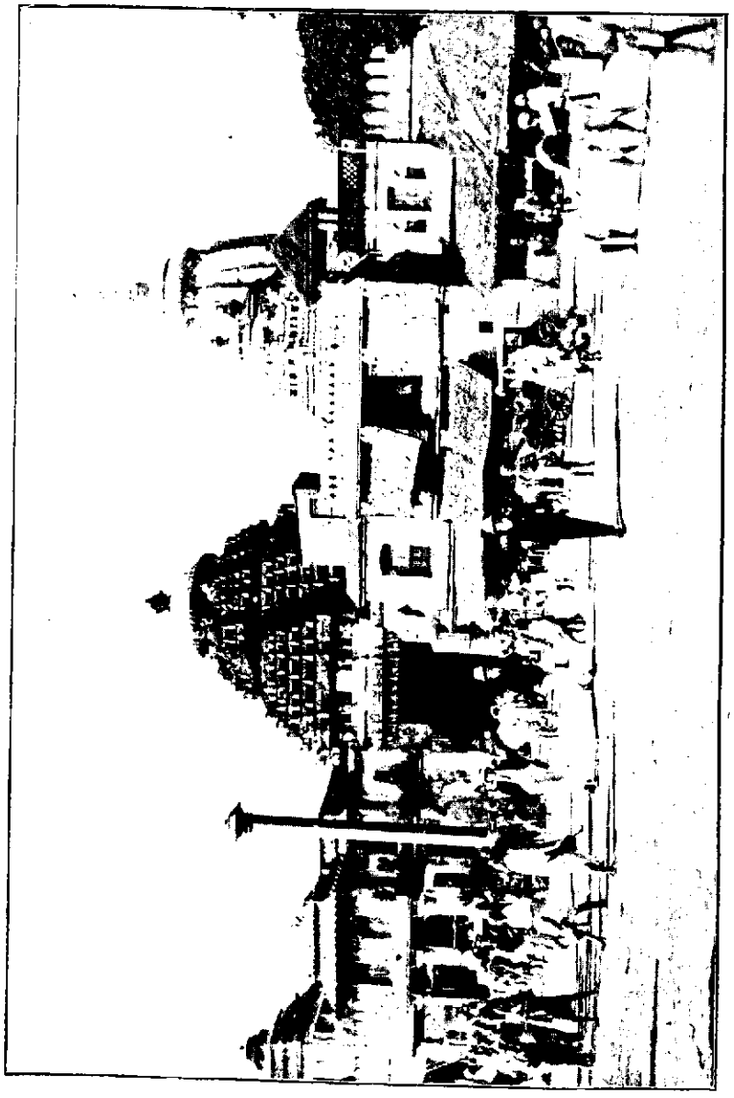
Picture 9 shows the favorite burning-ghāt, or cremation ground, of Benares; the steps shelve down to the river—a 'ghāt' is a long broad flight of steps, ending in the river—and the corpse is carried down these, swathed in winding sheets and bound on a bier, and is generally placed with its feet in the water, the water being also poured over it; it is then laid on the pyre and covered over with wood, and much ghī is poured over it, so that the wood at once, on the application of a lighted torch,



VIII. BENARES : VISHNU PUD AND OTHER TEMPLES.



IX. BENARES : BURNING GHAT.



X. THE TEMPLE OF JAGGANNATH, PURI.

bursts into flames. On any evening such pyres may be seen on the burning-ghāt, reminders of the inevitable ending of the body, while the surrounding temples tell of the eternity of the Spirit.

The temple of Jagannāṭh—the Lord of the World—is held most sacred; even a purse or belt of leather may not be carried into it, and at its threshold all distinctions of rank and caste fall away, and the Brāhmaṇa may take food from the hand of the Shūḍra. Race distinctions, however, survive, and the Lord of the World is really only the Lord of Hinḍūs. The temple is on the site of a very ancient one—perhaps of more than one—and in one of its predecessors occurred the tragic death-scene of Alcyone and Herakles, related in our columns last year.[1]

Picture 11 shows us that holiest of spots where the first of our present humanity, to reach Buḍḍhahood, accomplished His stupendous task. Within this is a gigantic image of the Lord Gauṭama, seated in calm and peaceful meditation, the Conqueror who had entered Nirvāṇa and showed the way to men. By the temple is the 'Bo-tree,' grown from a slip of the tree beneath which He sat and reached Enlightenment nearly twenty-five centuries ago, and still His Peace broods over the scene of His triumph, and bathes in its ineffable sweetness the hearts that love and adore. "Peace to all Beings" gains a new force and beauty when uttered where the Lord of Peace first blessed the world after He had attained.

In the last picture is figured a quiet scene, where some of His followers are seeking to enter on the Noble Eightfold Way, to learn the secrets of sorrow, the cause of sorrow, and eke its ending. May this great Son of India bless His motherland, and make her the Messenger of blessing to the world.

A Brother

[1] See *Theosophist* for July 1910.

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

The Lives of Alcyone

XXIV

We come now to a set of four lives, three of which were spent in India, which seem to have been devoted almost entirely to the working out of past karma. The Great Ones, though usually in the neighborhood, seem to have taken a less prominent part in these than in the earlier lives. In a general way, I think we may regard these four principally as a preparation for the four which followed them.

Alcyone was born this time in the year 4970, as the daughter of an old and noble house, in a small kingdom called Ṭiraganga, which was under the suzerainty or protection of the Mahārājā of a much larger district called Sravasthī. Alcyone's name was Maṇḍevī. Her horoscope foretold that she would suffer much, and also said that she would be the mother of a King. As a child, she was boyish and impulsive. Her education seems to have been limited in scope, and included little but reading and writing and the recitation of innumerable texts; though she also learnt weaving and cooking and housewifely duties of various sorts, as well as the science of herbs and of compounding unguents and salves for wounds, and indeed medicines generally.

She did not at all wish to be married, but her desires were little consulted; when opportunity offered to give her to Uranus, the nephew of the Rājā, her father and mother saw in this at least a possible step in the direction of the fulfilment of the prophecy of the horoscope.

She had, of course, heard of this prophecy, and when a fine son (Helios) was born to her she naturally had her hopes, though it did not seem likely that he could come into the line of inheritance.

After some years a daughter, Rigel, was born, and then a second son, Hector; and soon after that her husband died, and her hopes therefore much diminished. From the outer-world point of view this practically made the fulfilment of the forecast impossible, but she still cherished in her heart the feeling that somehow the Gods would carry out their decree, and so she tried to train her handsome elder son in riding and swordsmanship, and everything that would make him a striking and suitable figure in the popular eye.

Presently the old Rājā, Cetus, who had seemed likely to live on indefinitely, died very suddenly, and the son, Cancer, who succeeded him proved to be a weak and inefficient ruler. His wife, Alastor, the new Queen, was a scheming and ambitious person, and having no son herself, she looked with an evil eye on Alcyone's handsome boy as a possible claimant in the future. Alcyone had to keep very quiet, for Alastor was suspicious and unscrupulous, and only sought for some pretext to harm her. Her hopes, however, had again risen; for although at any time the present Rājā, who was still a young man, might have a son, he seemed no stronger in health than he was in will, and neither he nor the Queen was popular; so she thought that, in some turn of the strange kaleidoscope of an Indian court, some opening for her own boy might presently appear.

When her son was eighteen, however, all these hopes were dashed to the ground in an entirely unexpected manner. She was a religious woman, and when Herakles, a holy man of great reputation in the country, was passing through the town, she eagerly offered herself for the privilege of entertaining him. He stayed with her

for some weeks, and she felt deep affection and reverence for him; and the nobility of his life and the beauty of his teaching appealed so strongly to her son that he begged the holy man to accept him as a pupil, and his mother to allow him to go.

A very great struggle took place within her; for this would mean the entire sacrifice of the one great dream of her life. And yet, on the other hand, she knew well that this was a high honor, for the holy man was willing to accept her son, saying that the boy would do well and would go far, and that he had links with him from a previous life. The sacrifice of all her affectionate ambitions was a very great strain, but after many days at last she agreed; and Helios went with the holy man on his journey towards the hills. But having parted with him she shut herself up to mourn, and would not be comforted.

After some days of this, the younger brother, Hector, at last resolved to break in upon her solitude, telling her that though his brother was gone it was to a higher and grander life, and that he himself was still left and would endeavor to take his place. She had never thought of him in that way, though always kind and loving towards him; she had been so entirely engrossed in the elder brother and the prophecy, that she had thought of Hector only as a little boy.

Alastor maliciously rejoiced when she heard that the handsome son had adopted the ascetic life. About this period she determined that it was quite imperative that she should have a son, so she contrived a plot by which she presented Scorpio, the illegitimate son of Hesperia, one of the servants, as her own, bribing the real mother to silence. This required an elaborate and complicated plot, and although it was undeservedly successful, she was never free thereafter from devouring anxiety and suspicion. Now that she had thus provided a pretended heir

for herself, she seemed more than ever desirous to remove by any means all possible rivals. Still uneasy about Alcyone, she made various plots against her, and especially made an effort to murder her second son, Hector, by night by her own hand, but through a mistake she stabbed the daughter Rigel instead, and escaped without being recognised, though Alcyone suspected her.

This attempt having failed, Alastor brought an accusation of plotting against Alcyone, and contrived to manufacture sufficient evidence to get her driven away from the city with her son. Alcyone knew that not only her present misfortunes, but also the death of her daughter, were directly attributable to Alastor, and therefore felt great resentment against her, and vowed in a moment of anger to be revenged upon her some day. Being exiled in this way she lived in great poverty in a neighboring State, earning a living for herself and her son by making and selling sweet-meats.

Some years passed in this way, Alcyone all the while harboring bitter feelings against Alastor. Cancer presently died, and his wife succeeded in getting her pretended son crowned, but he proved dissolute and unmanageable. Among other evil deeds he outraged a girl, Thetis, who was his own sister, though he did not know it. His real mother, Hesperia, in anger betrayed his origin. The Queen-dowager, of course, denied it, and had Hesperia poisoned, but the rumor had spread and found general acceptance.

There was much murmuring and rebellion among the people, and the story eventually reached the ears of the Suzerain at Sravasthī (Mars), who came down in person to investigate the case and found ample proof of the charge, whereupon he deposed the servant's son Scorpio, and caused enquiry to be made for Alcyone. After some trouble she was found, and her son Hector placed upon the throne. It became her duty to look after and advise

him, and she rose nobly to the emergency, making determined efforts to check the impulsiveness of her former life, and to be always patient and gentle with him. For some time she practically governed the little State wisely and well, and by admirable prudence and restraint she made it happy and flourishing.

There was, however, a strong party of the supporters of the previous corrupt court who, having been dispossessed, were inwardly disloyal to the new régime, and opposed her efforts to do justice whenever they dared. Presently the young King married Regulus, but his wife did not turn out wholly satisfactory. She had much personal ambition, and was jealous of the influence of his mother over him, so that she worked against Alcyone, and tried to undermine her power and to inveigle the young King into taking action which his mother disapproved. For some years this unsatisfactory condition of affairs went on, the new Queen trying to make a party of her own.

Eventually she had a long and very serious illness, following upon the birth of one of her children. Alcyone nursed her through this, and took such unremitting care of her little children that Regulus began to see her true character, and came to love her. After her recovery, therefore, she entirely withdrew her old opposition, and everything worked much more smoothly. The Queen-dowager, Alastor, the supposed mother of the deposed King, who had been sent away into exile, returned secretly and stirred up a plot to restore that unworthy pretended son. She was however detected, taken prisoner and brought before the Rājā, who then sent for his mother, and said:

"Here is your ancient enemy, against whom you vowed vengeance for the death of my sister. Now I give her to you. What will you do with her?"

But the defeated plotter looked so abject that Alcyone could not retain her anger against her, so she said:

"Her misery and failure are punishment enough. I forgive her. Let her go."

But the woman came immediately afterwards and asked to see her, and threw herself at her feet, and wept over all the evil that she had done, saying:

"Now I die, for when I heard that I was to be delivered into your hands I at once took poison, feeling that you could not forgive me, but would torture me for all that I had made you suffer."

"No," said Alcyone; "since you have thus repented you shall not die," and she sent for her own court physician and asked what antidote there was for this poison. They administered it, and though Alastor was already deeply under the influence of the drug which she had taken, by long and careful nursing they succeeded in saving her life. She afterwards devoted herself to an ascetic existence of meditation and works of charity, to atone for her previous evil deeds.

Herakles, now grown rather old and feeble, arrived one day at Tiraganga, and brought terrible news to Alcyone, the news of the death of her eldest son—the son whom, in her heart, she had always loved the best. Herakles told her, with unaffected sorrow, how he had loved the young man, of the swift progress the latter had made along the line of inner development, and how at last he had died heroically, defending his master from the attack of a party of robbers. Even though Alcyone had long ago made up her mind to give up her son, the news of his death was a great shock to her, and caused her deep grief, but Herakles comforted her by reciting again and again the praises of his nobility of life, his courage and his devotion, and explained the good karma that such a life and such a death could not but make for his own future advancement.

Herakles had half-doubted whether the sad news that he brought would not make him an unwelcome guest to Alcyone; but instead of that she was more strongly drawn to him than ever, and begged him to make his home

in Tiraganga, persuading her son the Rājā to provide for him such modest establishment as he was willing to accept—though indeed he needed little persuasion, for he himself also felt deep reverence for him. Alcyone herself visited him daily and learnt much from him, trusting much to his advice in the education of her grandchildren, to whom she principally devoted the closing years of her life. The King and Queen fully recognised how much they owed to her loving care and prudent management, so that the concluding years of her life were passed in calm happiness, and she was regarded by all with great reverence and affectionate gratitude. She finally passed away peacefully in the cold weather of the year 4901, at the age of sixty-nine.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARS: ... *Mahārājā.*

MERCURY: ... *Wife:* Olympia. *Sons:* Herakles, Neptune, Clio.

URANUS: ... *Wife:* Alcyone. *Sons:* Helios, Hector. *Daughter:* Rigel.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Siwa. *Mother:* Orpheus. *Husband:* Uranus. *Sons:* Helios, Hector. *Daughter:* Rigel.

HERAKLES: ... *Holy Man. Wife:* Gemini. *Son:* Mizar. *Daughter:* Polaris.

CETUS: ... *Original Old Rājā. Son:* Cancer.

CANCER: ... *Rājā. Wife:* Alastor.

SCORPIO: ... *Pretender Rājā. Mother:* Hesperia. *Sister:* Thetis.

HECTOR: ... *Third Rājā. Wife:* Regulus.

XXV

We find ourselves once more in that most wonderful of the old civilisations which had its seat on the banks of the Nile. It was in the reign of the Pharaoh Unas, the last sovereign of the fifth great dynasty which ruled over the joyous sons of mighty Khem, that Alcyone was born as the daughter of Ajax and Bellatrix. Her name was Hatshepu. Her father was the next-door neighbor of a great Court official, named Markab, and Markab's eldest son was Sirius, whose name this time was Menkā. The comradeship of previous lives soon asserted itself, and Sirius and Alcyone, being playmates, became much attached to each other.

Alcyone's elder brother Uranus was very kind to them, and gave up much time to teaching them various things. Demeter, another little girl about the same age, a cousin of Alcyone, was also a great friend—a partially clairvoyant child who had wonderful visions. Sirius and Alcyone liked to listen to the descriptions of what she saw, and Alcyone was several times able to see these things too, by touching Demeter. Sirius could not do this, so the girls told him that boys were not fit for such privileges, being too coarse and masculine!

They played together amidst the lovely gardens for which Egypt was so famous—gardens which contained very cleverly arranged artificial hills, dales and lakes. There was water everywhere, surrounded often by marble or polished granite steps and pillars; there were flowers growing on every foot of grass and hanging over every wall, while the huge blossoms of the lotus covered many of the ponds. The children were as thoroughly at home in the water as on the land, and enjoyed their early life immensely under the warm Egyptian sun.

Naturally Sirius and Alcyone had long ago arranged to marry as soon as they grew up, but unfortunately an unforeseen obstacle presented itself. There was among the

chief priests of the city a man whom few liked and everybody feared—a man against whom nothing was certainly known, but a great deal was suspected. Everyone who offended him or crossed his will invariably died shortly afterwards, but the deaths could never in any way be traced to him. He was popularly credited with a merciless use of the arts of black magic, but nothing could ever be proved against him. He had a son Scorpio, who was decidedly a chip of the old block; he had all his father's unpleasant peculiarities, and was vulgar and offensive in addition.

When Alcyone was a well-grown handsome girl of about fifteen, Scorpio happened to see her; his passion was aroused by her beauty, and he made some approaches which she rejected with scorn. He drew off with some sort of muttered apology, but with an evil look. The difficulty thus placed in the way of their gratification only intensified his wicked desires, and he determined to obtain possession of her at any cost, even if he had to marry her. He very soon saw that marriage would be the only way in which he could hope to attain his wishes, and so he prepared an elaborate plot. He worked at his scheme for a long time, until it was diabolically ingenious and complete. He got hold of certain letters of her father's, and by skilful forgeries and interpolations transformed them into evidence of complicity in a plot against the Pharaoh.

Then he sought an interview with Alcyone, and explained that these documents had fallen into his hands, and that his duty and interest alike demanded that he should at once place them before the King, by which he would obtain much credit and great reward; but that because of his great love for her he was willing to take the risk of suppressing them, if she on her part, by giving herself and her wealth to him, would indemnify him for the loss of this reward and make his interests identical with those of her family. If, however,

she said a word about this to her father or anyone else, he would instantly lodge the documents in the proper quarter.

This troubled Alcyone very greatly, for her father's seals and signatures were undoubtedly genuine, and she knew that he was in the habit of expressing rather revolutionary opinions, and although she had occasionally a doubt, she feared that the letters must really be his. Also this seemed an opportunity to do something really heroic, such as she and Demeter and Sirius had often talked about—to save the family at the cost of what to her was more than life. She felt herself precluded from consulting anybody, and she saw no way to escape, so she yielded to this fellow's representations and announced to her astonished family that she intended to marry him. But she did not trust him, and so she stipulated that she must have those incriminating letters in her hands before the marriage ceremony.

The whole thing was a horrible business for her, especially when her mother questioned her as to whether she really liked this man, and she had to pretend that she did, while all the time her heart was full of loathing. Sirius also was much shocked and pained when he heard the news; he said that, though he could never love anyone but Alcyone, he was quite willing she should marry someone else if she really wished it, and if it was best for her, but that he could not believe that she could commit such an outrage on good taste as to marry that particular person. He insisted upon hearing her decision from her own lips, and even then he told her that he could not really believe it, but thought that she must be under some enchantment. He came very near guessing the truth, which terrified her greatly, and made her try the more earnestly to deceive him.

Her elder brother Uranus was away from home at this time, or it is probable that he would have solved the difficulty. As it was, she carried out her bargain and resolved to make the best of it, but her life was never

really a happy one, though so far as the physical plane was concerned she had luxuries enough. Her husband disliked Sirius and was jealous of him, so she could see but little of her old lover. In 4017 Sirius's mother died, at the birth of a little son (Vega). Not long after this Markab died also, and Sirius had the household upon his hands, and as he also succeeded to some of his father's offices he was much immersed in business affairs. He still remained faithful to the memory of Alcyone, and refused to consider the question of any other marriage, though there were many advantageous offers.

Alcyone had two children, (Taurus and Virgo), and obtained some consolation in loving them, but was always haunted by the fear that they would grow up like their father. Her life was really a long martyrdom, for she never forgot her love for Sirius, and never could learn to like her husband, though she tried to do her duty to him. When her brother Uranus returned he was amazed and indignant about her marriage; he questioned her closely, and discussed the matter with Sirius, and his suspicions came very near to the truth. His sister begged him not to press her any further, as the deed was now done and could not be undone, and they must all make the best of it.

She had other children, but they all died, and her dreary life dragged on for twenty years. Her husband's fiery passion had died away long ago, but he never ill-treated her, and she preferred his neglect to his attentions, while she had no objection to any other intrigues in which he might engage. Now that he was quite careless as to what she did and where she went, she contrived to see Sirius much more frequently.

Some change had been introduced into the life of the latter by the circumstances connected with a certain military expedition to the far south, in which a young noble named Ramasthenes (Mercury) had been taken prisoner. This young captive was entertained in turn by several of the Egyptian captains, and spent two years in the house of

Sirius. His interest in philosophy and occult problems was very marked, and as Uranus, Sirius and Alcyone all delighted in them also, there was much discussion. Now Mercury was introduced to certain high authorities of one of the chief temples by Castor, who was also an officer in the Egyptian army, and had been with Sirius at the time when Mercury was taken prisoner. The father of Castor had been one of the most munificent patrons of this temple, and had held certain important lay offices in connexion with it, to which Castor had succeeded, so that he was a person of great influence with the priests, and his recommendation carried Mercury at once into the heart of things. The latter at once became an enthusiastic student of the Mysteries, in which he immersed himself for years, though still keeping in touch with his friends.

In 3998 Alcyone was at last released from her long penance by the death of her husband, and of course Sirius immediately wanted her to marry him. She resisted on some theory that she was now unfit, being polluted by contact with her late husband, but the persistence of Sirius overcame her scruples, and she at last consented to marry him as soon as the year's interval after the death of her previous husband (which custom demanded) should have expired.

Sirius was happy in the prospect, but once more his hopes were dashed to the ground. His younger brother Vega got into serious trouble; he had formed a connexion with a woman of low type, discovered her in infidelity to him, and killed her and her paramour, and then ran away and hid himself to escape the consequences of the murder. Sirius gave up all business, and devoted himself to searching for Vega, and after the expenditure of much time and trouble he succeeded in finding him in a state of illness and destitution in a far-away city. A death sentence had been passed upon him by the Pharaoh, and it was only with great difficulty, and much distasteful reference to his own services, that Sirius was able to get

this commuted for a fine so heavy that he had to sell the ancestral home in order to pay it. He was thus reduced to comparative poverty, but he recovered Vega, who had entirely reformed, and they lived together happily enough in their obscurity.

Under these circumstances he could no longer ask Alcyone to marry him, as in order to do so she would have been legally compelled to give up the small pension which was all that her first husband had left her. She would willingly have shared poverty with Sirius, but feared to add to his burdens; and they both felt that since such unforeseen obstacles had twice arisen to prevent their union, perhaps the Gods did not wish them to marry.

Alcyone attached herself to the chief temple, and studied under Mercury, who had made wonderful progress in mystic lore, while Sirius devoted himself to the very uncongenial task of trying to make money in order to buy back his ancestral home. It took him nearly twenty years to do this, but he succeeded at last, and then once more, at the age of sixty, he discussed with Alcyone the subject of marriage. She had long been devoted to the temple services and studies, and had made great advancement in them, and in order to marry she would have had to give up the position which she had gained in the temple work, so after thinking the offer over carefully and consulting Mercury and Uranus, they both agreed, though with certain pangs of regret, that they would still continue to offer their lives separately as a sacrifice to the Gods, as they had done hitherto. Cygnus, one of the students in the temple, had long ago fallen in love with Alcyone, and had several times asked her to marry him, but without success.

Vega married an old playmate of his childhood, Ursa, the daughter of an Indian King who had been driven from his kingdom and had taken refuge on the banks of

the Nile. They lived happily and had two beautiful children, Andromeda and Draco, and Sirius and Alcyone hovered over these children as though they had been their own. Quite a class of students were by this time working under the direction of Mercury, and this was the principal interest of the latter part of Alcyone's life.

Sirius died in 3967, and Alcyone mourned deeply for him, until one day he appeared to her and told her that to mourn was unworthy of a student of the Hidden Light, and reminded her of the teaching which the Mysteries gave them as to the coming forth by day. Often as they had talked over it all, it was now for the first time that he made her fully realise of how little importance death is, and how entirely the dead and the living are one family.

This cheered her greatly, and she could often feel quite clearly his presence near her, though it was only twice that she actually saw him, once as above described, and once just before her own death, which occurred in 3960, at the age of seventy-five. He told her then that he had cast a horoscope, or somehow made a calculation, about the remote future, and had discovered that, because they both had sacrificed themselves in this life for the sake of duty, they would meet once more at the feet of Mercury after the passage of nearly six thousand years, and after that they would part no more; so she passed over quite peacefully and happily.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

I

SATURN: ... *Wife:* Venus. *Sons:* Vajra, Vulcan, Lyra. *Daughters:* Aldebaran, Beatrix, Herakles.

JUPITER: ... *Daughters:* Alcestis, Procyon.

ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Leo. *Sons:* Achilles, Bṛhaspaṭi, Mizar. *Daughters:* Pegasus, Aletheia.

OPHIUCHUS: ... *Wife:* Phœnix. *Sons:* Cassiopeia, Ajax, Mira. *Daughter:* Argus.

CRUX: ... *Wife:* Capella. *Sons:* Ulysses, Neptune. *Daughters:* Bellatrix, Rigel, Gemini.

MARKAB: ... *Sons:* Sirius, Vega.

SPICA: ... *Indian Ascetic. Mother:* Sirona. *Wife:* Fides *(dies young).*

II

VULCAN: ... *Father:* Saturn. *Mother:* Venus.

MERCURY: ... *Wife:* Herakles. *Sons:* Orpheus, Pindar.

BṚHASPAṬI: ... *Father:* Albireo. *Mother:* Leo.

NEPTUNE: ... *Father:* Crux. *Mother:* Capella.

ERATO: ... *Mother:* Melete. *Brother:* Ausonia. *Wife:* Concordia. *Friend:* Spica.

ALDEBARAN: ... *Husband:* Achilles. *Son:* Orion.

BEATRIX: ... *Husband:* Cassiopeia. *Sons:* Osiris, Viola, Tolosa.

ALCESTIS: ... *Husband:* Castor. *Friend:* Rhea.

MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Regulus. *Sons:* Siwa, Irene, Cygnus. *Daughters:* Minerva, Polaris.

PEGASUS: ... *Husband:* Berenice.

ALETHEIA: ... *Husband:* Ulysses. *Sons:* Phocea, Proserpina, Clio. *Daughters:* Capricorn, Dorado.

AJAX: ... *Wife:* Bellatrix. *Sons:* Uranus, Sagittarius. *Daughters:* Algol, Aquarius, Vesta, Alcyone.

MIRA: ... *Wife:* Rigel. *Sons:* Betelgueuse, Fomalhaut, Libra. *Daughters:* Leto, Lomia, Wenceslas, Demeter.

VEGA: ... *Wife:* Ursa. *Son:* Andromeda. *Daughter:* Draco.

VELLEDA: ... *Friend of Castor.*

AMALTHEA: ... *Lover:* Calypso. *Physician:* Aries.

LACHESIS: ... *Dies a young man.*

III

OSIRIS: ... *Father:* Cassiopeia. *Mother:* Beatrix.

URANUS: ... *Father:* Ajax. *Mother:* Bellatrix. *Wife:* Aurora.

ORION: ... *Wife:* Helios. *Sons:* Selene, Psyche. *Daughter:* Eros.

AQUARIUS: ... *Husband*: Auriga. *Sons*: Tiphys, Iris. *Daughters*: Altair, Pomona.

ALCYONE: ... *Husband*: Scorpio. *Son*: Taurus. *Daughter*: Virgo.

BETELGUEUSE: ... *Wife*: Arcor. *Son*: Theseus. *Daughters*: Centaurus, Cetus, Adrona.

LIBRA: ... *Wife*: Vesta. *Sons*: Proteus, Perseus. *Daughters*: Arcturus, Canopus.

DEMETER: ... *Husband*: Elsa.

EGERIA: ... *Lover of Orion*.

XXVI

This time Alcyone returned to his beloved motherland of India, and also to the male sex, having been five times feminine. The general rule as to sex was stated to be that an ego usually takes not less than three and not more than seven consecutive births in one sex before changing. During the thirty births in our list Alcyone follows this rule, but some of the characters in our story do not; for we find some who during the twenty-five thousand years which it covers have been almost always male, and others who are almost always female. Alcyone himself takes nineteen male births out of the thirty.

On this occasion he was born in a town called Narsingarh, near the Vindhya Hills, in the year 3059 B. C. His name was Shivārṣhi, and he was born into an old and noble family, though much reduced in the world—poor but proud. The great traditions handed down from father to son were the memory of its ancient greatness, and imposed the necessity of maintaining its dignity and re-establishing its position. It still retained a considerable estate, but had no money to cultivate or stock it, and also money had been borrowed on it in some way.

Alcyone's father Taurus was a good man at heart, but stern and proud; the mother Virgo was rather weak and complaining, though well-meaning. Their life was one of a certain amount of privation, because everything had

to be sacrificed to the family pride. The old profuse charities could not now be lavished, but some scanty show of them must be; appearances must somehow be kept up before the outer world, even though food ran short. They lived in a rambling old castle, only a small part of which was really habitable, most of it being desperately in need of repairs. Alcyone was the second son, the eldest being Pollux; they were remarkably alike in face, though absolutely different in disposition. As they grew up Alcyone was deeply religious, reliable and painstaking, while Pollux was careless and dissolute, and a source of much trouble to his family.

Nevertheless, it was to the eldest son that the father looked to mend the fortunes of his house, not by his own exertions, but by a fortunate chance. Pollux happened to have been born at a certain conjunction of the planets, on the name-day of the local ruler; and consequently by the advice of his astrologers that ruler had bequeathed great wealth to him, though he had seen him only as a baby, and knew little of his later life. In all ways, therefore, Alcyone had to be sacrificed to Pollux; for example, when they grew up Alcyone fell deeply in love and wished to marry, but could not do so because Pollux, being the eldest, must marry, in order to carry on the family, and a brave show must be made at his wedding, and there was not money enough for two.

So Pollux married Adrona, but did not long remain faithful to her; he got himself entangled in some disreputable transactions and finally disappeared with another woman (Melpomene). The father felt that all this bad behavior of Pollux, and also his disappearance, must at any cost be kept from the knowledge of the Rājā, lest he should withdraw his legacy; so he ordered Alcyone to personate Pollux (which he could easily do, as there was a close resemblance between them), and, though this was very distasteful to him, he had to obey.

So it was given out that it was Alcyone who had gone on a journey, and that, because of that, Pollux had to change his mode of life and stay more at home. Alcyone entirely avoided the friends and the haunts of Pollux, and in this way escaped detection. He held the position of Pollux for some years, and gradually built up for him a reputation vastly better than his own. He entirely declined however to take his brother's wife, as the father wished him to do. When Pollux returned penniless, and without the unfortunate woman, they forgave him and he resumed his place in the family—Alcyone, of course, being supposed to have returned from his journey; but Pollux did not live up to the reputation which Alcyone had made for him, and so caused much trouble.

Finally he committed a serious crime, and, for the sake of the family honor and the legacy, Alcyone sacrificed himself and took the blame of this action upon himself. The result was that he was condemned and cast into prison. The family recognised his heroism on its behalf, and did all that it could for him; but even with their best endeavors he had a miserable time, for the prison was very horrible in many ways; he had to herd indiscriminately with real criminals, and the prisoners were habitually left without proper or sufficient food. It was the custom that they should stand in turn at a grating and beg from the passers-by, and in that way they were usually able to eke out a precarious existence. His father contrived to send some little food daily to Alcyone, even though the store at home was frequently insufficient; but even this miserable dole Alcyone could not take wholly for himself, when he saw the still greater suffering of some of the weaker prisoners.

This horrible imprisonment dragged on for some time; and in the meantime Pollux pursued his evil ways and got himself into still further difficulties; at last a sympathetic younger sister (Aquarius), to whom Alcyone had been especially kind, could not bear this condition

of frightful injustice any longer, so she escaped from the house without her father's leave, went before the Rājā, and told him the whole truth. This involved a terrible exposure, and brought great public disgrace on the family; the old father committed suicide out of shame; the eldest son Pollux was banished; and the Rājā removed Alcyone from prison and appointed him to an office in his service.

The father being dead and the elder brother away, Alcyone was now the head of the family, and inherited all its traditions and obligations, and also its debts and difficulties. The salary of his office was sufficient to prevent starvation and to keep the housegoing in a modestly comfortable way, but it was not at all enough to restore the long-lost glories of the family. Alcyone therefore pondered often over the state of affairs, and wondered what he could do to carry out the life-long wish of his father, which he regarded as a sacred charge laid upon him.

After a time he decided to go and consult Neptune, the chief Brāhmaṇa of a neighboring temple, who had a great reputation for sanctity and wisdom. The Brāhmaṇa heard his tale sympathetically, and after much consideration advised him to undertake a short pilgrimage to a certain well-known shrine, and there to offer up a series of special prayers and meditations to the deity. This advice he accepted; he performed the necessary ceremonies, and prayed very earnestly to the deity to help him in this matter, not for the sake of the money, but because of his father's command.

During these days of special prayer he had to live and sleep in the temple, as near as might be to the image of the deity. On the last night of his stay he had an exceedingly vivid dream, which told him to go home to his castle, to go down into a certain unused dungeon among its foundations, and there to take up the stones of the floor and to dig to a certain depth. He returned home, but doubted whether he should pay any

attention to the dream; eventually, however, he thought that because of its peculiar vividness it might have been sent to him by the deity in answer to his prayer, and that at any rate it would cost but little trouble to make the search as suggested.

He followed carefully the instructions given to him, and discovered under the dungeon floor a magnificent treasure of golden vessels and precious stones, which had presumably been buried by some ancestor when some danger impended, as so often happened in Indian history. This splendid trover put matters right for him, for its value was more than sufficient to enable him to free his land from its encumbrances, and to sow it and stock it; indeed it left him much over, wherewith to build a temple and some rest-houses, and to organise many processions in gratitude to the deity who had sent him the dream. He married Arcturus, and had six children, Psyche, Orpheus and Fides being his sons, and Canopus, Polaris and Cygnus his daughters.

The rest of his life passed in quiet happiness; he held several offices of considerable importance in his native city, but never left it for any length of time except for certain pilgrimages which he undertook. He was always a deeply religious man, of devotional type, kind and gentle with his family and dependants, and charitable towards the poor. As soon as he was relieved by the finding of the treasure of the immediate pressure of financial worries, he turned his attention to study, and devoted to it a definite portion of time each day, and presently acquired a great reputation as a learned and holy man. When his eldest son grew up to years of discretion and had proved himself a wise and capable manager, Alcyone abdicated his position and retired to spend the remainder of his days in study, religious conversation and exercises, not in the jungle, but in a sort of small wooden house or shed in a garden upon his own estate. Here he died peacefully at an advanced age.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

NEPTUNE: ... *Brāhmaṇa.*

ULYSSES: ... *Rājā. Son:* Proteus.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Taurus. *Mother:* Virgo. *Brother:* Pollux. *Sister:* Aquarius. *Wife:* Arcturus. *Sons:* Psyche, Orpheus, Fides. *Daughter:* Canopus, Polaris, Cygnus.

POLLUX: ... *Wife:* Adrona. *Other woman:* Melpomene.

XXVII

Faithful once more to Hinḍūsṭān, our hero took birth in the year 2180 B. C. at a small town called Mopa, in the kingdom of Wardha, in what is now the Nāgpur district. His name was Bhrojagohallamārṣhi, and his father, Albireo, was a Brāhmaṇa of the highest type—a thoroughly good man, earnest, steady, persevering and charitable. His mother, Leo, was a worthy helpmate to such a husband, so Alcyone may be considered distinctly fortunate in his parents. His education was carefully supervised, and was of a somewhat more modern type than in the earlier incarnations. Enormous numbers of verses were still learnt by heart; indeed Alcyone acquired at quite an early age the title of Ḍviveḍi, and later on that of Ṭriveḍi, for learning by heart two and three Veḍas respectively—a stupendous task. But he also learnt grammar, geography, astrology, arithmetic and medicine —the last of rather remarkable character. He was considered a most promising boy, and later in life was respected as an unusually learned man. He spoke fluently at least four languages—the older Samskṛṭ; some dialect derived from it, which was then the common language of the people; and also two others, which were probably aboriginal languages.

When he came of age he married a beautiful girl, Algol, and chose as his profession that of a school-master, in which he was very successful. He was always kind

and gentle with his boys, and was idolised by them; they would do anything for him, and take any trouble to please him, and he on his part spared no pains to make them understand whatever he taught them. He greatly enjoyed his life and work, and as his home life was also a happy one, this incarnation may be considered a very propitious one in its earlier years, although it closed with disaster and undeserved disgrace.

In 2150, when he was only thirty years of age and had still quite young children, his country was invaded by some neighboring King. Alcyone did not at all like fighting, and he regarded the whole affair as a ridiculous waste of time; nevertheless, he took his place in the ranks, and bore his part bravely in what had to be done. The Wardha army, however, was defeated, and Alcyone was compelled to take his young family and fly from his home to escape massacre. They wandered in exile for three years, sometimes suffering greatly from privations; but at the end of that time the invader was himself attacked from another direction, and a successful revolution restored the previous ruling line of Wardha, so that Alcyone was able to return to his beloved school.

The ravages of war had been followed by famine; his old pupils were all scattered, and only a moiety could be gathered together again. He had now another spell of quiet life, during which he gradually built up his school until it exceeded its former strength, and he was much delighted to find that his elder son Libra had inherited his power of teaching and his love for that profession, and so made a very able assistant.

The shadow that was to darken his life began to loom over him in 2127; his youngest daughter Mizar, whom he loved tenderly, was then fifteen, and a very undesirable suitor appeared for her hand in the person of our old histrion Scorpio—a man of more than twice her age, already noted for a life of debauchery, and

credited with the possession of a most violent and vindictive temper. The man, however, was rich, powerful, and a scion of a family which it was not well to offend; so though Alcyone was absolutely determined that he would not give his daughter to such a person, the refusal could not be made as abrupt and decided as he would have wished it to be. The undesirable suitor, however, absolutely declined to take a negative answer, and persisted in thrusting himself at all times and seasons upon the poor girl, until his persecution became a nightmare to her.

Alcyone was at last driven to tell him in no measured terms that his proposals could not under any circumstances be accepted, and indeed to forbid him to enter the house. The man was violently indignant, and swore, with much abusive language, that not only would he have the girl in spite of her father, but that his revenge upon that father for daring to insult him should be one of no ordinary character. Alcyone was much troubled about this affair, because, although he could not possibly have done otherwise, he still knew well that this man had powerful connexions if he chose to use them, and that a rich and unscrupulous man is always a dangerous enemy. However, he heard nothing more of the matter for a time, and he hoped that the undesirable suitor had had his fleeting fancy attracted towards some other object.

But one night he heard screams proceeding from his daughter's room, and, catching up a dagger and rushing in half-dressed, he found the villain, with two other men to help him, in the very act of carrying off his daughter, with evidences of peculiar outrage. Though only thus partially armed, and only one against three, he rushed at once upon the ravisher and stabbed him to the heart. The other men fled, although one of them wounded him in his flight. He could not seriously regret the act which had been forced upon him, but nevertheless he knew that to kill a member of a rich and powerful house was a dangerous

action, no matter how great the provocation may have been; so he judged it wise to have himself carried at the earliest dawn in a litter to the court of the Rājā, so that he himself might state his case before a complaint might be filed against him.

He told the whole truth to the King, exactly as it had occurred. The Monarch had little difficulty in believing the story, for the dead man's character was well-known, and Alcyone's reputation was a good one. The Rājā expressed perfect sympathy and assured him that the law should not punish him for the deed, which he considered entirely justifiable; but at the same time he warned him that he had probably made by this action very powerful enemies, from the subtler forms of whose vengeance even he, the King, might not be able to shield him.

Meanwhile the Rājā forestalled any complaint or criticism by himself issuing a notice announcing the death of the ravisher, and the circumstances under which it had taken place, adding a free pardon to Alcyone, and an expression of his belief that no brave man could have acted otherwise than he had done. After that there was nothing more to be said, and the majority of his people heartily approved the manifesto; the injured family thought it politic to appear to agree with the general verdict, but at the same time they gave elaborate funeral ceremonies to their kinsman, and contrived in various small ways to make it apparent that they were by no means ready to forget and forgive the stain that had fallen on their name.

From this time onwards Alcyone's life was never free from all kinds of intrigues and accusations; and he soon began to realise that this was due not merely to the physical-plane persecution of a powerful family, but also, and very much more, to a determined attempt from the astral plane to compass his ruin. Indeed, the dead man showed himself to him many times in dreams, always

threatening him with the absolute certainty of destruction at his hands. Alcyone was a brave man, but this perpetual pressure from unexpected quarters soon began to get upon his nerves. He never knew what would happen next, but he knew quite certainly that something would happen, that it would be something unpleasant, and that it would come upon him suddenly from the quarter from which he least expected it. Mysterious losses fell upon him; pupils were withdrawn from him on the most flimsy excuses; and he began to see that shortly he would be in serious monetary difficulties.

It happened that he had a rich and childless uncle (Cancer), who had the reputation of being a miser of a most pronounced type. As Alcyone was his nearest living relation, and it had always been understood that he was to be his heir, he bethought himself of applying to this somewhat unpleasant old man for financial assistance. The old man, however, refused him with contumely, and assured him that no single coin of whatever money he possessed should ever by any chance pass into his hands. Alcyone was not unnaturally indignant at this treatment, and perhaps spoke somewhat unwisely; but he certainly cherished no resentment against the old man, and he was much horrified when, the next night, he found a strong and almost irresistible suggestion coming into his head to go and kill this somewhat unworthy relation, and relieve his most pressing necessities by the use of the miser's store.

Such a suggestion coming into his mind so strongly quite confounded him, and he could not in the least understand it, until suddenly he seemed half to see and half to sense behind it the form of the suitor whom he had been obliged to kill; and he realised that this diabolical suggestion was only another of that man's methods of trying to injure him. This once understood, the suggestion was instantly and finally repudiated, and he thought little more of it, until suddenly news arrived that his old

curmudgeon of an uncle had mysteriously disappeared—and then, a little later, that his body had been found, showing clear traces of murder.

The next news that he had after this was brought by the officers of the law, who came to arrest him for the commission of the crime. He of course protested his innocence, but they simply laughed at what he said, and told him that he could explain all that to the judge, but that they did not think that he would succeed in persuading him to believe him. He lay in prison for some time, and was then brought up for trial. The case as represented against him utterly confounded him; his own dagger had been found concealed in his uncle's room, and the wounds upon the body had obviously been made by that, or some exactly similar weapon. Two men swore to having seen him enter his uncle's house on the night in question, and his uncle's servant testified to having admitted him, and afterwards having heard the sounds of a struggle of some sort, and heavy groans proceeding from his master's room. He tried to break in, he said, but found the door closed in some way that made it impossible to open it, and when some hours afterwards he succeeded in making his way in, he found no one there, though the blood and the traces of the struggle were evident.

Other men testified to having clearly seen Alcyone carrying a huge load in a sack, which might well have been a human body, a few hours later during the same night; and he had been seen walking in the direction of the place where the body was afterwards found. The servant positively identified the body as that of his master; as it had been hidden under water, the face had been eaten away by fishes, and was not therefore actually recognisable, but there was no mistake as to the clothes and general shape and appearance of the corpse.

In the face of such circumstantial evidence the judge could scarcely hesitate; but when, even at the last moment,

thinking of the unblemished reputation of Alcyone, he delayed to pronounce his sentence, another witness appeared who, passing beneath the window of the dead man's room, had heard a furious altercation, in which he had recognised the voices of Alcyone and his uncle, the latter crying for mercy and the former angrily refusing it. The witness declared that he had waited for a time to see what would come of it, and watched until he saw Alcyone come forth bearing the sack upon his shoulders as previously described, and with an expression of great fear upon his countenance and obvious bloodstains upon his clothing. A cloak of his with blood-stains upon it was produced in court; and the judge reluctantly pronounced the death penalty, adding to it remarks of deep regret that one who had been so universally respected for many years should, in a moment of revengeful passion, have been guilty of so barbarous a deed. Alcyone of course protested his innocence all through, but as the proofs accumulated he seemed quite stunned, and at the last he could only say:

"I do not believe that my uncle is dead: but at least his disappearance will kill me."

He was sent back to prison and condemned to die at day-break the next morning. That evening in his cell he received a visit from a foreign priest who had passed through the town some two years previously, as he was making a pilgrimage to all the principal shrines of India. Alcyone had offered entertainment to this visitor on that occasion, and he had spent two or three weeks in his house. The stranger's name was Sarthon (but we know him as Mercury), and he was a priest initiated into the Egyptian Mysteries. He and Alcyone had many a time discussed religious matters and Alcyone had learnt much from him, being especially struck by the identity, according to Sarthon's explanation, of two religions which exteriorly differed as much as did the Egyptian and the Hindū.

On this last night of his life Sarthon, who was now passing through the town on his way back to Egypt, called upon him, and after condoling with him, gave him a peculiar message which he said was communicated to him by One who was of far greater power in the Mysteries than himself. It was to the effect that although his condemnation seemed unjust, in reality it was not so, for this death was not for the alleged murder of an old man (who indeed was still alive), but for other actions committed far back in the past; that he should make cheerfully and bravely this final payment of that ancient debt, since by it his path would be cleared of much that obstructed it, and hereafter the Path to the Hidden Light and the Hidden Work would lie clear before him; and, said Sarthon:

"I myself, to whom you have shown hospitality, shall take your hand and conduct you along it; for this work is given to me by Him whom none can disobey. Therefore have no fear, for all this is well, though it seems so ill; and those whom you love will not suffer through your death."

Saying this he left him with a gesture of farewell, and next morning at sunrise Alcyone was duly beheaded. Not three days had passed before the supposed victim of the murder was captured by some of the Rājā's officers, and brought before him. Then the whole plot was revealed; but the old uncle declared to the last that this was no act of his, that the rejected suitor had appeared before him and had actually dominated his will and forced him to hide himself, and to arrange everything so as to throw the blame of his disappearance upon his nephew.

The Rājā (Orpheus), hearing this, ordered the arrest of all the witnesses, yet did not put them to death because, though examined separately, they all without connivance agreed in the same story, every one of them bearing witness

that he had been forced into the part he took by the dead man, who was well known to them all. The Rājā, however, made special offerings to the Gods in atonement for having put an innocent man to death, and decreed a large pension to the wife of the man who had been unjustly executed, with a special grant to the daughter in connexion with whom all this difficulty had first arisen. So Mercury's prophecy came true, and as far as money went, those whom he loved did not lose by his death; but it was a terrible affliction to his sons, who held the family of the dead ravisher responsible for it, and commenced a bitter feud against them in consequence, which lasted for many generations. The other part of Mercury's prediction has also been fulfilled, for from the life which closed with this undeserved decapitation began the rapid progress along the Path of the Hidden Light and the Hidden Work which has culminated in this present life in the 'entry upon the stream,' which has made Alcyone a member of the Great White Brotherhood which exists but for the helping of the world. And Mercury leads him still, in fulfilment of that promise made thousands of years ago.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

I

BṚHASPATI: ... *Wife*: Herakles. *Sons*: Venus, Albireo, Uranus, Siwa. *Daughters*: Osiris, Capella, Vesta.

BERENICE: ... *Wife*: Leto. *Son*: Cancer. *Daughters*: Leo, Pegasus, Lomia.

II

MERCURY: ... *Egyptian Priest.*

URANUS: ... *Wife*: Polaris. *Sons*: Perseus, Canopus, Elsa. *Daughters*: Proserpina, Dorado, Viola, Wenceslas, Regulus.

ORPHEUS: ... *Rājā.*
ALBIREO: ... *Wife:* Leo. *Son:* Alcyone.
SIWA: ... *Wife:* Virgo. *Sons:* Ophiuchus, Tolosa. *Daughters:* Minerva, Sirona.
ANDROMEDA: ... *Wife:* Draco. *Sons:* Neptune, Cassiopeia. *Daughters:* Argus, Algol, Phœnix.
VAJRA: ... *Citizen of Memphis. Wife:* Alcestis. *Daughter:* Spica. *Slave girl:* Rhea.
ULYSSES: ... *Hyksos Chieftain.*

III

NEPTUNE: ... *Father:* Andromeda. *Mother:* Draco.

ALCYONE: ... *Wife:* Algol. *Sons:* Libra, Sagittarius. *Daughters:* Demeter, Melete, Mizar.
SCORPIO: ... *Unwelcome suitor of Mizar.*
AURIGA: ... *Wife:* Altair. *Sons:* Tiphys, Arcor. *Daughters:* Centaurus, Iris.

IV

LIBRA: ... *Daughter:* Cygnus.
TIPHYS: ... } *Pupils in Alcyone's School.*
ARCOR: ... }

XXVIII

We come now to the most momentous lives of this long series—the lives to which all the others have been leading up. Even in these we still see much of suffering—the final clearing away of such karma as remains; but the Great Ones come once more into close and constant touch with our hero—never more to part from him through all the ages that lie before us, for he who joins the Great White Brotherhood can never again be alone. In this twenty-eighth life and in the next we find him playing a humble part in the foundation of two of the great religions of the world; and so incidentally in studying his lives we obtain fascinating glimpses of some of the most important periods of human history.

The remnants of the great Persian empire, which had lasted for so many thousands of years, had been overthrown by the Mongol tribes, and the land which it had occupied had been devastated. But another Āryan tribe—the speakers of Zend—descended from the hills of the Susamir district and occupied the wasted territories, drawing round them such refugees as had escaped the massacre which had followed the victory of those savage Tartar tribes. In this country, still in quite an unsettled condition, Alcyone was born at a place called Drepsā, in Bactria, in the year 1528 B. C. His name was Maidhyāimaōngha. (I may say that the names habitually used by this nation are the most extraordinary that I have encountered—more formidable even, I think, that those of the Atlanteans, which we had previously supposed to bear away the palm for length and unpronounceability.) He was the son of a man of high family, named Arāstī (Hector), who was the brother of Pūrūshāspā (Siwa).

His mother (Beatrix) died while he was still young, so that he was chiefly in the care of his aunt Dughdā (Vajra), who was the wife of Pūrūshāspā, and had much to do with his upbringing. His chief companion was her son Zarathushtra, who was two years older, and Alcyone admired him immensely. Both families seem to have been wealthy—that of Arāstī perhaps more so. They possessed wide lands, which were mostly devoted to agriculture. Religion was a strong factor in the lives of both families. We may say that Dughdā and Zarathushtra were the principal influences in modelling the boy's life, adding thereto their tutor Barzinkārūs (Uranus), a man of strong character and wide learning.

The local King was named Durānsarūn (Aurora), but the King of all Bactria was Lohrasp. The prime minister of the latter was a man named Jāmāspā (Castor), who with his brother Phrāshaostra (Aldebaran) exercised great influence in the country. They were intimate friends of the brothers Siwa and Hector—indeed they all belonged to the same great family or clan.

The condition of affairs in the country was rather peculiar. A large part of it seems to have been only half-settled;

there were a certain number of agriculturalists, but also large tracts were still given over to nomadic tribes. The interests of these two sections of the community were often opposed, so that as time went on they tended more and more to separate.

It seems that even their religious beliefs differed considerably. Both had developed curiously in opposite directions from a common origin. Centuries before it would seem that some of the primitive Aryans, perhaps offshoots from the original first sub-race of our fifth Root-Race, had worshipped or reverenced two classes or types of entities, which they called respectively Ḍaëvas and Asuras. The Asuras were clearly at first regarded as higher and more spiritual, and Varuṇa, who was their head, as the principal of all their deities. The tribes of the great migrations which turned eastward into India gradually changed or modified these ideas, and they began to apply the title Ḍaëva to all kinds of non-physical entities, but on the whole in a good sense, while they thought of the Asuras as turbulent and on the whole evil. They gradually allowed Varuṇa to sink into the background, and substituted Indra for him.

The tribe which, after centuries of seclusion in the Susamir valleys, descended and occupied Persia, on the contrary preserved their reverence for Varuṇa and the Asuras, and they presently began to think of the Ḍaëvas as evil spirits, or at any rate as comparatively low and material. It would seem that the lower side of the Ḍaëvas became emphasised until they were mere personifications of the powers of nature, and were worshipped with animal sacrifices.

Unquestionably in Persia, at this period with which we are now dealing, the Asura-worship had amalgamated with what remained of the teaching given by the original Zoroaster thousands of years before, and included far more spiritual conceptions than did the creed of the Ḍaëva worshippers. The latter were at this time represented in Persia

chiefly by the nomad tribes who killed and ate cattle, while the Asura worshippers were mostly settled agriculturalists, who regarded the cow as a sacred animal, and its destruction as a serious crime. They themselves seem to have offered fruit, flowers, oil or butter, and curious cakes. Here in Persia the Indra conception was distinctly the more materialistic, and the Varuṇa the more spiritual. The Asura worshippers said that the Ḍaëva men were degrading the idea of deity, while the Ḍaëva men, on their side, said that the others were refining it to a mere abstraction, and so were atheistic. Thus a bitter theological struggle was raging, to intensify the opposition created by wide divergence of interests.

Lohrasp's hold over his country does not seem to have been very definite, and Aurora was practically independent. Lohrasp's son Vishtaspa (Ulysses) was of about the same age as Alcyone, and as he often lived upon a big estate which Lohrasp had at Drepsā, he was an intimate friend of the two cousins, over whom he rather domineered. A lovely little girl, a small orphan cousin, Thraëtaina (Mizar), came to live with Alcyone, and of course all three boys at once fell in love with her. Ulysses was imperious, and thought nobody could resist him because he was the son of the Over-Lord; Zarathushtra was impulsive, eager, poetical, flaming with ardor, yet often, by re-action, in the depths of despondency; while Alcyone was shy and retiring, loving perhaps more unselfishly than either of the others, but far less able to express it. They all felt great respect and affection for their tutor, Uranus, and Alcyone idolised Zarathushtra with all the devotion which a small boy can feel for one who is a little older.

Zarathushtra was handsome, forceful, striking in every way—full of vitality, yet also a boy of trances and dreams. From earliest childhood he saw constantly in these dreams a man of commanding presence and of more than mortal power, surrounded always by glowing fire—the great

original Zoroaster, the Founder of Sun-worship, and the head of one of the great lines of human evolution. He frequently inspired and directed Zarathushtra, and on at least one occasion He so far materialised Himself that Alcyone also saw Him, and was profoundly impressed, taking Him for one of the great Star-angels about whom their religion taught them. This confirmed him more than ever in the conviction that his cousin was destined to be one of the greatest of men, and the sight gave him a burning enthusiasm for the higher work, and a living certainty of the reality of the unseen world which he never afterwards lost.

As they grew up together Alcyone's reverence and love for Zarathushtra steadily increased, and they talked for many an hour over the religious problems of the time. Zarathushtra was an enthusiastic supporter of the spiritual Asura worship as against the more materialistic followers of the Daëvas; and though Alcyone was disposed to see good on both sides, he always ended by agreeing with Zarathushtra. It is small wonder that even as a youth the latter's fiery eloquence obtained a reputation for him as a coming power among the priestly families; small wonder also that he captured the heart of the young Mizar.

Deep down Mizar really loved Alcyone best as a mere human being, but the greatness of Zarathushtra dazzled her and attracted her, even while it half-frightened her. She had had something of a preference for Ulysses, based frankly on his commanding worldly position, and something might have come of it if his father had not heard of it. As Lohrasp had other plans for his son, he at once withdrew him from this dangerous fascination, and as soon as possible married him to a princess of his own selection named Hutaosa (Bellatrix), a woman also beautiful but haughty, who was at first reserved, but evidently soon realised the many good points in her husband, and wisely overlooked his faults and became deeply devoted to him.

Thus Mizar was reduced to two suitors; she was half-sorry and half-glad, for though she had coveted the position of Queen of Bactria she had really liked Ulysses least of the three. One day Zarathushtra, in a burst of confidence, told Alcyone how deeply he loved Mizar, and to poor Alcyone this open avowal came like a sentence of death. His heart was bound up with Mizar, yet he loved and adored Zarathushtra. He contrived not to show how severely the news wounded him, and went away and fought it all out with himself. He knew deep down within himself that Zarathushtra's mind was so full of mighty ideas, that for him love and marriage were in reality secondary matters, so that he did not really love Mizar as whole-heartedly as Alcyone himself did; but after a long and bitter struggle, he resolved to do at all costs what he thought to be his duty to his friend; so he withdrew himself entirely and went away on a visit for two months, and by the time he returned, the marriage of Mizar with Zarathushtra had been arranged.

The marriage took place in the year 1510, and turned out happily enough; for Mizar was altogether dominated by the vivid personality of Zarathushtra, admired him intensely, and lived only to look after him, and make life smooth for him. Soon she had a beautiful boy (Ajax), whom she called Isatvastra, and later on three daughters in succession, the last being Pūrūchīstā (Demeter). Unfortunately, in connexion with the birth of Pūrūchīstā in 1505 she contracted an illness which proved fatal, so that the wedded life of Zarathushtra was at this time but short, and he was left with four young children upon his hands. He turned them over to the care of his mother Dughdā (Vajra), which of course brought them into the closest contact with Alcyone also, who was exceedingly fond of children, and spent a good deal of time over these, especially over the baby Pūrūchīstā.

Zarathushtra seems to have felt his wife's death somewhat acutely, but he was becoming ever more and

more engrossed in his religious ideas and theories, and was full of projects for the reform of the old Iranian religion. Feeling himself to some extent set free by his wife's death, or perhaps accepting it as a divine intimation to him, he betook himself to a hermit-life in a cave in a desert place, and set himself to think out his system in this solitude. Under these conditions he led a most marvellous life for some ten years, a life which seems to have been an almost continuous succession of wonderful visions and ecstasies.

During this period he was under the constant, the almost daily instruction of the original Zoroaster, and was guided by Him as to the truths which he was to place before the people. He still maintained quite definitely his support of the Asuras as against the Daëvas; in fact, as time went on, he tended to exalt the idea of the Asuras, or Ahuras, more and more, and indeed the title which he used for the supreme deity is made from their name, with the addition of the word Mazda, which appears to signify wisdom. Thus he obtained the name Ahūra-Mazda, which may mean the Supremely-Wise Spirit, or the Spirit of Supreme Wisdom.

It does not appear that at this period he had the conception of the personification of evil called Ahriman, which now holds so prominent a place in the Zoroastrian religion. He did to some extent personify evil, or at least the idea of opposition, such as showed itself in the actions and worship of the Daëvas; but to this personification he seems to have given the name Dhrūj. To some extent Dhrūj seems also to have represented matter, for it was a part of his theory that Spirit and matter as it were fight for man, and that every action of man counts on one side or the other. The contrast between his theories and those of the Daëva worshippers seems not unlike that between the philosophy of Pythagoras and the popular worship of such deities as Apollo and Diana.

He recognised the existence of good spirits, whom he called Ameshāspentās, but there was some haziness about

the conception, and they appear to have been partially personifications of ethical ideals or principles. He quite understood reincarnation to be a fact, but seems not to have dwelt upon it, the practical side of his scheme being almost entirely the foundation or promotion of some sort of holy community, or agricultural state, in which thrift and settled tillage of the soil were the great social virtues.

During his ten years' sojourn in the desert Alcyone went out often to see him, and saw to it that his wants were regularly supplied. Zarathushtra was grateful for this, and on one occasion told Alcyone that he had seen him in a prophetic vision acting as his lieutenant in the preaching of his reform. Alcyone brought him frequent news of his children, and even sometimes took them to see him, but Zarathushtra was so entirely absorbed in his gorgeous series of visions that he scarcely noticed them, and they soon came to cling far more to Alcyone than to their own father.

At the end of ten years, in 1495, Zarathushtra was ordered by the Great One who appeared to him in his visions to return to the world, to take up the office of the priesthood, and to deliver to the people the truths which had been taught to him. It was prophesied to him that he should spread the faith over the whole of the mighty kingdom of Persia, but that before he began to travel abroad he must await the arrival of one who should come to him from the West, and certain signs were given to him by which he was to recognise this illustrious stranger. Meantime he was to return to the priestly life in his own country of Bactria. His re-entry was somewhat dramatic, for just as he had left his cave a volcanic outburst took place which destroyed it, and the flames of the eruption and the accompanying earthquake were taken by the people as in some way connected with his return to ordinary life.

By this time Lohrasp had abdicated in favor of his son, Zarathushtra's old friend Vishtaspa (Ulysses). After

the death of his first wife, Vishtaspa quarrelled with his father, and left the country in a fit of anger. He travelled into the western part of Persia, made friends with a local King there, married his daughter, and came back home at the head of an army. He practically forced his father into abdication, and then made many changes in the administration of the kingdom. He had, however, the wisdom to retain his father's prime minister Jāmāspā (Castor), and this gave the people a feeling of safety which reconciled them to some of his proceedings, to which they might otherwise have objected.

Ulysses eagerly welcomed Zarathushtra, and soon appointed him to the office of Zaohtā, and later gave him the title of Dāstūr-ī-Dāstūr. This gave him great influence, and he preached his reforms with splendid eloquence and fiery zeal. Since he had the vigorous support of the King, crowds of disciples gathered round him, and he had already a considerable following when the expected visitor from the West arrived in 1489.

Though Zarathushtra had returned to priestly work, he had by no means resumed family life. All this time his children had been growing up under the care of Alcyone, who was indeed now the recognised master and administrator of the household. All of Zarathushtra's children had turned out well under Alcyone's fostering care, and most of all his love had always gone out towards the youngest, Pūrūchīstā, who was now sixteen years of age, in the first flush of dawning womanhood, and physically the exact image of her mother. Indeed, just as in years gone by he had loved Mizar, so did Alcyone now enfold within his heart her daughter Pūrūchīstā. He yearned to make her his wife, but was restrained by the consideration of the great difference in their age. Her beauty brought her many suitors, but she rejected them all, telling Alcyone that she could never love anyone but him.

For some time he put from his mind these avowals, fearing lest he should be tempted to take advantage of her youth, her gratitude, and her inexperience; but at last one day his feelings were too strong for him, and he asked her in faltering tones whether she really meant that she would be willing to link her fair young life with that of a man so far advanced towards middle age as himself. She eagerly and joyously accepted him, and it seemed as though at last his happiness was assured; yet even now the strange karma which hung over him for so many lives overtook him once more, for when they went hand-in-hand to Zarathushtra, hoping to receive his blessing, he calmly told them that he had just arranged for the marriage of Pūrūchīstā with Jāmāspā Kherami, (Mira), the son of the old prime minister Castor, and that this marriage was absolutely necessary for the interests of his reform and the success of its propaganda.

This was of course a terrible blow to both the lovers; they seem at first to have had wild thoughts of rebellion, yet for both of them submission imaged itself as a religious duty, and they felt that this sacrifice was required of them by Ahūra-Mazda. Under such circumstances there could be but one end to the struggle, and Pūrūchīstā dutifully became the wife of Mira, though with little expectation of happiness. Her young husband, however, who had at first been attracted merely by her unusual beauty, soon learnt to love her for herself, and proved a brave, honorable and devoted man; so that her lot, after all, was by no means so sad as she had expected, and after a time she became able to return at least to some extent her husband's deep affection.

Alcyone, however, had no such comfort, and for a long time he suffered keenly. Comfort was brought to him by Mercury, the stranger from the West, who had been handed over to his care by Zarathushtra. This stranger had been a great surprise to them in many ways; instead of appearing as a reverend preacher, he came to them in the guise of a young man in the dress of a Greek fisherman; instead of partaking freely of the princely

hospitality which Alcyone was more than ready to offer him, he insisted upon earning his own living, and worked daily at the trade of a goldsmith.

A wondrous tale, too, he told them: how, until a year ago, he had been chief priest of a temple—the temple of Pallas at Agadé, in Asia Minor; and how, when his city was ravaged by barbarians, that body of his had been killed, and in its place he had entered into this vehicle of a young fisherman of the place, who had been drowned in attempting to escape the massacre. (Many of our *dramatis personæ* had grouped themselves round Mercury in that city of Agadé, as will be seen in the twenty-second of the lives of Orion. Readers who are making lists of the various characters should wait before closing them until the Orion set has appeared.)

By the arrival of Mercury Zarathushtra seemed doubly inspired, and they began to make arrangements for the preaching tour which had been so long foretold. Zarathushtra had, all this time, maintained the closest relations with the King Vishtaspa (Ulysses), and the King was now as eager as Zarathushtra himself that his prophet, as he called him, should be the leader of religion for the whole of Persia. Zarathushtra subordinated everything to what he considered the needs of his work, and by no means neglected to make all possible use of worldly links that he thought might be of value to him. Not only had he in this way married his daughter to the son of the prime minister, but he himself in turn, and for the same reason, had married Kāvīhūsrāvā (Achilles), a cousin of the King, and by her had already two sons, named Hvarechithrā and Ūrvatatnarā. This second wife, however, did not live very long, and eventually Zarathushtra married a third time, still further cementing his alliance with the family of Castor by taking to wife Hvoghvī (Pindar), the youngest sister of the premier.

So deep was the grief of Alcyone at his second terrible disappointment, so entirely was he filled with

despair and weariness of life, that he thought seriously of suicide, and had all but decided upon it when Mercury's arrival changed the face of the world for him. Even at first sight he felt for Mercury a combination of affection and reverence, which from a proud Persian noble to one who was apparently a humble Greek fisherman was indeed passing strange. Almost at once Mercury spoke to him of the sorrow which so evidently sat heavily upon him, and drew forth from him the whole story of his life. Then Mercury rose from his seat, and for the moment his figure changed, and he stood before Alcyone in radiant glory in that gracious form that we know so well, and spoke with glowing words of deepest love:

"Great indeed has been your sorrow, not this time only, but many times; and even yet some sorrow remains, for he who moves swiftly must pay for his swiftness. But great in proportion shall be your joy. Yours shall be the bliss which no tongue can utter, for through you shall the nations of the world be blessed. This life of sacrifice is the culmination of many sacrifices; and because of this, even in the next life, your reward shall begin, and you shall take the vow which can never be broken. The Path lies open before you, and upon it my hand shall guide you, and my blessing shall be with you in life and in death, until we stand in the presence of the King."

So profound was the impression created upon Alcyone by this tremendous prophecy that from that moment his despair was gone, and though sometimes he thought sorrowfully of the mother and daughter whom he had loved so dearly, he turned always from that to the promise that through that sorrow they and all the world should one day be helped. In that faith he lived and worked through all that troublous time—through all the wars of King Vishtaspa; through the Tartar invasion which Prince Isfandehar (Deneb) repelled; through the reign of Vishtaspa into that of his grandson Bāmān; through the forty years of Zarathushtra's preachings, wanderings and administrations.

That faith sustained him even when after ten years of arduous labor Mercury left them and passed on into India, leaving behind him the legend of Paishotan, the teacher who never dies, but shall return to found a new race and to lead his people to paradise. It helped to keep him brave during the dark periods of despondency which came not infrequently to the soul of Zarathushtra, when the prophet bewailed the lukewarmness of his followers, admitted doubts as to the success of his mission, or even the truth of his visions, and talked of flying the country because of the opposition of Prince Bendva, or the Grēhma Clan, or other adherents to the older teaching; and it sustained him even under the news of the murder of his life-long hero Zarathushtra, while officiating at the altar of the great temple at Balkh, when the city was stormed by the Tartars in 1449.

Some two years before this, Alcyone had given up the constant journeyings and public preachings, finding himself scarcely equal to the strain of them. During the last ten years of his life he was well cared for by two of the children whom he had so loved—Phrenī and Thritī (Rigel and Betelgueuse), the widowed daughters of Zarathushtra and Mizar—the sisters of Ajax and Demeter. Demeter had died soon after her husband Mira had been killed in battle fighting against the Tartars; but one of her daughters, Haoshyaghā (Fomalhaut), also wonderfully like the long-dead Mizar, the love of his youth, came constantly to see and to cheer him. She was at his bedside when he passed away in 1441, and at the moment of his death Mercury once more stood visibly materialised before him in that same radiant form, smiling on him in tender love. He joined his hands in reverent greeting, and the last words upon his lips were the concluding words of the prophecy: "Until we stand in the presence of the King."

And in his present life has that prophecy been fulfilled.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

URANUS: ... *Tutor of Zarathushtra and Alcyone.*
MERCURY: ... *Chief Priest from Agadé.*

ZARATHUSHTRA: ... *Father:* Siwa. *Mother:* Vajra. *First Wife:* Mizar. *Son:* Ajax. *Daughters:* Rigel, Betelgueuse, Demeter. *Second Wife:* Achilles. *Sons:* Polaris, Olympia. *Third Wife:* Pindar.

ULYSSES: ... *King Vishtaspa. Wife:* Bellatrix. *Son:* Deneb.

CASTOR: ... *Prime Minister. Brother:* Aldebaran. *Sister:* Pindar. *Son:* Mira.

AURORA: ... *King Durānsarūn.*

HECTOR: ... *Brother:* Siwa. *Wife:* Beatrix (*died young*). *Son:* Alcyone.

DEMETER: ... *Husband:* Mira. *Sons:* Orpheus, Capricorn, Procyon. *Daughters:* Fomalhaut, Irene, Regulus.

CETUS: ...
ADRONA: ...
LACERTA: ...
PHOCEA: ...
AVELLEDO: ...
} *Members of Grēhma Clan.*

NOTES ON LIFE XXVIII

In the interesting lives of Alcyone, the investigators have now and again given us most valuable information about the tangled or forgotten facts of history. One such bit of rare historical knowledge is presented to us in this life, which I am sure will not fail to receive due appreciation at the hands of the Pārsīs among others.

First, then, the gentleman who looked up this particular life is Mr. C. W. Leadbeater who, as far as my knowledge goes—and I have worked with him now for nearly two years—knows next to nothing about Zoroastrianism. He has not studied the ancient Persian history, nor even has perused the *Shāh-Nāmeh* in abridged translation. While looking up this life he was very much struck, he says, by the long and unpronounceable names he heard. This is not the place to give a psychological explanation of how this is done; enough to say that Mr. Leadbeater can hear as well as see the Akāshic Records from which he reads and dictates. The Persian name of the very hero—

Alcyone—was a poser to him; and I doubt not that he must have heard it many times before he could pronounce it. He finally pronounced it as he heard it, and when he came to write it down he could do nothing else but spell it phonetically. So also with all other names.

When I first came across this life it was clear to me that I was fortunate enough to hit upon a clear and decisive *proof* of Mr. Leadbeater's clairvoyant powers. There were open before me only two ways of explaining to myself this phenomenon of Mr. Leadbeater bringing out nearly a score of proper names, some of them very obscure; they were (1) that Mr. Leadbeater is a truly genuine and scientifically reliable seer; or (2) that he is a fraud (he will pardon my saying so), who reads cyclopædias, obscure histories and what not, and then pretends that he can hear and see and work on subtler planes. Between these two there is no middle course; we have to accept the one and reject the other. I accept the first and absolutely reject the second, for scores of sound reasons which space forbids me here to give.

In spite of my absolute belief in Mr. Leadbeater and his powers I have verified each and every name, and below I give a table of the spellings which he adopted, basing them on the sound, and side by side I also give the usual spellings of Orientalists, which I have taken from the *Sacred Books of the East Series:*

Mr. Leadbeater	*S. B. E. Series*
Arāsti	Arâsti
Maidhyāimaōngha	Maidhyô-maungha
Pūrūshāspā	Pôrûshâsp (ô)
Dughdā	Dughdâ
Barzinkārūs	Barzînkarûs
Durānsurūn	Dûrânsarûn
Lohrasp	Lôharâsp
Jāmāspa	Gâmâspa
Phrāshaostra	Frashaostra
Vishtaspa	Vistâspa
Hutaosa	Hutaosa
Isatvastra	Isat-vâstra
Pūrūchista	Pôrukist
Hvarechithrā	Hvarekithra
Urvatatnarā	Urvatat-nara
Hvoghvi	Hvôgvi
Isfandehar	Isfendyâr
Bāmān	Bahman
Paishotan	Pêshyôtan
Bendva	Bendva
Grēhma	Grehma
Phreni	Freni
Thriti	Thriti

The table will speak for itself. Our Pārsī readers will note that some of these names are obscure, very out of the way, and most of them will hardly recognise such as Barzînkarûs, which, as far as I can make out, appears only once in the whole extent of Zoroastrian scriptural books. Again, Dûrânsarûn is found only once, but the peculiarity regarding him is that while Dr. West puts him down as a Magician who tried to kill Zarathushtra, Mr. Leadbeater says that he was a local King under the Emperor Lôharâsp. Very few Pārsīs perhaps know that there were *two* Gâmâspas—Gâmâspa the Wise and Gâmâspa the Younger. Mr. Leadbeater's investigations for the first time gave me the information that there were two Gâmâspas, but going carefully into the subject I find that Darmesteter has already recorded the fact. Bahman is another instance which proves to me Mr. Leadbeater's straightforwardness in recording. I know it for a fact that Mr. Leadbeater knows the name as one current among modern Pārsīs, and in this particular form (Bahman) has used it, it being my own name. He perhaps did not know that the same name, which comes from the Zend Vohu-Manô (the Good Mind) was the name of the grandson of Vîstâspa and he records it as he heard it, Bâmân. "Prince Bendva or the Grêhma Clan" sounded new, but they, though obscure names, are found in the *S. B. E*, Vol. XXXI.

What puzzles me most are two names which Mr. Leadbeater gives as those of (1) the first wife of Zarathushtra, and (2) the daughter of Gâmâspa the Younger. They are respectively Thraêtaina and Haoshyaghâ. I do *not* find these two names. The nearest to these are two *male* names—Thraêtaona and Haoshyangha, both well-known names, but of quite a different age. Similarly the name of the second wife of Zarathushtra is given by Mr. Leadbeater as Kāvīhūsrāvā. Kavi, Kavya, Kavan is a great family name, and is prefixed to names of famous Kings; the nearest I can get is Kavi Husravangh, who is the famous King Kaî-Khusrô. Mr. Leadbeater's investigations also clear up another much discussed point, *viz.*, the three sons of Zarathushtra who are yet to be born at the time of the Renovation; they are his sons by his third wife, according to the Scriptures, which is a myth (in the occult and Theosophical sense) which speaks a great and glorious truth. According to Mr. Leadbeater, by his third wife Zarathushtra had no children.

I could add more about the date and place of birth, but these notes are being written as the proofs of the Life XXVIII are being paged, and moreover space forbids any lengthy remarks.

B. P. WADIA

Make either your belief or your difficulty definite; but do not go on, all through your life, believing nothing intelligently, and yet supposing that your having read the words of a divine book must give you the right to despise every religion but your own.—Ruskin.

OUR FOUNDERS

ALL our members know these two faces so well, that it seems useless to sketch here their useful and noble lives. We put in their pictures in order that they may go forth with our first New Year's Number, as sign of gratitude for all we owe them, and of our constant memory of their services to the Society and to Humanity.

H. P. Blavatsky, the faithful and loyal servant of the Great White Lodge left her worn-out body on May 8th, 1891, at 19 Avenue Road, London. The Brother we knew under that name passed into the body of a young Indian, selected for him by his Master, and after various characteristic 'excursions and alarums,' by which he bewildered his friends, who found him in different bodies, he settled down in the tenement originally selected for him, and shows no further inclination to change it. In that body we may hope to see him, when it is deemed well that he should come amongst us once again.

H. S. Olcott, who remained with us until February 17th, 1907, left us a strong and flexible organisation which has grown steadily since his departure, and has added seven National Societies, or Sections, to the eleven he had formed during his Presidency. He is eagerly awaiting rebirth, all his heart being with his beloved Society, and is very much at Adyar, in the prosperity of which he takes the keenest interest. He would fain push us on even faster than we are going, for we have to consider difficulties on the physical plane, while he is free from all such considerations. Builders, carpenters, gardeners, *et hoc genus omne*, do not require payment on the astral plane, whereas here we cannot obtain their services without due requital. Occasionally he puts suggestions into the heads



H. P. BLAVATSKY.



of people which they come and offer gravely to me as original, but which he has made to me before, so that I recognise their source. It is very pleasant to have him about the place, and still pleasanter to look forward to the time when he will again be with us physically, in a position—to modify a well-known statement—of less liberty and more responsibility.

His Successor

TRUE PREACHING

The story is told of S. Francis of Assisi, that he once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said: "Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

The venerable father and the young monk set out together, conversing as they went. They wandered down the principal streets, and wound their way through alleys and lanes, and even to the outskirts of the town and the village beyond, until they found themselves back at the monastery again. Then enquired the young monk: "Father, when shall we begin to preach?" And the father looked kindly down upon his son and said: "My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen—looked at; our behavior has been remarked, and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah! my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach unless we preach as we walk."

CHANTECLER AS A MYSTIC PLAY

"Ever within us
Two souls are dwelling,
One in the Heavens
Blinded with light,
Passionate clinging . . ."

HARROLD JOHNSON *The Road-Makers*

NEVER, perhaps, in the history of modern drama, has the eternal conflict between the Real and the Ideal —or the soul's struggle between the Higher and the Lower Self—been depicted in more original form than in that most human of 'animal' plays, *Chantecler*. For in this, the latest work of one of the greatest dramatists of modern France, we see the legendary fight of Humanity, or the Soul of Man, against the World, the Flesh and the Devil, a fight depicted in poems, ballads, folk-lore, and 'mysteries' of all nations, in all ages. But in Rostand's wonderful play, Man is represented by Chantecler, king of the farmyard; the World is a wayside farm in Southern France; the Devil is a blackbird in a cage; and the Flesh is *La Faisane*, the strange bird whose crest is of gold, whose wings are tipped with fire.

Chantecler is happy in his little kingdom: he sings, he makes love, he believes himself necessary, not only to the well-being of the farm, but to the ordered march of the universe, for is it not at his bidding that the Sun daily rises in the East? If for one day only he forgot his song, his clarion call to the dawn, would not nature be plunged in eternal gloom?

Chantecler's hymn to the Sun-God is one of the most beautiful poems in this poem-play.

Toi qui sèches les pleurs des moindres graminées,
Qui fais d'une fleur morte un vivant papillon.
Lorsqu'on voit, s'effeuillant comme des destinées,

Trembler au vent des Pyrénées
Les amandiers du Roussillon.
Je t'adore, Soleil! O toi dont la lumière,
Pour bénir chaque front et mûrir chaque miel,
Entrant dans chaque fleur et dans chaque chaumière,
Se divise et demeure entière
Ainsi que l'amour maternel!
... ...
Je t'adore, Soleil! Tu mets dans l'air des roses,
Des flammes dans la source, un dieu dans le buisson!
Tu prends un arbre obscur et tu l'apothéoses!
O Soleil! Toi sans qui les choses
Ne seraient quece qu'elles sont!

There spake the Idealist of all times; there spake the soul enamored of dreams; there speaks that humanity which so persistently mingles a little of Heaven with the dust of its daily life.

One day drops from the skies a glorious vision—a dream it seems at first, so beautiful it is, and strange—a bird with the soft cooing voice of a dove, and the dazzling plumage of a pheasant of the woods. Pursued by the hunters, the stranger takes refuge in the farmyard; old Patou, the watch-dog, hides her in his kennel, where she spends the night—the first time she, queen of the forest depths, has ever slept under a roof.

The inevitable happens. Chantecler, who hitherto has only known hens clad in white or grey, black or brown feathers, falls in love with the bird whose breast is golden. The dream soon becomes a reality. Despite her fairy-like loveliness, *La Faisane* is yet a woman of flesh and blood, with primitive instincts and a thirst for happiness. (One *must* call *La Faisane* a woman, for she is as truly woman as Chantecler is truly man, for all their bird's disguise, their wings and crests and brilliant plumage.) Of herself the pheasant says:

Je suis la Faisane
Qui du mâle superbe a pris les plumes d'or!
. . . . . .
Sous le feuillage épais que le soleil transperce,
Je vis! Mais c'est d'ailleurs que je viens. D'où?
De Perse?

De Chine? On ne sait pas! . . . . . .
Chantecler
Vous venez d'Orient, alors, comme le Jour?
La Faisane
Ma vie a le désordre amusant d'un poème.
Si je viens d'Orient, ce fut par la Bohème!

Hers is the seduction of all primitive beings, the witchery of nature, the call of the earth, the lust of the eyes. She cannot, she, the untamed, the free, live the commonplace life of the farm; yet already Chantecler adores her, and she—is willing to be adored.

She soon makes her influence felt, soon alters the course of Chantecler's life. Hitherto he has lived in a happy dream; he has believed his fellow-creatures to be what he wished them to be, simple, honest, straightforward like himself; he believes that all his subjects—in the little kingdom of the poultry yard—are true to him, love him as he loves them. But the night-birds, the cat, the mole, all the creatures that live in darkness, conspire against the Herald of the Dawn, and even those whom he believes his friends are envious of his fame and would rejoice at his downfall.

In one day, in one hour, during the famous scene of the cock-fight, the hideous truth is revealed to him: none are faithful, none are true, save the old dog who, like Chantecler, loves the soil and loves the sun. All gloat over his temporary defeat; but, in his despair at their treachery, he gains strength for another, a supreme, effort; he is victor in the end, victor, but embittered to the core of his being, and when *La Faisane* says to him: "Come, come to the forest where I live," Chantecler can only answer, brokenly: "I love thee!"

La Faisane
Viens dans les bois...
Chantecler
Je t'aime!...
Partons!

But human nature—or must we say animal nature?—which Chantecler thought he had left behind for ever in

the old farmyard, pursues him in the forest, the beautiful forest of untrodden paths:

L'asile vert cherché par tous les cœurs déçus.

Now that his eyes are opened, he discovers envy, hatred, malice, in the wild creatures of the woods as well as in the domestic animals at the farm. He has left behind him the Blackbird, the bird of the mocking voice and cruel jests; but in the woods, in the soft filtered light of leafy depths, the same spirit reigns; there the toads are envious because the Nightingale's voice disturbs the midnight peace, and compels the forest to listen to its song.

The World has taught him its lesson; the Devil, in the guise of the Blackbird, also; it is now the turn of the Flesh, and her lesson is a final one. So cruel is the blow dealt by *La Faisane*, a blow hidden by a caress, that Chantecler must either die of it, or rise from it purified, ennobled, consecrated:

Non certe,
Je n'oublierai jamais la noble forêt verte
Où j'appris que celui qui voit son rêve mort
Doit mourir tout de suite ou se dresser plus fort!

And Chantecler, his dream slain by the one he adores, rises the stronger for his momentary defeat. His dream is, after all, the dream that Man in all ages has dreamed—that he is the centre of the universe, the ruler of cosmic processes, the mighty law-giver of nature; that the world exists for him, *by* him, as Chantecler in his sublime conceit believes. But the illusion of the senses, the thrice-beloved, betrays him; she betrays him because she is soulless; being soulless, she can only love the man in him; she is of the earth, she is the earth and the fulness thereof; she is the Flesh, and knows not the things of the Spirit.

Witless, she seeks to kill the faith which, to him, is more than life and more than love. By a clever but cruel stratagem, she keeps him one night under the spell

of the Nightingale's voice; for she knows, she who possesses all Nature's secrets, that Time ceases to exist when its evensong is heard beneath the forest arches. Chantecler, who never knew, until that moment, a voice more beautiful than his own, listens, enraptured. "How shall I henceforth sing," he wails, "after hearing this voice!" And while he listens, slowly the night is passing, the stars pale in the East, the dawn appears upon the hillside, the Sun rises—and Chantecler did not sing!

For one moment he is the prey of the uttermost anguish that man may know. Without his call the Sun has risen! Without him the world is lit and life renewed! His destiny, then, that glorious destiny of the Summoner of Dawn, that destiny was a vain dream, and the dream lies shattered at his feet, like the Nightingale, shot in the middle of its song.

No, the dream is not dead: Chantecler is not vanquished. He reaffirms his divine mission even while his mistress taunts him with his defeat: "More clear than the light of day seems my mission to me!" Still he has a task to perform, and he will do it faithfully: In the grey morns of winter, does not his song usher in the day?

. . . Dans les matins gris où tant de pauvres bêtes,
S'éveillant sans y voir, n'osent croire au réveil,
Le cuivre de mon chant remplace le soleil!
Allons chanter!

But his audacity, the splendid audacity of genius, goes farther still. If one day the Sun has risen although he, Chantecler, forgot to sing, it is because, in the wide spaces of dawn, something must have lingered of yesterday's song!

La Faisane
Mais si le soleil monte?
Chantecler
Eh bien, c'est que dans l'air
Il avait dû rester de ma chanson d'hier!

And further yet—higher and yet higher—to heights unscaled—Chantecler rises in the hour of his defeat: "Who knows, if I am true, always, to my destiny, if I always faithfully sing ere the dawn breaks, to dispel the night; and if, after me, others do their duty, faithfully, all the world over, who knows if, in some far distant day, there will be no more night?"

La Faisane
Mais si tu ne fais pas se lever le matin?
Chantecler
C'est que je suis le Coq d'un soleil plus lointain!

The herald of a far-off Sun! Do not these words reveal Chantecler, and the play, and the poet's dream? Dream of a far-off Sun, an eternal dawn! Dream of a world as it might be—as it would be, if poets had their wish! Dream of a world as it will be, when the God asleep in man is awakened at last!

As Chantecler is about to leave the forest where he has known both bliss and despair, to return to the farm, to his old life, to the duties he had forsaken, Patou, the watch-dog, the faithful friend of early days, says admiringly: *"Il a grandi!"* And certes, not only has Chantecler grown, but he has grown to the fullest stature of noble manhood. He has died to all that humanity holds dear, yet in a mystic resurrection he has entered into the fulness of life—passed through the gateways of death into the innermost temple of the kingdom within; broken-hearted, forsaken, abased to the dust, he yet is master of himself and of the world. *Allons chanter!* The loved one sought to still his song for ever: Yet he will sing! He will sing, not for glory, not for self, but for others, for the future, for the world that is to be, for all who need or shall need his song. He will sing, because it is his life-work to sing. *Allons chanter!*

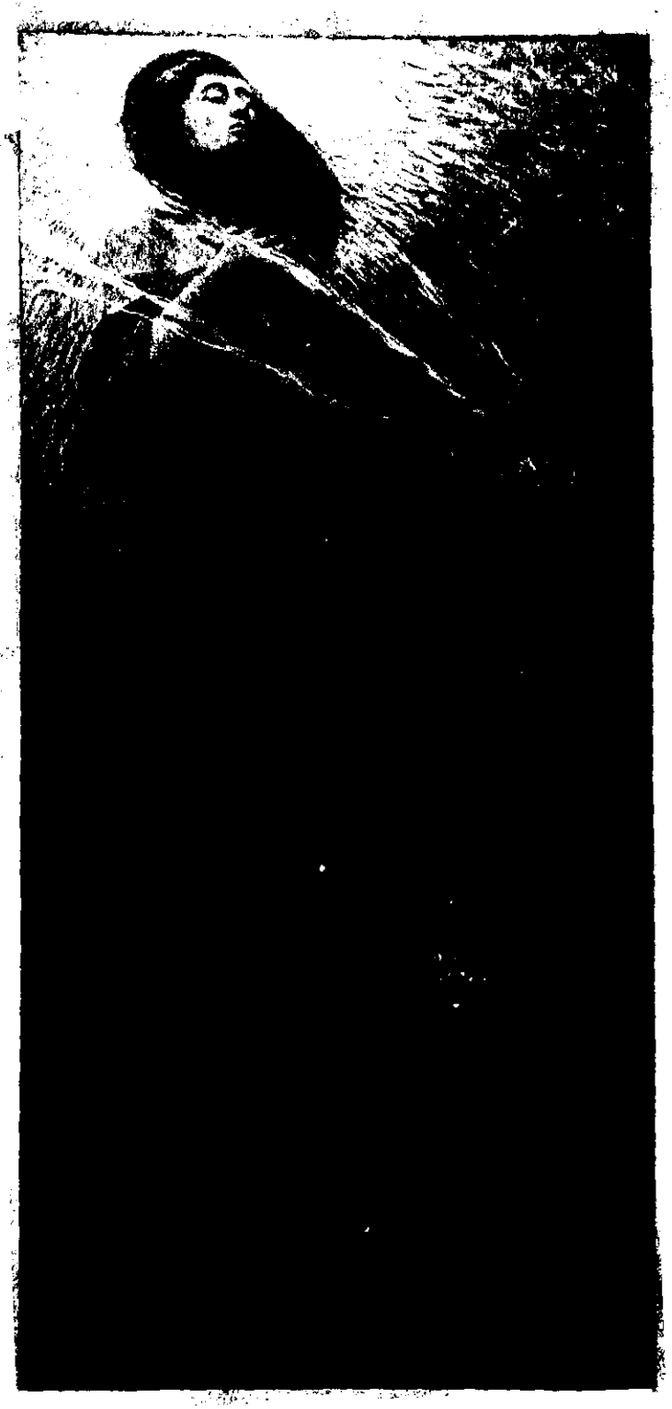
Here, then, we have, told in haunting verse, the world-old theme of the soul's victory over the world; the awakening, through stress and suffering, of the God asleep in every heart of man. And we see that the moment the world is conquered, the flesh subdued, Nature's inimical forces become friendly, are helpers instead of

adversaries. The temptations that have been overcome are now stepping stones to the mystic Path.

But the symbolism of the play touches even profounder depths. Mâyâ, the illusion of the senses, once overthrown, becomes herself divine: in fighting man, the spiritual man, and being defeated in the conflict, her own soul is born: she partakes of the divine nature—the God-in-man—that has mastered her spells. *La Faisane*, soulless a moment before, when Chantecler chooses the path of renunciation and bids her farewell, knows at last the meaning of love in its innermost divine meaning; she, who loved herself only, now loves him alone; she, who clung to life with passionate intensity, is ready for his sake to die.

Thus the eternal feminine, so admirably represented by *La Faisane*, becomes transfigured in the hour of her defeat; in Chantecler's conquest over the lower self, over the seduction of the senses, her own defeat becomes a victory. In that hour, in her also, the latent divinity is quickened into being—mystic promise of that reconciliation of *all* things which is to attend the union of man with his Higher Self.

Transfiguration of man from the brute into the angel, through fidelity to his ideals; transformation of Nature through the regeneration of Man; this seems to be the inmost meaning and message of *Chantecler*; so that, as we penetrate beneath the surface of the play—a play which to some critics is nothing more than a clever parody of modern life, a witty reproof of modern foibles—we find the classic theme of Greek Perseus, of Indian Arjuna, of Parsifal and the Knights of the Holy Grail, of all the ancient demi-gods and heroes who have typified the Soul's eternal quest for the divine. In the homely surroundings of a wayside farm in Southern France, in the sunny provinces beloved of the poet, we see, unfolding before our eyes in all its poignant simplicity, the drama of all ages and of every race and clime; we watch the various stages of



the Soul's slow pilgrimage in the outer world, the manifested universe with all the illusions of its shadow-play; we see it stumble on the path, and rest, and start afresh, and fall and rise again, until at last it is strong and walks erect and falls no more. And then we know it has at last reached self-knowledge, attained union with its Higher Self, at-onement with that Divinity that is above and beyond, yet ever within It.

JEAN DELAIRE

INCENSE

This picture is a reproduction of one which hangs in the London Headquarters, presented to the President by its painter, the Hungarian artist known as Bela—Gyöngyöshalászi Takách Bela, to give him his full name. It was shown at the Art Exhibition of the International Theosophical Congress at Budapest, in June, 1909, and was marked—as Mrs. Besant noted in the *Theosophist* at the time—by a "curiously luminous quality of the blues and greens," so that it looked as though it were a transparency, with a light behind it. The school to which the artist belongs endeavors to depict emotions by schemes of color, and in this regard a curious question arises over this picture. The process of reproduction has changed the color-scheme, turning the dominant blue into green, and thus arousing an entirely different emotion. The blue gave an impression of rapt devotion, and the figure seemed to be floating upwards, as though entranced, to heaven, dreamy, mystical, ethereal as the incense-clouds themselves. In some subtle way the green materialises the conception, giving us a woman instead of an ethereal form, a touch of suffering rather than of mystic bliss. Does the green arouse the activity of the concrete mind, rather than the devotional sympathy awakened by the blue?

A.

A DOCTOR INDEED!

(*Founded on fact*)

"MR. Butler, I believe;" and Dr. Scott looked inquiringly at the young man whom he was receiving. "What can I do for you?" he added, when his visitor, a tall, thin, delicate-looking man, whose sunken eyes rimmed with black lines seemed to denote a long period of sleeplessness, was seated. "Vic, old lady, what is wrong with you?" he said sharply to a fox terrier, who growled savagely at the newcomer; "you have forgotten your manners, Vic, out you must go;" and he opened the door, and motioned to the dog to go out, and the dog obeyed, baring her teeth as she passed Butler, and Dr. Scott noticed that he shrank a little.

"I have heard of your skill from Adrian Sinclair," Mr. Butler began; "we were at Winchester together, and we have always kept up our friendship. We dined together last night; he thought I was not up to the mark, and urged me to see you. From my friendship with Sinclair I know something therefore of your *modus operandi*, Dr. Scott; I have heard you are accustomed to unusual cases, and I believe you will not think me either mad or hysterical, but that perhaps you will be able to help me from suffering the tortures of Hell, if there is a Hell."

Dr. Scott's eyes were fixed intently on the younger man. "I will do my best," he said. "Give me the details."

"I was always ambitious," the other pursued, "and the study of medicine attracted me, but I wanted to make a name for myself. I did not want to settle down as a general practitioner, and my private means did not warrant

me in setting myself up as a specialist or consultant, and waiting perhaps years for work. I determined that in research work lay my opportunity to make a name. I worked hard at the hospital, carried off several scholarships, and by the end of my time I had made a name for myself as a good worker and a student with brains, and M.....you know the name, of course—" he named a well-known surgeon and vivisectionist expert—"offered me a post with him. I was to act partly as his private secretary, but my principal work was to help him in his laboratory; I was to aid him in some researches he was then intent on making," and he added a few technical details. "Of course it was a fine chance for me with my views, and I jumped at it. I had seen and done the usual routine at the hospital, and though at first the actual practice of vivisection sickened me, routine and habit soon accustomed me to it, and I scoffed at the hysteria of those sentimentalists who raved at the cruelty of vivisection.

"I helped Mr. M. at all his experiments, and I recorded their details; it was part of my work. It was necessary, or we thought it was necessary, to carry out these experiments without the use of any anæsthetic, and the experiments were serious ones," he said significantly, and his face darkened. "At first I was quite callous as to the cruelty involved—the suffering we inflicted; but gradually, little by little, the thing became horrible to me. A dog, on which we were to experiment, licked my hand one day as I was placing him in the trough, and when I saw the agony that filled that dog's eyes as we worked on him, and saw the horrible mutilated bleeding thing we made of him, it was all I could do to keep myself from flinging down my instruments, and rushing out of the place. But I clenched my teeth, and made myself go on. But after that night I began to sleep badly, and when I did sleep I had the most dreadful nightmares. I seemed to be in the company of all the animals I had

seen mutilated, and had myself mutilated. Round me they pressed, a collection of horrors that turned my blood cold and my heart sick with a sense of terror, as I realised in my dream that I had brought about these enormities. And they were angry with me, and no wonder, those poor bloody mutilated creatures. Horses, monkeys, dogs and cats, mice and guinea-pigs swarmed round me, displaying the horrible wounds I had inflicted on them or the terrible diseases I had inoculated in them, and one night their anguish of pain seemed—if it were possible—to be communicated to me. In my body I seemed to feel the flame wherewith I had burnt others, the torture of the knife with which I had carved sentient flesh, the disease to which I had given luncheons of living creatures, and in that awful pain I seemed to lose consciousness, and to go out into the dark unknown, pursued and followed by gory and unspeakable sights."

He paused for a second, and drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. He wiped them away and went on: "I woke up cold with fright, my hair standing on end, my heart throbbing as if I had been running a race. But I was proud, and would not give in, and I said it was but nightmare, and I was no child to be afraid of a dream. The dream took away pity, and a callous determination took its place, and a cruel obstinacy awoke in me, and I went on with my work. And gradually a dreadful feeling took possession of me. A sort of lust of killing, of cruelty, seized on me, and a morbid feeling of pleasure in the suffering of the animals on whom we worked awoke in me, and the sense of the power I possessed over them seemed to go to my head. I began to take a fiendish delight in the details of my work. And torturing and killing for the sake of torturing and killing seemed good in my eyes. And even when not working, I could not forget my experiments. I longed to be always wielding the knife, and I was startled once or twice to find myself wishing, when I was in

general society, that I could have somebody or something on which to wreck the murderous impulse which passed through me. And the nightmares became more and more frequent. The horrors in which I spent my days, and to which when awake I was callous, repeated themselves at night in some way or other, though I did not, as on the first occasion, feel in my own body the pangs I inflicted on the animals. I spent the night flying from, pursued by, crowds of mutilated bodies, mutilated in diverse detail of experiment, hunted by the poor bleeding things, clamoring for revenge.

"Yet I set my teeth, and worked on. And then occasionally it seemed to me as if, when walking the street, or sitting in the Club, I felt a strange sense of overshadowing ill, as if those horrible mutilated forms were pressing on me, as if in the broad daylight they would become visible around me, or occasionally as if something, someone, whispered in my ear, and urged me to do some evil thing. I felt that if I strained my eyes I should see the bleeding forms, or if I strained to hear I should hear the words that prompted me to evil; and the eyes of the dog that had licked my hand before I tortured him seemed ever before me. They looked at me out of the eyes both of men and of animals. And I grew afraid. I gave up my appointment with Mr. M.—on pretence of failing health, and it was no pretence. I prescribed change and rest for myself, and I went abroad; but the hallucinations, if they were hallucinations, pursued me; and I either did not sleep, or was held in the grip of the usual nightmare. And daily the whispering voices became clearer, and I seemed encompassed by things of bleeding flesh and riven muscle. The voices prompted me to murder, and from the forms I could get no escape. And I feared madness. I consulted one well-known specialist on nerves, and he declared it was hysteria, and prescribed a nerve tonic, and life in the open air, and early hours, and so on, and I religiously tried his remedies. They did me no

good. My store of money was running low, my savings were getting exhausted. Every day I became worse, and the hallucinations became more audible and visible. And my pride seemed to wane, and it began to dawn upon me that I was wrong, and that I had done wickedly in my selfishness and ambition, and now was paying the penalty of my evil doing.

"By chance I met Sinclair, and he exclaimed at what he termed my want of fitness, and I told him a little—a very little, I did not want to see him turn from me in horror—of my sufferings, and he advised me to come to you. And I am here. Tell me: do you think I am reaping the payment for evil doing? Is it possible there is such a thing as haunting or obsession, or am I on the borders of insanity?"

"So that is why Vic growled," Dr. Scott said, rather irrelevantly, as it seemed to his visitor. "You are not mad," he said emphatically. "You are but reaping what you have sown; and you are really to be congratulated that you are sufficiently sensitive to feel those experiences which have put an end to your vivisection practices. Otherwise you would have persevered in your hellish work, and laid up for yourself after death a prolonged nightmare of torture, as many another, who did what you did, is now in truth suffering. You, Mr. Butler, may be glad you are sufficiently sensitive to superphysical influences to be stopped in your career, unpleasant as those influences, necessarily in your case, have shown themselves to be; they are really your friends. Your present state of nerves and health—and both need careful and prompt attention—is entirely due, as you yourself have surmised, to your past occupation, to your experiments on animals. It will take some time to undo what you have yourself done. But I can cure you, I think, if you will follow my directions implicitly, and trust in me, and follow my advice."

"I promise you," Butler interposed, "to do all you tell me."

"It is a matter of will," Dr. Scott pursued, "and determination—your own will, of course. With regard to the visions you half perceive, you must determine not to see them. And so with the voices you hear or think you hear; turn your attention from them and give no heed to them. Banish resolutely both visions and voices from your consciousness, and they will soon cease to trouble you. And at night, though I do not approve of sleeping draughts as a rule, I will give you a simple vegetable preparation of my own to help you to sleep; for it is essential that you should get some refreshing rest. Go to sleep, also, holding in your mind the thought that all will be well with you, willing to have a deep and dreamless sleep; and in time, if not at first, you will succeed. And all day long banish from your mind any recollection that has to do with your past work. Don't fight against such memories; merely give your mind something else to think of. I shall give you a letter of introduction to an old friend of mine, and you will take it to him this afternoon. Go prepared to stop a week or ten days in the country—at Hindhead, Surrey—he will put you up. And be out of doors all day, take plenty of exercise, so as to go healthily tired to bed: though do not overtire yourself. Drop all alcohol and all flesh-eating; smoke as little as you can. The air is so splendid at Hindhead that it will make you eat and sleep in spite of yourself, almost. But the chief thing to remember is this: to use your own will in fighting against your troubles. You are much too sensitive and fine-grained a man to meddle with impunity in such Devil's work as you have been taking part in," Dr. Scott said. "Man, how can you think that the way to knowledge lies through the torturing of sentient creatures, who have as good a right to live as we have, and who share with us one life, and that life the Divine?"

"I am an agnostic," the other replied. "I believed, I believe, the way to knowledge lies through research alone. Of God I know nothing."

"Well, you are more consistent in your belief than some of your fellow-workers, and than some of those so-called Christians, so-called, though Bishops and pastors of the Christian Church they may be, who, while professedly worshipping a God of Love, Mercy and Compassion, defend vivisection; and so in practice declare their God licenses torture, and has made the way to knowledge lead through the pain beyond words of the animal world. He has made a blasphemy, of course!" Dr. Scott said. "Come to me in a week's time. And think of the beauty of life, and the glory of life, and strive to open yourself to the voice of nature, and then you may understand much that is now dark to you," Dr. Scott said, rising. "Your cure will take time and effort; that is inevitable; but I can promise you hope of a cure."

PART II

A year later Dr. Scott sat talking to young Butler. "I can give you a clean bill of health now," he said. "I warned you in the beginning it would take time."

"Yes. I often remembered your words when I was almost in despair," Butler answered. "I cannot thank you sufficiently for your kindness."

"It was a hard fight," Dr. Scott said thoughtfully. "Your intellectual attitude made it more difficult. The contented agnostic is of all people the hardest to influence. There is no driving power behind him, to get hold of and use. If a man is keen on proving there is either a God or no God, one has something to work on. Indifference bars the way. But you are not so cocksure—to use a vulgarism—of your agnosticism as you were, are you?"

"No," Butler smiled, "Knowing you and your ways of work, has made me agree with Hamlet."

"That curious sense of sin that took hold of you and nearly plunged you into melancholia, though good perhaps for your soul—I am sufficiently old-fashioned, as you know, to believe that man has a soul or more correctly is a soul—was bad for your body," Dr. Scott pursued.

"Yes, it was certainly good for part of me, soul or no soul," Butler said. "I felt on emerging from it as if I had been re-born. The haunting feeling of something evil around me, pressing on me, went with it. It seemed the last form it took. A sense of aroused morality, of keen responsibility, seemed also then to awaken in me. And I promised myself that in the future I would live so as to hurt no living thing; that if possible I would undo the evil I had done."

"Vic does not growl at you now," said the Doctor, looking at the old dog snugly curled up on the hearth-rug. "Dogs are sensitive creatures, and know by infallible instinct their friends and foes. And so do children. Man, you had to be purified before you were a fit companion for either animals or children. If you could but have seen yourself as I saw you, when first you came to me. You *were* surrounded by the pitiful shapes you described, and by other even more horrible and monstrous entities. But you have learnt your lesson and will now be able, with the authority of knowledge and of experience, to teach others." He added: "You take up your new appointment to-morrow?"

"Yes, Sir; and I cannot thank you enough," Butler said, in a voice vibrant with strong emotion. "I should have been mad if it were not for you. I shall never forget all you have done for me. Your mere presence, when I was at the worst, did me good, made me better. I clung to your wise words when everything else failed. You never lost patience, and always, with your coming, the evil influences seemed to temporarily disappear. I owe my recovery, and my moral sanity to you."

"It is my privilege and sufficient thanks to know that I have been of use to you," Dr. Scott said gently. "Our way in life is smoothed as we can smooth it for others. As we help others, we in our turn are helped."

ELISABETH SEVERS

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

NORENDRANĀṬH SEN

WE have here the portrait of one of the earliest Indian friends of our President-Founder and his great colleague, a friend who has remained loyal to them both from the beginning until to-day, and will so continue, we may predict, till this life closes—and after.

Norendranāṭh Sen was born on February 23, 1848, and belongs to a remarkable Bengāli family, being the fourth son of Hari Mohun Sen, a distinguished public man and a leader in the chief movements in Calcutta from 1850 onwards. His grandfather, Rām Kamal Sen, played an even larger part in the public life of Calcutta and Bengal in the days of Colebrooke, Wilson, Bailey and Carey, and took a prominent share in the founding of the Calcutta School Book Society, the Hindū College, and other valuable institutions. Born into such a family, it is not wonderful that the youth Norendranāṭh showed brilliant abilities, and he chose the journalistic career at an early age. He was warmly welcomed as a co-adjutor by Mr. Manomohan Ghose, when that gentleman was about to start the *Indian Mirror* in 1861, as a fortnightly journal, and when he left Calcutta for England young Norendranāṭh succeeded him in the editorial chair, which, with a short interval, he has ever since occupied, with honor to himself and benefit to the public. He was associated with such men as Devendranāṭh Ṭagore, Keshab Chandra Sen, and Praṭāp Chandra Mozumdār, and pursued a religious but liberal policy. The paper became a weekly, and ultimately a daily, and was the organ of the Brahmo Samāj, then in its palmiest days. In 1879, it passed into



RAI BAHĀDUR NORENDRANĀṬH SEN.

the sole proprietorship of Norendranāṭh Sen, and since then has been wholly guided by his strong and vigorous hands.

Keshab Chandra Sen is, of course, the best-known member of the family, the pillar of the Brahmo Samāj, the preacher of fiery and exquisite eloquence, who made it a world-known movement. But perhaps his brilliant career has done less for liberal religion than the long and steady advocacy of all useful reforms that has made the *Indian Mirror* known and respected throughout India.

Its Editor became the friend of the Founders of the Theosophical Society in its early days in India, and the paper was always ready to champion them through those days of struggle, when the Government suspected them of political objects, and when the timid consequently shrank from their side. It has always given long and accurate reports of Theosophical lectures, and the Editor has ever been ready to preside over them in days of sunshine and of storm alike.

Sturdy and independent, ever speaking his mind frankly but never condescending to abuse an opponent, Norendranāṭh Sen has won the respect of Government and people alike, and his many services have been recognised by the Government by the bestowal on him of the title of Rai Bahāḍur. The gentler side of his nature is beautifully shown in the following extract from *Old Diary Leaves*, 4th Series, p. 15, from the pen of Colonel H. S. Olcott:

"One morning I went with my host, our long-tried, faithful colleague, Bābū Norendranāṭh Sen, to the Esplanade to see him feed his pets. I have often seen people in the public gardens of Paris feeding the birds, but Norendra Bābū feeds every morning the cows, crows, minas, and other birds, the fishes in the ponds and the ants which swarm in the grass of the wide Esplanade. The animals and birds all seem to know his carriage, and gather

together to his usual feeding-ground, and the fishes swim towards him in the pond. This thing has been going on for years, quietly and unostentatiously, unheralded by the reporter, unnoticed by the crowd. One could hardly find a stronger example of the tender compassion sometimes felt by men towards the lower creatures."

The Mahābodhi Society has found in Norendranāth Sen its strongest ally in India, and his unvarying support of it in the many difficulties which have surrounded it has been priceless.

Long may this good man live to serve his Motherland, to support all that is noble, to combat all that is base.

A. B.

CHILDREN'S PLAY

Children in an autumn wood,
  Gathering like enchanter's treasure
Fallen foliage hundred-hued,
  Cry aloud for pleasure.

We, whom sudden words of fire
  Flaming at the heart impassion,
Give ourselves our own desire
  With the songs we fashion.

Idly, idly men have sought
  Some deep aim they could not capture:
Sun and moon and earth are nought
  But a song of rapture.

He who made earth fair and wild,
  He who set the heaven with glory,
Did but make them as a child
  Makes a wonder story.

CLIFFORD BAX

THE VICEROY'S VISIT TO THE CENTRAL HINDŪ COLLEGE, BENARES

MANY distinguished Indians connected with the C. H. C. came to the College on the occasion of the visit of T. E. the Viceroy and Lady Minto, already described in our columns. Rai Bahādur Shyāmsundarlāl, C.I.E., Minister of Gwalior, Rai Dayakishan Kaul Sahab, C.I.E., late Private Secretary of H. H. the Mahārāja of Jammu and Kashmīr, who has just accepted the offer of H. H. the Mahārāja of Alwar to become his Minister, Kumār Bharat Singh, the Hon. Gaṅgā Prasād Varma, Bābū Hirendranāth Datta Sāhab, were Trustees who came from outside, while the Benares Trustees were represented by the President and the Hon. Secretaries of the Board and the Managing Committee. Rāja Rampal Singh of Oudh was present, and the towns of Allahabād, Barabanki, Gayā, Bankipur and Ghazipur were also represented.

The Address from the Board of Trustees was as follows:

It is with feelings of respect and gladness that we to-day welcome to this place Your Excellency, the august representative of the Imperial Crown, the wielder of supreme power over the destinies of our nation; though our gladness is mingled with regret that you, to whom India owes so much, are leaving the land that you have so nobly served. Happy for us is the augury of your presence, the happier that beside you is the gentle and noble lady who has shown a tender pity for the suffering poor, and a gracious courtesy to the highly placed of our land. We pray you to accept our welcome, as a parent the welcome of his children.

This place was founded in 1898 with the well-defined object of training the sons of Hindūs in their ancestral religion and in the morality based thereon, while giving to them the western education necessary for the times. The ancient classical language of India is here taught to every student. On the English side Samskṛt is the second language, and it has also its own department, the Pāthashālā placed in it by H. H. the Mahārāja of Kashmīr and Jammu, who from the beginning has been one of our strongest and most liberal

supporters. Physical education is vigorously carried on, and our lads meet on equal terms teams from the British and Indian soldiers quartered here, as well as from the police. But, above and beyond all, we seek to build up a Hindū aristocracy, courteous, brave, truthful in word and deed, public-spirited citizens, patriotic to the Motherland, loyal to the Imperial Crown. It is our dearest hope to send forth from this place men worthy of their glorious past, men worthy to build a yet greater future, men worthy to be citizens in an Empire of the free.

In this effort some of India's noblest children are working. H. H. the Mahārāja of Benares gave the land on which we stand and the building which forms the hall and shelters the Pāthashālā; many of India's ruling Princes are our patrons and subscribers; Judges and high public servants lend us their help; the laboratories were built by two wealthy Bombay merchants; the School Hall bears the name of an Indian student, accidentally killed in London, who left the money for it; every school-room, every room in the Boarding House, bears the name of a generous donor; the heads of departments, the chief officials, are all voluntary workers. Your Excellency stands on grounds, and is surrounded by buildings, that all symbolise sacrifices made for India, and by men and women who are giving their lives to light in the heart of these youths and boys a flame of worship for the Motherland and reverence for the King.

We stand apart from Government aid because we believe that what India most needs to-day is an example of self-help, of voluntary work, and unrewarded supervision, wrought out by the hands of Indians and English, working as brothers, not as rulers and ruled.

Some of us have during the last two years successfully sought to turn into channels beneficial alike to the Motherland and the Empire the awakening energies of the student population, by grouping them with sober and reliable citizens who guide them in what is useful and gentle, and withhold them from what is pernicious. We have to thank Your Excellency for the good-will you have shown to our Order of the Sons of India, and for the wise advice you gave us at the beginning of our work.

Your Excellency is leaving our shores, and is carrying away with you the love of a nation you have loved and served. It is not for us here to speak of the political side of your great Viceroyalty, but we may speak our gratitude for the high example you have set before our youth of public duty faithfully discharged; of flawless courage in the face of danger, and strenuous endeavor to follow righteousness and justice; for such examples inspire youth, and bind together the hearts of nations.

May love and gratitude follow you from our shores, and love and gratitude welcome you in your native land. Perhaps under greyer, colder skies, you may think, with some touch of gentle regret, of our Indian land, and may remember that in the Central Hindū College there are some who will not let your memory die.

The Viceroy, who was enthusiastically cheered, said in reply:

Gentlemen,—I cannot but be deeply touched by the reception you have extended to me to-day. You have offered me a welcome and a farewell in sympathetic words which I shall never forget. You may be sure Lady Minto and I will always remember the kindly appreciation you have expressed towards us this morning. I have often told you, Mrs. Besant, that I looked forward some day to visiting the Central Hindū College. I am afraid I have told you so so often that you may have begun to doubt the reliability of my intention. I have, however, appeared at last, and I can assure you I am very glad to be here, and to see for myself the great work which owes so much to your energy and genius. The College was founded only twelve years ago. Like many other great undertakings, it originated from small beginnings, and, if I may say so, I believe that its youthful energy and the very spirit of its existence have been nourished by the fact of its inauguration having been, as you say in your address, "an example of self-help"—the successful effort of a small knot of Indians and Englishmen to meet without Government assistance what they believe to be a pressing want of the youth of this country.

During the last twelve years the College has grown into the great institution of to-day, and though naturally its increasing popularity demands an addition to its funds, which I hope will be forthcoming, I am convinced that the spontaneous effort to which it owes its origin will continue to strengthen the value of the maxims its founders originally laid down. What those maxims are were clearly set forth in Mrs. Besant's address at the commencement of this year. I understand them to be: that religious and moral training should go hand in hand with ordinary secular education; that good citizenship depends upon the formation of character in early youth; that patriotism and love of country should be the foundation of good citizenship, culminating in a devoted loyalty to the King-Emperor. It is upon lines such as these—and they are very noble lines—that Mrs. Besant maintains that the youth of the country should be educated, and she claims, too, that the observance of those lines has already preserved peace amongst the students of this College, which has been markedly absent at some other centres of learning.

No one believes more than I do in the inestimable value of the tenets to which I have referred. I hope that the Hindū College, with strict regard for them, may successfully

continue to mould the youths of India. It is strength of character based upon religious and moral training that produces men fit to fight the battle of life. It is the manly, chivalrous, self-reliant student that will do honor to your College, and I believe that if the lines laid down by your President are followed, your dearest hope will be fulfilled, and that you will send forth men worthy to maintain the traditions of the glorious Empire of which all British subjects are citizens. I hope that the College will continue to receive all the help it has so well deserved. I hope that the eloquence and the brilliant and generous impulses of its President may long continue to inspire the life of its students and further their future success in the world's arena.

I can only tell you again, Mrs. Besant and gentlemen, how glad I am to have been here to-day. Lady Minto and I, when we have exchanged the suns of India for the hills of our Scottish home, will often think of our visit to the Central Hindū College, and will never forget the very kind words we have listened to from you.

May the hopes expressed by this true Friend of India be fulfilled.

Immigration into the U. S. of America, January. 1. to June 30, 1910. Here are some figures which may be of interest: truly it is a salad of forms and a strange mixture of ingredients for the characteristics required to produce the bodies eventually required by the New Race!

Total arrivals in the six months 1,041,570, thus divided:

Southern Italians 192,670; Poles 128,348; Jews 84,200.
Northern Italians 80,780; Ruthenians 72,907.
Germans 71,380; English 53,498; Scandinavians 52,037.
Croatians 39,562; Greeks 39,135; Irish 38,382.
Slavs 32,416; Magyars 27,302; Scotch 24,612.
Lithuanians 22,714; French 23,107.
Mexicans 17,760; Russians 17,294; Finns 15,756.
Bulgarians 15,130; Roumanians 14,199.
Dutch and Flemish 13,012; Bohemians 8,462.
Portuguese 7,657; Syrians 6,317; Spaniards 5,737.
Armenians 5,508; Africans 4,966.
Dalmatians 4,911; Cubans 3,331; Japanese 2,798.
Welsh 5244; East Indians 1782; Chinese 1770.
Turks 1,283; West Indians 1,150; Spanish Americans 900.
Pacific Islanders 61; Coreans 19; Sundry other people 3,330.

The figures are taken from the *Statistical Report of the Commissioner of Immigration* in Washington, for dates 1st January to 30th June, 1910.

W. K.

WALKING ON FIRE

A Strange Ceremony

INDIA is a land of many marvels and mysteries. These are close at hand and are every-day affairs, so common that they are not even talked about. But one must seek, and he who follows the biblical injunction: "Seek and ye shall find" comes across them without difficulty.

To us of a foreign land, what seem most remarkable performances and happenings, deserving scientific scrutiny and examination, pass here unheralded and apparently unappreciated. Truly, in this case, familiarity breeds not contempt but indifference. What our countrymen would put under enclosure, advertise and reap large profits from, is scarcely heard of or noticed in philosophical India. The reason for it, as for most things, seems to be psychological. In this strange land religion is above the surface, under the surface, and all-permeating. The Indian is inherently and instinctively religious. All his reflexions and aspirations are not, as a rule, for worldly pleasure or even monetary gain, but for the hopes of high heaven and the like. He strives to reach the Self, the divinity within, which will unite him to the Highest. The whole bent of his mind is to find ways of seeking Him. Therefore the spectacular and the phenomenal do not attract him as they do the Westerner, who dotes more on the human achievements and things mundane, and on all that looms large in his horizon. The Indian talks vaguely of Parabrahman; the man in the street believes in Karma, Reincarnation and the possibilities of Yoga, and talks about them; our very servants here can, and sometimes do, preach to us and glibly talk of "doing yogam". All

the cultured and uncultured talk of religion, can expound the mysteries of Brahman, the Changeless, and round it up by exclaiming: "Thou art That," and proceeding from the second to the first personal pronoun, emphatically declare: "Verily, I am that Supreme Brahman."

One of our race wonders at the slight publicity given to such an event as the Fire-walking Ceremony, which a few of us learned of incidentally, and hastened to witness. It is an annual occurrence and falls in August. This particular one took place a few miles from Adyar, on a large open field, near the village of S. Thomas Mount. A half-hour's drive brought us to a Kālī Temple, one of the few remaining in India in connexion with which the loathsome practice of animal sacrifice is countenanced, as a part of the religious worship.

It seems strange that in such a country as India whose very atmosphere is surcharged with spirituality, and the compassion of the many Great Ones, such a barbaric practice as the killing of animals should exist. But one understands it perhaps when one comes to realise that it is the very religious fervor that is, so to say, the cause of these abominable customs. Our white races, supposed to be cultured and civilised, are more to be blamed for allowing and tolerating such cruel monstrosities for the simple pleasure of the table and the taste, than these poor uneducated classes who indulge in it from a religious point of view, for satisfying a craving not of the palate but of high heaven. It is no doubt more and more being realised that animal sacrifices are harmful and sinful, and we hope, in the new India that is rising, the shedding of blood will be a thing of the savage past.

Naturally therefore, our first impression was one of repulsion when told that one hundred goats had been slaughtered that morning as a necessary means to the accomplishment of walking barefooted, and yet unharmed, over burning embers. This was to be undertaken by

some men of a certain sect of Shaivite Hinḍūs belonging to all the four castes, who had taken a vow to walk on fire with unprotected feet.

And why was such a vow taken? Because of love, of tender compassion, of belief in the invisible, of faith in their 'God' who could and would protect them, help them, bless them, if appealed to. It is generally taken for the restoration of health to a dear one, child or wife, or out of repentance for a mistake committed or blunder made, or in the hope of gaining Svarga after death, or as a prayer for a son, who is so necessary to light the funeral pyre of a dead father.

On the spot were gathered together a few hundred people, and an English police officer was present to preserve order. He was a good kindly man, tempered and beaten by Indian feelings and thought. He had been a witness to this annual ceremony for many years, and affirmed he had never seen a case where the fire had injured any one. He talked to us, explaining many things in detail, and interjected every now and then, with a shake of his head: "Nothing short of a miracle, sir, nothing short of a miracle."

In the meantime, in front of us, on a square of earth raised two feet above the ground facing the temple, a huge bonfire was burning, and it was used to ignite the charcoal which was spread evenly over an area covering a square surface of 18 by 15 feet. At the proper moment this was lighted and fanned into a red-hot heat by coolies. As this was being done, the vigorous beating of drums and tom-toms began in rhythmic beats, indicating that all was in readiness for the Goddess Kālī, who was carried from the Temple with great pomp and placed at the head of the square, and was thus made to preside over the occasion. This stirred the crowd to a pitch of intense enthusiasm. At a distance on the public road, a response was given by the procession of

the fire-walkers who approached amid cries of "Govinḍa, Govinḍa," and other sacred names, which raised quite a din. They were excitement itself as they came jumping and dancing, cheered and applauded by the assembled crowd. They had fasted the whole day while being prepared by the priests for the ceremony which took place at sunset. Just before the performance they had proceeded to a tank some hundred yards distant where they bathed, covered the body with saffron powder and garlands of sweet jasmine, so strong as to be almost stifling in their fragrance. They appeared intoxicated from the excitement, and some almost reeled as they proceeded to walk over the burning coals at a slow pace. Others proceeded confidently but hurriedly, passing three or four times back and forth. The crowd soon caught the contagion and many joined in, rushing heedlessly over the fire without the slightest injury. Several fainted during the performance and, as they fell, even the clothes they wore did not take fire. They were carried away over the shoulder of some companion, and we could see distinctly that their feet were unscorched. It was all over in the course of fifteen minutes, but it was a wonderful sight for western eyes to behold. However barbarous and ghastly it appeared, any witness would be forced to admit the genuineness of the extraordinary performance.

Stubborn facts are frequently attributed by the sceptical to charlatanry or trickery, but this implies some object of gaining remuneration or applause, and these simple folk were induced by neither. Their motive was but the performing of what to them was a religious ceremony. It was not advertised in any way, and not an Anglo-Indian was present. There was no trickery; the phenomenon was genuine, and our party will testify to this fact. We returned with the feeling that we had been favored in being permitted to witness so rare and wonderful a sight, of which no notice was even taken by the daily papers

of Madras, and we came away even more assured that there is "something in man which makes all things possible".

GEORGIA GAGARIN

THE PHILOSOPHICAL FIRE

Fire, notwithstanding the diversities of it in this sublunary kitchen of the elements, is but one thing from one root. The effects of it are various, according to the distance and nature of the subject wherein it resides, for that makes it vital or violent. It sleeps in most things—as in flints, where it is silent and invisible. It is a kind of *perdue*, lies close like a spider in the cabinet of his web, to surprise all that comes within his lines. He never appears without his prey in his foot; where he finds aught that's combustible, there he discovers himself, for—if we speak properly—he is not generated but manifested. Some men are of opinion that he breeds nothing but devours all things, and is therefore called *Ignis quasi ingignens*. This is a grammatical whim, for there is nothing in the world generated without fire. What a fine philosopher then was Aristotle, who tells us this agent breeds nothing but his *pyrausta*—a certain fire-fly which he found, in his candle, but could never be seen afterwards! Indeed, too much heat burns and destroys, and—if we descend to other natures—too much water drowns, too much earth buries and chokes the seed, that it cannot come up. And verily at this rate there is nothing in the world that generates. What an owl was he then, that could not distinguish with all his logic, between excess and measure, between violent and vital degrees of heat, but concluded the fire did breed nothing because it consumed something! But let the mule pass, for so Plato called him; and let us prosecute our secret fire.

Lumen de Lumine by THOMAS VAUGHAN

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

MAN'S IMMORTAL BODIES

[The articles that appear under this head may be reprinted by anyone. The author's name or initials should be appended, and underneath should appear the words: *Reprinted from the Theosophist, Adyar, Madras, S.*—ED.]

"WE have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," said the great Christian Initiate S. Paul; "for in this [body] we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven."[1] This heavenly house it is which is built of Man's immortal bodies, the habitation of the Spirit through unending ages, the dwelling-place of man himself, through births and deaths, through the measureless period of his immortal life in manifestation.

The Spirit which is "the offspring of God"[2] abides ever in the bosom of the Father, in very truth a Son of of God, sharer in His eternal life. God made man "to be the image of His own eternity".[3] This Spirit we call the Monad, because it is a unit, the very essence of Selfhood. The Monad, when he descends into matter in order to conquer and spiritualise it, appropriates to himself an atom of each of the three higher worlds, to make the nucleus of his three higher bodies—the super-spiritual, the spiritual, and the intellectual. To these, by a thread of spiritual (buddhic) matter, he attaches also a particle from each of the three lower worlds, the nucleus of the three lower bodies.

For long long ages he broods over these, as his future mortal bodies, just touched with his life, climb

[1] 2 *Corinthians*, v. 1, 2.
[2] *Acts*, xvii. 29.
[3] *The Wisdom of Solomon*, ii. 23.

slowly upwards through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms; meanwhile little aggregations of the matter of the three higher worlds, the "building of God . . . in the heavens" form a channel for his life, beginning to manifest in those worlds; and when the animal form has reached the point at which the upclimbing life makes strong appeal to the higher, he sends down through these an answering pulse of his life, and the intellectual body is suddenly completed, as light flashes out between the carbons of an electric arc. The man has individualised for life in the lower worlds.

The super-spiritual (ātmic) body is but an atom of its lofty world, finest film of matter, embodiment of Spirit, "God made flesh" in a very real sense, divinity dipping down into the ocean of matter, not less divine because embodied. Gradually into this super-spiritual body will pass the pure result of all experiences, stored up in eternity, the two lower immortal bodies gradually merging themselves in it, blending with it, the glorious vesture of a man consciously divine, made perfect.

The spiritual (buddhic) body is of the second manifested world, the world of pure spiritual wisdom, knowledge and love in one, sometimes called 'the Christ-body,' as it is this which is born into activity at the first great Initiation, and which develops to the "fulness of the measure of the stature of Christ"[1] on the Path of Holiness. It is fed by all lofty and loving aspirations, by pure compassion and all-embracing tenderness and pity.

The intellectual (causal) body is the higher mind, by which the man deals with abstractions, which is "of the nature of knowledge,"[2] in which he knows truth by intuition not reasoning, borrowing from the lower mind ratiocinative methods only to establish in the lower world abstract truths which he himself knows directly. The man in this

[1] *Ephesians*, iv. 13.
[2] *Prashna Upanishat*, iv. 9.

body is called the ego, and when this body blends with the next above it, he is called the spiritual ego, and begins to realise his own divinity. It is fed and developed by abstract thinking, by strenuous meditation, by dispassion, by the yoking of intellect to service. It is by nature separative, being the instrument of individualisation, and must grow strong and self-sustaining in order to give the necessary stability to the subtle spiritual body with which it is to blend.[1]

These are man's immortal bodies, subject neither to birth nor death; they give the continuous memory which is the essence of individuality; they are the treasure-house of all that deserves immortality; into them can enter "nothing that defileth";[2] they are the everlasting dwelling-place of the Spirit. In these the promise is realised: "I will dwell in them and walk in them."[3] These fulfil the prayer of the Christ: "That they also may be one in Us."[4] These make good the triumphant cry of the Hindû: "I am Thou".

ANNIE BESANT

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[1] *Revelation*, xxi. 27.
[2] 2 *Corinthians*, vi. 16.
[3] *S. John*, xvii. 21.

IN THE TWILIGHT

"HERE is a good story, sent to me from England by one of our members," said the Vagrant. "The people are well known to me, and I only alter their names."

"It was in December, 1890, that, my brother having gone to London to live, I made up my mind to endeavor to reach him, if it were at all possible, by means of telepathy. He and I had for some time previous to that been carrying on experiments in hypnotism and the like, and so I thought that if the idea of telepathy, which was then receiving special attention, had any real basis for belief in it, its practicability ought to be easily demonstrated by us because of the very close rapport there was between us.

"Accordingly I set to work to reach him, I being in a city distant 113 miles from London. I sat myself down in a chair in my bedroom before a black concave mirror, and endeavored to picture him in my mind. He had told me that if I could get him to move, or to do something, when I had thoroughly visualised him, I would then be *en rapport* with him sufficiently to impress any message that I wanted to convey. So, there I sat until I could see him as clearly with my mind's eye as I could with my physical optic organ. When I had thus visualised him I mentally told him to turn his head and look at me, which he did; and then I willed him to raise his right arm and take his watch from his pocket, which was done. Now a peculiar thing occurred. Although I could see him I could not see the watch that he was, I concluded, holding in his hand. It occurred to me that if I could occupy his position I might then be

able to see it, so I slipped into his place and looked through his eyes and then saw his watch. So soon as I had noted the time, ten minutes to eight, I lost sight of it, and was back again in my normal consciousness, feeling very much fatigued with the sustained mental effort, and though the events were quite clear in my memory, there was, I had to admit to myself, no decided proof of any direct contact with him. It struck me that it might have been simply a keen imagination, notwithstanding the inner conviction that I had really reached him. I had been sitting there since seven, and it was now ten minutes to eight, and had to all intents and purposes accomplished nothing. I felt disappointed and weary, but before retiring for the night I determined to try again, thinking that I might effect what I wanted during sleep, perhaps more easily than by the method I had just tried. About half-past nine I got into bed, but not as usual. This time for some reason I had put the pillow at the foot of the bed, and now laid myself down on my chest, spreading my arms out at right-angles to the body, resting my chin on the pillow. I had remained in this position it seemed barely a minute, recalling the picture I had seen of my brother, when I suddenly felt a thrill of intense electrical energy pass up my spine terminating in a pin-point in the centre of my head. Whether it was hot or cold I cannot say, but it was excruciatingly painful. Then it seemed to burst, and I was aware of standing in my room looking at a golden luminous mass in the midst of which was a watch. It was a Geneva lever, very thin, with glass front and silver case, engraved all over the back, in which there were three dents; it had a silver dial with gold ornamented figures and gold hands. I knew instinctively that it was my brother's watch, and felt too that if I wanted to know anything about it, I had only to apply my mind to the subject and everything was open to me. Looking at it, I became aware that the time was marking ten

minutes to eight, and so soon as I had noticed this I was back in my body and awake, so I then turned over and went to sleep. In the morning when I awoke I put my hand under my pillow and reached for my watch, and was not surprised to find that this also indicated "ten minutes to eight". This is a common experience with many people, that if they go to sleep thinking of the time at which they ought to get up, they will invariably wake at that time. Hastily I washed and dressed, then went down to breakfast. My brother James (another brother) was there having his eggs and bacon, and seeing me enter exclaimed: 'Hallo, Ned, what's the matter with you? haven't you slept? you look washed out.' But instead of answering his question I asked: 'Has John got a watch, a Geneva lever with silver case engraved all over the back, three dents in it and with gold ornamented figures?' At the mention of each particular he looked more surprised, and at last said: 'Yes, but you never saw that watch. I only sent it him a fortnight ago!'

"About three weeks after I had a letter from my brother John, saying that he was coming home to see us, and asking me to meet him at the station, but stating no time of arrival. I went however to meet the train that I thought most likely."

"Soon I saw him coming down the hill (he saw me at the same time), and I waited for him to come up. As soon as he arrived he put his hand in mine and we both exclaimed in the same breath: 'Ten minutes to eight'. I should have remarked that we had not written to each other on the subject of our experiment, but it is evident from our greeting that we were both equally sure that the other knew all about it."

"The experience of the writer when lying on the bed," remarked the Vagrant, "shows that this is not a mere case of telepathy. The acute pain, the sense of explosion, and the subsequent state show that he went

out of his body in full consciousness. It is rather a pity that his mind was fixed on so trivial a matter."

"Casual experiences which are not the direct result of training, and which lead up to nothing in particular, are not uncommon," said the Shepherd. Here is a letter relating one, from a Matron of a convalescent Home in England.

"A strange thing happened to me last summer (1908). We had a patient at W—, Nurse K—, who was very ill, and I think was very sensitive and altogether rather strange. She said to me the day she arrived: 'You are a Theosophist.' I replied: 'How did you know?' and she said she knew directly she saw me. Then a few days after she said: 'Does it tire you or disturb you to come down to me at nights as you do, because if it does I won't bring you down, though it is a great comfort to have you come.' I told her I had never been down to her in the night, but she insisted that when she was in great pain, and wished for me, I always came and held her hand till she got better. After that she told me several times that I had come and comforted her in the night, and after she had left us she wrote to me that one night she had wished for me very much, and I had come and kissed her and held her hand. 'That time,' she said, 'you had a dress on that I did not know and did not like'. She came back to us very soon after that, and I met her at the door in this same dress, that she had not seen before."

"These experiences are naturally becoming more common," said the Vagrant, "as the race is entering on the borderland to an ever-increasing extent. It is all the more necessary that sound knowledge should be spread on these matters, in order that the dangers which arise from ignorance and fear may be avoided as much as possible."



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THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

ALL lovers of India have seen with delight that the new reign is to be truly Imperial, and that the Emperor and Empress of India will be crowned in Delhi. It is the first full recognition of the status of India in the World-Empire, and will bind her heart to the Empire as nothing else could have done. How the great Earl of Beaconsfield would have rejoiced over a measure so statesmanlike, so appealing to the imagination. India, when she sees her Emperor and Empress crowned in Delhi, will feel that they are truly hers, as never yet have been an English Monarch and his Consort, and love of the Motherland and pride in the Empire will be blended, as never before, in the hearts of her people. May the reign be as great as its beginnings are auspicious.

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The Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society, held at Adyar from December 26th, 1910, to January 1st, 1911, has been in every way a record one. The extension in days was due to the necessity of finding room for the various activities of the Movement, without intolerable hurry. The extension in numbers—the

attendance of members having risen to some 1,200—was comfortably met by the extension of area in the Adyar compounds, and a number of rooms in the ground and second floors of Leadbeater Chambers were in use, and were much praised by their fortunate occupants. Harmony and good feeling ruled throughout, and a large band of professors, masters and students from the Central Hindū College and School did yeoman service; some were present at the railway stations to help strangers—the railway authorities kindly allowing placards to be shown stating that enquiries could be made of the bearers; others watched the incoming carriages and sent them to the *Theosophist* Office, where a number were always ready to lead the newcomers to their places, already labelled for their reception.

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The Headquarters' Committee, formed of the staff and of residents, did its work admirably, everything being ready in time, with the result that there was no confusion, as the hundreds of visitors poured in; Bros. Soobhiah Chetty, B. Raṅgā Reddy and J. Nāraṇiah arranged the housing; Bro. Srīnivāsa Rao had the Hindū cooking in charge, much helped by some Mysore members, and Miss Webb the European and Pārsi. Warm satisfaction with the arrangements made was heard on all sides.

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A remarkable feature of the Convention was the very large number of representatives from abroad. France and Scotland sent their General Secretaries; Holland, Mrs. Windust; England, Mr. Davies; America, Mr. Cooper; Australia Miss Haycraft; New Zealand, Mr. Hawthorne; South Africa, Mrs. Taylor; while our own residents supplied additional representatives of New Zealand, Australia, America, South Africa, Italy, France, Germany, Holland, Java, England, Switzerland; the neighboring lands of Burma and Ceylon each sent a band of their inhabitants, while India poured in her children from every side. A notable Convention, alike in numbers and constituents.

The work of the Convention began on December 26th, with my lecture on 'The Opening of the New Cycle,' delivered to an audience of over 2,000, packed into our hall, another 1,000 being left outside. The General Council held a meeting on the same day, and after transacting the routine business, it passed some resolutions which are to be transmitted to the members abroad for their acceptance or rejection. A Masonic meeting closed the day, the evenings being divided between the E. S. and Co-Masonry. The Convention sat from 8 A.M. to 10-30 on December 27th, for the Presidential Address, Reports from National Societies and non-organised countries, and from the various subsidiary activities. These will all be found in the Convention Report. At 2 P.M. Mr. Leadbeater answered questions, and at 4-15—the hall being crowded before the time announced for beginning—Mr. Arundale delivered the first of the four Convention lectures: 'The Growth of National Consciousness in the Light of Theosophy'. Mr. Arundale acquitted himself well, speaking eloquently and with intense conviction, carrying his hearers with him and closing amid much enthusiasm. The series was very successful, and will in due course be published in book form.

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The Convention of the Indian Section occupied the opening hours of December 28th, 29th, and 30th; the reports showed good progress everywhere, and harmony and good feeling prevailed throughout. The Council for the ensuing year was elected, and on the following day it re-elected Bro. Jehangir Sorabji as General Secretary—a good choice, as all who know him will cordially feel. A vote of thanks to Bro. Leadbeater for his splendid work during the year was proposed by Bro. James Scott, seconded by a number of members, and carried by acclamation. A Sub-Committee was appointed to consider the business arrangements for future Conventions, and reported on December 30th. Questions multiplied and made a formidable pile, and after the President had labored at it on the

28th, Bro. Leadbeater generously sacrificed himself to the eager querents on December 29th and 30th. A born teacher is he, luminous, patient, and over-flowing with knowledge.

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The Photograph this year had to be taken in three divisions, and after this, on December 30th, the Indian Convention met for its last session and discussed and accepted the report of the Sub-Committee. Sir S. Subramaṇia Iyer made a valuable speech on the duty of Hinḍū members to take part in the effort now being made to improve the administration of temple funds. At the suggestion of Bro. Naroṭṭam M. Goculḍàs, Bro. H. K. Mehta, during the Convention, made a successful effort to gain monthly subscriptions for the C. H. C., and secured an additional Rs. 211 *p.m.* The usual Pañchama Schools Exhibition was held at noon in the Headquarters Hall, while the T. S. Order of Service gathered under the large banyan tree and discussed Child Marriage, the Depressed Classes, Foreign Travel, and Religious and Moral Education. Mr. and Mrs. Alan Leo held two conversation meetings for enquirers into Astrology, and Mr. Dawson gave an address on Physical Culture.

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On December 31st the Educational Conference was held, papers being read and discussion following. The papers will be published in a separate Report. The Sons and Daughters of India held two meetings during the Convention, one public and the other private. At the latter a very large number of new members was admitted in due form.

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The Anniversary Meeting, as in 1908, gathered under the banyan tree, and was addressed by the General Secretaries of India, Scotland and France, by Bro. Hawthorne (New Zealand), Bro. Ruspoli (Italy), Mrs. Windust (Holland), Bro. K. Nārāyaṇasvāmi Iyer (Tamil), Bro. Śrinivāsa Rao

(Telugu), Bro. Igbal Narain Gurtu (C. H. C.), Miss Arundale (Benares), Bro. Trilokekar (Bombay), Bro. Cooper (United States), and myself. It was a delightful gathering, and the banyan tree formed a huge hall, with branches as galleries, the green leaves as roof, and the shafts of sunshine as lamps.

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The Convention concluded on January 1st, 1911, with an E. S. Meeting, 46 Initiations into the T. S., and a lecture from myself on 'The White Lodge and its Messengers'. Owing to the impossibility of accommodating the crowd in the Hall, the lecture was delivered under the banyan tree, and with the benediction which fell on those whose hearts were tuned to a subject so inspiring, ended the memorable Convention of 1910.

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The British Association for the Advancement of Science has been discussing the formation of a new continent in the Pacific Ocean. The rapid emergence of the Bagoslof Islands—near Alaska—has somewhat alarmed scientific circles, since it is calculated that if a new continent should emerge at the same rate, a tidal wave would be created which would engulf the world. The area of earthquake activity, in which the new continent is rising, is some 4,000 miles long, and it is calculated that the continent will stretch from the Philippine Islands, Japan, and the Aleutian Islands to the Islands of South-Eastern Asia, and the Malay Peninsula and Borneo. 1,071 earthquakes have been observed in the earthquake area, "the fire-ring of the Pacific," in twenty months, and the officers and crew of the U. S. A. steamship Albatross actually watched a great outburst which formed an island round a volcanic peak, which climbed upwards, and has now reached a height of 1,000 feet above sea-level. This news will not have the effect of novelty on our Theosophical readers, for the continent of the

Sixth Root-Race in the Pacific has long been predicted, Shāka, which is to appear above the waters. It is the fact that America, as a continent, will disappear, the present strip of Mexican California, now on its extreme west, forming a strip on the extreme east of the new continent. But that lies far, very far, in the future. And even then, the destruction will not be universal. Lemuria has sunk, Atlantis has sunk, but the world goes on. The new sub-race will people America before it is broken up, and many millennia of life still lie before it. But it is interesting to see scientists discussing one of the great seismic changes, which heretofore have been regarded as inevitable only in Theosophic circles.

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Sir Oliver Lodge delivered a remarkable lecture on Incarnation in the City Temple, London, and it is reported in *The Christian Commonwealth* for October 19th, 1910. He says that his message is that: "There is some great truth in the idea of pre-existence," and he graphically pictures the incoming into man of the soul. He remarks on the disruption of memory and utilises the analogy of the hypnotic trance, making the significant statement:

> It is true, and rather specially instructive, that in one of the highest states thus accessible it sometimes happens that the gaps of memory are filled up, and all events are more or less recollected—even those of lower states also; though as a rule the memory is discontinuous, and the appropriate thread is taken up again on re-entering any given state.

We may be said to be "comparatively speaking, asleep—entranced, as it were, by association with matter," and may take Wordsworth's phrase: "Our birth is but a a sleep and a forgetting," as "an inspired expression of actual fact". The address, it seems, is a summary of part of a book just published, entitled *Reason and Belief*. Sir Oliver Lodge is doing a work of immense service to humanity in yoking his great scientific knowledge to the car of religion.

Mr. C. R. Srīnivāsa Aiyangar, B.A., who has already translated the *Rāmāyaṇa* of Vāḷmīki into Tamil, has begun the great work of translating it into English. His rendering is based on the South Indian Grantha text, which he considers to be the best, and he adds voluminous notes from many sources, and a mass of information on the subjects dealt with in the epic. The work is to be issued in sixteen parts, of about 200 pp. each, at Rs. 1/8 or 2/6, postage extra. We wish Mr. Aiyangar all success in his great and arduous undertaking.

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When this reaches the hands of our readers, I shall be paying my debt to Burma, the visit so often deferred. We shall be quite a large party—Miss Arundale, Miss Willson, Mrs. Van Hook and her son, Mr. Blech, Mr. Leadbeater, Alcyone, Mizar, and myself. We are to visit Rangoon, Maimyo, Mandalay and Moulmein, and quite a formidable programme has been mapped out. We should reach Adyar once more on February 14th. But "there is no rest for the wicked," and February 17th will see me again in the train on the way to Kumbhakonam, where there is the opening of a new Lodge building, and the Conference of the Tanjore Federation.

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A story has been somewhat persistently circulated to the effect that I have resigned the Presidency of the T. S., and a well-known Indian paper gives the "Ex-President's Address". We do not know anything about this at Adyar, but then we often receive news about our doings which is really 'news' to us. Unfortunately it is so often unreliable.

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This has come to me from a Japanese boy, a cadet at the Imperial Naval College, a composition on 'My happiest recollection in life'. It is interesting, as a glimpse into his mind:

My happiest recollection is the time before I sleep every day, when I recall my deals and words on the whole day, and if I had a bad conduct which strikes my conscience or wrong, impolite, and angry words, my heart is not pleased. But if I had not any bad conduct or bad words and besides had done a good conduct, my heart is pleased very much and my heart wishes more and more to do good conducts. Such recollection on a day seems to be a very small thing, but when it is done every day the result must be very large and thus myself will become a perfect man. So I think that few minutes before sleeping are the happiest time in a day, and I consider that the happiest recollection in life will be the time of recalling the past behavior.

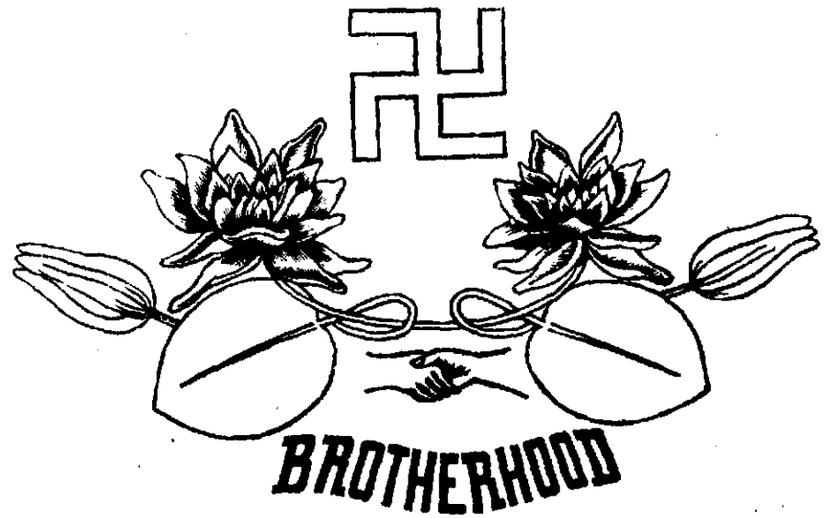
Has Japan many small boys who think thus? If so, her future will be secure.

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It is abundantly clear that H. E. the new Viceroy intends to govern according to the best Imperial traditions, and to follow the policy of sympathy initiated by his noble predecessor. He has given notice to Natal that the Resolution passed by the Governor-General in Council last July, to prohibit Indian emigration into South Africa, will be put into force on July 1st, 1911, if the grievances of the Indians are not redressed. All India will rejoice over this decision. Another great step in advance is his reception of a deputation from the National Congress, and the cordiality of his speech, in which he noted that:

A large number of those present to-day are members of my Legislative Council, through whose intermediary these and other questions, such as those enumerated by the Congress, can be brought in due course before the Provincial and Imperial Legislative Councils.

This linking of the Congress to the machinery of legislation is surely as statesmanlike as it is gracious. It unites, as all true friends of India have desired, the Imperial Government and all who seek to improve Indian conditions by constitutional means.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

CHAPTER IV

VIRTUES AND VICES IN RELATION TO SUPERIORS

SOCIETY consists of human beings who are related to each other in different ways, and these, as already seen, fall naturally into three groups for each of us: our Superiors, our Equals, our Inferiors. These are divisions which show themselves naturally and are found in every Society. Our Superiors may be summed up as: God; the Monarch, or Chief of the State; Parents; Teachers; the Aged. To each of these REVERENCE is due, *i.e.*, the Emotion of Love in presence of the Superior. Towards each of these FEAR is felt, when the Emotion of Hate is experienced.

REVERENCE to God is based on the knowledge that He is the Source of our Life, the One Self of all, nearest

of all, since our very being is rooted in Him. How can aught but reverence be felt for Him in whom "we live and move and have our being"?[1] Out of this spring *Trust* and *Submission*, a strong and glad *Content* and *Humility, Devotion, Peace, Serenity, Gratitude, Self-sacrifice,* and utter *Self-surrender*, with the *Joyousness* and *Optimism* that know surely that all shall be very well with His world. Out of this also come forth *Tolerance*, with *Wide-Heartedness* and *Broad Liberality*, virtues shown indeed towards Equals and Inferiors, but having their root in Reverence for God in all His innumerable manifestations. The cultivation of these virtues is all comprised in "our duty to God;" the unfolding of the spiritual nature in man depends on this Reverence felt towards God, and meditation on His perfection produces in us, by the creative power of thought, the image of that perfection. Worship, prayer, or meditation is the spiritual food of man, and Devotion lifts him above the storms of daily life; his feet become steadily fixed on the Eternal, and the waves of time dash harmlessly over him. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."[2] "Until man is able to compress the ether like leather, there will be no end of misery save by the knowledge of God."[3]

The Vices that grow out of the Hate Emotion, felt towards our Superiors, are all, as said, forms of FEAR, and their object is to lessen Fear by lessening the greatness of the one feared. The Superior having the *power* to injure, is credited with the *wish* to do so, and the effort is made to belittle him in thought, to believe that he cannot seriously harm, or to endeavor to deprive him of his position, or lessen his might.

Hatred towards God shows itself in *Unbelief*—not the intellectual incapacity to believe, which is blameless, but

[1] *Acts*, xvii. 28.
[2] *Isaiah*, xxvi. 3.
[3] *Svetâshvatâra Upanishad*, vi. 20.

the wish to disbelieve, where belief is felt to be a moral restraint—in *Irreverence* and *Profanity*, idle flippant talk directed against religion, and against things dear and sacred to others. Serious argument on religious matters, thoughtful and courteously expressed dissent from the religious opinions of others, are not Irreverence. But mockery and scoffing are vicious, as being sins against Love as well as offences against good manners, and they vulgarise the nature which descends to them. Admiration for a high Ideal is a step towards its realisation, while the *nil admirari* attitude keeps the man on low levels of achievement. All high Ideals are summed up in the Name by which men symbolise the One Life, the Universal Father, and all attempts to belittle these are on the road to degeneration.

REVERENCE to the Sovereign is ever found hand-in-hand with Reverence to God; for the Sovereign is the embodiment of the Realm, as God of the universe. The Chief of the State should be treated with Reverence, even by those who only see in him the symbol of the will of the people, the representative of the greatness of the nation, as in the President of a Republic. Much more should the King be reverenced by those who see him as the symbol of the ruling and guiding Power behind all things, the symbol of the divine, rather than of the popular, Will. The true King thinks ever of his people's weal, rather than of his own pleasure; of his duties, rather than of his rights; of his responsibilities, rather than of his privileges. Such Kings are loved in life, honored in death, and even bad Kings have not eradicated the sentiment deeply wrought into human nature, of Reverence to the King. *Loyalty, Fidelity, Service*, are the Virtues which spring from Reverence to the Monarch, and their opposites, the vices of *Disloyalty, Treason*, and *Rebellion*, tear asunder social bonds, and wreck the nation that harbors them.

Patriotism and *Public Spirit*—one an Emotion, the other an Activity—are noble forms of Loyalty, the love

of the Motherland, the Devotion to the native country. To seek the welfare of the Nation; to see it as a living whole to which Service should ever be rendered; to hold up and follow a high ideal of public duty; to oppose every wrong wrought in the name of the Nation; to guard its honor and defend its safety; to put its welfare before private advantage; to hold the betrayal of a public trust as worse dishonor than a private treachery—these are the virtues which make the good citizen, and strengthen the stability of States. The Nation whose men and women do not show these virtues is on the downward grade and is doomed to extinction.

REVERENCE to Parents is a virtue which is becoming rarer in modern days than it was of yore. It is very closely intertwined with Patriotism and Loyalty, and is found highly developed in such a country as Japan, to which it has given the solidarity which has raised it so swiftly in the scale of nations. The family is the true human unit: "The man consists of his wife, himself and his children," says Manu.[1] The family is the basis of the State. Where due reverence and subordination are shown to the elders by the youngers, love and friendship among the equals, tenderness, protection, and compassion to the youngers by the elders, there all Virtues flourish and the nation is secure. National degeneration begins in the deterioration of family life, and irreverence to parents precedes anarchy in the State. The natural bond existing between members of a family is the model of all others: 'Father' is the name used in appeal to divine power and compassion; 'Mother' is that used in seeking the divine tenderness; 'Brother' is that of the cry for help to God incarnate; 'Son' is that of softest and most pitying gentleness to the suffering and the sinner. That which is due to God in the universe, to the King in the State, is due to the Parents in the household, and Filial Reverence in the home gives rise to Loyalty in the State and to Piety in the world.

[1] *Loc cit.* ix. 45.

REVERENCE to Teachers is the natural expression of the gratitude which flows out to those who open to us the gateway of knowledge, and smooth the way for our stumbling feet. The office of the Teacher is, next to that of the Father and Mother, the most vital in its bearing on the future of the nation. *Teachableness* and *Obedience* are Virtues readily evoked in the child by the Teacher who is worthy of the name, and his *Trust* and *Confidence* flow out readily where invited by *Gentleness* and *Patience*—the corresponding Virtues in the Teacher. But the relations with Parents and Teachers are poisoned and destroyed where FEAR—the form of Hate in relation to Superiors—takes the place of Love. Fear turns these naturally sweet and joyous relations into relations of misery, productive in the younger of the many vices which spring from Fear—*Cowardice, Falsehood, Mistrust, Suspicion, Slavishness.* Where Fear is less, *Arrogance* and *Insolence* are vices which ruin the relations with Parents and Teachers, provoking the exertion of strength in tyranny, and the ever-widening gulf between elders and youngers.

The Aged form the last class of our natural Superiors, and a tender REVERENCE for these is one of the most gracious qualities of hardy and vigorous youth. Respect for age has ever been held as a duty in the older civilisations, and it leads to the charming virtue of *Modesty*, a branch of *Humility*. Where this virtue is shown by the young, the Aged always readily place their experience at their service, and the gentle duteousness of physical strength to physical weakness is repaid with the willing gifts of ripe experience and thought to enrich the crudity of youth. *Disrespect, Conceit* and *Impatience* are the Vices which mar the relations between the Aged and the young, so that they become mutually distasteful instead of mutually helpful.

The class of Virtues which arises in relation to Superiors is, on the whole, the one which is most wanting in modern civilisation, in which the tendency is to depreciate, rather

than to admire, superiority. These Virtues belong especially to an ordered and graded Society, to leisure more than to hurry. They are the Virtues which lend dignity, grace and sweetness to life—the Virtues which are the mark of the gentleman and gentlewoman in every social grade. Those who possess them cannot be vulgar, mean, common, whatever their avocation; those who are without them are vulgar and ill-bred, whatever their nominal rank. They belong to the chivalrous and courtly life, whether led in the castle or the cottage, and are the mark of culture as distinguished from knowledge; the learned man may be brusque, ill-mannered and rough; the cultured man is ever polished, mannerly and gentle. They go with Self-Respect and Self-Control, and mark the highly developed Soul. If modern Democracy is not to turn nations into bear-gardens—and there are many signs of such return to savagery in the methods in which public contests are now carried on—these Virtues should be earnestly inculcated in every home and in every school, during the plastic time of childhood and youth.

> For Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of loyal nature and of noble mind.[1]

CHAPTER V

Virtues and Vices in Relation to Equals

As Reverence is the natural form taken by Love when we come into relation with our Superiors, so is Affection that which is its expression when we are among our Equals; and this branches out into the virtues which ensure harmony in family and social life among those on a similar level. Hate between Equals shows itself as Anger, the violent effort to repel the object of dislike, to drive it away, if possible to destroy it. Hence is it truly declared that: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer,"[2] for hatred, fully expressed, annihilates its object.

[1] *Idylls of the King.* 'Guinevere.'
[2] 1 *John*, iii. 15.

It is in the close relations of the family that man learns his duties to his race: reverence to his parents—his elders; kindness to his brothers and sisters—his equals; benevolence to his dependents—his youngers; the family is the perfect school of morals, the epitome of ethical life.

Brotherliness, or Kindness, is the first virtue which grows out of Affection, and to think kindly is the root of kind speech and kind action. Hence the supreme importance of guarding the thoughts from all that is uncharitable, unkind, depreciatory, in our mental attitude towards others. Where the thoughts are full of kindness towards all, kind speech and kind action will be their inevitable outcome. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth that which is good; and an evil man out of the evil treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is evil; for of the abundance of the heart his mouth speaketh."[1]

The speech which does not wound, which is affectionate and charitable, is one of the most valuable of family and social Virtues; speech which is harsh and cutting, which seeks to inflict pain, is one of dissolvents of family and social bonds. The ready smile and cordial gesture of welcome, the attentive hearing, the outstretched hand of help, the alertness to do service—all these are fruits of Kindness, and sweeten home and social life.

Courtesy and *Considerativeness* are Virtues which spring from Kindness, and endear their possessor to all with whom he comes into contact, and every day strews in our path opportunities of practising them; to help a worried mother with her children up the stairs of a railway station, to carry a parcel for an over-burdened stranger, to guide a timid woman across a crowded street, are all very little things, but they cheer the heart of the weary, and draw human beings closer together.

Hospitality is kindness to strangers, the outflowing of love towards those who are not of kin, or, to use the

[1] *S. Luke*, vi. 45.

favorite Hebrew expression, to "the stranger that is within thy gates" or to "the son of the road" of Islām. In the crowding of modern life this gracious Virtue has fallen too much out of practice, and the uninvited guest is regarded with disfavor rather than with welcome. Yet is it written: "Grass (for seat), room, water, and fourthly, a kind word—these are never wanting in the houses of the good."[1]

TOLERANCE of the widest kind has its root—as pointed out in Chapter IV—in the Reverence for God who lives and moves in each; no man has any claim to dominate his equal, nor to restrain, even by words, the full liberty of thought and action of another. Infinite are the ways of expression of the Self in man, and to force on another one's own opinions and ways of action is an impertinence. Individuality is the precious result of the Self-directed course of evolution, and is to be respected in every divine manifestation. Rightful authority, derived from the Head of the State, has the duty of checking the individual when he interferes actively and wrongfully with his neighbors, and each man may justly repel aggressions on his own Self-possession; but he may not interfere with the similar Self-possession of another. Tolerance does not include passive acquiescence in wrongs inflicted by the strong on the weak; active interference to prevent such wrongs is to guard and respect the Self-possession which is too feeble to protect itself, and is hence the duty of every member of society; such action is of the nature of *Protection*, a duty owed to every inferior, and is not an interference with Self-possession and Self-expression, but a securing of both.

Then comes a group of allied qualities which are branches of HONOR, itself one of the chief aspects of Truth: *Uprightness, Straightforwardness, Fair Dealing, Trustworthiness, Fidelity, Honesty, Co-operation*—these are the invaluable qualities which mark the good citizen in all

[1] *Manusmṛti*, iii. 101.

his dealings with his fellow-men; he is open and above-board in all transactions, never seeking an unfair advantage, never deceiving his neighbor for his own gain; his actions are honest, his words reliable; he is faithful to his engagements, and is ever ready to co-operate with others for the common good. The name by which Muhammad was known among his neighbors, ere he became a Prophet, was 'The Trustworthy,' noblest recognition of social virtue; and when, in the first dazzling effect of the divine Call, he doubted himself, his wife Kadijah bade him understand that God would not deceive a man who had never deceived another. Where these qualities are found, the community, or the nation, is prosperous and respected, and although for a time, in dealings with the base, a high honorableness may appear as a disadvantage, and there may be a temptation to accept their standard, to meet cunning with cunning, and guile with guile, yet in the long run it is "truth that conquers, not falsehood,"[1] and the perfidious reap the harvest of ruin from the dishonor they have sown.

MAGNANIMITY and FORGIVENESS are Virtues which neutralise the harm that arises from the infliction of injuries and wrongs by the evil-minded members of a community. Magnanimity is slow to see evil, ever giving others credit for good motives and not harboring suspicions; when a wrong is indubitable, it then sees it in its true nature and proportion; as to its nature, it is the result of a wrong committed by the sufferer in the past, and therefore is an opportunity to pay a debt owing by him; as to its proportion, it is recognised as the trifle which it is, belonging to the level of the lower self, and unworthy of serious attention from one occupied with Realities. The magnanimous man takes a large view of life, and makes generous allowance for the weaknesses of human nature in others, while striving himself to live on nobler levels. FORGIVENESS, or Magnanimity in action, restores the offender

[1] *Muṇḍaka Upaniṣhat*, iii. i. 6.

to the equality he has lost by his ill-doing, and closes the gulf he has opened. They both belong to the GENEROSITY which keeps a memory for all benefits received, and a forgetfulness for injuries inflicted, knowing that benefits flow from the Spirit, the Self, and are therefore permanent in their essence, whereas injuries are of matter, the Not-Self, and are therefore transitory.

URBANITY is the outward, physical, expression of the generous, the magnanimous, nature, and is the outcome and proof of respect for the God in oneself and in others. It lies at the root of good manners, and is effective in drawing hearts together, and in oiling the social machinery, so that it runs smoothly and with as little friction as possible.

The Vices that spring from the Hate Emotion raging among equals show themselves among savages in MURDER, ROBBERY and physical VIOLENCE of every kind. These are forms of ANGER carried to physical extremes, and need scarcely be mentioned among civilised people. But ANGER in its minor manifestations lies at the root of most of the unhappiness found in families and nations: "Triple is the gate of this hell, destructive of the self—lust, wrath and greed; therefore let a man renounce these three."[1]

Directly opposed to Kindness is HARSHNESS, beginning in hard thoughts of others, and manifesting itself in rough and cutting speech, in *Sullenness*, *Moroseness*, *Irritability*, *Peevishness*, *Impatience*, etc. All these drive men apart from each other, and by action and re-action perpetuate themselves. They are common every-day faults in the family and the community, and spread discomfort and unhappiness in every direction. Opposed to Courtesy and Considerativeness are *Rudeness* and *Churlishness*, the signs of a weak and undeveloped nature, conscious of its own inferiority, and assuming an aggressive appearance in order to impose on others the idea that it is strong. As says Chung-Tze, the wise Chinaman: "They call it independence, when it is only bad manners."

[1] *Bhagavad-Gītā*, xvi. 21.

BIGOTRY and FANATICISM are the opposites of Tolerance, and are the roots from which spring all sectarian controversies and disputes, destructive of true Religion. They have ruined the peace of families, and stained with blood the pages of history.

Criticism is also a frequently committed offence against Tolerance, and the critical attitude, so common in modern days, is the source of much family and social unhappiness. It breeds the habit of seeing faults first and merits second, and constantly ascribes to another evil motives which have no existence in his mind. It is prompt to perceive evil, slow to perceive good, and instead of seeking the "soul of good in things evil," it ever suspects evil lurking under the veil of good. It breeds *Cavilling*, *Carping*, and *Depreciation*, ugly faults which many unwisely regard as a sign of mental superiority.

The group of qualities which spring from HONOR are opposed by a similar group springing from DISHONOR, an aspect of Falsehood: *Crookedness*, *Deceit*, *Unfairness*, etc., are evils which undermine all social relations, because they destroy the mutual trust and confidence upon which the social union is built.

Suspicion, *Distrust*, *Backbiting*, *Slander*, *Abuse*, spring from MEANNESS, the opposite of Magnanimity, while VINDICTIVENESS, with its children *Revengefulness* and *Resentment*, is the ugly correspondence of Forgiveness. Urbanity finds its black counterpart in AGGRESSIVENESS and INSOLENCE, the remnants of a savagery which has donned too soon the outer garments of civilisation.

ANNIE BESANT

(To be concluded)

TWO POLICIES AND THEIR DANGERS

AS one might expect, there are two widely differing policies which have alternately had official sway in the T. S. (Unofficially they co-exist, and will do probably until the end; but this article is to treat of Government and not of individuals, so that is irrelevant for the present purpose.)

To begin with the policy now out of favor. This was passive. I imagine it fathered by the Buddha of the movement: for it inculcated such a gentle aloofness. I quote from one of Colonel Olcott's Books (*Old Diary Leaves*, 3rd Series, Pp. 69—71), in which its aims are stated in very clear and beautiful words. He writes:

> It may be well to say a few words about the attitude of the Society towards . . . social abuses . . . As a Society we abstain from meddling with them, though as individuals we are perfectly free to plunge, etc., etc.
>
> The T. S. is above all these limitations of the physical man, spotless, immortal, divine, unchangeable. That is why as President I never commit the Society to one side or the other of these questions.

This ideal was evidently that the Society should remain in the calm regions of the abstract. Like a great Temple upon the hill above the city, we were to be above the jar and fret and petty needs and sordid questions of daily life. The worshipper was to leave his lower self and its needs and its strife of separateness below, and ascending for meditation to the great stillness, was to mingle with those cosmic currents which feed the soul. Then when he redescended to take up earth cares again, the added strength and sweetness gained would show out in a thousand different ways. ("What we take in in meditation we give out in love.")

Under the influence of the same great and gentle calm was drafted the *Information for Enquirers* which we print at the end of most books and periodicals to this day. In this we said we were "composed of students". We were "an absolutely unsectarian body of seekers after truth, striving to serve humanity *along spiritual lines;*" and the idea was to endeavor to "check materialism and revive religious tendency," in that way: without proselytising, merely by example, by beauty of life.

Under an ideal such as this of course the danger is that we should forget to make the link with earth when redescending. Some, if not many, members must have thus forgotten; their lives must have been rather like beautiful dreams; for a highly placed official of the English Section tells me that the reproach levelled at us in the old days was that we were "not practical". That there was, so-to-speak, an attenuation which unfitted us for the moving of heavy incarnate things. But the critics of this system have also something to remember: namely that it is the Dreamers and the Idlers who really mould the world, and that it is not always easy to tell exactly when a man is idling, and "unpractical"; or when he is engaged in deeply essential work; for some of that work is done with closed eyes!

The second form of policy is on diametrically opposed lines. It breathes all through the spirit of activity, assertion, even of warfare. I imagine it to have been fathered by the Manu of the Society. (It is along these lines that the existing regime now works.)

The "T. S. Order of Service" Pamphlet contains a letter from one of the Masters of Wisdom written in the H. P. B. days, which sums up this second series of ideals and aims for the T. S. We read:

> As *an association*, it has not only the right, but the duty, to uncloak vice, and do its best to redress wrongs. . . . But its Fellows or Members have *individually* no such right. . . .

This is discipline, a *volte-face* from the first system, which refused to bind the *Society* to opinion on concrete

matters, but left us free as *individuals* to plunge into any questions of the hour which interested us. To continue from the same source:

> The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission are, first, the working out of clear unequivocal conceptions of ethics, ideas and duties, such as shall best and most fully satisfy the right and altruistic feelings in men; and second, the modelling of these conceptions for their adaptation into such forms of daily life, as shall offer a field.

With this ideal we come as a Society down to the concrete, to teach, preach, and to proselytise. We develop a moral code, as it seems. This second system has its advantages of course. We mould earth-life, we work, we improve, we help very tangibly and obviously, in a way that the man in the street (if his opinion is worth anything) can see and appreciate. But it has also its drawbacks. The penalty of action is mistake, the penalty of mistake is suffering and limitation. (And there is one inherent drawback and danger so great, that it has prompted this article; but I will leave this to another paragraph.) Individually of course we all have to undergo this humiliating ordeal of incarnation, this dragging down to physical level. And I imagine it must be a law of life—a cyclic law—that Societies as well as people must swing low to a Nadir on their way to the Zenith. I imagine that nothing short of such cosmic coercion would have made a Master of the Wisdom suggest that we should "entangle the cosmic philosophy and its lofty ideal, with the purblind aims and jealous strife of changing social laws," to quote from the letter of a member on this subject.

Believing that some such reason lies behind the advice given, and feeling that the aim of the T. S. Order of Service is beautiful—it describes itself as "An organisation of all who love, in the service of all who suffer"—I try to reconcile myself to all its manifestations. But it is not an easy task! These shrines, leagues, booths, bookstalls—I had almost said workshops—that are being

built up under its influence all along the road to the great White Temple rather assail the senses, and distract the thought, as one climbs. "Down with neo-malthusianism." "Turn in here for anti-vivisection literature." "Are you a vegetarian?" "*Why not* votes for women?" All this clamor in the silence of the hills, and within the shadow of the veiled gate! From the point of view of one to whom Silence and Space are guides to the Unseen, it is very difficult to be tolerant to these busy folk in the variegated booths. Well—even the Christian Master found it hard to tolerate those who gave you small change or sold the sacrificial birds: "My Father's House shall be called a House of Prayer," He said.

But this is not a danger, only a trial to those who do not like this mingling of the Concrete with the Abstract. The crowning danger to which I allude is SECTARIANISM.

In the preface (written by A. B.) to the pamphlet from which I have just quoted, we read as follows:

> It (the letter that follows) is a trumpet call, summoning the Theosophical Society to take up its great rôle as the pioneer of the Religion of Humanity, which will be the Mother of a new civilisation.

A religion of humanity does not at first sight seem likely to be in danger of narrowness of outlook or exclusiveness. But if it is to be a Religion wholly and solely for sixth Race humanity, the case changes. The Religion will then inculcate sixth Race maxims only, and these will inevitably clash here and there with the needs and ideals of the fifth Race people and nations. Some of these new Leagues are distinct embodiments of typical sixth Race "Counsels of Perfection," and it is my aim to show that they *are* now clashing with such of us as are still under the influence of some fifth Race customs or necessities. Many of us who see that "Counsels of Perfection" are perfect, are yet not willing

to grant that they may be adapted for universal application now, either within the limits of the Society, or in the great world outside those limits. We know by experience that every force is useful only when arriving at the proper time and used in the proper place. We know that to apply a principle before its time, and away from its proper place, is to bring ruin and chaos.

I gave several examples of this premature application of the ultimately good in my article of two years ago, written on somewhat similar lines to this. I now add another, a most recent and forcible one, to illustrate my point.

A neighboring nation in Europe, more famed for its quick generosity of sentiment than its hardheadedness, recently abolished the death penalty. When the number of criminals released from fear had so increased, and their behavior in the streets had become so terrifying, that private citizens began to go about armed, and lynch law was well in sight, the common sense of the nation overcame its sentimentality. They practically said: "Alas, too soon,"—and the death penalty was re-established! I leave readers to add more examples from experience and memory. I ask the zealous Leagues to ponder the moral of that scrap of history.

Now that which is premature for a fifth Race nation, is equally so for a fifth Race individual. And we have many fifth Races and Transitionaries in the T. S. If the Society therefore only affiliates sixth Race maxims into its official policy, these younger Brethren will first meet with unpopularity, then with ostracism, and a day may even arrive when we 'unsectarian' people positively expel them. A name is no guarantee for a thing. Witness the 'Freethinkers' who welcomed Mrs. Besant when she left a church they disliked, and turned her out of their community when she joined a Society (our own) of which they disapproved.

Fortunately most of the Leagues are not of any particular type, they are impartial, not controversial. "The Braille League of Literature for the Blind." "The Raising of the Depressed Classes." "Abolition of Child Marriage." "Translation of T. S. Works," and so on, and so on. Serious local maladministration might make these work inharmoniously, but under ordinary circumstances there is nothing about these objects or ideals to raise argument. But when you come to the "League for Abolition of Vivisection, Vaccination and Inoculation" for instance: a very different state of things is at issue. It is purely sixth Race, and directly *antagonises* the fifth. Two years ago I asked if these Leagues were to act as examples of a more beautiful era to come, or to be used as weapons of offence. As weapons of offence they are to be used now. We read in the September *Vāhan* an ample reply to my far-off question:

> As Theosophists we are pledged to work for the Brotherhood of man, and man is surely[1] interpreted by most of us to include the world of sentient beings. . . Apart from the question of the efficacy or the inefficacy of serumtherapy. . . the question whether we will endorse and try and benefit by the present methods of scientific experiment, or whether we will utterly repudiate and try to stop them.

This from the Chairwoman of the League for England. She wishes us officially to "try and stop" experiments on animals of all sorts and kinds. Do such people realise that in so far as you stop experiment you stop scientific progress? for experiment is the only path by which natural science will or can learn. She does not believe in any other method of gaining information; imagine the result of "stopping" the natural training of the thousands of young medical men that are in due time to take up the work of those now in practice. It is not as if clairvoyant diagnoses, spiritual healing, and so on and so on, were sufficiently developed to take the place of the present system of medicine. When they are, the present system

[1] I also beg to differ on the point that MAN includes all sentient beings. Personally I never couple a man (or woman) with a dog, cat, bullock, swine, ass, in argument, unless I am really in quite an unbalanced and un-Theosophical frame of mind.

will be obsolete and will die a natural death; but till you have something better to put in its place, imagine the result of "stopping" the free development of the existing system, on which our individual and national health depends!

The Chairwoman ends her letter to the *Vāhan* with a very doubtful assertion, but one which at least justifies Vivisection being considered from the point of view of its effects on man. She says the results on the Experimenter are so awful, sometimes here, and certainly afterwards. Certainly the effect on anyone of a fiendish habit of giving unnecessary pain, *should* be awful, whether the pain is inflicted upon animal, child, wife, or fellow-man. But though no doubt there is a percentage of blackguards among Experimenters (I am not prepared to say what percentage), there *are* men who experiment while avoiding unnecessary pain, and whose experiments are done with a view to finding out things of benefit to the human race. Such men are true and loyal workers for the Brotherhood of Man (not deserving of punishment hereafter), and should be welcomed members of our Society; but this League meets them on the doorstep. They need not belong to it of course. But this condemnation of their ways is part of the official activity, and they are only human and sometimes touchy.[1]

[1] I leave it to the President to reprimand the discourtesy that occasionally appears towards our Brothers of the medical world, i.e., when some enthusiast suggests that they are "poisoners".

And I leave it to the professional men who do not mind unpopularity, to point out the grotesque mistakes made by the well-meaning. They are numerous, and sometimes so obvious that even an untrained person like myself is moved to smile. Then the smile changes, for as a medical man wrote (in a letter to the *Vāhan* that remained unpublished owing to the wise decision to keep controversial subjects out of that paper): "*It seems to me a pity that some of our members should constitute themselves critics of medical matters which they only too evidently do not understand, and by their writings tend to bring ridicule, not only on themselves, but on our Journals, and even to reflect discredit on the Society itself.*"

All officials of these Anti-leagues should be people of experience; men who have spent some years on a serum-farm, and some months in laboratories, women who have nursed some scores of cases with serum and without. A "course of reading" was the thing recommended to me as a qualification to set myself against the overwhelming majority of the medical men of the civilised world; and I fear this is not the qualification of many members and more than a few Officials of the League quoted.

I am quite aware that there is a League for medically qualified people on the same lines; this would have had our respect, though it aroused our surprise. It has been in existence some time, but does not possess *one* member. It is described as being "in abeyance". (I have suggested that it should be omitted from the List of Theosophical Activities (?) and trust the advice will be taken.) We may trust it, I think, "as a quantité négligéable." [The League had 8 members when this was written, and has now 11. Ed.]

Now is our SECTARIANISM becoming apparent? We affront, not only every Experimenter, but every modern Doctor who uses Vaccine or Serum. We explain in our "Information for Enquirers" that we are 'unsectarian': and then this comes under their notice. It would be difficult to find a more *brotherly* set of men than the average run of serum-using Doctors. At your service day and night, equally gentle if you are a case of cancer or a case of hysteria. Patient with you during the querulous period of convalescence, utterly indifferent to risks of infection during the serious portions of your illness. But the present official policy practically suggests they are brutes, and vetoes the commonest of their customs in the name of humanity; though many experiments are under anæsthetics, and the making of vaccine implies practically no pain, and the making of serums only in some cases, they say.

If we wish to purge ourselves of this gross piece of bias, unbrotherliness and sectarianism, if we wish to remain sympathetic to a fine body of good men, and to those members who admire and believe in them, there is but one remedy. *Found a Pro-vivisection, Inoculation and Vaccination League side by side along with the Anti.* Guard if you will, in secondary clauses, the idea that all practices are to be carried out with as little pain as possible, but declare that the Fellows of this Pro-League consider that for the well-being of man and beast (has every one forgotten the 'Vet'?) experiments are considered necessary for some time to come, indeed until spiritual gifts shall have superseded natural ones.

I hope to see this League founded. I hope to belong to it. I hope in the future to see a Pro-League as a reply to every Anti that is founded on controversial subjects, each League claiming love of man as its basis. Thus, and thus only, shall we keep our balance, our equilibrium, which for the moment we have lost; for a Society is only 'unsectarian' when it gives official shelter to neither side, or to both sides.

In conclusion I wish to state, that though I cannot conceal my dislike to the change of general policy which has led to the founding of secular leagues *inside sacred precincts*, the President has my unswerving loyalty. I may dislike her methods of procedure at times, but I trust her Leadership with regard to the general trend of affairs. And frankly, I do not understand that species of loyalty "which alters where it alteration finds," and vanishes when the Government is not carrying out lines of thought which are sympathetic to the individual. I have heard indirectly that the President has expressed her willingness to affiliate *all* Leagues which claim Brotherhood as a basis, whatever her personal bias on the subject may be. I expect no less, from what I have seen of her wide tolerance to her enemies and friends, to disciples who agree with her in everything, and to those who cannot agree all round.

It will make rather a Kurukṣhetra of the Society to have opposing Leagues at close quarters, but it will be an opportunity to show that cordial admiration of the energy of a fellow-member can go hand-in-hand with cordial dislike of the form that energy is taking, and it will show the world that under our multiplicity of paths there is a common goal.

And since this article may mark the beginning of a controversy in which we may find it difficult to be gentle, let us echo the great wish: PEACE TO ALL BEINGS.

M. H. CHARLES

It has been plainly stated from the beginning that the T. S. Order of Service can include opposing Leagues, and that it was intended to preserve the non-committal character of the Society, while allowing groups of *similar-minded* members to combine for special purposes. In the original statement from which Mrs. Charles quotes, it is said:

Only those members who feel that the time has come for such an effort will, naturally, join the Order. Its Leagues will be animated by a common spirit—the effort to adapt Theosophy to the daily life of men, and to supply methods for co-operation among like-minded people—but they will be diverse in methods and in opinions. Those who agree in an aim, a method, a line of work, will form a League; another may be formed with the same aim, but different in method and in line of work. To take an obvious example: sincere Individualists and sincere Socialists have a common aim, the improvement of Society, but they differ widely in their methods and lines of work. In the Theosophical Society we have members of both kinds; both should work in their different ways, in different Leagues, with those like-minded with themselves.

Carrying out this official neutrality, I said, when asked if there could be a League for promoting Secular Education: "Certainly". Official neutrality and non-committal of the Society as a whole may be preserved by inaction; it is equally well preserved by action on various, and even opposed, lines, pursued with perfect freedom.

I may add that Colonel Olcott—whose policy is approved—formed a large number of associations in India for religious education, founded five schools for the education of the depressed classes, and made the Buddhist Educational Movement in Ceylon. I—whose similar policy is disapproved—wrote "the *Information for Enquirers* which we print at the end of most books and periodicals to this day"!

ANNIE BESANT

THE LITERATURE OF THE UNSEEN

An Impression

IN using the term 'Unseen' in the heading of this paper, the popular acceptation of the word is intended. The power to see or to hear, like that of running or walking, is a matter of individual capacity, in which some of us are more singularly gifted than others; but to by far the greater portion of humanity these faculties are confined within the physical limit. We see our fellow-men or believe we see them, we see motor cars, and churches, and ourselves in mirrors, and many other things well worth beholding, but beyond this our perception does not reach. That there is a Beyond we feel undefinably conscious; the dead go there, but to the normal man the dead do not return, and the memory of a still white face from which the passion and purpose of life have departed appears to be the last link with that familiar human personality which he knew and loved. Between us and the Beyond hangs a dark and impenetrable veil which our every-day consciousness fails to pierce, and from before which most men turn as from an impassable barrier, reverting with a sense of relief to the more obvious and tangible things of life, the butcher, the daily paper, the pleasant sunlit or lamplit streets, even to the troubles and tragedies; they at least are human. Yet do what we may to lose ourselves in these things, the mystery of the veil dominates us. It penetrates to the cheerful theatre party, and worms itself into the most exact demonstration of the scientist; it comes between the lover and his love, the mother and her child. What wonder then that some dwellers on the physical side, whether from mere inquisitiveness, from a longing to see again the face of one's loved and lost, or from the

higher motive of desiring to benefit those remaining, should turn for a time from the familiar and comfortable things of life and endeavor to explore the darkness. Many peer and pass on, seeing nothing, or attributing what they see to hallucination. Others with dull sight, further obscured by their own undeveloped and ill-balanced mentality, receive only grotesque and distorted impressions, which they proclaim as indisputable facts; and yet others, by assiduous watching and waiting, find the truth. They find that the terrible veil is not dense, nay that it is even luminous and transparent; but in making this discovery they have perforce dropped in the process some physical quality which will not come to them again.

It is one of the remarkable features of Christianity that the orthodox Christian asks for no proof of the doctrine preached to him by a teacher who, like himself, bases his belief on pure faith in the written Word, a faith which embraces the hypothesis of an extended existence as the aim and end of all spiritual striving and devotion. Strangely enough, however, while holding this belief, the good Christian looks with distrust at all attempts to pry into things unseen, and indeed classes them as little less than impiety. He believes; that is sufficient; but despite his belief and the strength and fervor of his faith, there is surely far back in his understanding an uneasy half-acknowledged sense of uncertainty. His dead are in heaven, where he hopes to meet them again in a glad re-union, but is not quite clear how. His mother died at the age of 80, a frail and broken remnant of humanity, weary of the burden of living and glad to go; and he feels instinctively that it would be hardly just to keep her indefinitely at this stage merely for purposes of identification. The baby whose loss was such a heart-break, will he never attain to manhood in after life? He does not know, but he knows that his wife looks forward with a perfect faith to the time when she will clasp the tiny dimpled form to her breast again. This question of

the final adjustment of the different personalities worries him, and if he ponders too long and too deeply on the subject he is apt to drift into what is known as 'unbelief'—an acknowledgment that he does not know anything for certain.

Nothing is further from my intention than to speak in disparagement of the orthodox Christian, who, even though there may be some flaw in his philosophy, is of the salt of the earth; but when we look at a map of the world on which different sections are colored—pink, to denote Christian; green, Pagan; mauve, Muhammadan; and so on—"it seems to me" to use the chosen expression of the Theosophical speaker, that to assume that all the dwellers in the pink area are followers of Jesus of Nazareth is to assume too much. The good Theosophist, even though the map-maker may tint him green or some other obnoxious color, must of necessity walk more closely in the footsteps of the Christ than many nominal Christians.

We are conscious, speaking broadly, of these two conditions of life—the life we live day by day and which most of us enjoy more or less, and that other life, the knowledge of which reaches us partly perhaps in personal hints and glimmerings, but chiefly from the written statements of those who have either passed through the veil in a conscious thinking body other than their habitual world-body, or who have by occult means come into contact with dwellers from the other side. A great many of these recorded experiences have been published, and the result is a mass of printed matter which constitutes remarkably interesting, if not always convincing, reading. The chroniclers of the Unseen and of psychic phenomena generally range from the fiction writer—or the writer who believes he is producing fiction because he puts into words at the prompting of some hidden force ideas which he conceives to germinate in his own brain—to writers such as C. W. Leadbeater, who treats the subject of the life hereafter with an intimacy and wealth of incident which to

the uninitiated is sometimes rather startling. I do not propose in this paper to venture on such a rash undertaking as to attempt to deal with what has been written about the unseen exhaustively; but I will say before going any further that a certain proportion of it is unquestionably valueless, mere verbiage emanating from ill-balanced minds, or uttered with the deliberate intention to deceive. In the section which we class as fiction alone there are many degrees. The cheap ghost story of the Christmas number may be treated lightly; we know beforehand, on the strength of our intuition, that the spectre will vanish at the "haunted tarn," that the pool will be dragged, the bones and casket found, and the rightful heir reinstated in his possession. But with such writers as W. B. Yeats and Robert Benson we cannot deal thus casually. These do not tell us that what they have to say in *The Countess Kathleen* or in *The Light Invisible* is true; indeed, in the literal sense of the term, it is not so; but all the same we cannot but feel that each book is an expression of a truth, a higher form of expression perhaps than could be evoked by mere literalness or honesty of purpose. In aspiring to handle such a great theme as the life that lies beyond, it is surely desirable that the recorder should display some quality of inspiration, if it were only in justification of his position. To read a statement purporting to be made by an exalted dweller in the spirit world, couched in the exceptional language of the *Complete Reference and Letter Writer* is in a manner disappointing, and leaves one with an unsatisfactory sense of earthiness. The communication may be a perfectly veracious one, but to make an impression it requires treatment of a different order; it is not allotted to everyone who burns to give the truth to the world to be a Yeats or a Benson. It is often difficult for a person not systematically trained, or endowed with special knowledge, to distinguish between the true and the spurious in the literature of the unseen, much of the latter being written with good intention and in all sincerity, though

the crudely written statement does not readily carry conviction; might not, on the other hand, a writer of literary attainment give us something drawn from his inner consciousness and his knowledge of history and humanity, which would certainly impress and which might influence us? I have in my mind a book entitled *Colloquies with an Unseen Friend*, by Lady Walburga Paget. It is a record of conversations with a disincarnated spirit, whom the author calls Fidelio, and it deals intimately and vividly with life and conditions during the later Atlantean period, with French history of the time of the Guises and Henry IV, the French Revolution, and other matters of deep interest. In describing the communicator in her introduction, the author says: "His personality is so strong that it is impossible ever to escape from it. He is a man of action and strong convictions, full of acumen, decision, wit and humor. He is sometimes a soldier, a courtier, a politician, a statesman, a humanitarian, but always a man of the world, and above all a gentleman. That he is profoundly and sincerely religious will be seen by his utterances."

Those who, like myself, have no special knowledge of Occultism, in reading this book must certainly be impressed by it; it rings true. Here is no stilted arrangement of phrases; the communicator is a living breathing personality, and even retains in his astral state his Roman Catholic bias. The very unconventionality of the statements, though they may clash at times with the views of the historian, recommends them to one's imagination as the utterances of a living thinking creature. We may have no test to apply which will establish an absolute proof of their *bona fides*, but no open-minded enquirer, who has read the book and the introduction, need hesitate to accept them as being purely honest in intention, and possible, nay, probable, in conception.

It is true that there are books of this class which even the most tolerant reader must receive with a feeling something akin to distrust. Such a one I had once presented to me, professing to be *The Mystery of Edwin*

Drood, finished by the spirit pen of Charles Dickens, which showed such a lamentable degeneration in the great novelist from the literary point of view as must have filled any of his myriad admirers who chanced to come across it with dismay. Though this book did not carry conviction for me, however, I do not profess to be in any position to accuse the publisher of fraud, but am merely conscious of a strong desire to acquit the astral Charles Dickens of the authorship of that ending to *Edwin Drood*. In the case of the standard writers on Theosophical subjects, whose works are obviously the result of exhaustive research and long training, the attitude of the reading public is usually a fair and generous one, though the familiar and every-day manner in which the astral conditions and spirit phenomena generally are dealt with may be at first a little disconcerting. The habit of scoffing at everything one does not understand, which was once attributed by an Englishman to Englishmen, is chiefly confined in these days to the ultra bigoted and the very illiterate; the normal man receives the written or oral statement of the Occultist politely, and decrees that it may be true, very likely it is, but he has never been to Spook-land himself and does not know for certain. He says he has never been to Spook-land, with all the readiness and assurance of a man who is wrong, for every night does he not lay his head upon the pillow and dream?

Many Christian people of the present day, in dealing with the Scriptures, still insist, as did the old Scottish divine of a past generation, on the literal reading of "every word between the two batters," holding that to question one of these words is to court damnation. This point of view is not without its merits; it embodies a principle of absolute fidelity, and entails the facing of life and death with the steadfastness and zeal which characterised the old-time martyrs. Unfortunately, however, with these great qualities are bound up the elements of

stagnation, and the good Theosophist does well in his dealings with outsiders, or with his more feeble fellow-members (among whom I rank myself), to avoid insisting too strongly on an unquestioning acquiescence in all that has been written by the leaders of the Theosophical movement. To reply to a fairly well-informed man, who has ventured on an opinion regarding the after-life, that he is altogether wrong, Mr. Leadbeater in such and such a book, page so and so, having expressed quite a contrary opinion, will have one of two possible effects on the rash thinker: he will either retire abashed and apologetic, or get angry; better the latter, for though he lose his temper he will at least keep his individuality. What a man believes, he believes; he may alter his belief, but he cannot dodge it, or get rid of it.

In the literature of the Unseen we find records of dreams, the narratives of those who having closed their eyes and their consciousness on the physical plane, have wandered for a space impelled by other powers and seeing with other sight along unwonted ways and among strange peoples. Many of these records are literal narratives of what has happened in the dream condition; they are frequently in the nature of a prophecy or warning, and are perhaps somewhat monotonous in the regularity of their tendency. A son dreams that he sees his father, standing by his bed-side, his clothing and hair wet and dripping, and his face ghastly pale and distorted. Greatly impressed by his experience, the son wakes up and looks at his watch; it is fifteen minutes past eleven. Next day he receives a telegram stating that the previous night, shortly after eleven o'clock, his father fell overboard in crossing the Channel, and was drowned. Many experiences of this kind have been related—notably by M. Flammarion and Mr. Leadbeater; they form a type of dream which, unless some other explanation can be found for the connexion between the event and the sleeper, seems to provide one of the most direct and popular pieces of evidence of

the continuance of existence after physical death. Some dreams appear to our returned consciousness nothing better than an outrageous farago of nonsense, a jumble of incongruous incidents and conditions, to be forgotten as soon as possible; but we have all of us on occasions dreamt dreams which had an odd sense of reality about them, and which cling to the memory as fragments from some active living condition. In one such which I relate, as a small contribution to the Literature of the Unseen, I dreamt that I walked down a narrow tortuous street dark with shadow, though the sky was blue overhead. The details of the street, of the people, if any, I do not retain, but remember that the narrow way debouched suddenly on an open square on which a fierce sunlight beat. The square was evidently in the heart of a city and the surrounding buildings were clearly eastern, though not gorgeously oriental in character. There may have been other pedestrians about, but, standing in the deep shadow on the footpath, my attention became concentrated on the figure of a man, tall beyond the ordinary stature of tall men, who stood on the opposite corner in the full glare of the sunlight. He was clothed in eastern dress of spotless whiteness, and his white turban surmounted a sinister eagle-like face, dark but not black. The features were clear-cut and refined, and the general bearing of the man was one of power and confidence, not aggressively insisted upon. From my position in the shadow I stood and studied this interesting personality attentively, till to my embarrassment I became conscious that he was also studying me with a quiet penetrating scrutiny, and that his attitude towards me was hostile. How long we stood there regarding each other I cannot say, but ultimately I found myself being jostled by the traffic of a busy street, and woke up. Some time after this I dreamt that I unlocked my studio to go in, but halted in the doorway on finding that the room had already an occupant. This struck me at the time as being odd, the door having been locked and there being

no other ingress. The intruder was a tall man clad in a well-fitting suit of grey tweed; his back was towards me, and he seemed to be engaged in looking over some papers which lay on a table. He turned his head when I entered, and glanced at me over his shoulder, with a look that was half amused, half indifferent. It was the same person whom I had seen in my former dream, and I felt instinctively as before that his presence was a menace to me. To neither of these dreams was there any *dénoûment*; we simply stood, in each case, steadily regarding one another till I awoke. Yet apart from their continuity, they possessed a quality of realism strong enough to make them live in the waking memory.

In nearly all the descriptions of life on the other side the idea of rest is absent—that rest in the quiet grave, which so many tired human creatures have longed for, and which so many have attempted to realise prematurely. Rather do the departed appear a busy people, so much taken up with work and progress that the earthly seeker after peace and repose may be excused for evincing just a little dismay at the prospect of so much activity in the hereafter. Though the present may not yield us much surcease from labor, nor the Seer be able to cheer us with a promise of future idleness, it is possible to evolve from one's inner intelligence a phantom condition, which will to some extent help to make good the deficiency. In my own mind I am able to conjure up an illusion of a walled rose-garden, bathed in a tender sunshine, a golden haunt of peace, where I sit, novel on knee, and smoke unlimited good cigars, the grateful aroma of which mingles pleasantly with the scent of the flowers. There are apparently no other occupants of this garden of selfishness, yet there is an agreeable consciousness in the air that nice people are within call, who could be summoned at will. So clearly impressed on my mind is this favored spot, with its winding paths and trailing half-neglected beauty, that I feel as though I could speak of

it with all the confidence and familiarity of one who had actually spent his days therein. This airy nothing is thrown from the spindle of the imagination. What people want to learn about the Unseen, however, is the truth, not a cunningly devised fable, and even those who are seemingly indifferent on the subject have their moments of anxiety as to what may happen when this chapter of bridge-parties and race-meetings is closed. Perhaps the sight of a friend who has been successfully kicked by a horse, or who has succumbed to some quite childish ailment, checks the arrogance of life for the moment, and induces some kind of thought, unwelcome thought, probably, which the thinker tries in vain to laugh off or ignore.

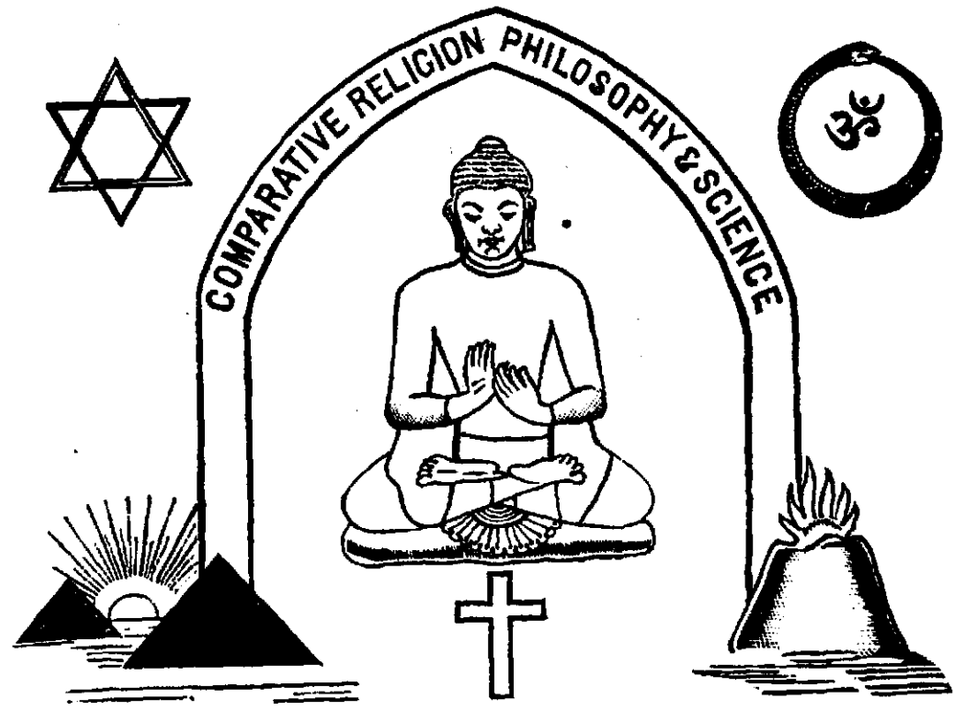
The primary duty of the historian of the Unseen is to make clear to us that there *is* an Unseen, and in view of the many varying human intelligences which have to be influenced, and of the obvious difficulties in finding proofs which will be beyond question, the task of the writer is no light one, and the records are of necessity diverse and unequal in treatment. Some books which make no direct claim to inspiration—such as Kipling's *They*, and *The Riddle*, by Michael Wood, though mere trivialities as compared with the works of the great Theosophical teachers—have yet a value of their own, and exercise an influence on the public mind which is perhaps out of the range of more important writings. There is not given to all of us the power, or indeed the will, to quiet easily the persistent note of interrogation within us; yet the courage and patience of those who elect to speak on this over-shadowing subject must always command our regard, even when their sincerity and reasonableness fail to satisfy us on all points: It were well perhaps, before clamoring too loudly for proofs, to consider calmly and impartially how many of the things we are in the habit of accepting unconditionally as facts have ever been actually proven. We may meet a man who says he came from a place called the United States of America, where he declares he lived for twelve

years, and who claims a knowledge of its various departments and cities. We have read of this alleged country in books and newspapers, and have even met other people who pretend to have been born there. The printed matter, though the statements may tally fairly, we can agree to treat sceptically, as the possible outcome of a conspiracy, but the testimony of the individuals whom we know to be otherwise absolutely honest is not so easily dismissed; indeed they, especially those who claim to be natives of the United States, are apt to express unreasonable annoyance at any question of their veracity, though they cannot produce these States, or any portion of them, in evidence of their assertions. Perhaps the wisest and most politic conclusion to come to in a question of this kind is to admit frankly and generously that the place in dispute may exist; we do not deny the possibility, but contend that, the bedrock of all argument being fact, we must decline to express or accept any opinions, until we have been assured, through the medium of our physical senses, that the United States of America are anything more than a vain illusion, generated in the imaginations of overstrung visionaries.

A. COLQUHOON

For the carrying on of spiritual warfare by which the knowledge of oneself and of God is to be obtained, the body may be figured as a kingdom, the soul as its king, and the different senses and faculties as constituting an army. Reason may be called the vazir, passion the revenue-collector, and anger the police-officer. Under the guise of collecting revenue, passion is continually prone to plunder on its own account, while resentment is always inclined to harshness and extreme severity. Both of these, the revenue-collector and the police-officer, have to be kept in due subordination to the king, but not killed or expelled, as they have their own proper functions to fulfil.

AL GHAZZALI



THE SYMBOLISM OF THE SUN

'Tis by the Sun, in very truth, all worlds are mighty made.

IN attempting to contemplate the mysteries veiled by the radiance of the Sun-image, we become aware how That which is at once the very source and ocean of our life, is after all known to us only through its effects and activity in a world of impermanence and dream.

For this reason it may seem to you, as also to me, that I shall speak of many things, save only the "One Dark Truth".

The Spiritual Sun, indeed, is the threefold Mystery —the "Three in One" of all creeds; for, in its apparent

annual travelling through the twelve Signs of the Zodiac, causing the alternation of the seasons, it typifies the Sun-hero, the individualised Son co-eternal with the Father, by whose sacrifice the world is both created and finally perfected through Love; as the continual source of Life for all its planetary brethren, it is the Holy Spirit, or Word, the power of Preservation in God, whereby He weighs the created and the uncreated in the equal scales of Wisdom; and lastly, as the unchanging central unit of our planetary system, it stands for the Eternal Fatherhood of the Unknown Divine Power.

It is of the first of these alone that I purpose to speak, for I believe that He is the only One of whom we can attempt to speak, and that in speaking of Him we include also the other Two, as it is said in the words of an ancient Egyptian Hymn of Praise:

> The Gods adore Thee, they greet Thee, O the One Dark Truth.
>
> The Gods bow before Thy Majesty, by exalting the Souls of that which produces them—and say to Thee:
>
> Peace to all emanations from the Unconscious Father of the Conscious Fathers of the Gods.
>
> Thou Producer of beings, we adore the Souls which emanate from Thee.
>
> Thou begettest us, O Thou Unknown,
>
> And we greet Thee in worshipping each God-Soul which descendeth from Thee and liveth in us.

Thus in the world of Man the Sun as Creator becomes the symbol of the Divine Selfhood in each of us: we are all Sons of the Sun, sent forth to labor until the evening of the great Night of Brahm.

I have found that with this fundamental principle of our Life there is always associated, under the garb of one myth or another, that other symbol of the Cross, or Tree; and I think it is again only by the observation of the one, that we, in our present phase of evolution, can hope to understand the other, for this Cross, or Tree, as I shall hope to presently make clear, is no less than the Way or Path of the Sun.

Before I speak of the relation between them, however, I should like to say a few words about the nature of the Tree-symbol itself; and I choose to speak of it rather in its Tree aspect than in its more abstract form of the Cross, because it is thus that the imagination of man has conceived it in the myths of all time—the spontaneous Art of the child-Man, or, if you will, the Fairy-stories told him by his great Parents and Teachers. Moreover it seems to me that when once the relative position is understood, the anthropomorphic form of a symbol does not lessen, but magnify, its meaning, and I remember that it was not in cold mathematical formulæ that the Seers of old had vision, but that the Lord of Ezekiel bade him prophesy upon dry bones, saying: "Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live."

The Tree then, was originally represented as inverted, with its roots in Heaven and its branches upon earth, and the more naturalistic way of representing it has gone far in blinding us to its true meaning; it is essentially a symbol of *Birth* rather than *Death*, the oblation of God and not the sacrifice of Man. For I have thought that there is something about the mere arrangements of the lines, in the case of the inverted Tree, that at once suggests to our imagination the downward rush of spiritual force brought to a conclusion only in the outermost husk of matter, which station of pause, and in one sense fruition, we represent by the horizontal line or branches. There is also, of course, a much deeper significance, by reason of the association of our thoughts, attached to the idea of the roots being in Heaven, or, if we look still deeper, in the Seed of the Uncreated Brahm. For the roots are the first unfolding from the ever-mysterious and Unknown Cause; from them the shaft descends shooting forth innumerable branches, becoming ever more and more complex in form and structure as they differentiate or recombine the elements of which they are composed, until at last the Flowers of Union fulfil the purpose of

their life, that is, in imitation of their Creator, they let fall their earthly Seed.

And so, you see, we have in the outermost expression of life a return in perfect imagery to the first act of God—the creative power in us is that wherein we most clearly discern our ancestry: probably all of us, at some time, and through one cause or another have been, as it were, stripped to the soul, nothing remains in life of reality and no *reason* prompts us to any action; yet I think at such times we shall all have found the creative *instinct* remaining to us, the root-nature of our being, and, hardly knowing what we do, we come forth once more to adorn ourselves in the garments of praise. This I take to be the meaning, or one meaning, of those words of the Prophet Isaiah: "He that is so impoverished that he hath no oblation, chooseth a Tree that will not rot."

I hope I have now said enough to establish the Tree as a symbol of *Birth*, or perhaps to avoid the misunderstanding of those who are accustomed to use the word in its mystical, twofold sense, I should say of *Incarnation*, for from the human point of view Birth is the expression and not the submersion of the Divine in Matter, while Death is the re-union with the uncreated God, and is symbolised by Fire.

In saying that the Tree returns in the bearing of fruit to the original nature of its own being, I have already touched upon its relation to the Sun, for the idea will at once suggest to your minds the form of the Circle. They are two in their exoteric aspect, that is, observing them, as we must by the appearances of things: t the eye of the soul they are one without confusion, for the intuition sees things as they are. Until we have perfected the mental bridge however, we can only speak without compromise of the two ideas as distinct, uniting them according to the antique maxim, "as above, so below".

The Cross in turning upon its own axis describes the Circle of the Wheel, which, moving through the four Elements of Fire, Earth, Air, and Water, each subdivided into the three states of Rajas, Tamas and Sattva, makes in all the twelve Houses and Signs of the Zodiac.

For those unacquainted with the terms of Astrology it would perhaps be well to explain that by this is meant that the Sun-God in each of us is first manifested in the form of the Cross: this being his first great Initiation, the descent into Matter, where, in order that we may become self-conscious throughout and have power on every plane, he has to pass through the twelve minor Initiations indicated in various ways by the different Sun-heroes of the Nations, by the twelve Halls through which Osiris had to pass each night in the Underworld, or by the twelve Labors of Herakles. Thus the Man is said to be "broken upon the Wheel," or, as in the rites of the Asiatic Adonis, his bones are "ground in a mill and then scattered to the Wind".

It is because of this primary association of the Sun-Gods with the Cross, or Tree, that scholastic writers have become so confused as to their identity, often averring that they are Gods of the fructifying principle of the Earth and of vegetation merely, instead of this being the way of their worship, as it is the path of their Initiation and power.

In order to illustrate the nature of these twelve Zodiacal Initiations, I propose briefly to outline the life of one such Sun-hero in relation to the twelve Signs, comparing him also with any others who seem more completely to express any point, for it is the type of the Sun-hero, rather than any individual, that I wish to disentangle from the many versions of his story.

Before I begin a discussion of these twelve Signs which I have called Initiations, I should like to make it clear in what sense I use this term, for to some it may

seem that I am too freely applying a sacred word to the experiences of our daily life. Those however to whom symbolism is a reality, and who recognise in it the plan on which the laws of the Universe are moulded, will perhaps feel with me that the ordeals and conquests of our present life are more near in spirit to those ancient and ever unrevealed mysteries of the Soul, than are the rites and ceremonies by which the many religions of the One Faith strive to give expression to them. That these also have their place I am the last to doubt, for to my thinking, it is the office of the Church to illustrate in its ritual the types of experience through which we all must pass, and thus by example alone to gather its children within the fold. Its teaching should be akin to that of Art, for Truth made self-evident by Beauty may never be denied.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with the ritual of all churches, East and West, to know whether they are all based upon the lives of their Founders; but I know that this was so in the worship of Osiris in Egypt, and I am told that the High Mass of the Roman Catholic Church is no less than a recital in chanting and gesture of the life and death of Christ: if this is so, then the Signs of the Zodiac through which the Son of God passes every year must be the first and greatest of the rituals, which at the same time veil and express the inward Initiations of which we may not speak.

I have chosen as my central example the 'Labors of Herakles,' partly because he is a hero of that Pagan type round which the clouds of myth have so thickly gathered that I believe there are many who do not seek for mystery at all in him; and also because he serves as an example of those who in the end gain freedom by the might of deeds, rather than those who by submission conquer through ideal of service; and it is in the first of these that I believe the fulfilment of the West to lie.

Now in so far as the Sun-hero is that aspect of God which puts on the veils of Matter, he must ever be born of an earthly Mother and a divine Father. Accordingly we find Herakles as the Son of Zeus by the earth-born Alcmene, but pledged from his infancy to the service of his elder cousin Eurystheus, if he would become at death an immortal upon Mount Olympus.

Eurystheus would seem to stand for the first individualisation of Matter, through which the laboring Spirit generates Karma and finally obtains release.

As the most usual account of the 'Labors' appears to me to have been entirely disorganised, I propose to take them in the order in which they seem to refer to the Zodiac.

First, then, in the Sign Aries, Herakles undertakes the capture of the Mares of Diomedes, who fed them on human flesh. Aries is the Sign of the Ram, or the Lamb that is "slain from the foundation of the World," by whose initial sacrifice it is made possible for us all to redeem ourselves. Reflected in the individual, the meaning is reversed (according to the laws of symbolism), and the sign stands for the binding of the passions to the service of the Intelligence. The Horse, I believe, is generally recognised as symbolising the intellect, and it is suggestive that these Mares only become tame after having devoured the flesh of their own master, whom Herakles kills; thus the Will having slain the lower passions gives them up to be as food to the mind.

In the Sign Taurus he captures the Cretan Bull, who had been sent out of the sea by Poseidon that Minos might offer it in sacrifice. Minos, however, was so charmed with its beauty that he sacrificed another in its stead, whereat Poseidon drove the animal mad, causing it to create great havoc in the island.

In Taurus, the physical body and the power of expression through it may be perfected, and in this story we

find the Bull—invariably representing the Earthly Principle, or material Form—cast up from the universal sea of Substance for the purpose of sacrifice; but, retained for its own sake, it becomes mad—that is, self-energising—and tears the hearts of those who cherish it. It is noteworthy however, that Herakles afterwards frees the animal again, for it is not his purpose either to destroy or to confine the physical body, but only to tame it for his perfect service.

In Gemini, Herakles is sent to fetch the Oxen who live on the Island of Erythia in the West, guarded by a giant and a monstrous two-headed dog. On his way there he had to pass through the Straits of Gibraltar, where he erected the twin pillars of Calpe and Abyla. These would seem to correspond with those which Solomon erected at the entrance of his famous temple, and whose names, Jachin and Boaz, mean: "He shall establish in it His strength"—that is "shall establish in the temple of the body, the strength or Life-force of His Will". For here we find the duality of Spirit and Matter standing at the entrance of the Holy of Holies in the land of the Sunset in the West, and it is for Herakles to slay the two-headed guardian and bring back the oxen for sacrifice, that duality may be no more. Before starting on this adventure, Herakles, one day, being annoyed by the heat of the Sun, shot an arrow at Helios, who so much admired the daring of the hero that he gave him a golden ship—wherein we recognise the universal symbol of the soul that weds Spirit to Matter—and thus he sails to the Island of the West and accomplishes his adventure.

In Cancer Herakles has to fight the nine-headed Hydra who is aided by a gigantic Crab.

Now Cancer is the sign ruled by the Moon, which I believe to be among other things a symbol of Reincarnation, and so as fast as Herakles strikes off each head with his club, two new ones grow in its place; and this was the case until, with the assistance of his friend Iolaus, he burned them away—all but the ninth which, was immortal,

and this he buried under a heavy stone. The story clearly indicates that the only means of escape from the Wheel of Rebirth is by purification and not by violence, and perhaps the ninth and immortal head, which he can only imprison, is that seed of the creative force within which life can but sleep and never wholly die.

In Leo, Herakles slays the Nemean Lion, the offspring of Typhon and Echidna, parents of all the animal brood of Hades. After using his club and arrows against him in vain, he finally strangles the animal with his hands. In Leo are perfected the passions, and the senses become a medium for the Light, which, having appropriated them, is enabled to strangle the powers of darkness in them. Ever after, Herakles wears the Lion's skin for his garment, and in this way, the Lion becomes himself the symbol of the Sun, for the senses are now as the outermost robe of the Soul, serving at the same time to reveal and to protect it.

In Virgo he is commanded to capture the Arcadian Stag, sacred to Artemis, which had brazen feet and antlers of gold.

For in this sign we attain the power of transmutation that lies in the soul. It is the moment of conception in which we realise our own latent divinity, and the power to shine with our own and not merely a reflected light.

Then it is said: "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son," and later (for with this realisation comes the ideal of service) we reply: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to Thy Word," thus offering up our brass for transmutation into the divine gold.

In Libra, Herakles goes to fetch a girdle, treasure of Hippolyte, Queen of the Amazons, and presented to her by Aries, God of War. Hippolyte is clearly only a duplication of Aphrodite and her magic girdle, which made everyone who wore it an object of love and desire. Now

Libra is ruled by Venus and is the polar opposite of the sign Aries (symbolised, as you remember, by the flesh-eating Horses of Diomedes), it representing union and harmony in contradistinction to the ideal of sacrifice. It is the Covenant of God with man and the reconciliation of man with God through Beauty.

Herakles is first received kindly by Hippolyte, who promises him her girdle, but Hera incites the Amazons against him, and during the contest that ensues Herakles kills their Queen and carries off the girdle. This shows her proper nature to have been peace-loving and generous, but her equilibrium is easily swayed by influence, and Hera, who is continually setting snares for Herakles, is determined that the treasure shall not be so easily won. Hera was the Bride of Zeus in Heaven, and always hostile to those of His children born of earthly Mothers. Herakles was only reconciled to her after his death and ascension to Mount Olympus, where, as the Man Regenerate, he becomes re-united with non-manifested Spirit.

In Scorpio, Herakles was ordered to bring alive to Eurystheus the Erymanthian Boar, in order to compass which he chased the animal through deep snow until it was worn out and then caught it in a net. This method of pursuit illustrates well one of the chief characteristics of the sign, *endurance*, and the Boar, being at last caught in a net, calls to mind many other mythological instances in which the spirit of evil is thus snared, though usually by his own ingenuity being turned to account against him. Thus in a Norse tale, Loki transforms himself into a fish, only to be caught in the net which he was the first to invent for that purpose: and again I recall an Egyptian invocation addressed to the Scorpion, in which the words occur:

> Open unto me that I may say what I have seen. Even Horus, as the Master of the ship, having mounted the throne of his father Osiris, and Suti, son of Nut, beneath the net which he had made for me.

I think that by this net is meant karma, which although apparently made for the entangling of the Spirit, is in reality the only means whereby we may attain redemption.

It is frequently in this sign that the Sun-hero suffers death, and in some instances, as in the case of the Asiatic Adonis and the Irish Diarmid, the boar is the instrument of his death, thus reversing the symbol. It is easy to see how this reversing of the symbol comes about, for he who has mastered his karma is free, if he will, to die, that is to cease from earthly labor, and thus the captured Boar becomes indirectly the instrument of the Hero's worldly destruction. So we find Keats treating him as that which in the end shall destroy all creation, in the lines:

> I would that the boar without bristles had come from the West,
>
> And had routed the Sun, Moon and Stars out of the sky.

As the great Destroyer he even becomes identified with the Sun himself, for surely we recognise in this "Boar without bristles" the Sun Initiate at that period of his trial, when, being "shorn of his rays," which are replaced by a crown of thorns, he makes his descent into Hell.

This is the death of the Personality which closes initiation into the Lesser Mysteries—those of the Moon—and prepares the way for those Mysteries belonging to the resurrected Christ and ending in his final apotheosis, second death or Rebirth, when he becomes again united with the parent Self.

In the case of Herakles the difference between these two orders of Initiations is beautifully shown, in that the remaining Labors are not achieved entirely by his own power, but either he is the tool of some one of the Olympians, or else he makes use of the elemental forces as his servants.

In Sagittarius, Herakles had to expel the savage Stymphalian Birds who lived on a lake in Arcadia. These birds had been brought up by Aries, and they had brazen claws, wings and beaks, and fed upon human flesh. Herakles would have been unable to accomplish this task had it not been for the help of Athena, who gave him a brazen rattle with which to startle the birds; he then shot them with his arrows as they flew away.

Now Sagittarius is a sign ruled by Jupiter, the Lord of Wisdom and Compassion, attributes also of Athena, who had sprung from the head of the wisest and the most powerful of the Gods. Although often assuming the character of a warlike deity, she did so only in the interests of peace, and herself retained no weapons, using only those of Zeus, her father. She is always represented as hostile to Aries, and as quelling his savage love of war for its own sake, so that in thus assisting Herakles to destroy his savage birds, she was in truth only using him as the instrument of universal peace; for he has now so purified the waters of the soul that he can perfectly reflect the divine Will and Judgment, and the Gods that are within him, they do the works.

After the death comes the entombment, or descent into Hades, and accordingly we find Herakles commanded to bring back Cerberus from the lower world. This was the hardest of all his tasks, but being again accompanied by Athena, and this time also by Hermes, he received permission from Pluto to carry off Cerberus, if he could accomplish it without force of arms. This he succeeded in doing, and, having showed him to Eurystheus, restored him again to his place in the underworld. Some versions of this story ascribe to Herakles a contest with the King of Hades, thus identifying it with that of the Christ in the Apocryphal New Testament, who, having descended into Hell, finally delivered Satan into the hands of Death.

Hermes, or Mercury as we call him in Astrology, is representative of Manas (even the Classical Dictionary has to confess that to him is sacred the Number 4!) and as such he is the Messenger of the Gods, uniting the divine and material worlds and conducting the dead into Hades. We are not accustomed now, perhaps, to identify the mānasic principle with the idea of sacrifice, yet Hermes was originally regarded as the protector of sacrificial animals, and so indeed he is and will again become, when we have ceased to adore him for himself, and recognise that though he may guide us into Hell to find the buried treasure, it is the Sun-God alone who can lead us back to Light.

Herakles was also able to rescue some of the doomed from their torments, for this is an essential part of the career of every Sun-hero, and you may remember that in the *Secret Doctrine* we are told that the Initiate when in trance is watched over, and guided by the Hierophant into the Underworld, from which, if he is successful in his trials, he has the right of releasing seven suffering souls. These, in at least one of their interpretations, are the Neophyte's own lower principles, symbolised in the Apocrypha by Adam and the host of the Holy Ones, who together make up the soul's history throughout the Old and New Testaments.

In Aquarius, Herakles undertakes to cleanse the stables of Augeas in one day. Augeas had 3,000 oxen whose stalls had not been cleaned for thirty years; but Herakles speedily purified them by leading the streams of the Alpheus and Peneus through them, and they were thus cleansed in a single day. These rivers would seem to correspond with the Euphrates and Tigris, the twin rivers of the Soul—Reason and Intuition—which in Aquarius, the type of perfected Humanity, are united in Wisdom.

The story would seem to be yet another version of purification by flood, as in the stories of Deucalion, Noah, and the submerged Atlantis.

The oxen again are symbolical of the Earthly Principle, which, having been resolved into the original Waters of the divine Substance, emerges again in a purified state.

This is well illustrated in the story of Deucalion and his wife, who, after the abatement of the flood, consulted an oracle how the race of man might be restored: they were told to "cover their heads and throw the bones of their Mother behind them;" this they interpreted to mean the stones of the earth, which accordingly they threw behind them, and there immediately arose a new and pure race of mankind to repeople the world.

In the history of the Christ the same idea is told in the story of his physical resurrection, and the disappearance from the tomb of what had been his body.

In Pisces, Herakles has to fetch the golden Apples of the Hesperides, which were originally a gift from the great Earth Mother Gaea to Hera at her marriage with Zeus: this suggests that the Tree of Life was from the first created only to be again offered up in sacrifice; for Hera, as we have seen, is the Bride of Zeus in Heaven and has no part in manifestation.

The Apples find their counterpart in the symbol of the Fish, for these represent the Seed of Life afloat upon the Waters of the Great Deep—Alaya, the Universal Soul.

Here we find Herakles for the first time associated with the Tree, but only indirectly, for he has now almost concluded his labors and needs but to possess the Fruit in order to complete his cycle of Union.

Thus we find him sending the giant Atlas to obtain the Apples whilst he himself supports the weight of Heaven, indicating that he has achieved that condition of inward harmony in which to "Be" is also to "Do," for when we are all as the Caryatides of the world, we shall need but to send forth the Messengers of Thought to accomplish the deeds of the Will.

It is in this sign that the Christ ascends or is spiritually reborn "of water and of the Spirit," being again united with the Father; He has gathered to Himself the harvest of the Earth and has overcome the world.[1]

This completes the cycle of the twelve Initiations which are no more than subdivisions or aspects of the great Tree-symbol—the symbol of Birth and therefore of Redemption.

There are however two other Initiations of which I must speak, for just as the Sun is a threefold symbol containing the dual powers of the expired and the inspired Word, breathed forth from that Nameless One who is at rest between them, so in some measure are these qualities bestowed upon every Ray He sends forth to become His Son. Both of these are contained indirectly in the Tree, for of each it may be said:

"Three in One, and One in Three."

I have said that it is through the Ritual of Union and thereafter of Rebirth, through the flowering and the fruiting of the Tree, that we, by the imitation of God, become again like unto Him: thus are we continually reborn in every act of the creative mind and in each outpouring of the Will, but the supreme Rebirth of which I now speak is only brought about by the Union of the Individual with the Universal Soul, the great Virgin Mother of Creation. She is the eternal

[1] I must mention that the last two labors were undertaken by Herakles in place of two which Eurystheus had declared unlawful. I have not been able to find a very satisfactory explanation of this, but I would suggest, that it may have some reference to the time when only ten of the Zodiacal Signs were recognised, Virgo-Scorpio being counted as one and Libra left out. This of course has reference to the androgynous period of the Third Root-Race, and it was at the time of the differentiation of the sexes that Libra was introduced to restore equilibrium.

It is, however, the deeds that belong to Cancer and to Aquarius that are said to be unlawful, the first because Herakles had received external help from his friend Iolaus, and the second because he had stipulated for a reward; so that, as you see, either my suggested explanation must remain very incomplete, or we must suppose the Greek version to be much distorted.

Substance of Existence, called alike the Mother, Wife, and Daughter of God; for She is the Child of the Uncreated Father, and the Mother in whom He inheres, or is conceived and brought to birth as the Sun-hero of whom we are speaking. It is She who bears Him, at His first Initiation—the descent into Matter—as the Son of God, and She again who, as the Virgin Bride, weds Him, the rearisen Sun—the Son of Man.

Thus it is that the Mother and Bride are represented by one and the same person in the purest forms of the Mysteries, such as those which took place at Eleusis, those of the Neo-Platonists, and also of the Ancient Egyptians.

In some cases, however, it is the Initiate who is to represent the Sun-God after his death (usually his Son) whom She marries; but it seems likely that this version is of later origin, reflecting rather the priestly ritual than the ideas from which they had their source. In some again, the Sun-God is represented as having an earthly and a divine spouse between whom he divides his time, as in the story of the Asiatic Tammuz, who died an annual death, passing away to the Underworld to serve the dark Queen Allatu, and was yearly sought for by his forsaken first love, Ishtar, with whom he was eventually allowed to return and revive the life of the world in the season of Spring.

Such a dual love do we find in the myth of Herakles. We are told that from the first he desired to be betrothed to Iole, but that she was refused him and that he won, by fighting, Deianira, for his wife. Later, however, he captured Iole, and Deianira, afraid lest she should lose the affection of her husband, steeped his priestly robes in the blood of a centaur whom Herakles had killed for attempting to outrage her; for it had been said that this would cast a spell upon his will and bind him to her for ever. The centaur's blood however was poisoned by the

arrow of Herakles, and soon it began to burn his limbs, causing him the greatest pain, but he might by no means tear the garment from off him. Then Herakles in order to rid himself of the torment, raised a great pile of wood upon a mountain, and placing himself upon it, caused it to be set on fire, thus burning himself to death. Whilst the pyre was burning a cloud descended from Heaven, and amid peals of thunder bore him away to Mount Olympus, where he received his promised Godhood. Then Deianira, seeing what she had done, hanged herself, but Iole, according to the command of Herakles, was married to his son.

Here we have Deianira as Matter (for the earthly principle) instrumental, though unconsciously so, in her husband's agony and death, but still remaining that without which he could not receive his final Initiation. Yet if we look still deeper, it is Herakles who is the ultimate cause of his own death, for we see him as the Destroyer, shooting forth his arrows to slay the desire-nature, the blood of which is a kārmic debt upon his head, until he has offered up in sacrifice all those outer vestures or principles which do not permit of initiation and union with the Three that are the Self. Their Initiation is Death: they are burned away in the Fire of Spirit, because by that means alone can they be transmuted into the eternal Substance, the Motherhood of Man.

It is not enough, and neither, to my thinking, is it at all desirable, to crush out any instinct of our nature if that is going to leave us void, for all are capable of transmutation to the service of the Spirit.

Yet here, as also in the story of Christ washing the the feet of His disciples, we have the idea that it is the physical body which is the last to be purified: "He that is washed, needeth not save to wash his feet, and he is clean every whit," for purification is no less than the

conversion of our whole nature from the negation to the assertion of God.

This, then, is the last Initiation, the sacrifice by Fire, whereby Man becomes re-united with the Father which is in Heaven.

Some speak of it as 'Death,' and say that he becomes merged in the Not-Self; others call it his spiritual 'Rebirth,' or attainment of the Self; both of these terms are interchangeable, for he dies only to be reborn in All; and so clearly has this been recognised by the different Faiths of all ages, that they adopt for their Master, according to their temperament, the Death by Fire or on the Cross, well knowing, in their hidden Wisdom, that Life and Death are but aspects of the One.

There is also at least one example of Birth by Fire in the story of Dionysos, who was born out of the flames and lightning of Jove's presence, when He appeared in all His Olympian glory to the earth-born Semele, who therefore had to die.

You may remember that in *The Secret Doctrine* it is said that in the Trial of the Sun Initiate, at the last moment of the solemn 'New Birth' the Initiator (that is, the Sun-God) passes the sacred Word to the Initiate, and immediately afterwards the latter has a weapon placed in his hand and is ordered to strike. We are further told that since it is always Death that generates Life, this immutable and sacred Law compels the Initiate to kill the Initiator, for, without this, Initiation would remain incomplete.

Although there are probably depths of meaning in this that I cannot hope to fathom, yet we are no longer children enough to be content with a formal and exoteric interpretation merely, though of its outward truth we cannot well doubt before the evidence of the lives of so many of the Founders of Mysteries, who like Orpheus in Greece, and Christ in Palestine, were put to death by the followers of that very creed which they had come to fulfil.

All of us, who would pass on the Word by which we have ourselves received Life, must die as regards that particular source of Life, as every Artist who has attempted to give expression to the visions of his Soul knows. It is perhaps only another and a fuller expression of that saying of the Christ: "He who shall lose his life shall find it," as perhaps also the story of the Magdalene who broke her alabaster vase over the feet of Christ; for, however precious and beautiful is the Form, it exists only in service to the Spirit, and must of necessity be shattered when the Life is shed.

It is in the shedding of his Life that the Sun-God is reborn, and at the same time the Initiation of those by whose hand he dies is made complete: this is the passing of that Word of Creation in which the dualities of existence are indissolubly united for ever.

In the story of the Christ, it is Judas to whom this sacred office is allotted, and you will remember how, in perhaps the most profoundly mystical episode of *S. John's Gospel*, Christ gives the sop to Judas for a sign, after which he goes out, Satan having entered into him.

By this it is made clear (as it was also of Herakles the name of whose wife, Deianira, means the 'weaver together of hostile things') that Christ is fundamentally the conscious cause of His own death, using in this case also the conscious instrument of Judas, who stands for Satan. Satan is the type of those Seekers after Death—those who "keep their life that they may lose it"—without whose self-slaughter creation and rebirth could never be. I know no other book save this of the *Gospel of S. John*, which has dared to reveal so much as to represent these twin powers, the Child of the Sun and Him of Darkness (which we so crudely speak of as 'good and evil') performing their outward warfare with perfect inward harmony and recognition of the rôle each has to play in the great Drama of the World.

We cannot fail, in studying the lives of almost any of the great Masters of Wisdom, to be struck by the continual insistence on the fact of outward strife and the pain of sacrifice; yet not one of Them but drew His wisdom and His very life from this realisation of essential harmony and love, and I am wondering whether the spiritual Sun is to pass the cup of Life from East to West, with still this sense of bitterness at the dregs, or whether the complete redemption of Matter does not demand that our outward life also should be sweet.

It may be that when there comes to a future Christ the temptation of "the Kingdoms of the World," He will answer that they are indeed His, for it is the meek that inherit the earth; and the only meekness Christ ever knew or cared for was that towards the divine Will expressed in Himself and latent in all creation, which thus awaits the reinstatement of its priestly Kings.

Now it has always seemed to me that the ideals of the West are but half fulfilled in the teachings of the Christ: He, and all that He stands for, are the natural offspring of the curiously isolated laws and worship of Judaism, isolated perhaps for the very reason that its followers sought to combine the abstract monotheism of the East with that ideal of citizenship which is so striking a characteristic of the West—so clearly shown in the early civilisations of Greece, which are to me as the unheeded works of some ancient seer, laid by in the dust of antiquarianism, until the Prophets shall be reborn who can awaken them to life again: for ideals no less than individuals and nations are subject to the laws of reincarnation.

However this may be, it is certain that all those who have attempted to unveil the mysticism of Christianity have done so by means of the more transparent teachings of the East; but it is just this fact of the greater richness in outward form and apparel—even perhaps the fact of the more personal worship of the Master—that

links it to the essential nature of the West, and may yet make of it a means of union and of understanding between the life of contemplative thought and that of the beauty of deeds.

For though the followers of Christ have bowed before the figure of One stripped of all earthly possessions, they have seen no disharmony in offering at their worship such wealth of outward Beauty as Paganism alone can rival; and rightly so, for by thus dedicating the fulness and the joy of our lives to that spirit of inward unity, do we at length come to discern the God that is hidden in All.

Nevertheless it has been more characteristic of the nations who have called Christ Master, to dwell upon the facts of outward fulfilment and inward beauty as distinct and even antagonistic. Yet we observe that in the childhood of Races no such severance is recognised, but the head of every family is both a temporal Priest and a spiritual King, and claims his descent from the Gods themselves.

Now the Greeks never grew away from their spiritual childhood, but perfected this system on the larger scale of the State. They had found the secret of Harmony in the perfect response of the outer to the inner; Life and Religion were one, as were the conceptions of Beauty and the Good; Sculpture and Painting went hand in hand, as did also Music, Verse and Dancing; for no activity was pursued for its own ends, but all were regarded as virtuous in so far as they expressed life nobly.

It was their aim to make God apparent; and it is because of this that I have called them Prophets. For I see no other end to all our worship—that makes us slowly turn, like flowers, to follow the arc of the Sun—unless it be that at the last the Earth too may shine with its own Light, the Light of God.

It is of course clear that such a period of attainment as was that of Greece in her prime, is doomed to dissolution, for

as an enduring life it is only possible when all our elements are perfected. For now we must ever be stretching out towards a greater realisation of our ideal, and this is only done by a process of elimination and intensification—the sacrificing of the many selves we might be to the one Self we mean to be.

Harmony is, as it were, the gathering together of power preparatory to a further spring, and between every such attainment the tendency is to specialise more and more. This is the meaning of what we call genius, and this it is which distinguishes it from Masterhood; for They dwell on the peaks of attainment.

As is it with the Individual so it is with the Nation; for who can imagine any part of the civilisation of our western world without reference to the Masterhood of Greece? And I think this will be found true of all those Nations who have left us their inheritance, for even India, to whom we may well look for our spiritual Fatherhood, was at the time of our chief glory also a temporal power.

I have called Greece our Master Nation; that is, the one that most embodies our ideals; and perhaps it is time that the beacon of her message should again be kindled, to remind men of the glory of that Funeral Pyre which is our Goal.

It is for this reason that I have dwelt at such length upon the growth of expression in this Spiritual Sun within us, as it slowly fades from the land of its rising in the East to find a great fulfilment, and at last a greater rebirth, in the land of its setting in the West.

For our souls must ever be awake to recognise beneath every changeful aspect of nature the one unchanging Life; and because Christ last came in the guise of a carpenter's son, it may be that this time we must look for Him beneath a kingly robe; yet I think we shall not find Him, unless we carry also in our own hearts the fearlessness of the joy and power of life.

It may seem that I have wandered far from the subject with which this paper began; yet at all times the practical application of any idea remains the test by which we know its reality to ourselves; and I think it is even possible that the conviction thus gained may go at last to swell the life of those great archetypal Ideas themselves, to which we all do homage.

Therefore, before I close, I would once more remind you in words from the Upanishats, that it is by thus asserting the Godhood of the Individual that we draw most near to that universal living Spirit who embraces all:

Both He who here is in the Man, and He who there is in the Sun—one verily is He.

DIANA READ

THE WHITE SAIL

'Tis evening—evening on the sea
Brushed out the far horizon line—
The friendly shore upon our Lee
But yonder white sail's silvery shine
Seems still to light the backward sea!

All now—one even dusk of sea,
Above, below, all blurred in one;
So night on Recollection's sea
That drops on age so wearily
Blots all save some far memory.

Oh! Dusky dream! Oh! Hueless sea!
Night blots before thy road of light—
And palls our bark so silently
Till shrouded as the Dead are we—
Yet still that fair sail follows me!

MARGARET EAGLES SWAYNE

FROM PESSIMISM TO MYSTICISM

IT is a truism that the recognition of the small worth of a present view-point is indispensable to the arrival at a new evaluation of the universe. Contentment is static, discontent is dynamic, a power which tends to progress; hence the pessimist is half-way to becoming a mystic. The main stages of such an evolution may be observed in Egyptian literature.

1. Life is of short duration, the end a dreary dream state; therefore let us eat and drink and crown ourselves with roses, for care cannot defer the evil day.

2. Life is a sorrowful pilgrimage; let us escape therefrom.

3. Life is evil, but only because men make it so; happiness may be reached; let us seek happiness by turning away our attention from the fleeting and seek the eternal forthshadowed in things temporal, and at the same time strive to make the seen a less garbled reflexion of the unseen, and prepare the way for the deliverer that is to be.[1]

The short poem that I have chosen to illustrate the first of these stages, the lowest, is very well known and has repeatedly been published.[2]

[1] The papyrus Leiden 344, admonitions of an Egyptian Sage, which is illustrative of this stage, is of such importance, both in itself and in that it contains quotations from a source-document, as will be shown, of the Trismegistic literature, that it must be reserved for a separate article.

[2] *Aeg*: Zeitsch, 1873 (XI) Pp. 58, 73.
W. Max Müller, *Die Liebespoesie der Alten Aegypter* (Tafel I).
Maspero, *Etudes Egypt*, I. 130, 162.
Records of the Past, VI. 129.
Budge, *First Steps in Egyptian*, 138, 140.
Erman, *Chrestomathie*, 34—35.

It was written by Nefer Hotep, a priest of the tomb of Amoun, one whose duty it was to make the funeral offerings, a 'God-father,' to literally translate his title, corresponding roughly to the chantry priests of the Roman Church. He died in the third year of King Hor-em-pet (c. 1330 B.C.) and was buried at Qurneh, north-east of the tomb of Sen-em-aah (tomb No. 51 of the tombs of the Theban nobles).

The name Nefer Hotep (Fair Peace) was by no means an uncommon one amongst Egyptian officials, and in the Museum of Leiden there is a stele representing one of the same name, also a harper, in whose full face one might almost trace a state of mind which might have given rise to our little poem.[1]

All things, he sings, go to their last resting place; men, women, children, even the sun himself growing weak at even, pass in procession to the land of silence. The moral that he draws is that of *Ecclesiastes*, before it was overwritten by the later moralising scribe; feast, perfumes, garlands, love, forget sorrow, for by taking thought the evil day cannot be thrust back. Not a very high stage of ethics, truly; but the germs of a discontent are present, and soon will such an one outgrow his toys. Food and drink satiate, flowers are a type of the transitory; and our poet must soon pass on to the second stage.

Here the man has tried pleasures of all kinds; even academic lore is unsatisfactory; he has reached the stage of Faust in the first act of Goethe's great tragedy.

The papyrus which illustrates this type is in the Royal Museum in Berlin, it was probably written about 2000 years before our era.

It was first published by Lepsius, more than fifty years ago, but presented such difficulties that little was done with it until Maspero, in 1879, commenting on it, described

[1] Besc. d. Aeg: S: des Need: R: Mus. *Stelen des Alten u. Mitt. Reich.* Taf. XXXIII.

it as a dialogue between an Egyptian and his soul, in which the soul demonstrates that death has nothing affrighting, and illustrates by some free renderings.

In 1896 Erman published an admirable critical edition of the text with full photographic reproduction of the manuscript, with most valuable notes and a translation of the more certain portions of the poem. He reaches an opposite conclusion to Maspero, *viz.*, that the story is of a man tired of life, whose soul dissuades him from suicide.

Maspero, in the same year, in a review of Erman's work, maintains his former interpretation and furnishes a free rendering of the greater portion of the poem, which differs in important details from that of Erman.[1]

The difficulties which our story presents resolve themselves under the following headings.

1. The beginning is lost:

2. The remaining 155 lines are couched in highly poetic language and contain many words that have not yet elsewhere been met with; and finally:

3. The scribe was somewhat lax and many errors are to be met with.

I have ventured upon a third interpretation which conciliates the Erman and Maspero positions and explains certain difficulties in the story.

I would suggest that the dialogue is between a man and a spirit that he has evoked.

a. The term ḫw is used, it is true, for one of the many entities which the Egyptians regarded as being synthesised in an individual during the earth life, but which, in some way, were disintegrated into separate entities at death; but the same word is also used for other entities.

[1] A. Erman. *Gespräch eines Lebensmüde mit Seiner Seele.* (*Pap.* 3024, König. Mus: Berlin) Berlin, 1896.
G. Maspero, *Causeries d'Egypte*, Paris, 1907.
G. Maspero, *Etudes Egyptiennes*, 1, 73, 1879.
Aeg: Zeit: 1873, 16.
Lepsius, *L. D.* vi. iii. 112.

b. In the *Possessed Princess of Bekten* (11, 19, 23) the feminine form of the word is used to describe an extra-human entity who is the cause of the princess's malady, and which only yields on the intervention of the God Khonsw.

c. The same word is used in the Demotic Magical Papyrus of London and Leiden (Edition Griffith) to describe a class of entity evoked by magicians.[1] Now one of the chief methods of evocation was by means of the brazier or chafing dish, and if we accept this interpretation, we can explain line 149 of the papyrus before us: "Thou pressest weightily upon the brazier" otherwise quite incomprehensible.

It is curious to note that the word ḫw is always written in this poem with the determinative of bound captive (Möller, *Hierat: Paläog:* 49 B.), except perhaps in 148, when the determinative is changed;[2] in all other papyri the word is written with the determinative for 'God,' glorified one, or of light (45, 306, etc., Möller). I venture to suggest that the lost portion of the papyrus contained the following story. A man sick in body, abandoned by his friends, by whom he has been robbed, evokes a spirit, and addresses questions to him concerning the wider world; the answers that the spirit returns are not understood by the man, who believes them to refer to physical death; the spirit really was urging him to abandon a view-point, to strive to reach the wider consciousness, and seek his treasure therein.

The portion remaining to us contains some fragments of the last discourse of the spirit with the man's reply. In the translation of the remaining portion I have ventured here and there to add probable translations of portions left blank by Erman, and here and there I have had the temerity to differ from that great authority.

[1] 9, 25; 10, 1; 22, 1; 27, 3; 28, 12.
[2] 4, 5, 7, 11, 17, 30, 39, 52, 55, 86, 148.

The portion that I have omitted, 39—52, is quite incomprehensible to me, but seems to contain a contrast between the lots of two souls in the other-world.

Even through the medium of this faulty translation into a tongue but ill adapted to render the poetic idiom of old Egypt, I trust that something of the beauty as well as the profundity of the poem may be divined by my reader.

THE SONGS OF THE HARPER

Spoken of the singer unto the harp which is in the tomb of Osiris, chantry priest, Nefer Hotep, the true of voice.

He saith: Verily resteth the prince, equal his fate. Generations pass before thee, O Re, divine one. Youths go unto their own siege. (Even) Re giveth He Himself at morning prime, but as Alum resteth He in the land of the sunset.

Males that fecundate, females that are fecundated, every nostril that breatheth the breath of dawn, their very infants forsooth, even they go unto their own siege.

Make fair the day, O chantry priest! Use perfumed oil and fine oil. Gather before thee garlands of lotus flowers for the shoulders and the skin of thy beloved one who dwelleth in thine heart seated at thy side.

Give song! Make melody before thy face! Put things inauspicious behind thee, remember joys, until cometh the day of dismal departure unto the land which loveth the silence.

The Man and the Spirit

Behold my spirit transgresseth against me, I hearken not to him. He draggeth me unto death because unto him I come not; he casteth me on the fire to slay me. (14).

He cometh in unto me in the day of calamity; there standeth he, at my side, even as doth an accuser. This verily is the forthgoing which bringeth a man unto himself.

Two explanations are possible. (1) The dangers in which the sorcerer stood from the evoked spirit, a belief still current among the Fellaheen (Maspero, *Causeries d'Egypte*, p. 136); and (2) a possible reference to the burning sensation which accompanies the awaking even of a single strand of the fire of life.

My soul! abandon not a wretched one to life.

Lead me to death, for unto him I come not.

Make sweet for me the West. Is it (*i.e.*, death) an evil thing? Life is a weary round, (even) trees fall. Oh to pass away from sin, unto (the land) where wretched ones are cleansed.

There Thoth weigheth me, Gods are appeased, Chons, a scribe in truth, defendeth me, and Re hearkeneth unto my words. There am I upborn upon the Sun boat, I'sds defendeth me in the house, my sin was weighty, (30) the God, who hath punished the secret things in my body, beareth one to pleasures.

Thus spake to me my soul: "Thou art a thing of nought, thou art at this time in the life-land, (here) thou fulfillest thy time.

"Thou takest thought on [earth goods], even as doth a man of substance."

I said: "Shall I go forth from that which is on earth?"

"Liberation is a leap, not that which binds to care."

.....

"Be kind to me, my spirit and my brother! Be

To complain, accuse.

Possibly a comment which belongs to the spirit, *i.e.*, not the forthgoing of death, but exit from the body in the mystic sense.

West, the Spirit world, placed by the Egyptians, as by the Greeks, in the West—a return to the home from which they had emigrated (?)

He had received the results of his evil karma on earth.

A tentative translation of an obscure passage.

By distributing the dialogue between the man and the spirit, some sense may be arrived at. The man speaks of physical death, the spirit of liberation.

thou mine embalmer, make thou due offerings standing by my bier, upon my burial day, watching my bed in the necropolis."

My spirit opened his mouth and answered that which I had spoken:

"If thou thinkest on burial, that is it which is a thing of sorrow, which bringeth tears, it is an abomination unto men. That it is which snatcheth away a man from his house and casteth him upon the high ground: thou goest up, but not so that thou mayest look upon Re.

Cemeteries being on hills.

There they build of red granite, they build a pyramid fair in workmanship, the masons are as gods. But soon is the stone of offerings bare, bare is it as that of a weary man who hath died on the river banks, with no survivor: the flood beareth off of him his portion, and the glowing heat in like manner carries away his portion, the fishes under the banks gossip with him. Hearken unto me; behold is it good for a man to hearken! Follow the fair day, be not mindful of sorrow!

"A man of mean estate ploughed his croft, he laded the harvest into the hold of a barge, he towed it the voyage. His festival draweth nigh! (Not so) for he seeth the coming on of the night of the north wind, when he must keep watch in the boat when Re goeth on. Now went forth his wife and his children unto destruction from the abominable ones of the night, the crocodiles. He sitteth perforce and with broken voice he said: 'I weep not for that woman, for she hath no forthgoing from the West; my lamentation is for her children but newly broken forth from the egg; they have looked upon the face of the crocodile and they live not.' A man of mean estate begged his evening meal, and his wife talked unto him continuously until bread of even. Then went he forth exulting until hour of bed. When he returned home, he became as another, for his wife had dealt cunningly with him, and had not been faithful unto his bed. Empty was the heart of the messenger!"

An abandoned corpse, partly destroyed by heat, partly by water, and partly eaten by fishes.

I opened my mouth and answered that which my spirit had spoken:

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than stench of birds on summer days when burneth heaven.

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than a fisherman on the day of a catch when burneth heaven.

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than the stench of birds, more than a willow-hillock filled with geese.

However the word that may be rendered 'salvation, liberation,' also means 'to rob'.

What the next two stories have to do with the main argument it is not easy to see; possibly the spirit seeks to remove the man's depression by showing him that there are others in worse state than his own.

It is interesting to note from these and similar references in other poems the sensitiveness of the Egyptian nose, and the important part that the sense of smell played in his economy of enjoyment.

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than the stench of a fisherman, more than one who hath left the marshes having fished therein.

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than the stench of crocodiles, more than one who hath satten in the mud amidst the crocodiles.

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than a woman who hath spoken leasingly against her husband.

"Behold is my name abhorred, behold more than a strong child.....

"Behold is my name abhorred, yea more than a beleaguered city, revolt within, his rear exposed.

"To whom speak I to-day? Brothers are froward, friends of a day are not worthy of love.

"To whom do I speak to-day? Men are bold of heart, each beareth off his neighbor's goods.

"To whom speak I to-day? The meek man is brought low, the brazen-faced cometh everywhere to preferment.

"To whom do I speak to-day? The quiet man is wretched, slighted are the good on earth in every place.

"To whom speak I to-day? A man enraged at evil fortune is made the laughing stock of all.

"To whom do I speak to-day? Robbers! each beareth off his neighbor's goods.

"To whom speak I to-day? When sickness entereth the heart of a man, he is regarded as an enemy by his brother.

"To whom do I speak to-day? A man thinketh not on yesterday, nor doeth he the deeds of that hour.

"To whom speak I to-day? Brothers are evil, they bring offerings to the uttermost rather than truth of heart.

"To whom do I speak to-day? Hearts are froward; there is no heart on which a man may rely.

"To whom speak I to-day? There are no righteous, the earth is left over to evil doers.

"To whom do I speak to-day? The righteous is not, ignorance is brought unto him who seeketh to know him.

"To whom speak I to-day? No man is contented, go with such an one and he is not.

"To whom do I speak to-day? I am burdened with misery, lacking one that is true.

"To whom speak I to-day? The evil one smiteth the land, no end hath he.

"To-day death to my face is as health after sickness, as is the going forth after a malady.

"Death to my face to-day is as the odor of myrrh, even as sitting under a sail on a windy day.

"To-day death to my face is as the odor of the lotus, even as is sitting on the brink of drunkenness.

"Death to my face to-day is as is a torrent path, even as one who cometh to his home (after service) on a warship.

"To-day death to my face is as a beclouded sky, as one who hath found that which he sought not.

"Death to my face to-day is as the desire of one to behold his home after he hath passed many years in captivity.

"He who is there, forsooth, is caught away as a living God; he setteth his face against the evil that he hath done.

"He who is there, forsooth, upstandeth in the Sun boat; to him is it given to offer the choicest parts in the temples.

"He who is there, forsooth, is a sage; his prayer is not turned back of Re when he speaketh."

Then spake unto me my soul:

The complaint is now at an end, the man has unburdened his heart, and now he begins to realise the spirit's meaning: not death, but an escape from the low life to begin the higher.

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•

The Mahâyâna.

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"Thou hast ceased to complain that thou art abandoned, my kinsman and my brother.

"Thou pressest heavily upon the brazier. Unite thyself with this life of which thou speakest.

"I desired greatly to restrain thee from the West, (but now) I do concede unto thee that the West thou mayest attain. Thy limbs will fall to earth and I alight—let us together make an abiding place."

From beginning to end this writing is completed.

J. R. SPENSLEY



RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

THE LIVES OF ALCYONE

XXIX

IN the twenty-eighth life of our list Alcyone had much mental suffering, but yet he had remarkable advantages in his close association with Mercury and Zarathushtra. In the twenty-ninth life, which we have now to consider, his advantages were to be greater even than those; yet his birth was by no means a favorable one. It took place in the year 2472 of the Kaliyuga (630 B.C.), the fourth year of King Kṣhattraujas, near the town of Rājagṛha.

It is true that his father Jagannāḍha was a Brāhmaṇa and a rich man, but his character left much to be desired. He was a grasping man, who had all kinds of ways of making money, some of which came perilously near to the verge of dishonesty.

With some other Brāhmaṇas he owned a temple, and the arrangement was that each of these joint owners took sole charge of the temple in turn and managed it for a certain specified time, and during that time all the offerings made by pilgrims and others came to him, and were his private property. This curious system led to a great deal of sharp practice on the part of these Brāhmaṇas; for example, Jagannāḍha had agents along the main tracks in all parts of India, who were instructed to warn him far in advance when any rich pilgrim, or any specially large party of pilgrims, was setting out. When he received the news, he tried to arrange it so that such pilgrims should arrive during his period in charge of the temple, and he directed his agents to contrive some pretext for hurrying or delaying them so that this might be managed. It was in this way that he had succeeded in amassing much wealth, though its possession was, strictly speaking, contrary to the rules of his caste. He also owned a good deal of land, and stood well in the favor of the King, to whom he now and then made politic presents.

Jagannāḍha was by no means unkind, and he gave his children a good education; but unfortunately, as soon as they were old enough, he also trained them zealously in his own peculiar methods of increasing the family fortunes. The mother was a kindly and gentle woman, careful and thorough in fulfilment of her household duties, but with little interest in anything beyond them—religious as far as the punctual performance of ceremonies went, but not capable of comprehending metaphysics or philosophy. She had had several children, but only Alcyone (whose name this time was Shivashaṅkara) and

his sister Muli survived. Jagannāḍha had also adopted another boy, Mizar, who was the son of a cousin of his, and had been left an orphan at an early age. Mizar's name this time was Nivaran, and he was two years younger than Alcyone. The affection between the boys could not have been stronger if they had been brothers, though their dispositions differed widely. Alcyone was dreamy and romantic, with high ideals, while Mizar was keen and practical, but not always scrupulous. While they were still young their mother died, and they were left much to their own devices, as Jagannāḍha was always occupied with his schemes, or at least so full of them that he could talk of nothing else, which made Alcyone think him rather an uninteresting companion. Mizar entered much more fully into them, and even sometimes made ingenious suggestions, whereby the gains could be increased.

At the age of eighteen Alcyone married Irene, a good and spiritually-minded woman, and in a year's time a son was born to them. A year later his father died, and Alcyone consequently became the head of the family, and inherited the father's duties and possessions. He had therefore to take his place in turn in the administration of the temple and its sacrifices. He strongly disliked the sacrificial work, though since the duty came to him he did it for a time as a matter of course, as his father had done. It involved a large amount of slaughter, as the offering of animals to the deity was supposed to be meritorious. The sacrifice of a horse was thought to be in some way especially pleasing; goats were even more frequently offered, but were not considered so acceptable.

All Alcyone's feelings revolted against this wholesale slaughter, and he inwardly doubted whether it could be pleasing to any good God. Also, he further disliked intensely his father's methods of attracting pilgrims to the temple. He quite understood the advantage of the arrival of large parties of rich people during his tenancy

of the office; but his father had frequently resorted to direct trickery and shameless falsehood in order to produce this result, and Alcyone felt a strong repugnance for this; in fact, he absolutely declined to engage in it. He therefore made by no means so good a thing out of the temple revenues as his father had done.

His cousin Mizar did not at all agree with him on these points. The father's teaching had deeply impressed him, and he watched all this with a somewhat jealous eye, regarding Alcyone's scruples with some contempt, and often telling himself how much better he could manage affairs if he were the head of the family. He often urged Alcyone to follow in his father's footsteps, and intimated that not to do so amounted to a kind of disrespectful criticism of the father which ought not to be possible for a well-regulated Brāhmaṇa. Alcyone could only reply that Mizar might do what he liked in these matters, but that he himself did not feel that he could carry on the old customs. He cared little for money or for ostentation, but was much engrossed in domestic affairs, while Mizar on the other hand, though equally well-intentioned and kindly in disposition, still thought it a duty to carry out the plans of Jagannāḍha, and so set it before himself as a paramount object to have as much money as possible in the family.

About this time Mizar married Thetis, and unfortunately his wife was not at all the right kind of woman. She exercised a great fascination over him, and much increased his growing discontent, for she was essentially a schemer—an ambitious woman, who longed intensely for wealth and power. The young couple often discussed these affairs, and they both felt that if only they were at the head of the family they could contrive to accumulate wealth very much more rapidly. Naturally Alcyone's wife Irene always had to take precedence, and Thetis was distinctly envious of this, and as time went on felt more and more that she could not bear it, and that she

was not finding a fair opportunity to show what she really could do and be, though Irene was always very kind and gracious to her.

Another point was that Thetis had a son, and she wanted so to arrange matters that he should in due course inherit the temple and its revenues, instead of the son of Alcyone. She brooded over all these things until at last she began to plot and plan to bring about her wishes. A vast amount of intrigue was always going on in the Court, for the King could give or take away property as he chose, and everything depended upon his favor. Thetis therefore began very cleverly to set afloat rumors of different kinds against Alcyone and Irene, her hope being to undermine them in the favor of the King. She also caused a great deal of trouble in various ways in the household, managing by various ingenious schemes to cause friction between the two cousins, and even sometimes to get them into an open quarrel.

The other Brāhmaṇas who shared the charge of the temple with Alcyone were not especially well-disposed towards him, because of the attitude which he took both to their sacrifices and to their methods of squeezing money from pilgrims; so that they were quite prepared to accept the rumors which Thetis set afloat, and when the King, hearing these over and over again, began to think there must be something in them and to make enquiries, these Brāhmaṇas were quite ready to express their doubts, and to give Alcyone a somewhat indifferent character. All this plotting was very cleverly managed by Thetis, and such a net of constant intrigue was woven round Alcyone and his wife that finally this led to an open rupture with the King, and Alcyone, Irene and their child were all banished from the Court and the city. This was in the year 598, when Alcyone was already thirty-two years old.

Thetis was exceedingly triumphant over this result. Mizar was not in the secret of her plans, and was much distressed at his cousin's exile; but he certainly did think

that he could manage the temple and its revenues much better than Alcyone, so that as far as that went he was half glad of the opportunity which was afforded to him by the latter's disgrace. He had to take Alcyone's place, and he and his wife thus gained the fulfilment of their long-cherished desires, and were happy in the opportunity thus given to them, though Mizar never ceased to regret Alcyone's banishment, and presented several petitions to have him recalled.

Alcyone felt that he had been badly treated, especially as the country house to which he was banished was in an unhealthy and malarious place. His son caught a bad fever here and was ill for a long time. He finally recovered, but was never really strong again, as the disease had left a weakness of the chest. Alcyone and Irene always blamed Mizar and Thetis for this, and Irene at least bore a grudge against the latter for it, and never ceased to think of it secretly.

Four years later, in the year 594, King Kṣhaṭṭraujas died, and Bimbisara came to the throne. Alcyone, who had known him well when he was a young prince, immediately applied to be restored to favor. The new King at once granted this, so Alcyone was once more put in charge of his share of the temple, returned to his town house, and took his original position. There was then a great scene between the two cousins, and Mizar for the first time came to know some of the things which his wife had said and done, and they shocked him terribly. The feeling between the families was somewhat softened for the time, and Alcyone permitted Mizar and his wife to continue to live with them in the town house, though the ladies were still to some extent distrustful of one another, and even Alcyone could not quite forget that Thetis had been instrumental in procuring the banishment which had led to the ill-health of his son.

Thetis, however, was still dissatisfied, and continued to try secretly all sorts of plans for the purpose of

securing the succession for her own son in place of Alcyone's. She hoped that the latter would die, but as he did not oblige her, she formed a scheme to kill him gradually by slow poisoning, so that she should not be suspected. She, therefore, began to introduce the poison very cautiously into his food, increasing the dose little by little. Before this nefarious plot had fully succeeded, Alcyone one day discovered it, and was violently angry. His first instinct was to expose the whole affair, and deliver Thetis to his friend the King for judgment, but Mizar, though much horrified at the discovery, begged him earnestly not to do this. Eventually Alcyone consented to say nothing about it, but declared that he could never again feel safe in the same house with Thetis, so he stipulated that Mizar and his wife and child should retire to their country-house, to which he himself had previously been banished. Mizar thankfully accepted this as a comparatively satisfactory arrangement, and at any rate more than he could have expected after Thetis's treachery. Unfortunately the discovery had come too late to save Alcyone's son, who lingered on for some time, but could not be cured by such physicians as were then available, and eventually died in the year 590. Alcyone was inconsolable, full of despair, and sometimes almost of hatred for Thetis; he seemed to lose his hold on life, and no longer cared for anything.

In the first year of the reign of King Bimbisara the Lord Gauṭama came to Rājagṛha, and was asked by the King to preach; but He would not then do so, and went on His way to attain Enlightenment. After He became Buḍḍha the Lord Gauṭama remembered King Bimbisara's kindly request, and came and preached at Rājagṛha in the year 588. He was then thirty-five, having been born in the year 623. Alcyone went to hear Him, and was immensely impressed, and lifted clear out of his hopelessness and depression. The Lord Buḍḍha preached about sorrow and karma, and much of what He said

exactly fitted Alcyone's case and wonderfully relieved his aching heart.

He went again and again to hear those wonderful sermons, and one day the Lord spoke strongly about the necessity of kindness and compassion. The man who wished to enter upon the Path must put away from him even the slightest shadow of anger and of hatred, and must show nothing to friend or enemy but all-embracing love. Alcyone thought long over this, and the result of it was that he went out to the country-house to fetch back Mizar and his wife and child. He spoke to Thetis, whom before he had refused even to see, and told her that he regretted his hard feelings towards her, for he knew that in all that she had done she had been only the instrument of his own karma. She was utterly overcome by his unexpected kindness, and thus it happened that both she and Mizar were brought back again to share the home which she had desolated.

Alcyone on the first opportunity took Mizar to hear a sermon of the Lord Buddha. The scene was one never to be forgotten. Perhaps two thousand people were gathered there among the trees, most sitting on the ground, some leaning against the trunks, men and women together, and little children sitting with them or running about between the outlying groups of people. The Lord sat on a slightly raised platform—a grassy bank in the midst of the garden, surrounded by a band of His monks in their yellow robes, and with His glorious musical voice made all that crowd hear without an effort, and held them entranced day after day as they came listen to Him. Of Him it was indeed emphatically true, as was once said of another prophet, that "never man spake like this man".

The influence of His magnetism upon the people was incalculable. His aura filled the whole garden, so that all the vast crowd was directly under its influence—actually within Him, so to speak. The splendor of the aura

attracted vast hosts of the higher devas of all kinds, and they also helped to influence the audience, so that we cannot wonder when we read in the sacred books that often at the close of a single sermon hundreds or even thousands attained the Arhat level. Many of the people then born in that part of India were those who had followed Him in previous incarnations in far-away lands, and were especially born in India in order that they might have this inestimable advantage of direct contact with Him after His Enlightenment had been gained.

Those whose vision was confined to the physical plane saw only a gracious Prince of commanding appearance and of winning manner, who spoke to them with a clearness and a directness to which they were not at all accustomed from their Brāhmaṇa teachers. The latter had for many years taught little but the necessity of frequent offerings to Brāhmaṇas, and of constant sacrifice to the Gods, which of course always involved heavy fees to their priests. But now came this far mightier Teacher, who told them in the simplest and most direct language that the only sacrifice pleasing to the Gods was that of a pure and gentle life—that not animals but vices were to be destroyed and cast out, and that the great necessity was not gold for the temples, but purity and kindliness of life among the devotees.

On this occasion, when the two cousins went to hear Him, He took for His text the subject of fire. He pointed to a fire which was burning near, and told them how it was no inapt symbol of delusion, in that the flame looked like what it was not; it seemed solid while it was not so, and it burned the man who touched it. Then He explained how all passion and all desire were like the burning flame—how with them, as with it, no half-measures were useful, since the fire was never safe until it was utterly stamped out—never certain not to re-appear and cause devastation until there was no single spark of it left. So, He said, must anger, passion, desire, delusion, be

stamped out in the human heart. Only then could peace be attained, only then could man enter upon the Path.

The impression produced upon both the cousins was indescribable. At once Alcyone announced his intention of giving up everything in the world, and devoting himself entirely to following the Lord. His wife Irene immediately agreed with him, and he proposed to turn over to Mizar his share in the temple, the headship of the family, and all his worldly wealth. Mizar, however, refused to receive this, and declared that if Alcyone devoted himself to the religious life he would do so too, and even Thetis approved of this, though she said that she could not dare to offer herself for it, after all that had happened. Alcyone thought that the family should be perpetuated and the office of manager of the temple should be carried on, because of their promise to the father Jagannādha; and finally they went together to the Lord Buddha, told Him all that had happened from the beginning to the end, and put themselves unreservedly in His hands. The Blessed One heard their story, and to Alcyone He said:

"Are you quite sure that there remains now no taint of hatred in your heart—that you forgive to the uttermost, even the death of your son, and that for all created beings you can feel nothing but love evermore, even for those who have injured you?"

And Alcyone replied: "Lord, this indeed is so; if my cousin's wife has injured me, I have forgotten it. I give him freely all my wealth, for I need it no longer. I have now in life only one desire, and though it take me a thousand lives, I vow here at Thy feet that I will never cease the effort until I shall have accomplished it. I vow to follow Thee, to give myself as Thou hast done to help the suffering world. Thou hast freed me from my sorrow, and brought me to eternal peace. To that peace also will I bring the world, and to this I consecrate my future lives, even until I shall be as Thou art, the Savior of the World."

And the Lord Buddha bowed His head and answered:

"As thou sayest, so shall it be. I, the Buddha, accept that vow which can never be broken, and in the far distant ages it shall be fulfilled."

And so He stretched out His hand and blessed him, and Alcyone fell prostrate at His feet.

Then, turning to Mizar, He said: "You also shall follow me, but not yet. There is still much for you to do. Take up this charge which my new pupil has laid upon you. Take this which he gives you, for he needs it no longer, for the riches of the good Law excel all other wealth. Do justice and be merciful, and forget not that your time also shall soon come."

So He dismissed him with a blessing, but Alcyone remained with Him, and followed Him thereafter in all His wanderings up and down that fair northland of India.

Mizar after this returned home to fulfil his duties, as the Lord Buddha told him to do; but because of the Buddha's teaching of mercy to all he steadfastly refused ever again to kill any animals for sacrifice, or to adopt any of the mean tricks by which Jagannādha had amassed so much wealth. Thus he lost much money, and made himself very unpopular with the other temple Brāhmaṇas, especially as he several times publicly announced his adhesion to the Buddha's saying that a Brāhmaṇa who does not live as a Brāhmaṇa should, is not in reality a Brāhmaṇa at all, no matter how high his birth may be, whereas even a Shūdra who lives the life of a true Brāhmaṇa is worthy of the respect accorded to a Brāhmaṇa. The other Brāhmaṇas therefore plotted against him, and reduced his revenues still further. Nevertheless, the King being pronouncedly Buddhist, they could not procure his deposition, though they often lodged complaints against him.

He had a good reputation among the people for humanity and kindliness, in spite of all the stories which

the Brāhmaṇas were constantly circulating against him, so as years rolled on he grew richer in popularity, though poorer in pocket. It was a great triumph for him when King Bimbisara, moved by an eloquent sermon from the Lord Buḍḍha, decreed that there should be no more slaughter for the sacrifice. The other Brāhmaṇas, though greatly incensed by this order, dared not disobey it, and because of the determined propagation of these ideas in earlier days Mizar stood well in the King's favor. Still there were many who distrusted him, because the hostile Brāhmaṇas had somehow come to hear a distorted version of the story of the poisoning of Alcyone's son, and of course they made the most of it.

Mizar still used some part of Jagannāḍha's organisation to bring large bodies of pilgrims into his period of management of the temple, not now in order to make money out of them, but in order to save them from the rapacity of his compeers—which naturally increased the hatred of the latter for him. His position was therefore always a precarious one, for though he had the favor of the King and the gratitude of many people, he had to face ceaseless intrigue and scarcely veiled malevolence in all sorts of small every-day matters. Still, for more than twenty years he contrived to carry on the work, and in that time introduced many useful reforms into the administration of the temple, in the teeth of much opposition. He was all the while quite openly and professedly a follower of the Buḍḍha, and was living according to His teaching, though still remaining an orthodox Brāhmaṇa; and in this he was by no means singular, for the Buḍḍha did not take people away from the older religion, and no one except those who actually assumed the yellow robe attached themselves *exclusively* to Him.

The end of Mizar's life was from a worldly point of view unfortunate. In 566 Bimbisara was murdered by his unnatural son Ajāṭashaṭru, who thus seized upon the throne. His plot had been carried out by the aid of the

Brāhmaṇas, and he therefore favored them and their religion, and was openly opposed to Buḍḍhism. So, when the Brāhmaṇas of the temple preferred a complaint against Mizar, the new King readily gave ear to them and deposed him, and confiscated most of his property. He still had a little land, and he retired and lived upon this in comparative poverty and obscurity until his death in 562, at the age of sixty-six.

Meanwhile Alcyone had attached himself to the Lord Buḍḍha, and never again left Him until death, but travelled with Him up and down the Ganges valley for many years, drinking ever more and more deeply at the fount of His wisdom, and participating in the private teaching which He gave only to His monks. He formed a close but reverential friendship for an older monk named Ḍharmajyoṭi, who was very kind to him, and helped him much along the road to perfect peace. This monk Ḍharmajyoṭi is known to us as Uranus; he was later Āryasaṅga, and is now the Master Djwal-kûl. The name selected by Alcyone upon assuming the yellow robe was Maiṭribaladāsa, which means "the servant of the power of kindness;" and the Lord said to him:

"You have chosen well; that name is prophetic."

For Maiṭreya is the name of the Boḍhisaṭṭva, who succeeded the Lord Buḍḍha in His office—the Christ who is to come; so the name may also be rendered "the servant of the power of Maiṭreya." Following thus in the train of the Lord Buḍḍha, Alcyone naturally bore part in many interesting and historical scenes; for example, he was present when, in the year 580, Chatta Manavaka (Selene) was called up by the Lord, and taught the beautiful verses immortalised for us in the suṭṭās. Whenever the great Master's travels took Him to Rājagṛha, Mizar invariably came to welcome Alcyone, and the affection between the cousins grew ever stronger as the years rolled on. Alcyone died in 559 at the age of seventy-one, sixteen years before the death of the Lord Buḍḍha in 543. The latter

part of his life was passed in unalloyed peace and happiness.

A year after Alcyone's death came the great King Mars to hear the preaching of the Lord. With him he brought his son Herakles, who listened to the Lord and followed Him thenceforth, and after His death became one of His great missionaries, carrying His Law into Burma and the East. Herakles in his turn had many enthusiastic disciples—the eager, earnest Polaris and Capella, the disputatious Capricorn, the impulsive and blundering Gemini, and the ever-smiling Adrona. The latter was, however, drawn away from him by the arguments of a wonder-working Brāhmaṇa, Cetus, who had been acting as chief-priest at the court of another Rājā, Orpheus. An entire breaking up of the religious arrangements of that little State followed, for, after Adrona had pledged himself irrevocably to Cetus, Herakles succeeded in converting King Orpheus and his sons Siwa and Minerva. Cetus was very angry about this, and eventually he and Adrona left the country with a small band of followers, and took up their abode in a neighboring State, which they tried unsuccessfully to stir up into war against Orpheus. Tolosa and Olympia, with their wives Soma and Glaucus, later attached themselves to Herakles; so also did Telemachus. But his first and closest follower was his nephew, Iphigenia, with whom he had always a peculiarly strong sympathy, born of intimate relationship in the far-off past.

The effect of this life upon the characters of the two men particularly concerned was enormous—as well it might be when they had earned so great a favor as to be born upon earth at the same time as the Buddha, and to come under His benign influence. Every vestige of anger and revenge was wiped from the heart of Alcyone, and the qualities of compassion, forgiveness and true affection were developed in him to the utmost. How deep and essential in its nature was the result produced by this most fortunate of lives may be seen by the fact that the average

interval between his lives has been entirely altered by it. Before this the average was about seven hundred years, and since then it has been twelve hundred. Mizar too was powerfully affected, for in the beginning he had had some scheming and selfishness in his character. Now most of that had disappeared for ever, and much of earnestness and love had taken its place, while valuable links had been formed, the result of which lies yet in the future. In his case, however, the average interval was not changed, and he therefore does not appear in the thirtieth life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MAHÂGURU: ... *The Lord Gautama Buddha.*
URANUS: ... *Dharmajyoti.*
MARS: ... *King. Son:* Herakles. *Grandson:* Iphigenia.

ORPHEUS: ... *Rājā. Sons:* Siwa, Minerva.
ALCYONE: ... *Wife:* Irene. *Son:* Antares. *Cousin:* Mizar.
MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Thetis.
HERAKLES: ... *Father:* Mars. *Nephew:* Iphigenia. *Disciples:* Polaris, Capella, Capricorn, Gemini, Adrona, Tolosa, Soma, Olympia, Glaucus, Iphigenia, Telemachus.
TOLOSA: ... *Wife:* Soma.
OLYMPIA: ... *Wife:* Glaucus.
CETUS: ... *Wonder-working Brāhmaṇa.*

XXX

The wonderful influence of the Lord Buddha changed for Alcyone the length of the interval between his lives, but it in no way affected the tendency to spend those lives in India. Once more we find him in the sacred land—born in the eighteenth year of the reign of King Harsha (3726 Kali Yuga, or 624 A.D.), near Kanyakubja, now Kanauj, on the Ganges. King Harsha was also called Silāditya; he came to the throne in the year 606 A.D. Alcyone was the son of a Brāhmaṇa named Jayasekara (Antares); the family was Buddhist by religion, though Brāhmaṇa by descent.

Large numbers of people of all castes had at this period definitely embraced Buḍḍhism as their religion, and they did not therefore recognise caste as such; but notwithstanding this, those among them who were Brāhmaṇas by descent were still socially recognised and treated as Brāhmaṇas by the others who held their ancestral religion. The bonds of caste were very strong, but yet the restrictions were not so irksome as at present, because these Brāhmaṇas who became Buḍḍhists certainly did not in any way lose caste by doing so, even though it involved receiving and eating with men of other castes who also professed Buḍḍhism. The Brāhmaṇa families who still held the Hiṇḍū religion intermarried quite freely with those Brāhmaṇas who embraced Buḍḍhism, each party to the contract keeping to his or her religion without interfering with the other. However, those Brāhmaṇas who became Buḍḍhists do not seem, as far as I can see, to have intermarried with people of lower castes, although socially they received them quite freely.

The period was a somewhat curious one, for in many ways it had the marks of an effete and worn-out civilisation. Everything was very highly specialised, and there was a great deal of luxury, while the virility which had characterised the race so markedly in the time of the Lord Buḍḍha seemed to be absent. Everybody lived by rule down to the minutest circumstances of daily life; the civilisation was still a good and a noble one, but the people were doing good things far more because it was the custom to do them than because they felt strongly moved towards goodness themselves. King Harsha was a man of tremendous energy and a great conqueror; he tried to re-constitute the empire of Ashoka, but succeeded only very partially. He was, however, a great patron of Buḍḍhism, and gave huge donations to its monasteries and temples.

Alcyone's name in this life was Upasena, though he was far better known by that of Ḍhammalaṅkara, which

he took afterwards, upon assuming the yellow robe. His mother was a good and pious woman, and he owed much to her early training. He had a strong religious sense, and as a boy he was always planning what he would do for Buḍḍhism in the future. Another side of him which seemed somewhat incongruous was that he had a curious mechanical genius, and invented for the use of the household several useful little machines.

It was the fashion of the time for fathers to talk about dedicating their sons to the monastic life, and greatly to applaud any young man who adopted it; but the strange artificiality of the period showed itself again in the fact that though almost every boy born of Buḍḍhist parents put on the robe for a year or two, and lived during that time in the monastery as did the others, the number who really made this permanently their life was comparatively small. In Alcyone's case, however, the pious mother was eagerly enthusiastic for the life of the Order, and at an early age she fired her son with the same enthusiasm, so that he promised her to make this his vocation.

That promise stood him in good stead in a time of trial, for he was scarcely more than fifteen when he fell deeply in love with Ajax—an unusually lovely young lady who was some sort of cousin of his. The girl fully reciprocated his feelings, for he was a strikingly handsome boy. Their affection was deep and true and passionate, and after their mutual confession of it and their pledges of undying love it would certainly have followed the usual path, but for the boy's recollection of that promise to his mother.

He said nothing of the matter to his father and mother, but he had a long and terrible struggle with himself, principally because, though he felt clear as to the direction in which his duty lay, inclination was careful to point out to him that perhaps he had no right, even though prepared to make the sacrifice himself,

to force a similar sacrifice upon Ajax. It cost him much to make his decision, and caused him many days of great mental anguish; but at last he decided that at all costs to himself his true vocation must be followed, and the promise to his mother must be kept, and that against the disappointment of his cousin, if he took one course, he must set the even greater disappointment of his mother, if he took the other.

So he spoke to Ajax and told her all; and though at first with many tears she tried to shake his resolution, when she found that it was unalterable she also rose to the height of the sacrifice, and declared that since he intended to join the Saṅgha she also for his sake, since she could never forget him or love another, would take up the religious life and become a nun. This she did, and she faithfully kept her vow.

Young as he was, this love affair had an enormous influence in his life. In many ways it made a man of him, there and then; and when the scene was over, and the vows of eternal fidelity—yet also of eternal separation—had been exchanged, he went straight to his mother, told her the whole story from beginning to end, and announced that he could keep his vow only if he were allowed instantly to become a *samanera*, or probationer, and so were permitted to enter the monastery. The mother understood, and though she wept for the suffering through which her son had passed, she at the same time rejoiced that he had been strong enough for this great act of renunciation, and that now he was fully resolved to dedicate his life to the noblest of all objects. So the boy went with her to his father, and rather announced his intention of assuming the yellow robe than asked permission to do so. The father applauded the idea, though he himself was far from wishing to imitate it, and the great ceremony of the *upasampaḍa*, or consecration, took place as soon as possible.

It was very different in its ornate ritual from the simple yet most impressive ceremony by which the Lord

Buḍḍha Himself had received him during his previous birth. Then he had simply bowed before the Lord, had answered searching questions, and made some promises; he was then taken aside by Ḍharmajyoṭi, and he cast off his ordinary dress and put on the yellow robe of those that help the world. Then, dressed in that symbol of his new life, he returned and prostrated himself at the feet of the Lord, who blessed him solemnly as His new pupil, and told him to see to it that his life proved worthy of the robe which now he wore.

That was the custom of the Lord, but by this time the whole affair had become an elaborate ritual, and the occasion for a great feast, to which all friends of the family were invited. The candidate was dressed with the greatest magnificence, all the family jewels being heaped upon him; he wore the crown of a prince, and robes made in imitation of the state dress of the King. In all this uncomfortable finery he held a kind of final reception, at which all his friends came and congratulated him and offered him presents, he presiding for several days over the feasting, and all honor being paid to him.

Upasena went through all this because it was expected of him, yet in the midst of all this apparent triumph he had no feeling but utter boredom and the keenest impatience for the time when all should be over. One feature which caused him much of suffering was that the cousin whom he loved so dearly was compelled by family custom to take part in all this entertainment, and to offer her congratulations with the rest.

At last came the day of the ordination ceremony, when he appeared before the head of the monastery, Aldebaran, who sat to receive him with all his monks mustered around him. One by one he took off all his jewels, his crown and his gorgeous robes, and cast them at the feet of the chief abbot, announcing that he had done with them for ever and with all that they symbolised.

Bending before the abbot, clad in one simple white robe only, he then had to submit to a long and weary catechism, and to hear the recitation of a great number of texts; but at last the vow of the Order was solemnly administered to him, and he was allowed to go with his chosen teacher (for every applicant must choose one among the elder monks for his responsible teacher) into a sort of vestry, where he cast off even his white robe and put on instead of it the beautiful dress of the Saṅgha.

That dress at least had been unchanged through all the centuries of his sojourn in the heaven-world; and even as he endued himself with the three robes which were henceforth to represent all his worldly possessions, the act seemed somehow strangely familiar to him, and there came to him a half-memory of the glorious Presence in which once before he had performed the same symbolical act. Then he went out again into the great hall of the monastery, and prostrated himself at the feet of the chief abbot, even as twelve hundred years before at the feet of the Lord Himself, and so once more he took upon himself the life of the ascetic, though this time at the age of fifteen instead of forty-two.

He plunged into his new studies with ardor, in order to help him to forget his love—or rather, not to forget but to sanctify it, and to raise it to a higher level. The monastery to which he belonged was a great and rich one, and among other things it was noted for its magnificent library. Dhammalaṅkara devoted himself to this, even beyond the studies that were expected from him. He seemed to have a love for the books, and applied to the librarian for permission to arrange them and keep them in order, and in a surprisingly short time he knew the title and the exact place of every book in that vast library.

So passed some years of eager work, his mother coming often to see him and to talk with him, though now as a monk he might never look upon her face.

Some natural maternal sorrow she felt, that she could no longer embrace her boy; yet this was far outweighed by the solemn joy that now he had entered upon his upward course, and that her richest hopes had been fulfilled. Once it had been she who blessed him and breathed her vows over him; now she rejoiced to receive a blessing at his hands, and loved to recite her daily precepts at his dictation.

Though he might never again look upon her, there was no law to prevent her from looking at him when he passed through the streets unconscious of her fond regard. She watched him then with a joy and pride which had perhaps a certain amount of justification, for he was certainly by far the handsomest monk in the monastery, and the beautiful primrose robes added greatly to the effect of his appearance. For it must be remembered that the robes of the Buddhist monk, when new and after their first dyeing, are a lovely pale primrose color, though as that fades with constant washing and they are dyed again and again, they become a rich deep orange, and eventually if not renewed, a rather dirty brown. His father too came occasionally, but had little to say except platitudes, though he also was gratified at the appearance of his son, and at the reputation for diligence and sanctity which he had already acquired.

Unfortunately others besides his mother were attracted by his handsome face, and among them Scorpio—a woman of considerable notoriety in her own line of life and of doubtful—well, no, scarcely doubtful—reputation. She saw him passing in the street, and was smitten by an unholy affection for him; she came to hear him preach and tried to catch his eye, but without success. Then she came to consult him privately and to seek for advice, for which however he referred her to older monks, not seeming to observe the various obvious hints which she threw out.

Finding this ineffectual, she invited him to her house to recite the texts of blessing for a sick person—a call

which he could not refuse to obey; and while there she tried in various ways to entrap him, contriving to expose herself before him as a temptation to break his vows. The young man, however, was filled with disgust, and made his escape at the earliest convenient opportunity, so that Scorpio's lust was turned to hate, and she vowed to compass his disgrace and overthrow. Many men were in her toils, and were quite ready to help her in her schemes, so she worked out an exceedingly ingenious plot, inducing a certain girl to accuse him, and herself (with every appearance of reluctance) bearing false witness against him, and bringing several men to support the charge from different sides.

Alcyone of course indignantly denied the whole thing, but the case was pressed, and brought before the chief abbot. He, however, being an astute man, and somewhat of a reader of character after his years of experience, asked shrewd questions, which exposed contradictions in the story of the accusers. He soon discovered sufficient to warrant him in laying the matter before King Harsha, who promptly enquired into it, laid bare the whole nefarious plot, and banished the woman and her fellow-conspirators, confiscating all their wealth and transferring it to Alcyone's temple. The chief abbot, though thus entirely convinced of Alcyone's innocence, still thought it desirable to remove so handsome a young monk for a time from the place where such plots were so easily possible, and so he sent him out upon a pilgrimage to the great Buḍḍhist shrines, which occupied him for more than a year.

A year or two before this, when he was just twenty years of age, his monastery had entertained a celebrated Chinese pilgrim, Hiuen-Tsang, who had been received as a distinguished visitor, to whom every possible honor was paid. On that occasion Alcyone was one of hundreds of monks who joined in a great procession which was arranged by the King himself—an extraordinary procession, many

parts of which must have seemed to the spectators in no way religious. Although the monks and the gorgeously caparisoned temple elephants took part in it, there were also men dressed as wild beasts, and others dancing and showing a curious sort of sword-play with long sticks, at which they were extremely clever. Still others were dressed to imitate aboriginal tribes, hillmen and foreigners, some apparently being intended for Greeks or Romans, with faces painted white.

This great procession was undoubtedly effective, though the rejoicings of the occasion came near to being marred by an appalling accident, for some Hinḍū fanatic (probably insane) rushed at the King and attempted to kill him. He was, however, seized and disarmed before he could effect his nefarious purpose, and King Harsha at the time took no notice whatever, but ordered the *cortège* to proceed as though nothing had happened. Afterwards, however, he made strict enquiry into the affair, and banished a number of Brāhmaṇas who were accused of complicity in the plot.

The King went in great state to Prayāg (now Allahabad), and there went through a curious ceremony of renunciation, or extravagant charity, giving away to the poor or to the temples all his jewels, his crown, and even his royal robes. Unfortunately, only a few years later, in the year 648, King Harsha died, and the great Empire, which he had built up so laboriously and at the cost of so much bloodshed, fell rapidly to pieces.

Immediately after his death his prime minister, a man of the name of Arjuna, seized upon the supreme power. He was, however, able to assert it over only a small part of the country that had owned Harsha's sway; and in less than two years he was summarily suppressed by a Mongolian army. After that there seem to have been several claimants to sovereignty, and presently a prince named Vasuḍharman ruled for some time—not, however, over Harsha's Empire, but over a far smaller State or

subdivision of it called Pāñchāla. Through all this disturbance the city of Kanyakubja seems to have been strangely little affected; its temples at any rate were entirely uninjured, and experienced no greater trouble than certain fluctuations in revenue, the Buḍḍhist or the Hinḍū temples reaping the greater profit according to the religion of the ruler who happened to be uppermost at the time.

When Alcyone was sent on his pilgrimage he visited all the important Buḍḍhist shrines in the north of India, and therefore naturally to a great extent retraced the steps of his previous incarnation, though he knew nothing of this. Twice, however, he had a curious vision which involved the recollection of some of the more striking scenes of that previous incarnation. The first time was at Buḍḍha Gayā itself, where, meditating in devotional ecstasy under the Bo-tree, he had a very clear and vivid presentment of the wonderful scene of the Illumination. The other occasion was in the garden near Rājagṛha, where on two successive days he was able to recall two pictures from the past—his own solemn pledge of future attainment given to the Buḍḍha, and that scene in the garden when first he took his cousin Mizar to hear the teaching of the Lord. He visited Sāranāṭh also, and found there a magnificent grey granite lion-pillar erected on the spot where the great Master used to preach. This pillar was at the centre of a huge semi-circle of other pillars facing towards the great dagoba, while behind them, outside of the curve of the semi-circle, were arranged the enormous and thickly-populated monastery buildings.

Alcyone regretted the death of King Harsha, who had been a good friend and patron of his monastery; but, as I have said, the political troubles and disturbances of the next few years made wonderfully little difference to the temples or the monasteries. It is true that they missed the active patronage of the King, but the crowds

of pilgrims came and went in spite of the wars, and even the Mongolian army felt as deep respect for the temples of the Buḍḍha as did the ordinary inhabitants of the country. Some six years after King Harsha's death, Alcyone's old friend and helper Ḍharmajyoṭi visited the monastery, but this time he was the celebrated teacher and preacher Āryasaṅga. He remained for some time in Kanyakubja, attracting huge crowds by his eloquence. Indeed they would fain have had him settle there altogether, but he had set his heart upon carrying the purer teaching of the Buḍḍha into the highlands of Tibet, and so he would not tarry on his way.

Naturally the old tie at once re-asserted itself, though whatever Āryasaṅga may have done, Alcyone at any rate did not know the reason of the compelling attraction which instantly and at first sight drew him to the feet of the great revivalist. Āryasaṅga smiled upon the young man and drew him quickly into close relations with himself, and when in a few months the time came for his further journey towards the hills, Alcyone was one of those whom he chose to accompany him. The good abbot Aldebaran also thought much of Alcyone, but was quite willing to let him go upon such an expedition as this.

For many days they travelled, far up into the mountains, in the leisurely fashion of those days, making halts of weeks in duration at various monasteries on the way, Āryasaṅga always preaching to the monks and the people, and inspiring them with his own fiery zeal and enthusiasm. Many a time on such occasions he appointed Alcyone to speak to the people, and he always acquitted himself well. Their first long stay was at a monastery in a beautiful valley in Nepāl, and here Āryasaṅga and his band remained for nearly a year, teaching the monks, organising the religion generally over a very large section of the country, and making this monastery a kind of headquarters for their reformed faith. It was

at this monastery that Āryasaṅga left to his successors that wonderful book of extracts which he called *The Book of the Golden Precepts*, which commenced with the Stanzas of Dzyān, and included many quotations from the writings of the great Nāgārjuna (Mercury), of whom in an earlier life in Greece he had been so devoted a follower when he was Kleineas, and Nāgārjuna was Pythagoras.

When, after staying there for nearly twelve months he went on over the mountains to Lhassa, he left Alcyone at the Nepālese monastery to help and direct the studies of the community which he had re-organised; and it was Alcyone who prepared and added to that book the reports of the discourses of Āryasaṅga, three of which Madame Blavatsky has translated for us in *The Voice of the Silence*, so that we owe that priceless volume to his care in reporting, just as in this present thirty-first incarnation we owe to him our possession of the exquisite companion volume, *At the Feet of the Master*.

For some two years more he remained there, and then returned to his own monastery at Kanyakubja, in 657. The old abbot was unfeignedly glad to see him and received him with great honor. Though still quite a young man, he was regarded with great respect, because of his close association with the revered Āryasaṅga. He gradually acquired a considerable reputation of his own, both for learning and for intuition. People came even from great distances, and after hearing their stories (if the case was a difficult one and beyond his own judgment) he would pass into a condition of deep meditation, from which he always emerged with some inspiration as to what he should say to the people. The advice which he gave seems always to have been sound and wise, and it produced a great impression upon the minds of his visitors. He retained still his early love for books, and in addition to his other work he held for some years the post of librarian to the monastery.

In 667 there came to him an embassy from the temple in Nepāl, praying him to return thither and become abbot of that monastery, since he who had been appointed as the head by Āryasaṅga had died, and there was no one among the monks who felt himself worthy to take his place. Alcyone was much divided in mind, and hesitated long with regard to this matter; he loved his work and his books in Kanyakubja, and he could not but feel that he was of use to the many who came thither to consult him. But at the same time the temple in the hills represented the work of his great friend and teacher Āryasaṅga, and to help that also seemed a duty. After long consultation with the chief abbot, who had always remained his firmest friend, he decided to accede to the summons. The old abbot blessed him and wept over him, telling him that he himself would miss his help sorely, but yet that he thought on the whole that it was his duty to go.

So once more he entered that wonderful hill country, and dwelt for ten years in that lonely monastery, directing the work, keeping alive the organisation of Āryasaṅga, and guiding and stimulating the faith of a great mountain district. All this time, however, one of his chief objects was to train the Nepālese monks to manage their own monastery; from the first he selected Phœnix, the man whom he thought most suitable, and prepared him to take his own place and to set him free to return to India as soon as might be. There was much work, however, to be done, and it was not until 677 that at last he turned his face southward again. Even then it was only upon receipt of an urgent message from Aldebaran, his own chief abbot at Kanyakubja, who was by this time ninety years of age, and wrote that he found himself no longer able to administer the complicated affairs of that great monastery, and that there was no one into whose hands he could so confidently deliver his charge as those of his dearly-loved pupil.

So Alcyone solemnly installed as abbot of the Nepâlese monastery the successor whom he had been so carefully training, and giving them all a final and solemn benediction, he turned his back for the last time upon that wonderful snowy range, and journeyed into the warmer country of the plains below. He was received with a popular ovation, and treated with the greatest reverence by all. The chief abbot welcomed him with tears of joy, and would have delivered at once into his hands the insignia of office. Alcyone, however, preferred to arrange that though he himself would do all the work and take all the responsibility, his old teacher should retain the nominal position as long as he lived. The old man lingered on for some happy years, but Alcyone practically ruled everything, and ruled it wisely and well, so that when Aldebaran died there was really no break in the continuity of the management.

Alcyone in his old age remained as enthusiastic as ever, but was gentler than in the days of his youth, and though he preached constantly against the great luxury of the times, he contrived to do so without alienating his audience, because he never attacked it fiercely or characterised it as wickedness, as did so many other reformers, but simply, gently and persistently reminded his hearers that all this also would pass away, and that attachment to objects leads always to sorrow. He established and extended the influence which his old patron Aldebaran had gained for his temple, and he made it distinctly a powerful factor for good, not only in the town, but in the whole of this Kingdom of Pâñchâla. The times were troubled and there was much disturbance, but the influence of Alcyone and his predecessor aided much to hold steady a large proportion of the more influential of the people of the city.

Often the leaders of some of the rival factions would come to him to plead the justice of their cause and ask for his blessing upon their warfare; but his answer was always

the same—that no cause, however good, could make wrong right or justify slaughter and oppression; that the teaching of the Buddha was clear, that men should live together in peace and in love, and that it mattered little who bore the burden of ruling the country, so long as its inhabitants lived according to the precepts of the Good Law. So he died at last in the odor of sanctity in the year 694, and though in the line of his successors there were few men who were not more worldly than he, the prestige which he and his teacher had given to the monastery clung round it like a halo for some centuries to come, and even the barbarous invaders from the north usually respected the lives of its monks, though sometimes they robbed it of its treasures.

Many of our characters appear as monks in the monastery at Kanyakubja: Siwa, Mira, Regulus, Bellatrix, Orpheus, Taurus, Demeter, Fomalhaut, Perseus, Canopus, Minerva, Cygnus. Regulus, however, stayed but a short time in the monastery, and left it to join in some of the fighting of the time.

In this present thirty-first life Alcyone was again born in the south of India, and at thirteen years of age was brought under the fostering care of the President of the Theosophical Society. Soon after this the Master admitted him as a probationary pupil, and after only five months (the shortest probation yet known) passed him on to the second stage—that of accepted discipleship. After only a few days in this degree he was received into the still closer union of the third stage, and became a 'son of the Master'; and at the same time he took the most important step which an ego can take, for he 'entered upon the stream'—he attained that first of the Great Initiations which not only makes a man safe for ever, but also admits him as a member of the Great White Brotherhood that rules the world. What shall be the future of a life which opens

thus? The Theosophical Society may indeed rejoice that it has been counted worthy to receive such an one into its Headquarters.

The faithful Mizar is his younger brother this time, as he has so often been before. Many of those whose names have been mentioned in this chronicle have gathered round him to help and to be helped; and though in this life but few of them are related to one another by consanguinity, they are drawn together by the far closer tie of their common love for Theosophy and for him.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

URANUS: ... *Āryasaṅga.*
ALDEBARAN: ... *Abbot.*
ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Antares. *Mother:* Irene. *Lover:* Ajax.

PHŒNIX: ... *Head of Nepālese Monastery.*
SIWA: ...
MIRA: ...
REGULUS: ...
BELLATRIX: ...
ORPHEUS: ...
TAURUS: ...
DEMETER: ...
FOMALHAUT: ...
PERSEUS: ...
CANOPUS: ...
MINERVA: ...
CYGNUS: ... } *Monks in the Monastery at Kanyakubja.*
SCORPIO: ... *Adventuress.*

(SECOND LIST OF ADDITIONAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ)

I

Table on page 918, Vol. XXXI.

VESTA: ... *Wife:* Parthenope.
TAURUS: ... *Husband:* Calliope.
GIMEL: } ... *Friends of Sirius.*
DALETH: }
FIDES: ... *Wife:* Glaucus.
ALETH: }
BETH: } ... *Girl friends of Alcyone.*
SOMA: }

SOMA: ... *Husband:* Telemachus.
AURORA: ... *Wife:* Iphigenia.

III

Table on page 929.

SIRIUS: ... *Governor. Father:* Gimel.
VESTA: ... *Wife:* Lomia. *Sons:* Libra, Minerva. *Daughters:* Calliope, Parthenope.
FIDES: ... *Husband:* Ophiuchus. *Sons:* Tolosa, Berenice. *Daughters:* Iphigenia, Soma.
LEO: ... *Sisters:* Glaucus, Aleph.
CRUX: ... *Husband:* Telemachus. *Son:* Daleth. *Daughter:* Beth.

IV

Table on page 1047.

DEMETER: ... *Wife:* Fides. *Sons:* Telemachus, Gimel, Daleth. *Daughter:* Iphigenia.
ELSA: ... *Wife:* Calliope. *Son:* Parthenope. *Daughters:* Aleph, Beth.
CANOPUS: ... *Wife:* Glaucus.
MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Irene. *Adopted Daughter:* Soma.

V

Table on page 1055.

DALETH: ... *School friend of Alcyone. Mother:* Beth.
FIDES: *Husband:* Iphigenia. *Son:* Glaucus.
GLAUCUS: ... *Wife:* Soma.
POLARIS: ... *Mother:* Telemachus. *Wife:* Mizar.
PARTHENOPE: ... *Father:* Orion. *Wife:* Calliope. *Son:* Gimel. *Daughter:* Aleph.

VI

Table on page 1074.

DEMETER: ... *Husband:* Wenceslas. *Sons:* Elsa, Iphigenia.
TELEMACHUS: ... *Sister:* Soma. *Husband:* Glaucus. *Daughter:* Theseus.

VII

Table on page 1175.

POLARIS: ... *Husband:* Fides. *Sons:* Melete, Libra. *Daughters:* Minerva, Telemachus, Aleph.
ALDEBARAN: ... *Wife:* Calliope. *Sons:* Iphigenia, Daleth, Parthenope. *Daughters:* Beth, Soma.

BELLATRIX: ... *Wife:* Aquarius.

GLAUCUS: } ... *Boy friends of Mizar who fought against*
GIMEL: } ... *the pirates.*

VIII

Table on page 1183

SPICA: ... *Wife:* Telemachus. *Sons:* Glaucus, Iphigenia.

IX

Table on page 1318.

PHOCEA: ... *Girl lover of Alcyone. Father:* Alcestis.

FIDES: ... *Wife:* Calliope.

PHŒNIX: ... *Wife:* Telemachus.

VIOLA: ... *Husband:* Iphigenia.

ACHILLES: ... *Wife:* Helios. *Sons:* Glaucus, Parthenope. *Daughters:* Aldebaran, Ulysses.

AUSONIA: ... *Husband:* Beth.

BELLATRIX: ... *Wife:* Ulysses. *Sons:* Soma, Daleth. *Daughters:* Aquarius, Sagittarius.

ALETHEIA: ... *Wife:* Aurora. *Sons:* Lyra, Olympia. *Daughters:* Gimel, Aleph.

BOREAS: ... *Servant's Son.*

X

Table on page 1335.

CASTOR: ... *Wife:* Iphigenia.

MIZAR: ... *Husband:* Glaucus. *Son:* Soma. *Daughter:* Telemachus.

XI

Table on page 1440.

VEGA: ... *Brāhmaṇa. Wife:* Auriga. *Sons:* Glaucus, Parthenope, Beth. *Daughters:* Calliope, Daleph, Aleph.

CYGNUS: ... *Wife:* Iris. *Sons:* Proserpina, Fides. *Daughters:* Mizar, Orpheus, Telemachus.

IPHIGENIA: ... *Friend of Alcyone. Husband:* Soma. *Daughter:* Gimel.

XII

Table on page 1452.

TELEMACHUS: ... *Wife:* Glaucus. *Son:* Soma. *Daughter:* Mizar.

AQUARIUS: ... *Wife:* Iphigenia.

XIII

Table on page 1590.

FIDES: ... *Wife:* Daleth.

POMONA: ... *Husband:* Soma.

DEMETER: ... *Husband:* Calliope. *Son:* Beth. *Daughter:* Iphigenia.

MIRA: ... *Husband:* Parthenope. *Sons:* Aleph, Telemachus. *Daughters:* Gimel, Glaucus.

XIV

Table on page 1598.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Algol. *Mother:* Theseus. *Wife:* Mizar. *Sons:* Fomalhaut, Telemachus, Soma, Altair, Wenceslas. *Daughters:* Iphigenia, Glaucus.

XV

Table on page 92, Vol. XXXII.

Third Generation

CENTAURUS: ... *Wife:* Gimel.

Fourth Generation

LEO: ... *Wife:* Concordia. *Sons:* Deneb, Calliope. *Daughters:* Iphigenia, Egeria, Daleth.

FIDES: ... *Wife:* Glaucus.

CAPELLA: ... *Wife:* Soma. *Sons:* Telemachus, Aleph. *Daughter:* Parthenope.

Fifth Generation

CALLIOPE ... *Wife:* Parthenope.

TELEMACHUS: ... *Wife:* Egeria. *Son:* Beth.

XVI

Table on page 104.

MIZAR: ... *Husband:* Telemachus.

IPHIGENIA: ... *Priest of the Temple. Wife:* Glaucus.

XVII

Table on page 268.

FIDES: ... *Wife:* Parthenope. *Sons:* Calliope, Iphigenia, Beth. *Daughters:* Soma, Daleth.

MIZAR: ... *Husband:* Regulus. *Sons:* Aleph, Irene, Theseus. *Daughter:* Gimel.

ALGOL: ... *Wife:* Glaucus.

SIWA: ... *Husband:* Telemachus.

XVIII

Table on page 403.

IPHIGENIA: ... *Mother:* Soma. *Son:* Telemachus. *Daughters:* Vega, Glaucus.

XIX

Table on page 414.

PARTHENOPE: ... *Brother:* Alcyone. *Husband:* Iphigenia.

FIDES: ... *Wife:* Cygnus. *Son:* Glaucus. *Daughter:* Gimel.

ALGOL: ... *Husband:* Calliope. *Daughters:* Telemachus, Daleth.

OLYMPIA: ... *Wife:* Soma. *Son:* Aleph.

ARCTURUS: ... *Husband:* Beth.

XX

Table on page 419.

MIZAR: ... *Wife:* Soma.

PERSEUS: ... *Wife:* Telemachus.

CYGNUS: ... *Husband:* Iphigenia.

ORPHEUS: ... *Husband:* Glaucus.

XXI

Table on page 423.

First Generation

CALLIOPE: ... *Wife:* Iphigenia. *Sons:* Glaucus, Aleph. *Daughter:* Elsa.

Third Generation

EGERIA: ... *Wife:* Flora. *Daughter:* Soma.

Fourth Generation

CANOPUS: ... *Husband:* Proserpina. *Sons:* Beth, Gimel, Daleth. *Daughters:* Parthenope, Telemachus.

XXIII

Table on page 432.

Third Generation

CALLIOPE: ... *Wife:* Phœnix.

DALETH: ... *Wife:* Algol. *Son:* Gimel.

ARGUS: ... *Wife:* Telemachus. *Son:* Aleph. *Daughter:* Soma.

Fourth Generation

MIRA: ... *Wife:* Parthenope. *Son:* Glaucus.

THESEUS: ... *Wife:* Iphigenia. *Daughter:* Beth.

XXIV

Table on page 637.

HECTOR: ... *Third Rājā. Wife:* Regulus. *Sons:* Glaucus, Soma. *Daughters:* Telemachus, Iphigenia.

XXV

Table on page 644.

Third Generation

VIOLA: ... *Wife:* Calliope. *Son:* Gimel.

SAGITTARIUS: ... *Wife:* Parthenope.

GLAUCUS: ... *Wife:* Minerva. *Son:* Aleph.

IRENE: ... *Wife:* Telemachus.

SIWA: ... *Wife:* Iphigenia.

EGERIA: ... *Lover of Orion. Husband:* Soma.

CYGNUS: ... *Wife:* Beth.

DALETH: ... *Wife:* Polaris.

XXVI

Table on page 651.

ALCYONE: ... *Father:* Taurus. *Mother:* Virgo. *Brothers:* Pollux, Gimel. *Sisters:* Aquarius, Beth, Parthenope.

PSYCHE: ... *Wife:* Calliope.

FIDES: ... *Wife:* Aleph.

CANOPUS: ... *Husband:* Daleth.

XXVIII

Table on page 673.

ZARATHUSHTRA: ... *Disciples:* Parthenope, Daleth, Telemachus, Gimel.

PARTHENOPE: ... *Wife:* Beth. *Son:* Soma. *Daughter:* Iphigenia.

DALETH: ... *Wife:* Calliope.

TELEMACHUS: ... *Wife:* Aleph.

GIMEL: ... *Wife:* Glaucus.

YOGA-PRACTICE IN THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH

The Spiritual Exercises of Ignatius de Loyola

(Founder of the Order of Jesuits)

THE study of comparative religion being one of the objects of the Theosophical Society, it may be of some interest to compare the yoga-practices of the Roman Catholic Church with those described in the Oriental writings. We will then find that they are to a certain extent identical, consisting principally in meditation (prayer), shakṭi, self-control, abnegation, faith, concentration, contemplation, etc., or what Shaṅkarāchārya describes as Shama, Ḍama, Uparaṭi, Ṭiṭikṣha, Shraḍḍhā and Samāḍhāna, not to forget bodily posture and the regulation of breath (Prāṇāyāma).

The most detailed instructions are contained in the writings of Ignatius de Loyola, a Catholic Saint, and founder of the (later on ill-reputed) Order of Jesuits. He was an officer in the Spanish army, born at Guipozcod in 1491, as the son of a nobleman. After having been severely wounded in battle his mind took a religious turn; he abandoned his military career, became an ascetic, made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, studied afterwards at Salamanca and Paris, and became in 1541 General of the Order of Jesuits. His writings have been translated into German by B. Kohler, and the following pages contain some extracts from the same.

The exercises prescribed by Loyola are calculated to develop the powers of the soul, especially imagination and will. The disciple has to concentrate his mind upon the accounts given in the Bible of the birth, suffering and

death of Jesus of Nazareth, as if these were actual historical facts. He thus regards them, as it were, as a mental spectator, but by gradually working upon his imagination he becomes, so to say, a participator of it; his feelings and emotions are raised up to a state of higher vibrations; he becomes himself the actor in the play, experiences himself the joys and sufferings of Christ, as if he were the Christ Himself, and this identification with the Object of his imagination may be carried on to such an extent, that even stigmata, or bleeding wounds corresponding to those on the body of the crucified Christ, will appear on his body. In this way compassion and love are awakened and developed within the soul, and as the love of a divine ideal is something quite independent of the correctness of the scientific opinion which we may have concerning the actual existence of that ideal itself, this way of awakening divine love by the power of imagination may be very well suited for those for whom love without an object is at first unattainable. Therefore the spiritual exercises of Loyola consist principally of regularly prescribed and gradually ordered meditations and contemplations of the passion of Christ. If properly executed, they may produce freedom from the illusion of self and awaken the power of discrimination (Viveka) between the eternal ego and the temporal self.

The exercises and penances which Loyola taught to his disciples he practised himself, and they were by no means easy. He spent seven hours in prayer, and scourged himself three times every night for the purpose of subduing the desires of his 'flesh'. Some of the Catholic Orders still practise such severe exercises. The Trappists, for instance, have to work very hard and their only recreation is prayer. Each brother receives at his entrance to the Order a gown as his only garment, which he has to wear until the hour of his death, without ever being permitted to take it off, whether in day-time or at night, unless it should become so dilapidated as to have to be replaced by a

more solid one. Their matins begin at midnight, lasting for one hour, and one being followed at short intervals by others, so as to allow very little time for rest. They are exposed to the summer-heat and have to do without fire in winter, being permitted only a hard bed to sleep on and barely sufficient cover. Moreover they are not permitted to speak with each other or with anybody, and the food they receive is hardly sufficient to keep up their strength.

The Catholic Church, as a whole, may be regarded as an *exoteric* school of religion, and the different Orders therein as *esoteric* schools for practising Yoga. How far some of these Orders have become degraded and lost the right to be called schools for Yoga is not our purpose to investigate at present. Certain, however, it is that the mysteries contained in the Catholic Church are far too high to be grasped by everybody, be he priest or layman, and that the greatest danger which threatens the Catholic Church is the great number of its followers, who are incapable of understanding its true spirit, in consequence of which its doctrines are misrepresented and misunderstood. Nevertheless, in some of the Orders practising the above described austerities, some of these mysteries are still alive. These people lead a life of great hardship, and there are probably only few among 'our parlor-yogis' and would-be magicians willing to exchange places with them; but we meet smiling faces and joyous hearts among them, and the fact of their having voluntarily taken upon themselves "the cross of Christ" testifies to their intrepidity and sincerity.

Loyola objects to theoretical explanations regarding the divine mysteries, as they would only gratify scientific curiosity in unripe minds and disturb them; he only gives instructions concerning the practice of meditation, etc., because if this practice is properly carried on the mysteries will reveal themselves in the natural course of time.

The states of mind under consideration are in their progressive order as follows:

1. *Cogitation.* The state in which the mind is moved and swayed by influences coming from without. These emotions have to be subdued.

2. *Concentration.* The ego assumes power over the thinking process, regulates his thoughts according to his will, and uses them accordingly.

3. *Meditation.* The ego closely examines the object upon which his mind is concentrated.

4. *Contemplation.* The mind enters the object of its meditation; it becomes an indweller of its sphere.

5. *Sanctification.* The mind becomes pervaded and sanctified by this association with the holy object; it becomes penetrated by its divine influence.

6. *Unification.* The contemplating mind becomes one with the object of its contemplation. To this may be added:

7. *Mortification,* or the entire disappearance of the illusion of separateness; there is no separate self which knows, because the knower, the known and the knowledge are one.

The object of meditation is, as has already been stated, the life and the suffering of Christ. This is divided into different periods for contemplation, from the incarnation to the crucifixion and resurrection. At first only the memory is called into action by studying the supposed historical facts; next comes the imagination, associating itself with the actors in the divine play, and finally the mind becomes the actor itself; *i.e.*, Christ is born, lives, becomes crucified and resurrected within ourselves.

There are numerous instructions given, as to how these practical exercises are to be carried out, of which we will mention the following:

The first thing is to free oneself from all sinful thoughts and sensual emotions, and to seek to realise the

direct action of the divine will; one should not seek to pry with one's intellect into the divine mysteries, but wait in humility for their interior revelation. This is far more useful in the end, than lengthy explanations on the part of the teacher.

The disciple should, while engaged with one object of meditation during one week, not be informed of what will be the object given to him for the next period; but he should be warned against the aggressions of evil spirits, and have their nature explained to him.

He should meditate for five hours every day, beginning at midnight, each meditation lasting at least one hour, and he must not let his mind wander from the object of his meditation.

He should never make a solemn promise or vow until he is perfectly certain that he is able to keep it; that is to say, until God (the Master) Himself reveals to the soul His readiness to receive her. Then he does not follow his own selfish desires, but obeys the divine will.

The teacher should not seek to pry into the sins and innermost thoughts of the disciple; nevertheless, he should observe him, so as to be able to give him such guidance and instruction as his case may require.

Ignorant and uneducated persons cannot be guided in the same manner as those who have more intelligence. No one should be offered spiritual truths, which he is not yet ripe enough to grasp or comprehend.

Each meditation should begin with the prescribed prayers (the 'Lord's prayer,' 'Ave Maria,' etc.).

The candidate should go to confession once in every week, and take every fourteen days the holy sacrament of communion.

He should separate himself from all his friends and acquaintances, and avoid all external disturbances, directing his mind solely to the service of God. The more he

frees himself from all external attractions, the more will he become ready to receive the light, the grace, and the blessing of God.

The disciple should be instructed, according to the degree of his capacity to understand, about the origin and the real object of his life, which is to praise God and to serve Him. He ought to be made to see the relative worthlessness of all earthly things, and the value of that which is of eternal duration.

He should examine himself carefully every day, and compare the results of each examination with those of the previous one, in the same way as a father watches his child to see what progress it makes.

He should carefully avoid all doubt and despair and also all spiritual pride, and not dwell upon his own personal merits, but sacrifice them to God.

Special Directions

Upon rising in the morning the disciple should at once firmly resolve to avoid all those sins of which he wishes to purify himself, and hold fast to that resolution during the day. Before retiring to rest he should examine himself again, to see whether he has been steadfast in his purpose, and it is useful to note his failures in some diary.

Resist and suppress every evil thought as soon as it arises.

Avoid all useless talk and gossip.

Look upon all worldly possessions with contempt; desire nothing for yourself, neither bodily comfort nor mental consolation, neither riches nor fame.

The disciple should be indifferent to wealth or poverty, honor or disgrace, suffering and death, and always be ready joyfully to accept martyrdom for the glorification of Christ.

(Here follow certain rules which may be found somewhat objectionable from our point of view, namely:

He should never think of agreeable things, such as the joys of paradise; but always have his mind dwelling upon grief and repentance for his sins, and think of death and the last judgment.

He should always keep his room dark and exclude all light, keeping doors and windows closed except while he is praying, reading or eating.

He ought never to laugh, nor say aught that may cause hilarity in others.

He ought never to look at anyone, except at receiving and taking leave of a visitor.

He ought to avoid in eating or sleeping not only that which is superfluous, but even as much as possible of what is considered necessary.

He ought to castigate and lacerate his body by means of lashes, applied with rods or ropes or in other ways, but without injuring the bones. This is for the purpose of doing penance for past sins and for conquering the lusts of the flesh, and also for entering into sympathy with the tortures suffered by our Lord Jesus Christ.)[1]

The Three Methods of Prayer

The first method or step is to meditate successively upon the seven mortal sins, the three powers of the soul, and the five senses of the body. This may be done while standing, sitting, kneeling, or in a recumbent position. While meditating upon the seven deadly sins compare them with the seven cardinal virtues.

The second step is to meditate about the meaning of each separate word of the prayer, sitting or kneeling, and keeping the eyes either closed or gazing steadfastly upon some selected spot, and not letting his thought or eyes wander around.[2]

[1] It is hardly necessary to remark that these ascetic exercises have fallen generally out of use, and are only practised by certain religious Orders at certain times, or by some especially fanatical persons.

[2] Compare *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, vi. 13.

Thus he ought to remain for one hour or more, always beginning his meditation with an invocation and ending with repeating the 'Lord's prayer,' 'Credo' 'Anima-Christi' and 'Salve Regina'. He ought not to proceed to meditate about another word before he has found in the previous one full satisfaction.

The third method consists in regulating the breath according to a certain measure of time. While drawing each breath some word of the prayer ought to be spoken within the heart, so that between each inhalation and exhalation and during the whole time that this lasts, only one word is inwardly spoken. For instance, if you meditate about the 'Lord's prayer' beginning with "Our Father which art in heaven," let your whole attention be directed only to the word "Our" and its meaning, and then proceed to the next word, etc.

The Mysteries of the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ

These mysteries cannot be satisfactorily explained to the human intellect; but they can be spiritually grasped by identifying oneself with the events historically described in the 'New Testament,' and mentally participating therein.

In this way the imagination acts upon the will and the emotional nature, causing the higher vibrations of the soul to enter into action, to lift the mind up to the region of spiritual perception and the love of God to enter the heart. It is then necessary to learn to discern between good and evil influence. Only God has the power to illuminate the mind without any preceding cause; but if there is such a cause the good angels, as well as the evil ones, may send comfort to the soul; the first ones with good intentions, the evil ones with an evil object (such as to incite vanity or spiritual pride, etc.) in view, and the evil spirit may assume the shape of a messenger of light for the purpose of leading us to perdition. We therefore ought to examine the origin, current, and object of our thoughts. If the beginning, the

middle and the end are good and the object the highest, it is the sign of a good influence; but if the thoughts are disturbed by doubts and turned to inferior objects, it is a sign that an evil spirit is at their back. Moreover the touch of a good influence is mild and sweet, and that of an evil one at first harsh and disturbing; but if the heart is inclined to evil, the evil spirit also enters silently, as if it were into his own house through the open door.

Finally, it may be of some interest to hear what Loyola says in regard to the Church.

We must never use any judgment of our own, but be always ready to obey in all things the orders of the true bride of Christ, our holy mother, the Church.

If I see that a thing is white and the Church calls it black, I have to believe in its being black.

We must always approve of and praise the sayings and doings and manners of our superiors, whatever they may be; even if they are not such as can be praised publicly, because to do so would lower these persons in the estimation of the crowd.

One ought not, to the ignorant, to say much about 'predestination' [karma]; because, instead of working for their own improvement, they will become lazy and say: "Why should I trouble myself?—If it is my predestination to be saved, I will be all right, and if I am predestined to be damned, I cannot prevent my damnation." One ought also not to speak about the divine grace of God as if it were a gift, rendering all our own works unnecessary. The highest truths are frequently misunderstood, and the best medicine becomes a poison if misapplied.

Some of the rules given by S. Ignatius de Loyola may be objectionable, but nowhere do we find among them the often quoted Jesuitical maxim that the object sanctifies the means. Moreover there is no doubt that while an object, be it holy or unholy, cannot sanctify its means, a holy purpose can and will sanctify the means, provided they are neither holy nor unholy, but indifferent. Thus, for instance, the using of a knife upon a man's body may be a holy or unholy act. If it is done for the purpose of cutting his throat, it is unholy; but if the surgeon uses it for saving a person's life it is holy, and the purpose sanctifies the means.

The Roman Catholic Church has originally derived its doctrines and practices, and even its ceremonies, from the Northern Buddhistic School. Loyola is a true representative of its spirit. His spiritual exercises are in many ways identical with the instructions given in the East for the practice of Rāja Yoga, and a comparison of the two systems may be useful for those who do not merely desire to gratify their curiosity in regard to the astral plane, but desire to become more spiritual by letting the divine powers within their soul become awakened and developed through the influence of divine Love, divine Wisdom, and eternal Life.

FRANZ HARTMANN

ELEMENTARY THEOSOPHY

THE THREE THREADS OF THE CORD OF FATE

[The articles that appear under this head may be reprinted by anyone. The author's name or initials should be appended, and underneath should appear the words: *Reprinted from the Theosophist, Adyar, Madras, S.*—ED.]

TO the Greek there were three Fates who span the cord of life. To the knower of the Wisdom there are three Fates also, each of them ever spinning a thread, and the three threads they spin are twisted into one, and form the strong cord of Destiny which binds or looses man's life on earth. These three Fates are not the women of the Greek legend; they are the three Powers of the human Consciousness; the Power to Will, the Power to Think, the Power to Act. These are the Fates which spin the threads of human destiny, and they are within the man, not outside him. Man's destiny is self-made, not imposed upon him arbitrarily from without; his own powers, blinded by ignorance, spin and twist the cord that fetters him, as his own powers, directed by knowledge, liberate his limbs from the self-imposed shackles, and set him free from bondage.

The most important of these three Powers is his Power to Think; *man* means thinker; it is a Samskṛt root, and from this are derived the English *man*—identical with the Samskṛt root—the German *mann*, the French *homme*, the Italian *uomo*, etc. The thread of thought is woven into mental and moral qualities, and these qualities in their totality form what we call character. This connexion of thought and character is recognised in the scriptures of nations. In the Bible we read: "As a man thinks, so is he." This is the general law. More particularly:

"He that looketh upon a woman to lust after her, *hath committed adultery* already with her in his heart." Or: "He that hateth his brother *is* a murderer." On the same lines declares an Indian scripture: "Man is created by thought; as a man thinks, so he becomes." Or: "A man consists of his belief; as he believes, so is he." The *rationale* of these facts is that when the mind is turned to a particular thought and dwells on it, a definite vibration of matter is set up, and the oftener this vibration is caused the more does it tend to repeat itself, to become a habit, to become automatic. The body follows the mind and imitates its changes; if we concentrate our thought, the eyes become fixed, the muscles tense; an effort to remember is accompanied with a frown; the eyes rove hither and thither, as we seek to recover a lost impression; anxiety, anger, love, impatience, have all their appropriate muscular accompaniments; the feeling which makes a man inclined to throw himself from a height is the inclination of the body to act out the thought of falling. The first step towards a deliberate creation of character lies, then, in the deliberate choosing of what we will think, and then of thinking persistently on the quality chosen. Ere long there will be a tendency to show that quality; a little longer, and its exercise will have become habitual. We spin the thread of Thought into our destiny, and find ourselves with a character bent to all noble and useful ends. As we have thought, we have become. *Thought makes Character.*

The Power to Will is the second Fate, and spins a strong thread for the cord of destiny. Will shows itself as desire: desire to possess, which is love, attraction, in innumerable forms; desire to repel, which is hate, repulsion, driving away that which is to us undesirable. As truly as the magnet attracts and holds soft iron, so does our desire to attract draw to us that which we wish to possess and hold as ours. The strong desire for wealth and success brings them into our

grasp; what we will to have, steadily and persistently, that comes to us sooner or later. Fleeting, indeterminate, changing fancies, these have but little attractive force; but the man of strong will obtains that which he wills. This thread of Will brings us objects of desire and opportunities for gaining them. *Will makes opportunities and attracts objects.*

The third thread is spun by the Power to Act, and this is the thread which brings into our destiny outward happiness or outward misery. As we act towards those around us, so do they re-act upon us. The man who spreads happiness round him feels happiness flowing in upon himself; he who makes others unhappy feels the re-action of unhappiness upon himself. Smiles beget smiles, frowns frowns; an irritable person arouses irritability in others. The law of the spinning of this thread is: *Our actions affecting others cause a re-action of a similar nature on ourselves.*

These are the threads which make destiny, for they make character, opportunity, and environment; they are not cut short by death, but stretch onwards into other lives; the thread of thought gives us the character with which we are born into the world; the thread of will brings or withholds opportunities, makes us 'lucky' or 'unlucky'; the thread of act brings us favorable or unfavorable physical conditions. As we are sowing, so shall we reap; as we are spinning, so shall be destiny's cord in the future. Man is the Creator of his Future; man is the Maker of his Destiny; man is his own Fate.

ANNIE BESANT

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MADAME KAMENSKY.
Gen. Sec., Russian Theosophical Society.

THEOSOPHICAL WORTHIES

ANNA KAMENSKY

[Our General Secretary in Russia slipped out of her place among her colleagues, by the absence of the necessary biographical details at the proper time.]

ANNA Kamensky was born at Pavloosk, in the environs of Petersburg, in 1867, of a family belonging to the Russian nobility. A domestic tragedy robbed her in childhood of her father, and at two years of age she left Russia, with her grandmother, mother, godmother, and two sisters; they lived first on the borders of the Staarenbergsee, near Munich, and later near Stuttgart, and then near Frankfort-on-Maine; in 1875 they went to Geneva, and the young Anna studied there—as so many of her compatriots have done—until 1882.

Her mother was poetical, artistic and musical, and this surrounded her childhood with a sunny atmosphere, made yet happier by her godmother, who was her tenderest nurse and friend, a woman of extraordinary sweetness and spirituality, a veritable saint, of whom her godchild speaks with intense devotion and gratitude.

In 1882, she returned to Petersburg, and began to study for the University, but in 1883 the family was in great financial straits, and she found herself, at sixteen, with her family to support; abandoning her studies—which she took up again from 1896 to 1900—she devoted herself to earning money by teaching.

In 1887, doubts drove her out of the Greek Church, and she found herself deprived of the help of religion, torn with agony over social and humanitarian problems, the sufferings of her country becoming a poignant personal pain. Her inner sufferings did not, however, harden her heart,

and she labored earnestly to raise her people, especially by taking part in free education. The reward of her self-sacrifice came. In the midst of a hopeless night of despair and anguish, the light of Theosophy dawned upon her, on hearing, in 1902, the lectures delivered in London by myself. It was, as she wrote: "as the sudden illumination of a radiant light in a house closed up in darkness for years, like a tomb. Since that blessed moment I have worked with enthusiasm for the cause; in the midst of tempests I am happy; I breathe 'the peace which passeth understanding'. Whatever may come in the future, whatever trials may test our work, I know that the end of all is Light, that though forms may break, the Spirit abides, and all is well."

Again, she writes: "One thing which seemed strange to me, before studying Theosophy, was the intensity with which I lived in the past, my passionate love for the East, for Egypt, for India, and my worship for those who were the idols of my soul since childhood —Hypatia and Giordano Bruno. I have cried bitterly in those early years over the idea that they were no more, that I lived in another age, that I could never see them nor know them; I had been born too late, and the world without them was grey and void."

It is to Anna Kamensky's steadfastness, courage and wise discretion that the Theosophical Society owes its Russian child. Mlle. Nina de Gernet has also worked assiduously, sowing the good seed far and wide, and she was the pioneer of Theosophy in Russia. Her warm devotion for her country made her one of the nursing sisterhood during the Russo-Japanese war, and she could not reap the harvest of the seed she sowed. Her work was taken up and carried to a successful conclusion by the strength and tact of Anna Kamensky. It was no light task to obtain a legal status for the T. S. in Russia, and for many years members were in danger of imprisonment, and their meetings liable to be broken up by the police. Now Theosophy is becoming respected; it has

a growing literature, its propaganda is public, its meetings safe. All honor to the noble band that labored valiantly through the darkness, and to Russia's first General Secretary, Anna Kamensky.

A. B.

DEATH, THE DELIVERER

Welcome! O King of Kings, O Lord of Lords!
Thy frowning countenance but ill accords
With the great Message which Thy Presence brings,
With the glad tidings through the Heaven that rings.

"I come to loose the troubled souls of mortals,
But they must first pass through my heavy portals.
I come to show the way to joys unknown,
But they are won by strength of will alone."

He led them faltering through his dark Domain,
Shadows of evil followed—rage and pain,
Doubt and Despair—Remorse with Sin and Shame,
And slimy things that crawl and have no name.

"Not mine" He cried, "these grisly forms of fear,
'Tis your imaginations bring them here.
Earthborn they are, and foes to Truth and Right,
Bred to cause sorrow and destroy delight.
Dreams of strange darkness which you cannot see
In the clear, cold light of Eternity."

He raised on high His mighty, sceptered hand,
And in a tone of low but stern command:
"Avaunt ye coward crew! Your work is done!
Dare not pollute the footsteps of my Throne
With useless tears and sighs and abject moan."

He cast His iron sceptre down, the clang
Re-echoed loudly through the halls of Death;
The noisome phantoms vanished in a breath;
The massive sculptured doors flung open wide,
A dark-browed angel stood on either side.

They passed the solemn Portal and beheld
Rising resplendent over sea and feld,
A star, whose radiance filled the Heaven with light
And made the earth to tremble with delight.
Strange music floated from it soft and wild,
To where the great Deliverer stood and smiled.

He bade the eager pilgrims look around;
"Here is the Path, this place is Holy Ground.
Dangers await you, but be of good cheer;
Help will be given you, and the way is clear."

Then turning to the East His reverent face,
With invocation of a mystic grace,
He spoke: "List to the voice of yonder Star!
Follow its light for it will lead you far.
It is the star of the dear Master, born,
Upon this Day of Days, at earliest dawn.
It is the star of will and strong endeavor,
The star of earnest faith that wavers never,
Of peace and joy and hope of unity
Which shall together bind Humanity.

And now farewell! my aid you need no more,
Press onward ever, till you reach the shore
Where roll the waves of that Immortal Sea
Which holds the vision of Futurity."

U. M. B.



REVIEWS

The Key to your own Nativity, by Alan Leo. (*Modern Astrology* Office, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E. C. Price 10/6. Obtainable at the *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras, India).

Mr. Alan Leo is so well-known among all who are interested in Astrology, and he has done so much to raise Astrology from the position of a superstition to that of a science, that any book from his pen is sure of a welcome among serious students. And this book is the ripe outcome of his long experience and thorough knowledge of his subject summarised for the benefit of his younger brethren.

The plan is simple, but its simplicity is the result of much thought. We have 629 short paragraphs, each not exceeding half a page in length. The first twelve give concisely and precisely, in short bullet-like sentences, the characteristics of persons born under each of the twelve signs, *i.e.*, of the Rising Sign. A personal description of the physique belonging to each Rising Sign is added as an appendix to this first chapter, but this has to be so much modified by various influences that it is somewhat dubious as a guide. Then follow nine paragraphs on the seven Ruling Planets, and on Uranus and Neptune—less well understood.

Chapters follow, all written in the same concise style, on the influence of the Ruling Planet in each House, on the Moon in each Sign, and, in succession, the seven Planets in each as Rulers. Uranus and Neptune are dealt with in the Houses, as they are not Rulers of Signs. After this the types of the individual are given—the Sun in each Sign, and of the personality—the Moon in each Sign. The Moon is also studied in each House. Then we pass on to Mentality, the position of Mercury in each Sign and in each House, and from this to the all-important subject of Aspects. This

disposed of in the same method of crisp well-packed paragraphs, we are led through the Houses for information on the various matters with which they are connected in any horoscope, and then some most useful summaries are given.

The remainder of the book deals with subjects rather more difficult, and their use demands more judgment and intuition; 'Polarities' are particularly interesting, but a beginner would probably go astray in applying these unless he merely copied down these well-considered paragraphs. Future prospects are dealt with in a chapter on the progression of the horoscope, but here again one feels that experience and good intelligence alone can carry the would-be astrologer through the difficulties besetting his path.

In conclusion we may say that Mr. Alan Leo has added a most valuable volume to his admirable series, 'Astrology for All,' and we must congratulate both him and his readers on his luminous and well-digested treatise.

A. B.

The Universal Text Book of Religion and Morals, edited by Annie Besant, issued by the General Council of the T. S. (The *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. pp. 191. Cloth Re. 1 or 1*s.* 6*d.* Wrapper, 12 As. or 1*s.*)

At length the long-felt want is supplied by our President by the issue of this admirable Text Book. It is the natural outcome of the desire to fulfil the first two objects of our Society—to prove the existence of Brotherhood in the great faiths of the world, based on a careful comparative study of their ethics and philosophies. The discrimination that threw the result of such study into a coherent whole, weeding out the unessential and emphasising the essential, came from the wisdom of Occultism that understands the unexplained laws of Nature and uses the powers latent in the average man. The book is divided into seven chapters, each treating of broad, fundamental and important truths and each very fully illustrated by scriptural quotations from the chief religions of the world. Written in simple but impressive language, the book will be greatly appreciated by every student of Religion and religions, and we hope ere long it will find its place as a text book in schools and colleges where moral and religious education is imparted. To the Theosophical student the book will be indispensable. In the preparation of articles for the

press and lectures for the public the book will be found very handy and useful, and what the *Advanced Text Book* of the C. H. College has done for Hinduism and India, this text book will do for all the faiths the world over. The illustrative scriptural quotations provide delightful reading, bringing home in quite a unique manner the oft-repeated fact that Truth is one and universal while its expressions through many channels are varied and different. We have a feeling that the book will eventually mark a new epoch in the religious history of the world and is a precursor of the Text Book of the Wisdom Religion, which will be the blending into a harmonious and perfect whole of all the faiths of the world. Needless to say that we recommend the book and wish it the wide sale it deserves.

B. P. W.

Bhagavad-Gîtâ. J. Roviralta Borrell. (Canto del Señor). Coloquios entre Krichna y Arjuna, principe de la India. Traducción del sánscrito, con notas filológicas y aclaratorias. Segunda Edición esmeradamente revisada y corregida. Barcelona, 1910.

It is a gratifying sign of the times to see the Gîtâ continue its rightful triumphal march throughout the civilised world in our present times. That the Theosophical Society has at least played a considerable part in this spiritual conquest of the modern world by ancient wisdom is once more borne out by the present volume containing a second edition of a Spanish translation of the Gîtâ, in prose, dedicated to the memory of H. P. B. The list which is given in the book of literature consulted enumerates, amongst others, works on the subject by Mahâdeva Shâstrî, Annie Besant, Bhagavân Dâs, T. Subba Row, Manilal Dvivedi and other bearers of familiar names. There is a useful introduction of some 40 pages, and there are copious footnotes to each page of the translation, aggregating a bulk of equal extent to that of the text. An appendix gives short and well arranged explanations of the technical terms in the text, arranged under the three headings of Sânkhya philosophy, Yoga philosophy, and Karma and Reincarnation. A glossary explains all proper names and terms in the text and covers some 40 pages. The translation is elegant and readable and the whole is a good piece of work. Here follows as an example that magnificent saying of IV, 11:

En igual forma que los hombres acuden á Mi, yo los acojo á ellos; cualquiera que sea la senda que ellos sigan, aquella senda es la mia.

The first edition of this translation appeared in 1896. The author confesses in his foreword that he made it at a time when he knew as yet very little Samskṛt, but the present translation was made directly from the original text. This is claimed to be the first direct translation in Spanish. Many years ago D. Francisco de Montoliu made a Spanish translation of Judge's English rendering, a translation which seems to have been lost somewhere in South America. In 1893 another Spanish translation was published, in Buenos Aires, after the French version by Burnouf, and in 1908 a Spanish translation of Mrs. Besant's English version appeared in Spain. Without having seen it ourselves, we find, however, yet another direct translation mentioned, made by J. A. Bolufer, and published in Madrid in 1896. J. v. M.

The Influence of the Mind on the Body, by Paul Dubois. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C. Price 1*s.* or 12 Annas. Obtainable at the *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras).

The object of this valuable booklet is to show the influence of the mind on the body, which it proceeds to do in a most intelligent, interesting and conclusive manner, after first analysing the influence of the physical over the mental. The statement that physical and moral conditions are affected by heat, cold, pure or vitiated air, barometrical pressure and food, is proven with accuracy and a certainty that is undeniable. In fact it is a very useful treatise on the nature of humanity and the way to perfect that nature by self-education. The author tells us that we come into the world endowed with certain qualities, inherit some, and make still others; and he illuminates the way to combat the evil effects of all, illustrating his theories by common-sense and reason. The book is full of consolatory advice and is of practical value to all who have fallen under the noxious influences of disease and disaster of diverse and imaginary sorts. As all thought is accompanied by material phenomena in the brain, one may by means of the mind, by moral deportment, escape illness, prevent troubles and diminish suffering. The vast number of symptoms are curable because they are not bodily. Nervous

affections outnumber bodily ills, and are subject to improvement through the action of the mind. Man differs from the animal in that he exercises his imagination to create and exaggerate his sufferings. As all we receive through our five senses is dependent upon our attention for its intensity, and the attention increases the reality of all it fixes itself upon, it is clear that a sensation disappears if the attention is elsewhere, and therefore to shift the attention is to change conditions. Exaggerated emotionalism in its many disquieting forms may easily be combated by "mental hygiene" which is quite as necessary and simple as physical hygiene. Confidence in our own strength, and power to resist morally and physically, sound confidence in health, and to know how to say: "That is nothing. It will pass," are some of the effective panaceas recommended for the majority of ills, while a brave and gay spirit is another factor in our own hands for the wielding of benefit to ourselves and others. Half the ills of life might be eliminated by following the rules so well expressed and admirably translated, and therefore we recommend the wide circulation of this book. G. G.

Seven Essays on Theosophy and Architecture, by Claude Bragdon. The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y., with nearly 100 illustrations from the hand of the author.

To readers of the *Theosophic Messenger* the essays collected in this volume will be more or less familiar. Yet the author should have no difficulty in quickly exhausting his first edition of only 1000 copies, since it is a book that Theosophists should find most valuable not only for their own instruction in Architectural Æsthetics, but especially and principally as one of that very rare type of book that bridges over the gulf that sometimes separates the Theosophical standpoint from that of the ordinary man of the world. This series of delightful and instructive essays so beautifully embellished and illustrated by the drawings of a real artist, who feels what he sees in form, may very well be the means by which many lovers of the Arts and the Muses may have their eyes and intuitions opened to the Real, and their consciousness further unfolded from the mere appreciation of the beautiful in form, to a wider realisation, and even revelation, of the One Life beautiful, underlying all. Many lay worshippers at the various shrines and temples of one or other of the Muses, indeed, may get a glimpse of their true

nature and obtain a key by which he may penetrate within, and realise the cause of the 'beautiful necessity' by seeing the Muse face to face.

The first essay deals with the Theosophic view of Architecture, and the author ingeniously locates music at one end of a sort of spectrum of the Arts, and Architecture at the other. Thus he says: "Music, which is in time alone, without any relation to space, and Architecture which is in space alone, without any relation to time, are thus seen to stand at opposite ends of the Art spectrum and to be, in a sense, the only 'pure Arts". "Poetry, Drama, Sculpture, Painting, be places in intermediate positions. Again, he says Music and Architecture are allied as being "alone of all the Arts .... purely creative, since in them is represented not a likeness of some known idea, but a *thing-in-itself* brought to a distinct and complete expression of its nature." The well-known expression that "Architecture is *frozen* music" is in itself so true and so graphic a description, that it is pleasant to find in the seventh essay this subject very happily treated and aptly illustrated by one, who in Architecture and design at least, is fully qualified to instruct. As the author rather poetically puts it: "Music is pure beauty, the voice of the unfettered and perpetually evanishing soul of things; Architecture is that soul imprisoned in a form, because subject to the law of casualty, beaten up by the elements, at war with gravity, the slave of man. One is the Ariel of the Arts, the other, Caliban."

After dealing in the second essay with "Unity and Polarity" with the One Life which in manifestation is dual in Form, with the inevitable duality which arises from the process of subdivision of all things in the world of forms, the author goes on in the subsequent essays to show how all 'pairs of opposites' have a relation between them, imply a trinity of necessity, and, with many examples and illustrations from well-known constructions, he illustrates this and deals most interestingly with consonance, diversity in monotony, balance, rhythmic change, radiation and all the many complicated arrangements which can be traced to some quite simple common factor as the underlying origin or principle.

The relation of the human form to nature's forms, as also to works of Architecture, so too the analogy of the

'bodily temple' are fully dealt with; and the geometry and arithmetic of Beauty are revealed in many exquisitely executed illustrations, which, taken together with the very interesting subject-matter, convey a quantity of instruction and new light to the reader. The feeling one has after reading Claude Bragdon's book is that all forms take on new life in one's eyes—in other words that one's attention in the contemplation of forms is no longer arrested so much by their outer objective presentation, as rather by the fact that one's inner intuitions desire to summarise the outer expressions in order to understand the meaning that underlies that expression, the life that manifests in that form, the permanent reality of that transitory arrangement of matter.

And if the reader, after perusing the book, stops a moment and thinks of all the hundred or so illustrations taken from all over the world and summarises them in his mind, he cannot but feel that the life in all forms throughout the universe is but the trying to express itself of some fraction of the One Reality, the One Self.

W. H. K.

From Passion to Peace, by James Allen. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London, E. C. Price 1*s.* or 12 Annas. Obtainable at the *Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras).

This little book is replete with the usual helpful precepts to be found in the writings of James Allen. The high moral and logical truths woven into its contents are so simple, concise and convincing that one need but follow out its teachings to reach the high state of development it depicts. There are no intricate flights in the teachings of the chapters on Passion, Aspiration, Temptation, Transmutation, Transcendence, Beatitude and Peace, but merely a lofty and forceful appeal to the nature as it grows from the human into the divine. Passion is placed as the natural and essential force which starts one on the upward path of progress; and it is also asserted to be the arch enemy of mankind, the slayer of happiness, the opposite and the enemy of Peace, the source of suffering, the maker of misery, the promulgator of mischief and disaster. The keynote is sounded in the terse aphorisms that: "The wise man subdues his passions, the foolish man is subdued by them," and: "The seeker for wisdom begins to turn his back on folly." Understanding of self is the sure remedy suggested to lead one to the overcoming of misery

and selfishness, into the rightful inheritance of joy and peace. Perception one's own ignorance leads to the first step onwards—to aspiration which is fostered and strengthened by daily habits, just as is desire. Temptation naturally follows, and a most enlightening chapter is devoted to its meaning, and the condition of conquering. Transmutation is the process used by man as he gradually learns to disregard all outward disturbing influences by transmuting his own imperfections, which are the real source of his sufferings. Transcendence is but a normal stage in the process of evolution, to which few have attained, but which is the sure goal of all mankind. This brings one into the inevitable beatitude or bliss, which belongs only to the perfected state. Absolute peace is the final fate of all, and it is but ignorance that causes men to pray for peace, yet cling to passion, but "by the way of self-conquest is the Perfect Peace achieved".

G. G.

Labberton's Gîtâ Transcriptie (Voor Meditatie). Atha Śrīmad Bhagawad Gîtâ. Mama śiṣyaiś śiṣyébhyaś tja likhîtâ. 5012 Kali-Yoega, Âham-sthala-dama. Amsterdam, 1910. Theosofische Uitgeversmaatschappij.

Thus runs the title of a neat little volume of 147 and some introductory pages, well printed with blue ink on light green paper (the latter combination probably due to a sentence in Mr. Leadbeater's article on the beginnings of the sixth root-race). The booklet is a transcription in Roman script of the whole of the text of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gîṭâ* and is intended for those ignorant or little acquainted with Samskṛt, who yet want to meditate on the verses of the Gîṭâ in their original form. The author, or rather transcriber, Mr. D. van Hinloopen Labberton, must undoubtedly ascribe some mântric effect to the sound of the Samskṛt text, for otherwise his production would scarcely have a sufficient *raison d'être*. He has of course a system of transliteration of his own, and he attempts to give as close a phonetic spelling, according to Dutch rules of orthography, as is possible. Whether he has succeeded or not is a moot question. In principle we hold that the peculiar qualities of sound inherent in any language—and which may be briefly summarised as its own proper phonal genious, or more shortly still, as its accent—cannot be indicated by any script, either its own or (and still more so) that of another language. There is no existing alphabet, not even

devanāgari, notwithstanding its many extraordinary excellencies, that really expresses sound. Letters only symbolise, or indicate, sound, or a part of it. Therefore it may be roughly said that any transcription is as good as any other if it faithfully preserves the system and proportion of its original. Sounds are not learnt from writing, but the writing may recall sound once it is known; sound is the primary thing, the writing is the secondary thing, a mere mnemotechnic instrument. And still less is mere script a guide to metric values or vocal stress. For this reason we do not believe that—if there be mântric value in the original shlokas—even this transcription, methodic though it is, will help the meditator without further aid to an unravelling of the mysteries thereof, and in view of this consideration the utility of the undertaking may be called in question. It may be recalled, however, that the author of the booklet published it as a guide and legacy to the study classes which he has held in Holland, in which he taught Samskṛt pronunciation and *Gîṭâ* recitation. He does not mention the fact in his book. Against the above it may be noted that the author has constructed a very ingenious, though still controvertible, system of transliteration which quite deserves study from a standpoint of phonetics. We add the first verse as an example:

Dharma-kṣétré koeroe-kṣétré,
sam-avêtâ yoeyoetsawah
mâmakâf Pâṇḍawâsj tjaéwa
kim akoerwata Sanjdjaya?

The dvandvas and composite parts are as much as possible separated by hyphens, proper names are printed in italics and names or personal pronouns pertaining to the Deity are printed in capitals. For a non-Dutchman it would be easy to familiarise himself with this system and the book may serve him when desirous of reading the *Gîṭâ* in a Romanised text which is now-a-days difficultly to be had. The impression is very correct.

J. v. M.

The Hindû Sea-Voyage Problem: A Shâstric Solution, by A. Mahâdeva Sâstri, B. A., M. R. A. S., Curator, Government Oriental Library, Mysore.

The learned author of this pamphlet of some fifty pages has been endeavoring for years now to help on the cause of the restoration of "The Dharma proper, the higher and broader

Vedic Religion, as distinguished from what...passes now-a-days for (it),...mere ceremonialism and ablutions of a semi-materialistic character." This pamphlet is the fourth of a series in which he combats the narrow and degenerate view prevailing among the so-called orthodox on such vitally important subjects as Marriage, Vedic Religion and Caste, and Social Reform on Shâstric lines. In the present booklet, sea-voyage is dealt with in the light of the Shâstras. With all the weight and authority of his scholarship and his position as the head of the Library of one of the largest Hindû States of India, the learned Pandit declares that "the Veda nowhere prohibits sea-voyage of any kind". He discusses the intention of the very rare references to the subject in the Smṛtis; shows that such statement do "not apply to the Vedic ideal of life, (which)..... is independent of rituals," but only to ungrown souls who need constant regulation and do not carry within themselves the principles of pure thinking and clean living, possible in all places; and points out that even in the case of such ungrown souls who could not be relied upon to keep themselves pure, a "process of purification under that freedom from the usual restraints which would come to them during such voyages and residence in foreign lands ..... (is) prescribed." Then he goes on to show how and why 'custom' began to regard this purification as insufficient and 'the demands of Society' came to be "set higher than those of religion". "This is no doubt due to the religious and sacramental life having degenerated into a lifeless ceremonial formality." Finally he exposes "the injustice and inconsistency in the orthodox custom" and shows that "the Shâstric remedy" lies in the restoration of this old ideal of "the Vedic Religion" "which is not a religion of race or blood," but "embodies the laws of a true spiritual life which is above all race, castes, creed and sex".

On the whole a most excellent pamphlet on the subject—but how will its stimulating and liberalising influence reach those who need it most, but do not know the English language?

B. D.

Dr. J. W. Boissevain. Bhagawad-Gîtâ. Uit het Sanskrit vertaald. Tweede, geheel omgewerkte en vermeerderde druk. Amsterdam.

Holland also brings a *Bhagavad-Gîtâ*, translated directly from the Samskṛt, in native dress, and also in a second,

improved and enlarged edition. Our fellow-member, Dr. Boissevain, is the translator and the slender little volume containing the first edition, a bare translation and no more, is scarcely recognisable in the well-to-do and much expanded form of this second issue. Since Dr. Boissevain issued his first translation he has been unceasingly polishing and chiselling it, and after a lapse of six years he has published what, practically, may be called a new book. First of all he has added a copious bibliography which contains some quite interesting data. He enumerates translations in ten different languages. Of these 29 are in English, 3 in Latin, 1 in modern Greek and in Russian each. Further he mentions 49 articles and monographs on the Gîtâ. An excellent introduction (pp. 21—52) is also added, discussing the name and genesis of the poem, its place in Indian literature, its relation to the Mahâbhârata, and its chief doctrines. At the end of the volume a register gives references to a fulness of topics treated in the Gîtâ, with indications of the places where they are to be found. The translation is forcible and good, and only sparingly enriched by (brief) footnotes. A distinctive characteristic of this translation is the systematic, and on the whole very successful, attempt to *translate* names and terms instead of merely *transcribing* them, as most translators do. Of course only a purely Teutonic idiom (if we leave Greek and perhaps Latin out of the question) could allow such an attempt without danger of ridiculous results. German and Dutch can in many cases furnish or form nearly as complicated compounds as Samskṛt itself, and these without artificial stiffness or monstrosity. By this expedient many of the terms have become in their Dutch translation their own commentaries, and a certain transparency and directness has been gained which other translations often lack. Some typical examples are the following:

Ahaṅkâra=Ikheidszin=I-ness-tendency.
Mokṣa=Bevrijding=Liberation.
Caste=Geboortestand=Birth-standing.
Mantra=Denkspreuk=Thought-saying.
Deva=Hemelwezen=Heaven-being.
Yogî=Eenheidsstrever=Unity-striver.
Yoga=Eenheidsstreving=Unity-striving.
Sattvam=Evenwichtsvermogen=Equilibrium-power.
Guṇa=Grondeigenschap=Fundamental-quality.
Kalpa=Heelaltijdperk=Universe-period.

Kāmadhuk=Wenschkoe=Wish-cow.
Mahāṭmā=Machtigzelvige=Mighty-selfed.
Nirvāṇa=Opgelostheid=Dissolvedness.
Asura=Onhemelsch=Unheavenly.
Kshaṭṭriya=Ridder=Knight.
Prakṛṭi=Wereldaard=World-nature.

The experiment here indicated merits a careful study. Mr. Brooks has, in his English translation of the *Gīṭā* (second edition), already proved that much in this direction can be done even in English, which by its nature is more refractory to the process than her more purely Teutonic sisters. It is scarcely necessary to point out that every note which can be dispensed with by substituting the translation of a term, if natural, euphonious and correct enough, for a mere transcription of it, is a substantial gain in value to the whole rendering. In fine, we congratulate Dr. Boissevain most heartily on the outcome of his solid and thorough labors.

J. v. M.

Fatalo Suldo. Lionel Dalsace. Paris, 1910. The well-known Theosophical novel written by one of our French members in his mother tongue under the title of 'Dette Fatale,' has now been translated into Esperanto by Eugénie Ferter-Cense. The work, covering more than 300 pages print belongs to the as yet still small category of more extensive works in Esperanto, and it is interesting to note that Theosophy again is thus represented in the new language in such a substantial manner. It will be remembered that we recently announced a Spanish rendering of the same book.

J. v. M.

Saṅgiṭ Sār, Parts II and III, compiled by H. H. the Mahārājā Sawai Praṭāp Sinha Deo of Jaipur. (Gāyan Samāj, Poona.)

We welcome these two more parts treating of "Instruments and Instrumental Music" and "Art of Dancing Expression and Dramatic Acting." There is much that is valuable in these books and the student of Music will appreciate a great deal which perhaps for the lay reader "is stale and unprofitable".

B. P. W.

Dorothea, A Lyrical Romance in verse, by W. Siebenhaar. (Jarrold & Sons, 10 and 11, Warwick Lane, London, E. C.)

This is a readable book well printed and beautifully illustrated. The illustrations form the chief feature of the book

and as frontispiece is given a reproduction of a painting by Miss Fuller, a resident in our Adyar Headquarters. We have no space to go at length into the merits and weaknesses of the romance and we leave it to our readers with a recommendation to peruse it in moments of leisure.

B. P. W.

Vyāsāshrama Publications

Mr. F. T. Brooks is issuing a series of books, containing the matter of his lectures on the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and the Upaniṣhaṭs, lectures which have been so much appreciated in India. The first of these is *The Gospel of Life*, Vol. I., "an introduction to the study of the *Bhagavaḍ-Gīṭā* and the Upaniṣhaṭs." It is a volume of 400 pages, and is issued in three forms: Cloth wrappers at Re. 1-8; cloth gilt, Rs. 2; morocco gilt, Rs. 3. There is a foreword by Mrs. Annie Besant, and a biographical notice and preface are added by the author. The Introduction deals with "The Dawn of a New Era and the Rise of a World-Scripture," pointing out that all the nations are being forced together after centuries of separate development, and international awareness, leading to international organisations, is evolving. Part I is "Service," and the need for exertion is the keynote, the "Gospel of Exertion" being the title given to the *Gīṭā*. The book deserves to be read; its worst blot is its abuse of that Master of Ḍharma, Bhiṣhma, who is misconceived in the most astounding way.

B.

Pamphlets

Kurukshetra, a Lecture on the Holy War, by Mr. F. T. Brooks (Vyāsāshrama, Adyar, Madras, S., Price As. 6) is a condensation of some of Mr. Brooks' recent lectures, of which a full recension is to be published later.

The Teaching of Inhumanity, by Emily Cox, M.A., is a pamphlet of the Animals' Friend Series priced at 2*d*.

The Conversion of India and other letters to the editor of the *Ārya*, by William Sharpe, M. D., are issued in a pamphlet form at 6*d*.

Translation

In the Outer Court, by our President, is translated into Russian by Mme. Kamensky (Alba).

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

A Visit to the Blavatsky Institute

On an afternoon towards the end of October I journeyed from West Didsbury to Hale to visit the Blavatsky Institute, only a few days after its present tenants had come into possession. The weather was not kind, and one seemed to be wrapped round in that impenetrable cloak of dreary greyness which so often is a characteristic of many of the busy northern towns. Arrived at Hale, I was met by Mr. C. Lazenby, and whirled in a taxi-cab to the Institute. The distance from the station is not long, but the change was great as we presently turned out of the main road into a narrow country lane, and came unexpectedly upon the Institute surrounded by fields and trees and standing in its own grounds. There is even a little wood at the other side of one of its boundary palings, the haunt of rabbits and peasants, and one realised with a great relief that we were no longer in merely a suburb of Manchester, but had reached a bit of Cheshire country, where damp and smoke and stunted leafless trees were exchanged for the smell of the clean moist earth and the yellows and reds and golds of autumn.

The Institute is built four-square and consists of only one storey except for cellars; the walls are very thick, everything is most conveniently arranged and evidently no expense was spared in its construction. A wide hall runs the whole length of the building, with large rooms opening out of it on either side. The walls and ceilings are entirely panelled with wood, chiefly oak, which in itself lends a great sense of dignity and friendliness. Here it is intended that study of many kinds shall be earnestly carried on and a very full programme has been arranged and printed in a little booklet which redounds to the credit of the Lipika Press. Here also now is the home of the Lipika Press, though the actual work of printing is at present done outside. The whole of the building is to be devoted to work, so that the students will live scattered round about in the village.

It was a pleasant time that I spent there, and I was given a most hospitable welcome. I left for Manchester feeling that here was one more great opportunity, for all who could use it, to prepare themselves and others for the work of the future; feeling also admiration for the initiative and enterprise of those who had been ready to take the risk of starting this new venture.

S. M. S.

Great Britain

The wave of Theosophical activity which seems to be gathering force in every land, rolls onward in England with increasing volume. Indeed the Sectional activities are becoming so numerous and varied that it becomes impossible to refer to many of them in our monthly letter. Never before have there been in our Section so many workers, and so many different kinds of work initiated.

In London throughout October propaganda work was carried on by courses of lectures in different neighborhoods. At Headquarters the Sunday evening lectures attracted large audiences, and two of the four speakers were new to our London platform.

Other Sunday evening courses in London were held at Fulham, Hampstead Garden Suburb, and Lewisham, at all of which the lectures were well attended and much interest was shown by questions. So that during the past month several hundreds of persons in London have heard the glad tidings of Theosophy.

The audiences in some of our provincial towns, however, make Londoners feel quite small about our successful courses. In Leeds, for instance, where the Lodge Council had the courage to engage the large Philosophical Hall for a series of lectures, their confidence was fully justified, for audiences of two, three and nearly four hundred attended the different meetings, and on one occasion so many (written) questions were sent up to the speaker that a subsequent meeting had to be arranged on another evening for the purpose of answering them.

To many the most important event of the past month has been the visit of Mrs. Russak to our Section. The mere chronicling of the meetings she has held and the addresses she has given would afford but little idea of the inspiration

and instruction which she has brought to us; but these are remembered in the grateful hearts of the many members she has helped by her gracious presence and inspiring words.

Two important Sectional events of the past month have been the Northern Federation held at Sheffield and presided over by Mr. Wedgwood; and the Southern Federation held at Southampton under Miss Green's presidency.

We are of course all delighted to have Mr. Wedgwood again amongst us, and only hope we shall not work this ever-willing helper too hard.

The presence of Mrs. Russak was a chief feature at both Federations, and contributed largely to their success, and a talk on Adyar, illustrated by photographs, which Mr. Wedgwood gave on each occasion, was also greatly appreciated. The Secretary of the Southern Federation writes that in the latter he told of "the spirit of love and harmony that enfolds its dwellers, making us realise that our Headquarters is indeed the Place of Peace".

The Southern Federation (formerly the S. W. Fed.) has not been in existence so long as the Northern Federation, which latter embraces some of the most active Lodges and oldest members in the Section; it is encouraging therefore to hear how much progress has been made of late in the South of England. From Oxford, Brighton, Folkestone, Dover, and Cheltenham comes news of increased activity. The four last mentioned towns are places where the population, largely a leisured one, is constantly changing, and consequently there have been great difficulties in the way of establishing Lodges, but now we hear on all sides of successful meetings and increased interest. In Oxford—that old centre of learning—one might be inclined to expect that the Wisdom Religion would meet with ready hearers, but something—perhaps the conservatism of recognised culture—has always made Theosophical propaganda difficult in University towns; we rejoice the more therefore to hear that the Oxford Lodge has nearly trebled its membership during the past year, and is attracting to its meetings as regular attendants many of the men and women students from the University.

From Harrogate we hear that the public meetings have been attracting larger audiences than ever before, and our veteran propagandist Mr. Hodgson Smith is, with Mr. Bell and others,

now engaged upon a campaign in Cumberland where two lectures a day are being given at five different towns for a period extending over four weeks. A great source of strength to these propaganda tours is admitted to be the meditation group, working regularly in the town which sends the lecturers out. Another new activity which we must not omit to notice is the offer made by the Activities Bureau to several of the great shipping lines, of the President's *Popular Lectures*. This offer has resulted in the acceptance, up to date, of 200 copies for the libraries of long distance steamers. May the 'bread' thus literally cast upon the waters be found again after many days. In the political world there is not much of note to chronicle—another general election has been announced to take place before Christmas; the deadlock between the two chambers still continues and it seems almost as though the nation were just marking time before some great event.

A very interesting pronouncement has come from Professor Alfred Russell Wallace, the veteran friend of Darwin, in which he emphasises his unchanging belief in the purpose and the continual guidance and control which lie behind the operations of nature; and this guidance he describes as exercised by "beings superior to us in power and intelligence, call them spirits, angels, gods, what you will". He goes on to say that we have got to recognise between man and the ultimate God "an almost infinite multitude of beings working in the universe at tasks as definite and important as any that we have to perform on earth". The burden of his song is that "everywhere we are confronted by Power and Intelligence;" that "materialism is as dead as priestcraft for all intelligent minds;" that "the future will be full of wonder, reverence, and a calm faith worthy of our place in the great scheme of things". Theosophical students will eagerly anticipate the forthcoming work, in which the Professor is to give his final contribution to the philosophic side of evolution.

As a rather amusing comment on this wide-minded belief of the great scientist, we note an article in a Free-thinking journal which deplores "the recrudescence of practical belief in the doctrine of guardian angels among a considerable section of the Anglican clergy". The regret was called out by a statement made by a priest who had gradually arrived at the conviction that "in our study of the scriptures we had left out of the case one simple factor—the ministry of angels". This priest had

prayed that if there really were angels they might instruct him, and he was surprised by the immediate answer to his prayer. Later he became more fully aware of the presence of two angels, and recognised their help in the work of his parish. The materialistic commentator on the priest's statement derides his credulity, but amusingly confirms the truth of what the priest described by recounting how in his "very small boyhood I had an invisible friend who came at my call—and I very frequently held conversations with him". One cannot help feeling pity for the man with the one talent, who "went and digged in the earth and hid his Lord's money".

W.

New Zealand

It may interest you to hear that the Dunedin Lodge has at last—after many years of effort—secured new rooms, and is safely settled in them, and ready for developments. Towards the end of September the opportunity was offered, and, once it was accepted, the Lodge, realising the double significance of the fast approaching 1st of October—its being our beloved President's birthday, and at the same time leading in the new half-year—determined to leave no stone unturned to enter into possession by the 30th, and open the Rooms formally on the auspicious day. The officers and their committee, with a few others who were able to give the time, set to the work with vigor, and by midday on Saturday, or perhaps mid-afternoon, the thing was done; the rooms were ready; nothing was wanted but the formal speech from the new platform by the Lodge President, our old friend Mr. Maurais, and the declaration of the fact.

The evening came; the rooms had been sweetened by the burning of a stick of incense—they were sweet, too, with the scent of flowers—and soon the members of the Lodge began to drop in, every heart aglow with an emotional flame in which two of the chief ingredients were joy, and a sense of what is best termed, perhaps, re-dedication. A wonderfully 'homely' feeling spread through all the place, in spite of the obvious newness of walls and floor; the old shelves and their load of well-used volumes helped it; and still more did the pictures on the wall—H. P. B., Mrs. Besant, Colonel Olcott, the Countess Wachtmeister, Mrs. Besant yet again, and Schmiechen's picture of a Master, often called the Master Jesus. The President's pictures were wreathed, the one with oak-leaves, the other with

exquisite white blossoms, to symbolise, as a speaker later on explained, her splendid strength and courage, and the fact that she, in her all-round development, might well be looked on as the flower of our race.

About eight o'clock the President of the Lodge addressed it, giving an interesting history of its life from its first founding till to-day; and as he unfolded the difficulties and the persecutions of a time so recent, yet so utterly dead and done with, it was difficult for some of the later members of the Lodge to take it in at first—to believe that but a decade since such things had actually obtained. Their difficulty is the best possible of proofs that times have changed. Mr. Maurais described in detail the various abiding-places of the Lodge: now in a fairly comfortable station, now at the far top of I know not how many flights of stairs, again below the level of the ground, in a vault, or crypt, where gas was a *sine qua non*, even in broad day; then to the Liverpool Street rooms, now deserted, where many not uneventful years were spent; lastly to Dowling Street, with the Lodge lecture Hall under its own roof, and possibilities of all kinds before it.

After an interval Miss Billing spoke on the ever-useful doctrine of diversity in unity—the spectrum and the One White Light, applying the idea to the group and individual work of an ideal Lodge. Miss Horne followed, taking for her text 'The House Beautiful,' and speaking first of the actual earth-plane beautifying of the Lodge Rooms, recognising them as a temple of the Holy Ones; then on the house not made with hands, in its individual, and yet greater phases; and the need for its steady, earnest, wisely planned beautification. At the close of her address the Lodge spent five minutes in sending loving thoughts to Mrs. Besant—and felt the better for it. Lastly Mr. Burn spoke on 'The Spirit of old Rome,' taking up specially the virtue of patriotism, and the associate virtue that made it sweet and wholesome—loyalty. He spoke of the *sacramentum*, the military oath of allegiance, and expressed his hope and his belief that the Dunedin Lodge would, like the Roman soldier, never shrink from the hottest fight, but remain true to its Great Leaders. He closed by reading the poem I forward—*Et Violenti*, copies of which were handed round to members before the meeting closed.

After the formal closing there was observable a most delightful tendency to linger talking and looking about the

rooms. When now and then someone woke up to the fact that it was growing late and home was far, he would say half-ruefully: "Well, I suppose I must be getting home!" and every one would smile, as if the desire not to go was perfectly intelligible and laudable. That 'homeyness' will be the dominant note of the new centre; already it is arranged that the rooms be open every afternoon; the Art committee has all sorts of schemes in view; and, as I said before, all sorts of possibilities are before the Lodge, so it but ceaselessly remember that its true function is to form a Heart whereto and wherefrom the Light and Life of the White Lodge shall come and go, doing its glorious work for man.

B.

HUNGARY

(This report has been accidentally delayed.)

I have returned from my first Propaganda tour in Hungary; the first of many others to come—I hope—until Theosophy is well known throughout the whole country. We started (the Comte und Comtesse Aldo de Magny and I) on the 12th of June, having been invited by a new friend, interested in Theosophy, to make a short tour with him to see what could be done. We were invited to stay with his sister and her husband in their charming country-house: one small incident happened, an accident on the line, not to our train, but we had to wait nearly two hours while the engine which had jumped was replaced. Two other trains arrived, and we formed quite a procession. The passengers strolled about in the fields during the waiting time. Our only 'damage' was that we arrived at our destination at nearly midnight, having a long drive from the Station; we were 'over the border,' in Transylvania; our host and hostess became interested in Theosophy, so we had some long discussions; as we had books and pamphlets with us, we were able to lend our new friends something to study.

From there we went to the grand old Castle Vayda Hunyad, which is now the property of the State, and is being rebuilt on the old lines; but, as the details of our visit there and the history of the Castle will be the subject of another article, I will not now touch on it. We spent two delightful days there, and then we started for Gygulafèvhèvar, the Cathedral town of Transylvania.

Here we were to stay at the Bishop's Palace, for our new guide is a friend of the Bishop's, and wished us to make Theosophy known in this beautiful and historic place. Gygulafèvhèvar is a Fortress, and the Palace is in the Fortress, quite a mediæval arrangement, and most picturesque. In the Cathedral is the tomb—much damaged—of the great Hero, Hunyadi Janos; and also is buried here his eldest son, Ladislas, who was beheaded in Budapest, during one of the many Revolutions, a few years after his father's death.

We were taken all over the Cathedral by the architect, who is restoring it on its old lines: deeply interesting was it to us to see these places, so intimately connected with the work of the Great White Lodge: for Hunyadi Janos was one of the Great Souls sent with a special mission: and he was the Governor of Transylvania as well as the Leader of the Hungarian Army against the Turks.

We then had to prepare for dinner, and we were most graciously received by the Bishop, who is a Godson of the Emperor, and a connexion of the Royal Family.

With this truly spiritual, large-hearted, and broad-minded Father of the Church, we spent some unforgettable hours, and had some quiet talks on and about Theosophy. If all the Bishops were as spiritually broad, there would soon be 'unity' instead of diversity, in Christendom. His house was a real 'Place of Peace': his whole life dedicated to the Christ. The Sunday we spent there was the Confirmation Sunday and we went to the Service: there was a beautiful force in the whole place, and we rejoiced much in being there: we were able to have various talks on Theosophy. On Monday the Bishop sent us in his carriages to Tövis, about two hours from the Palace, and all through the country the road wound up and down where the Great Warrior had fought the Turks to keep Hungary for Christendom. I was in the first carriage with our guide; and the Comte und Comtesse de Magny just behind, and our coachman pointed out the well-known places of that series of great battles: a lovely country.

At Tövis we were most kindly received by the 'Curé' with whom we lunched, and then we went to see a church built by Hunyadi Janos about 1445. We then took the tram and went on our way to Koloszvar, the Capital of Transylvania. Here we were met by two old members of the T. S.—Monsieur

and Madame Gaston Polak: and much Theosophical talk ensued. On Wednesday I gave the first lecture on 'Theosophy' in Koloszvar, in the Hall of the Unitarian College, and I was most courteously greeted by the Secretary of the Unitarian Society; at the lecture there was the Protestant Bishop—a Calvinist—this time; and the next day I went to see him and had a talk on Theosophy. The day after I held another meeting in the rooms that had been placed at our disposal by kind friends and hospitable hearts, and on Sunday we formed the first Theosophical Lodge, outside of Budapest, in the capital of Transylvania.

That afternoon the Protestant Bishop came and called on me, and we had some more discussion. The difficulty here is the very limited only to what the Bible says: The son of the Bishop is much interested in Theosophy, and I hope will be a good student.

We rejoiced much at starting Theosophy in Transylvania, and fortunately for the new Branch the President is an old member, and one of my first friends in Budapest; so the Koloszvar Branch is in steady hands, and will I am sure make good progress. A good report of the lecture was given in the best newspaper in Koloszvar, and the Editor has also promised to print articles on Theosophy. I have promised to return to Koloszvar in November to give another lecture: and we can hope that this small beginning will be another little channel in the service of the Great Work.

ISABEL COOPER-OAKLEY

The Danube river in its curving is a fine setting for the old and new of Budapest; here we are snugly settled on the Buda side, in a flat so elevated that one loses sight of land, and only the pointed pinnacles of Parliament building and rows of electric lights in Pest are reflected in the smooth waters, so near our feet. Indeed, it is a genuine Venetian picture as one gazes toward the rising sun—an ever-inspiring presence.

Under these favorable conditions Mrs. Cooper-Oakley has come among us to join in the upbuilding of Theosophy. Her three large parlors are thrown into one; walls in tints of green and yellow draped with Indian stuffs give a glowing brightness. Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant smile down upon us from their oaken frames, accompanied by the late

helpers in Italy and the home-scene in Adyar. Yes, one feels in touch with the World in these rooms, as relics and loving remembrances from as loving hands are scattered throughout the apartment. November 17th, Thursday eve at eight, found about fifty interested persons in attendance, to hear the first lecture given by Mrs. Oakley. Ten at least were from the Society, but the balance were new seekers of the Truth, who are looking for the highest that Theosophy can produce, including science and religion. I must not forget to mention that the English Clergyman and his wife were also present.

To an outsider it might seem that we were a little slow in settling down to work; yet the artistic setting is the appealing note to the Hungarian nature, and surely the homelike appearance of these new quarters, where weekly lectures are to be held, has not come amiss.

An air of cheerfulness and brightness welcomed the visitors, and wonderful vibrations were sensed by those present.

The peace and quiet were in keeping with this birthday of the world-wide Theosophical movement. The weather had been threatening, in fact raining before and after, yet this seventeenth day was clear, and perfect as a spring-day. The elements seemed in touch with the higher thoughts and feelings. It was hailed as a grand success by all present; the lecture was given by Mrs. Oakley in English, and then read in Hungarian by a new member. Later there was a discussion upon the Coming Race which was closed by Mrs. Oakley, and a translator stood at her side to give the same in German.

A strange circumstance to many, but to one who knows the workings of the Masters, not so strange: A few days before, possibly a week, a gentleman had called to interview Mrs. Oakley—she having a short chat with him; it entirely passed out of her mind. But on November 17th, friends came in numbers to congratulate her, or the Society, on the splendid notice about the Master's work here in Hungary. Two prominent columns of the best newspaper in Budapest had been utilised, and a clear outline of Theosophy and its object was given.

It is a great step forward!

The work is bound to prosper here, being reset on a firmer foundation, and even in the smallest matters one can see the needed aid coming forward, almost as soon as the wish is

uttered. Mrs. Oakley has offered these rooms for the free use of the Society, and in the future on every Saturday evening her study-class will meet at 6 P.M.

In entering a new country one is set up like a target to be shot at. Mrs. Oakley was no exception. So, to do away with creed prejudices, she accepted an invitation to lecture for the benefit of the building of an English Church in Budapest. The subject taken was 'The History of the Legends of the Holy Grail,' bringing it through the Templar time in Hungary, catching up the links of the Mysteries and the teaching of the Secret Doctrine in parable and in verse. About seventy-five select listeners filled the Hall of the Ladies' Club.

One thing opens up another, and now comes a salon, seating about 150, built by a rich Hungarian for private musical parties in his own home. It has been offered to Mrs. Oakley free of expense for her fortnightly public lectures.

Sunday 5 P.M., December 11th, will be the opening, treating Eastern Philosophy in Modern Life. As the location is central and in the best part of the City, it was gladly accepted for Theosophy as from a higher leading.

X.

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, January, 1911, comes under a new cover, decidedly an improved garb. Three full years the *Bulletin* has lived and thrived and on its entering into its fourth year the good wishes of its elder—*The Theosophist*—naturally fall on it. May it do more useful work, serve better the T. S., and last but not least, strengthen the tie of cordial friendship between the Headquarters and those distant countries for whose sake it was launched into existence; it still continues to be the journal of the non-organised countries and every Lodge or member of the T. S. directly attached to Adyar gets a copy free of charge. Naturally therefore the *Bulletin* does not show solid profit and consequently has to look to Theosophists the world over to subscribe to it. It is an excellent little magazine and as a vehicle for the spread of Theosophy can hold its own against any other Theosophical monthly save *The*

Theosophist. This January number is full of the last Convention news: in the Headquarters' Notes our President summarises the doings of that memorable week; it is followed by a verbatim report of her closing speech at the Anniversary meeting and her Presidential Address which opened the Convention; a more graphic, cheerful and lengthy report comes from the pen of Mr. Kirby affording most pleasant reading. No member of of the Society should be without this number.

Theosophy in India, Benares, December, 1910. The most important article of the number is 'Lord what wilt Thou have me to do' which is made up of the notes of Mrs. Besant's lecture to the Benares Lodge. It answers at length a pressing question of great practical utility: "How am I to work up what I meditate on in the whole day in the life I lead in the world?" Full justice cannot be done to the lecture by extracting from it and one should read it for himself. We are pleased to note some improvements in the printing of this monthly and wish it greater success in that as well as other departments from the next number when it commences its new volume.

Sons of India, Benares, December, 1910. 'The Present Work of the T. S.' is the Lahore lecture of our President and contains some useful points to ponder over; our good brother Sanjīva Rao writes a very readable article on an important subject, 'How to Recognise Spiritual Greatness' giving sound advice worth taking to heart.

The Cherāg, Bombay, January, 1911. 'The Ideal in Life' by Elisabeth Severs and 'Food-Reform among the Pārsīs' by the Editor are original contributions worth perusing.

EUROPEAN

The Vahan, London, December, 1910. 'On the Dissipation of Energy in the T. S.' contains some thoughts worth consideration. 'The Quest' by F. S. Snell is a readable piece and Miss Severs' 'The T. S. Order of Service' puts forward the value and utility of the Order.

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, December, 1910. 'Passers-by' by Eveline Lauder, 'Sacrifice' by L. R. Gale, 'Notes on Pain' by J. H. Elder, are among the original contributions. Notes and news as usual are interesting, and good reviews of books are attractive. This small but well conducted monthly

has marked out its own line of policy and propaganda and we are glad to note is doing very well.

The Path (Christmas Number), Hale, Cheshire, England, December, 1910. We congratulate the Editors on the excellence of this issue. Admirable short contributions and reprints with a fair sprinkling of choice pictures remind us of the old *Path* of W. Q. Judge and hope springs in us that perhaps some day the editors will be able to produce not only a weighty *Path* as of old days but a still better one. Here we can quote the titles of some important contributions: 'The Christ-Birth' 'The Hour of Twilight' by Æ, 'Contemporary Poetry' by W. B. Yeats, 'A Christian Theosophist' 'A Legend of the Polar Stars' etc.

The Lotus Journal, London, December, 1910. 'The Banks of the Irthing' is a good story. 'Theosophy and the Social Problem' is a verbatim report of a lecture of our President. 'The Saints and Their Animals' treats of the "youth of St. Kentigern who lived in the sixth century". 'In the Great Long Ago' is a contribution by Christiana Duckworth and 'The Prophet's Message' by Mary Ellis, both worth perusing.

T. P. S. Book Notes, London, December, 1910, bring useful matter as usual but does not call for any special remarks save a word of appreciation for the good work done by the studious Editor.

Tietäjä (Finnish), Helsingfors, December, 1910. Pekka Ervast writes on 'Theosophy and Leo Tolstoi', V. H. V. on 'The Great Oak Tree in Kalevala', Aate on 'An Experience of Initiates', and 'The Paganism and Julianus Apostata'.

La Revue Théosophique Belge (French), Brussels, January, 1911. Jean Delville writes appreciatingly about Tolstoï and Anna Firmin commences a study on 'Previous Lives'. There is also a reprint of an article on 'The states of the magnetic sleep of the phantoms of the living'.

Bulletin Théosophique (French), Paris, January, 1911. This number is exclusively devoted to notices and official matter.

Revue Théosophique Française, Le Lotus Bleu (French), Paris, December, 1910. As usual the Editor devotes the major portion of his Review to translations from Annie Besant, C. W. Leadbeater, and H. P. Blavatsky. He himself contributes his monthly chronicle of Theosophical news and notes.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, December, 1910, contains translations of Col. Olcott's *Old Diary Leaves*, Bhagavān Dās' *Science of Peace*, 'Rents in the Veil of Time', H. P. Blavatsky's 'Chelas and Lay-Chelas', etc.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana. (Italian), October and November, 1910, Genoa. These good numbers contain: C. W. Leadbeater's 'Modes of Individualisation', 'The Magic of the Christian Church', and instalments of the 'Beginnings of the Sixth Root-Race'. A. Besant: 'A note on our Solar System', and various official notices and sundry minor matters of interest.

Ultra (Italian), Rome, December, 1910. The number opens with a translation of a paper by Mohini M. Chatterji printed first in May 1886 which deals with the "Common Sense of Theosophy" on elementary lines. Other articles in this number are by the Editor on 'Ready Souls', Olga Calvari on 'Pain and Joy', and 'Symbolism and Metaphysic' by Elisa Dal Fabro, besides minor matter.

Mitteilungen (German), December, 1910, gives the report of the ninth Annual Convention of the German National Society. According to it the German Society numbers 1950 Members no less than 522 having joined during the last year. The finances are very satisfactory and all the branches are active while Dr. Steiner is as indefatigable as ever, continually travelling and lecturing to large audiences.

Theosophie (German), December, 1910, contains an article by H. Patowski wherein we are reminded that to lead a pure life and forget ourselves in the service of others is the best occult training. Then follows a short fairy tale, dealing with the oneness of all things, and an article by H. A. Grævell in which the writer advises to combine the teachings of Epicure with the mysticism of Eckhardt in order to find the middle path of balance and truth.

American

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, November, 1910. Col. Olcott's portrait given as frontispiece is a beautiful reproduction. 'Occultism in Modern Poetry' by Harriet Tooker Felix is a very good contribution, so also is 'Philosophy and Theosophy' by Prof. James. The report of the twenty-fourth Annual Convention of the American Section proves its growth and

indirectly speaks of the great labors of our well-loved Bro. Dr. Weller van Hook. As usual the number is replete with excellent reprints and paras.

La Verdad (Spanish), Buenos Aires, December, 1910. 'Emmanuel Swedenborg' is the opening article, H. C. and M. R. de L. contribute an interesting series of brief commentaries on *The Secret Doctrine* under the title of 'The Archaic Doctrine.' Translations from English and French, as also notes and news, complete a good number.

AUSTRALASIAN

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, December, 1910. 'The Hall of Silence' by Carrie Crozier, 'Brotherhood, or Preparing the Way' by L. H. Cunningham, 'The Life of Bread, and the Bread of Life' by Mr. Hawthorne are among the original contributions. Reprints, notes, news and reviews make up a good number.

Theosophy in New Zealand, Auckland, December, 1910. Maitra continues 'A Scripture of Yoga', E. Hunt writes on 'The Power of Thought'. 'The Story of the Christ' by Marion Judson is to be concluded.

X

CARNEGIE'S VIEW OF WAR

I have transferred to you as trustees of the Carnegie peace fund ten million of 5 per cent first mortgage bonds, the revenue of which is to be administered by you to hasten the abolition of international war. Although we no longer eat our fellow-men, nor torture prisoners, nor sack cities, we still kill each other in war like barbarians. Only wild beasts are excusable for doing that in this the twentieth century of our Christian era, for the crime of war is inherent, since it decides not in favor of right, but always of the strong.—Andrew Carnegie.



Vol. XXXII No. 6

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I am very glad to notice the progress which is being made by the Voluntary Pañchayet Association, of which I became the patron some years ago. Mr. Whitty, the District Magistrate and Collector, Gayā, laid the foundation-stone of the first Village Pañchayet Office, at Lari District, Gayā, and a general meeting of the Association was held under the presidency of Mr. Forrester, the District Judge. It would have been a great pleasure to me to accept the invitation to be present on the occasion, but I was unfortunately in Burma at the time. The general establishment of such Village Pañchayets would do much to ensure the good order and improvement of villages, and would much decrease the litigation which is a curse on the rural population.

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Among the many signs of increasing life in the Moslem world is the starting of a review, named the *Moussoulmanine* (*The Moslem*), to be published both in Russian and Turko-tatar, the latter in the Arabic script. It is edited by M. Muhammad Beck de Hadjetlaché, a man

belonging to the Circassian nobility and married to the daughter of a Tatar Prince who became a Russian General, so that, at least by family, he should be capable of the work he has undertaken. The review is to have its office in Paris, and its projectors desire to form an Islāmic Library there; books or MSS. on Islām would be very gladly received by the Editor at the 'Rédaction du *Moussoulmanine*, Grande Rue 21, Villemouble-Raincy, Paris, France.'

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The Blavatsky Lodge, London, and one of its many daughters, the H. P. B., have again brought out a very well-conceived joint syllabus. The meetings at the Blavatsky Lodge, confined to Fellows of the T. S., are devoted to a study of Hinḍūism, Zoroastrianism, Buḍḍhism, and Christianity, and those of the H. P. B. to lectures on the same subjects, open to visitors as well as Fellows. This is the second time, I believe, that the Lodges have arranged their work on the principle of the division of labor, the Blavatsky Lodge having taken charge of the lectures last time, and the H. P. B. of the study meetings.

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The news from Hobart, Tasmania, is very good. Thanks to the useful work done by Mr. Hawthorne, the membership, which was only 9 when I was there has risen to 50, and the Secretary, Mr. Susman, reports that the Study Class is well attended. Dr. Mercer, the Bishop of Tasmania, recently gave a lecture in the Masonic Hall, at the request of the Hobart Lodge, and members of all denominations attended and showed the keenest interest. The Bishop spoke of the value of the flood of eastern mysticism which flowed into the West just when materialism was at its strongest; in essentials though not in details, Christianity and Theosophy were at one, and Theosophy was not hostile to the truth in any of the established religions. He dwelt on the importance of the ideas of

the immanence and transcendence of God, which had been too much lost sight of, though taught in the New Testament. On various other points the Bishop expressed agreement, and on some, difference of opinion. The lecture was a most valuable one, and should aid in the spreading of tolerance and good feeling.

The President, with Mr. Leadbeater, M. Charles Blech, our French General Secretary, Miss Arundale and Miss Willson, Mrs. Van Hook and her son, J. Kṛṣṇamūṛti and his brother, left for Rangoon on 12th January and news received tell us that substantial work has been put in there. About a dozen public lectures, and as many members' meetings were held, and Sons of India and Masonic Lodges also had their share. While at the time of writing Mrs. Besant is toiling in the fields of Burma, yet ere this reaches our readers' hands she and the party will be back at Adyar, and another short tour for work in Kumbakonam will have been finished. Rightly does she call herself in her last quarterly Presidential Letter, published in the February *Adyar Bulletin*, 'your wandering President,' for she wanders all over the world proclaiming the great and glorious message she has to give. The same *Adyar Bulletin* gives from her own pen a graphic and interesting report of her Burma work, and we take up the tale from the 'Headquarters' Notes' and give below such news as is at hand when going to press.

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From Moulmein she wrote:

Our visit to Moulmein was of two days only, but two lectures were delivered to very interested audiences, and a number of Burmans attended the second lecture, on the 'Noble Eightfold Path,' and seemed much to enjoy it. It was pleasant to see their kindly faces break out into broad smiles of delight when some point was made that strongly appealed to them.

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Later on from Rangoon comes the following:

We left Moulmein by the evening train of the 27th, and arrived in Rangoon early on the 28th; the lecture on Zoroastrianism was well attended, as was that on Islām on the following morning. The afternoon meeting of the 29th was devoted to the Anniversary of the Schools for boys and girls, and the Night School conducted by the Order of the Sons of India connected with the Rangoon Lodge, and a number of prizes were distributed; the girls sang prettily, and the boys acted most creditably the court scene from the *Merchant of Venice*—the Shylock being really very clever—and a short farce, called the Village School, which provoked much laughter. The Order deserves much credit for the good work it is doing with the aid of the Rangoon Lodge. On the 30th we had a Lodge meeting in the morning, and an address on Temperance—alas! that such an address should be needed in Buddhist Burma—in the evening, and between these we visited a school for Buddhist girls maintained for the last 16 years by Ma Hla Oung, a wealthy Buddhist lady. She is not, unfortunately, supported in this good work by her fellow-religionists, and deserves the more credit in that she stands alone; she maintains also a school for Buddhist boys.

***

We take the following from the *Daily Mail* of 20th January:

A new problem for schoolmasters is reported from Okayama, Japan, where a boy named Kawasaki, aged sixteen, has developed gifts of clairvoyance which are declared to render examinations futile. Recently he forecasted accurately all the questions set in several examinations, with the result (says the *Japan Times*) that his classmates all scored full marks by learning the answers to these questions by heart and neglecting any other preparation.

Those critics of teachings of an occult nature who require proofs of clairvoyance would do well to keep an attentive eye on this and many other little items of a

nature similar to the above which are cropping up in the daily press all over the world in ever increasing numbers.

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Wherever the Anglo-Saxon Race has spread there the name of W. T. Stead is known. *The Review of Reviews* is perhaps the literary undertaking which is most universally connected with his unceasing activities. We take, of course, a great interest in Mr. Stead and his work as he has not only been a fearless champion for great ideals, an ardent seeker after truth, and a defender of the weak and the oppressed, but specially for the Theosophical Movement has he been a steady friend and an impartial critic. He knew H. P. B. and she called him 'a real Theosophist.' He put the *Secret Doctrine* in the hands of Mrs. Besant for review and so brought our present President in touch with our movement in this life; he has devoted many a column of his magazine to Theosophy and its literature, and at the present time there is a little corner in his journal devoted to the 'Occult Magazines.' His services to the Science of the Borderland are well known.

Mr. Stead devotes some pages of his January number to a retrospect and a consideration of present things and conditions, at the occasion of the completion of the first twenty-one volumes of his *Review of Reviews*. Indeed these three-times-seven years have been full of events and importance. Let us quote some of the interesting and cheerful remarks of this hard-working and clever Editor. He says:

The leading positions of to-day are held by men who, when I first became editor, were either in short clothes, at school, or at college. I find myself at the age of sixty-one almost the solitary survivor of those whose acts and words I was criticising from day to day in 1871. If this may be in some respects a depressing reflexion, I take comfort in the thought that I have at least survived, and that now after forty years' continuous labor in one of the most exhausting of all professions I am much stronger and more vigorous than I was when I began my career. So far from journalism destroying the generous enthusiasms which inspired my youth, I am more of an optimist than I ever was. My interests in life are not only wider and more varied, but my zest is unabated. I am as keen as ever I was, and as ready

to plunge into new studies, investigations or speculations as I was in the early seventies. So far from the disillusioning experience of the stern realities of life having resulted in—

> The hardening of the heart that brings
> Irreverence for the dreams of youth,

it has been altogether the other way on with me. I believe as much as ever in God and all good things, but I have added thereto a comforting belief in the goodness of that badness of things which finds theological expression in the Devil and all his works. I have even ceased to accept as an article of faith the doctrine of the total depravity of the Tory Party. Experience has taught me to believe more than ever in man and still more in woman. The "glory-winged dreams" of what lies hidden behind the veil of the Future continue to allure me with their "golden gleams" to press ever upward and onward with a confident expectation that, as in the past, I shall find it ever "better on before."

What has made Mr. Stead and his *Review* a success?

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules," inherited and acquired from my parents, have proved safe guides across the uncharted wilderness of "From Day to Day." "Honesty is the best policy," "Put yourself in his place," "Do unto another what you would that he should do unto you," are landmarks that saved me from many of the pitfalls and quagmires in which the nation from time to time lost its way. The constant sense of being ever in the Great Taskmaster's eye, reinforced by the consciousness that each and every man of us is a junior partner of the Almighty, has delivered me often from what might have been very serious temptations.

A man who can say this ought to feel proud of himself he should be able to look backward with gratitude and march forward with hope. Like ourselves, his friends all the world over will be wishing Mr. Stead a long-continued activity in the future and a triumph of the noble ideals for which he is laboring.

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We have before us an extract from *The Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* giving some interesting facts about the Printing Office of the United States government. It is said to be the largest printing plant in the world, where electricity drives six hundred motors attached to as many machines and does a score of things besides. We will give the extract:

A few days since, there was set, read, corrected, revised, imposed, printed, bound and placed on board a vessel at New York City about to sail for Europe, to be used before *The Hague Tribunal*, a book of 475 pages, all in the French language, the copy for which was received at the Government Printing Office just forty-eight hours before the completed book was placed on the steamer. The volume was of a confidential nature, its contents to be used between this country and Brazil.

The lay reader perhaps will not fully appreciate what this means, and also he will not understand what feelings the reading arouses in us who have to work more than a month to bring out one number of this magazine!

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In the recent investigations made by our President and Mr. Leadbeater a most striking fact has come out, *viz.*, the existence of Heavenly Men, one for each Root-Race. The fact so clearly presented in the forthcoming volume—*Man: Whence, How, and Whither?*—had been very vaguely realised by serious students of *The Secret Doctrine*, for H. P. B. also speaks of the Heavenly Man, the Adam Kadmon. But now that a flood of light has been thrown on the subject, a reference to Heavenly Men however vague and poetic, catches our eye and gives a wealth of meaning to otherwise obscure statements. Here is one we came across in the *Annals of Psychical Science* for January 1908 in an article on 'Blake, the Visionary' who is quoted:

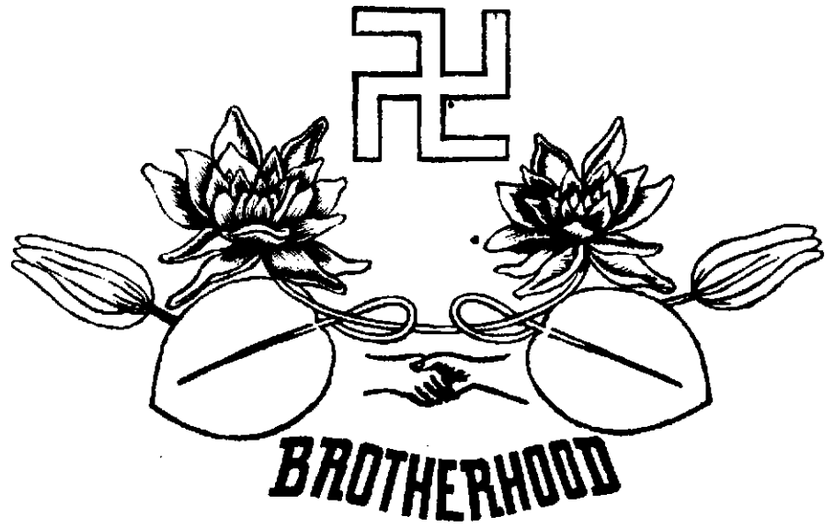
> It must be clearly understood that the persons represented —Moses, Abraham . . . . . are states symbolically signified by these names; the individuals being representative or visions of their states as they are revealed to men . . . . . From a distance they have the appearance of a single man; close at hand they are multitudes.

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With this number another half-yearly volume runs out its course. The 'Rents in the Veil of Time' begun last April have been regularly continued, and one set of thirty lives is finished with this number. In our next issue another set of twenty-four lives will begin and will be continued for several months. Further, we are trying to make *The Theosophist* a well-illustrated monthly, and next month will

appear two excellent symbolic illustrations for which the half-tone blocks have come from Europe; they are of a set of eleven and the remaining will appear, two each month. No stone is left unturned to improve *The Theosophist* more and more in way of reading matter, of printing and get up. We thankfully acknowledge the help and co-operation of good friends all over the world and hope that the same will be continued in the future. An interesting article 'Astrology in the Light of Theosophy' written expressly for *The Theosophist* by Mr. Alan Leo, will appear in the April issue; it contains the horoscopes of W. E. Gladstone, Stainton Moses (M.A., Oxon.) and Hinton St. George. 'A Thrilling Adventure' by C. C. relates a unique experience during the Boxer Rebellion in China in 1900. Our good friend Syām Sundar Lāl of Gwaliar writes on some concrete instances of reincarnation, in which he gives his own collection of well-authenticated cases. H. O. Wolfe-Murray's contribution on 'A Helper's Experience in the Underworld' will be found interesting. A valuable paper on Buddhism from the pen of the learned Bhikku Ānanda Metteya will also appear. Besides all these there will be more instructive matter, but we will leave our readers to judge for themselves.

While on the subject of *The Theosophist* we have one important suggestion to offer to our subscribers. Often we receive complaints—fortunately they are diminishing in bulk every day—of non-receipt of the magazine. May we request our subscribers to remember that most of these are due to their own mistake of not writing legibly, and in full, their names and addresses. It will help us considerably if every one will kindly take the trouble to look at his name and address on the envelope and send us any corrections written legibly.



THE BROTHERHOOD OF RELIGIONS

CHAPTER VI

Virtues and Vices in Relation to Inferiors

WE have seen that on the great ladder of evolution each of us has some who are above us, to whom we look up and towards whom our love has the form of Reverence; some who are on a level with us, towards whom our love has the aspect of Affection, or Friendship; these we have considered. Now we have to think of our duties towards those who are below us on the ladder, those who look up to us, as we to our elders, and to consider what form our love should take towards those who are our youngers, whether as egos or in the social scale. Love towards these is Benevolence, well-wishing and well-doing, the gracious kindly aspect seen at its

highest as shown by the mother to the child. To regard all "with the tenderness which the mother feels for her first-born son" is the ideal at which we should aim; realised to the full only by the Elder Brethren of our race, the Masters of Compassion and Wisdom, it is none the less the lovely heart-state which all of us should seek to make our own. Strength is only lovable when it shows itself as Protection; greatness is only admirable when it shows itself as Patience and Beneficence. Those who know the Unity of the Self must ever be seeking to help to strengthen the manifestation of the Self in those in whom that Highest is more obscured than in himself.

A man's natural inferiors are: Those who are below him in soul-age, that is in evolution—in spiritual development, in intellectual attainments, in moral character; those who are below him in social grade; those who are physically younger than himself, children and youths—a superficial and transitory inferiority, indeed, but one which demands at his hands the discharge of certain duties so long as they are comparatively helpless. Towards all of these, his Love must show itself as BENEVOLENCE.

The universal manifestation of BENEVOLENCE is *Compassion*, the tender *Pitifulness* which associates itself by sympathy with the weaknesses of the inferior, and seeks to share with him its own more highly developed qualities according to the need of the occasion. By this sharing, since Love is ever attraction, the superior seeks to raise the inferior towards himself, bringing about a condition of lesser inequality; and to this end he draws the inferior to him by gentle words, softness of manner, smiles, friendly gestures, by everything which may remove any sense of fear arising in the lesser in the presence of one greater than himself. Strength is, alas, so often used to oppress, that fear arises instinctively in the weak when they find themselves in face of it; this must ever be remembered when fear is shown, and it must be met with additional softness and gentleness, not with haste or impatience. The more timid the inferior, the more gentle and sweet must be the superior, the more caressing his gestures, the more indicative of patience his movements. This *Patience* and *Sweetness* reassure the shy and the timid, and awaken in them *Confidence* and *Trust*, so that they willingly draw near and lean on the stronger instead of shrinking from him. In strong and well-meaning but ungentle natures, timidity—as implying suspicion of their intentions—is apt to generate *Harshness* and *Resentment*, vices which spring from the Hate Emotion; and these, in presence of the timid inferior, readily slide into *Cruelty* and *Brutality*; against this evil re-action the good man must ever be on his guard, and must deliberately soften his manner where he encounters timidity, as the motherly woman coaxes and wheedles the timid child.

BENEVOLENCE, where the inferior is threatened, shows itself as *Protection*, the noblest exercise of strength in presence of weakness. Protection is a kingly Virtue, and by whomsoever exercised, ennobles the character and stamps on it the heroic type. *Heroism* is, indeed, the Virtue evoked where the weak are protected at the peril of the protector's life, prosperity, or good name. Not only the warrior, the patriot, the martyr are heroic; not only the miners who face death to succor their comrades in the pit, the firemen who plunge into the flames to rescue the helpless, the swimmers who risk their own drowning to save the perishing sinking beneath the flood; heroes are also the fathers who toil ceaselessly to protect their families from want, losing health and even life in their incessant labor; heroes are the mothers who sacrifice themselves day and night to protect and cherish their little ones, though life be shortened by the ceaseless strain; heroes are the doctors and nurses who risk their lives in unwearied tending of the stricken, and face infection fearlessly in the fierce strife against death. All of these exercising to a heroic degree the royal virtue of Protection, humble and limited as may

be their sphere, and they in all simplicity but trying to do worthily their duty to those dependent on them.

BENEVOLENCE, where the inferior is in want, shows itself as *Liberality* and *Charity*, the endeavor to supply that of which he is in need. The bestowal of help, in whatever form, should be rendered ungrudgingly and graciously, as an opportunity of helping gladly seized, not as a response unwillingly yielded to unwelcome importunity. Moreover the exercise of these virtues should be directed by wisdom, so that the help given may really aid, and not injure, the recipient. The bestowal of a boon asked for by an unworthy suppliant may encourage him in sloth or in some other form of vice; and it is worthy of notice that religions which press the duty of Charity on their followers also designate the classes who are worthy recipients thereof, and do not encourage thoughtlessness in Charity any more than in other matters.

Courtesy is never more gracious than when shown by the superior to the inferior, by the strong to the weak, and *Consideration* granted when it cannot be demanded is more beautiful than when yielded to an equal or a superior. The idea is put very aptly and practically in a list of the people for whom "way should be made" on meeting them, by the inclusion of "a sick person, one who carries a burden, a woman".[1] Weakness has a claim to tenderness, and such Courtesy lends the last finish to noble manners.

These virtues are the general expressions of Love towards inferiors; to the special classes of inferiors noted above, BENEVOLENCE shows itself in other ways. To those below a man in evolution, he should ever show *Helpfulness*, readily sharing with them his superior knowledge, and willingly teaching them anything which they are willing to learn. Where there is superiority of age or social grade, *Tact* and *Discretion* are especially needed

[1] *Manusmṛti*, ii. 138.

in such work, but Love finds its way without giving offence, and the quiet silent influence of high example does more to teach and lift than formal precept or instruction. The superior should therefore not isolate themselves from the inferior in evolution, but should associate with them with the intention of helping them to swifter progress, so that they may raise all with their own advance.

BENEVOLENCE towards those of lower social grade should lead, in addition to the aforesaid general manifestations, to active endeavors to ameliorate their condition, *i.e.*, to the virtue of *Beneficence*. To support and spread education, whether by personal work or by financial aiding of well-considered schemes, to apprentice boys to reliable persons for the learning of useful handicrafts, to give a lad a start in life—these and similar acts are examples of Beneficence. Beneficence is a virtue which the higher owe to the lower, and its deterioration or disappearance is a menace to national welfare. Carefully thought-out schemes of social improvement cannot emanate from the poor and the ignorant, who only know that they suffer, and who naturally snatch at anything which promises amelioration of their condition, however fallacious the promise, however illusory the benefit. The voluntary *Self-sacrifice* of the higher to the lower in order to relieve and raise them is the reflexion of the life of all World-Saviors, the noblest demonstration of God in man.

Employers of labor, heads of households, and all who hold positions which give them authority over others, should see to it that their conduct exemplifies the virtues which humanise and glorify their relations with those dependent on them. When industry was individual rather than collective, the human factor was obvious and could not be disregarded by any good man. But now there is a growing danger lest those who employ thousands of men should entirely forget—as some indeed already do—that

there is any human relation between themselves and their employees, that they have any duty towards them save that of the payment of their wages; and here once more is a menace to the State, due to the absence of the Love-relation which is the one social bond. Again, in the over-grown households of the very wealthy, where servants are multiplied not for use but for display, the absence of the true human relation between master and mistress on the one side and servants on the other—the relation of elder and younger, in which guidance, counsel, ordered discipline are given by the one, and industry, diligence, and intelligent obedience are rendered by the other, the one learning *Justice, Impartiality,* and *Wise Administration,* the other rising in character and knowledge by *Obedience* and *Service*—the absence of this relation is rendering the higher childish, flippant, and irresponsible, and the lower idle, arrogant and luxurious.

BENEVOLENCE towards those who are younger in physical age, towards children and youths, the extension towards all children of the *Tenderness* which is instinctive in the parents for their own little ones, is the last of the relations between superiors and inferiors in which Love means blessedness and Hate means misery. To the heart full of Love, the weakness and helplessness of the child appeal with irresistible force, and Tenderness flows out to meet every demand that can be made upon it. *Harshness, Injustice, Oppression, Cruelty* in all its forms, including *Sarcasm* and *Ridicule*—cowardly weapons when used by the strong against the weak—are all the ugly progeny of the Hate Emotion in the relations between superior and inferior.

Hate to the inferior is SCORN, the very antithesis of BENEVOLENCE. The weakness that appeals to Love and is answered by BENEVOLENCE, appeals to Hate and is answered by SCORN. Hate looking downwards in its inner attitude is PRIDE, in its outer manifestation is SCORN. To a man dominated by Hate the inferior is but a tool, a prey, to be

subjugated and used for his own advantage. *Contempt, Arrogance, Disdain, Haughtiness, Overbearingness,* are all Vices which have their roots in SCORN. Alike into the State and into the Family these Vices bring disunion and creating in the inferiors *Falsehood, Treachery, Cowardice, Revenge, Cringing, Flattery,* they lead to the disruption of social and family ties.

In all the relations which exist in nations and families, relations between superiors, equals and inferiors, Love is the binding and Hate the disruptive force. Right Reason, which sees the Unity of Life, shapes Love into all the Virtues which construct, strengthen and adorn all human communities, ensuring progress and gladdening life; Wrong Reason, blinded to the Unity of Life and bewildered by the endless multiplicity of forms, lets Hate burst out into all the Vices which ruin the individual and destroy the community.

Let the young, then, learn to understand the sweet fruits of Love and the bitter fruits of Hate, and to know the Virtues which spring from Love and the Vices which spring from Hate. So shall they, in their manhood or womanhood, know how to refuse the evil and to choose the good, and to become the builders, not the destroyers of happy homes and of prosperous States.

CHAPTER VII

THE RE-ACTION OF VIRTUES AND VICES ON EACH OTHER

All the great Teachers have proclaimed with one voice the duty of returning good for evil. "Pass over the difficult crossings—by wrathlessness wrath, by truth untruth," says the *Sāmaveda.* "Let him not be angry with the angry; spoken to harshly, let him speak softly;" thus spake the Manu. "To the man that causelessly injures me, I will return the protection of my ungrudging love; the more evil comes from him, the more good shall flow from me;" "Overcome anger

by not being angered: overcome evil by good; overcome avarice by liberality; overcome falsehood by truth;" "Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love;" thus spake the Buddha. "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you;" thus spake the Christ.

There must be some deep reason, hidden in the very nature of things, has caused these Knowers of the Wisdom to speak with such unanimity and decision on this high ethical duty. In all ages lovers of these superhuman Teachers have obeyed Their precepts out of devotion to Their Persons, and have thereby reaped good results of love and peace. In these days of small devotion and of little respect for authority, it behoves us—for the sake of the welfare of Society—to understand the Law which They proclaimed.

Ordinary observation of what is going on around us every day will readily convince the onlooker that, when two ordinary people meet, one of whom is dominated at the moment by a strong emotion and the other of whom is neutral, the former arouses in the latter an emotion similar in kind to the one by which he himself is swayed. A man comes along overflowing with happiness, it smiles on his lips, it sparkles in his eyes; those he meets catch the infection of his joy, and their own mood reflects the brightness of his own. Another is oppressed with heavy grief, his lips droop, his eyes are dull; those who meet him are saddened by the contact, and their skies also darken to his greyness. "He is like sunshine, it is a pleasure to meet him;" "he is a regular wet blanket, he makes one feel quite miserable;" these constantly heard phrases testify to the involuntary action and re-action of human moods. The mechanism of this is simple enough: man is spirit and matter, a life and a form; hence a change in his consciousness is always

accompanied by vibrations in the matter composing his body; and *vice versâ*, vibrations in his body are accompanied by a change in his consciousness. The vibrations which accompany a mood of joyousness in a man—even felt physically in the thrilling of his nerves, the quickened coursing of the blood in his veins—set up sympathetic vibrations in the body of any one who comes near him, and these in turn produce the corresponding mood of joy in the newcomer; similarly with those which accompany a mood of grief. Hence the influence exerted by one over another, and the gladdening and saddening by propinquity, irrespective of personal cause for either joy or sorrow in the one reflecting his neighbor's mood. That an emotion, good or evil, exhibited by one person evokes a similar emotion in another near at hand, is the first general law of the interaction of emotions.

The second general law of the interaction of emotions is that in exceptionally good or exceptionally bad men, dominated respectively by Love or Hate, the exhibition of a wrong emotion provokes the *opposite* right emotion, or the exhibition of a right emotion provokes a corresponding wrong one.

This response is automatic where Love or Hate holds undisputed sway over the nature, but between this perfection in good or evil and the ordinary man, moved to unthinking reproduction of the moods he encounters in others, are all grades of effort after the higher, or shrinking from the lower. The automatic return of good for evil is the outcome of innumerable efforts, struggles, failures and successes, and is found only in the highly evolved. An illustration will make clear the working of these Laws.

A man in a passion meets a neighbor, and, being angry, though not with him, speaks to him harshly; the neighbor fires up and gives a sharp answer; the first

replies still more hotly; the second responds with added bitterness; in a few minutes a quarrel is raging—all about nothing—and each goes off in a fury. Evil has been returned for evil, and a breach has been made, difficult to bridge: "Hatred ceases not by hatred." The man meets another neighbor and again speaks sharply, being in an even worse temper than before; the neighbor replies good-naturedly, ignoring the other's black looks; despite himself the first is soothed and his anger diminishes; presently he is smiling and friendly, and goes off, quiet and at peace. Good has been returned for evil, and two hearts are drawn nearer to each other: "Hatred ceases by Love."

The laws are here seen at work in every-day experiences; in the first case anger evoked anger, both men being at the mercy of their moods, and disruption followed; in the second case, the second man—either knowing the law or obeying the Teachers—checked the natural response of anger to anger, and deliberately met the anger with the opposite emotion, kindness, and this, in its turn, re-acting on the first man, soothed away and calmed his anger and gradually produced in him its own reflexion, and there resulted mutual good-will. The good man will ever seek thus to correct an evil by the opposing good: he will meet pride with humility, perversity with patience, insincerity with sincerity, graspingness with liberality, hypocrisy with candor. Such a man is a benediction wherever he goes, and he spreads around him peace and good-will.

Between equals the laws work as described; their action is modified between superiors and inferiors, corresponding, rather than similar, emotions being aroused. Where a superior shows anger to an inferior, the latter, by reason of his position or his weakness, cannot answer with open anger, but feels fear, revengefulness, impotent desire to injure—all emotions of the same type, but modified in expression by his own helplessness. Where an inferior

shows treachery, ingratitude, rebellion, the corresponding emotions evoked in the superior will be scorn, contempt, oppression. Hate still answers hate, according to the general law, but the special form it takes grows out of the mutual relation.

So also where Love is present on both sides; benevolence in the superior arouses gratitude in the inferior; compassion evokes trust, patience evokes confidence. Timidity in the inferior evokes tenderness in the superior, feebleness evokes pity, incapacity evokes helpfulness.

Again, where a superior is dominated by the Love Emotion, and meets manifestations of Hate from his inferiors, whether in the coarser forms of treachery and the like, or the subtler forms of suspicion, distrust, and timidity aroused in the lesser by the mere presence of the higher; such a superior will meet these forms of Hate with the appropriate Love Emotion, treachery by pardon, ingratitude by persistent kindness, suspicion by steady friendliness, and so on. If the inferiors are normal, they will gradually come to answer by Love Emotions the Love poured out on them. If they are, unhappily, abnormal, dominated by Hate, then they will answer the Love of the superior by attempts to take advantage of it and to use it for their own ends; they will meet trust with betrayal, liberality with cheating, kindness with insolence. Under such unfortunate conditions the superior must call wisdom to his aid, and, while still pouring Love on the unworthy, may, if he have no special duty towards them, avoid occasions of contact, or, if they are dependent upon him and he in authority over them, gently point out their mistakes, and withhold such forms of Love as would encourage them to persist in their vices. It is the lack of wisdom which often rewards the most unselfish mothers with the most selfish sons.

As men learn that there is a Science of Morality, that its laws are as inviolable as all other natural laws,

that the knowledge of these laws and their observance must inevitably increase human happiness and quicken human progress, they will surely—as in other departments of nature—learn the wisdom of obedience. Human intelligence ever accepts the inevitable; even human selfishness soon ceases to fight against it, and adapts itself to that it cannot change. Morality has suffered by having been regarded as arbitrary, as being of the nature of man-made laws, the breaches of which might be pardoned and the penalties remitted. As it takes its place among sciences, and the beautiful changelessness and inviolability of its laws are seen and accepted, human nature will conform itself to that from which it cannot escape. With its ineradicable longing after happiness, it will accept the conditions on which alone continued happiness is possible, and the precepts of the great Teachers, recognised as proclamations of an unalterable Law of Conduct, will establish the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth, and create the Golden Age.

ANNIE BESANT

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.

Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

MRS. BROWNING

IN THE NAME OF BROTHERHOOD

A certain man journeying along the road of life, fell ill and lay by the wayside. And one came by and shook his head, saying: "Ah! if you had lived a pure life, and taken pure food, this would not have befallen you." "How do you know I didn't?" said the man. And another came by and said: "If you had lived in a healthy place and avoided crowded cities, you would have escaped this." "I had to earn my living," groaned the man. And yet another came with a smiling face, and singing: "Ah my friend," said he, "you are deluded, you cannot be ill. Man is a spirit, god-like, and cannot suffer pain. You have no pain." "I wish I hadn't," said the man very patiently. But the other went his way singing: "There is no pain...." until he trod on a sharp stone; then he stopped singing and said something;—but the man did not hear what he said. And others passed, many of them women carrying pet animals, and they cried: "Oh look! There's somebody ill. How dreadful!" and they crossed quickly to the other side of the road... And the man cried aloud for help.

Then there came to him one with a grave kind face. "Who are you?" asked the man. "I am a student of Science, and if you will let me I can cure you." "Do," said the man. And *in the name of brotherly love* he did so. But while he was working, the women with the pet animals kept calling out: "Don't trust him. He is cruel. He will poison you!" but he paid no heed.

"Now tell me" said the man, when he was well once more, "where did you learn your skill?" "In Nature's Book, by patient experiment and study and observation," said the Sage. "But why do those women cry out

against you so?" "I am not sure" said the Sage; "but I think they are ignorant, for I have noticed that they do not come close and study all our work, they will but stand at a distance and cry out." "You do not seem cruel," said the man thoughtfully, and he thanked the Sage and praised God. Then the Sage went on, to help what other men and beasts he might find suffering by the way.

Need I expound the foregoing parable? There appears to be a tendency among prominent members of the Theosophical Society to interfere in medical matters, and to misinterpret the conduct of those scientific men who are patiently devoting their lives to the prevention and cure of disease in man and beast. The reason for this opposition seems to spring, firstly from a feeling of sympathy with animals, who—as these people believe—are called upon to suffer greatly in the cause of science; and, secondly, from that curious combative suspicion with which human beings, in common with most animals, regard that which they do not understand. It is far from my thoughts to defend or excuse cruelty; but I feel it is my duty to protest against the assumption that the experiments of Modern Research are attended by great suffering and torture of animals.

I confine myself to what is done in England, or in countries under British rule (such as India) and to the experiments of recent years; though I have sufficient faith in humanity to believe that everywhere wanton cruelty is the exception rather than the rule. (The Officials of the Anti-vivisection Society affect to believe the reverse).

Sir Lauder Brunton at the Royal Commission, was asked:

"Have you ever known of any case of inhumanity, or want of consideration for causeless pain. I am speaking of England, of course." He replied: "No, in England certainly not, and I do not remember any case abroad, because most of my experiments were done in Prof. Ludwig's laboratory in Leipzig, and he was always most careful of the feelings of the animals."

I wish all my readers could visit the laboratories to see for themselves how well the little mice and guinea-pigs are housed and cared for, and how remarkably little evidence of suffering there is among even the unfortunate of the victims of science. Those who live near London can easily do so by applying at the Lister Institute in the Chelsea Bridge Road. They can also visit the serum-farm near Elstree, and see the horses in their clean sanitary homes, and learn there the undoubted fact that those animals have a far happier lot than their brothers working in the streets of a large city. Without such actual demonstration it is difficult to convince those who have heard so often the tales of unspeakable cruelty, (only too true alas!) that Modern Research is humane and gentle in its dealings with the animals whose bodies it claims in sacrifice. But surely it is not fair to judge by the atrocities of one or two who shall be nameless, a body of workers among whom are found such gentle gentlemen as Lister and Pasteur!

Whenever an operation is performed on an animal, it is fully anæsthetised, and feels no pain. It is kept insensible the whole time, and in most cases is killed before regaining consciousness.

Professor Starling writes:

I do not think that the absolutely painless character of the vast majority of physiological experiments is sufficiently appreciated. Records of classical experiments, performed before anæsthetics were invented, or had come into general use in laboratories, are too apt to be taken as typical of those of the present day, when the use of anæsthetics is *invariable* in all experiments more extensive than a simple inoculation. Though I have been engaged in the experimental pursuit of Physiology for the last seventeen years, I can say that on no occasion have I ever seen pain inflicted on a dog or cat in a Physiological Laboratory in this country . . . Moreover, it is not merely the normal humanity

of the operator that should deter the infliction of useless pain in a physiological experiment. It is the object of the experimenter to limit the field of his experiment, so that when he is, so to speak, putting a question to any function of the body, this function shall be unaffected by any other factor . . . Of all possible disturbing factors in the body none can be greater than that of pain. . . We should not be able to allow for the effects of such an indeterminate factor as pain, and a physiological experiment which is painful is thereby a bad experiment.

Now here we have a distinguished physiologist telling us plainly that pain would stultify all his experiments. Yet, how do our 'Anti-vivisection' friends receive that statement? They interpret it as a confession that all experiments are useless! Obstinately refusing to believe the most emphatic assurances that the operations are painless, they conclude that the investigators are wasting their time and torturing animals (for they will have it so!) for no good purpose. Can bigotry and topsy-turveydom go further?

Indeed the disingenuous methods of the Anti-Vivisection Society are quite sufficient to condemn its cause. I have before me a leaflet purporting to show by means of four pictures "how vivisection is taught to medical students". (Of course it is never taught to medical students at all, but that is immaterial.) These pictures are not explained—their meaning is left to the imagination. Not one of them refers to any sort of painful operation (one in fact represents a dissection in a dead body); yet I know that they have caused a shudder of horror to many sensitive people—as was doubtless intended! Again one of the most familiar of the 'posters' by means of which the Society seeks to inflame the imagination of the uninstructed is that of a dog in a pitiful state of emaciation. It is taken from the photograph of a dog dying of 'Nagana'—a terrible African disease akin to 'sleeping sickness'. The cause is now known, and these diseases can be stamped out. Thanks to that dog and a few hundred other animals in whom the diseases were

studied, tens of thousands of men, women and children, to say nothing of cattle and horses, are saved every year from just such a painful lingering death as that picture portrays. Is not that worth while? But the "Anti-" Society does not explain that. It prefers, no doubt, that the public should think that dogs are starved to death in wanton malice. I could multiply instances of this system of misrepresentation did space allow. Surely, if there were really any acts of cruelty being done the Society would make them public! Then there would be no need of these flimsy insinuations nor of the repetition *ad nauseam* of revolting stories of what some person in Germany or Italy did ten or fifteen years ago. The fact is there is no torture, no hideous suffering to be recorded. If pain is sometimes unavoidable it at least is not prolonged or severe.[1] As the Bishop of Ely said at Cambridge last March:

> The suffering caused in the provision of food, we will say for London, in one single day exceeds, infinitely and unspeakably exceeds, the suffering caused in the research work of our laboratories during a whole year.

Next follows the question: Is any good being done by Modern Research? It is customary among our opponents to speak of the 'theories' of vivisectors, and the 'theories' of those who advocate inoculation. I understand a theory to mean a reasonable conjecture which one hopes to confirm by experience. It is not a proved fact. But published results of Modern Research *are* proved facts. It is not a

[1] As another instance of the exaggerated charges brought by the Anti-Vivisection Society I would cite the notorious case of the "Brown Dog". This animal had a slight operation—ligature of a duct of the pancreas—performed under chloroform in December, 1902. It remained in good health, none the worse for the operation, and the following February the pancreas was again examined under chloroform. Before killing the dog, as by law he was required to do, the operator proceeded to investigate the sub-maxilliary gland. This last proceeding (which really saved some other dog which would have been used for the purpose) not being part of the original experiment was strictly speaking illegal, and the Anti-Vivisection Society promptly brought an action which cost them £2,000 in damages. Yet this dog, which—as was proved in the course of that suit—had not suffered any pain from first to last, was represented as a martyr, and a statue to its memory was actually erected in Battersea Park.

mere theory, but a proved fact, that putrefaction is caused by bacteria floating in the air, and that wounds do not suppurate if those germs are excluded or killed. It is a proved fact that consumption is due to a bacillus, and that diphtheria, erysipelas, typhoid and many other diseases are similarly due to specific germs. It is a fact, proved beyond doubt, that malaria is due to a germ conveyed by a mosquito, sleeping sickness to a germ conveyed by a fly, plague by a germ conveyed by a flea, and Malta fever to a germ which is found in the blood and secretions of apparently healthy goats. The process known as 'Phagocytosis,' (*i.e.*, the destruction of invading microbes by certain cells in the blood) and its stimulation by appropriate 'Vaccines' are not mere theories, but facts demonstrable to anyone who can look down a microscope and count the microbes in process of destruction. (This involves no experiment on animals: it is a clinical test often employed to estimate the progress a patient is making.) It may be as well to explain that a 'vaccine,' in the modern sense of the word, usually consists of sterilised salt solution containing a definite number of the dead bodies of certain minute vegetable organisms which are the recognised cause of a given disease. These organisms, obtained from cases of illness in human beings, have been specially grown in pure culture on some suitable nutrient substance, then killed by heat, and suspended in the salt solution. A little weak carbolic acid solution is added as a preservative. To call such a pure vegetable culture a "filthy fluid" or "foul matter" seems to me a misuse of words. It is absolutely free from any animal substance, and has no connexion with the cow, nor has any animal been used in its preparation. The name vaccine was given to these preparations by Pasteur in honor of Jenner, who accidentally discovered that immunity to a disease can be produced artificially. It is only now, more than a century later, that his discovery has received at the hands of Modern Research the scientific explanation which it formerly lacked.

It is, indeed, a mere 'theory' that a dose of 'vaccine' injected into the body gives rise to the formation in the blood of protective 'anti-bodies', (or antidotes) which confer immunity to, or help to cure, the corresponding disease: but this 'theory' has been abundantly vindicated in millions of instances from the time when Pasteur first inoculated cattle against 'Anthrax,' and cured the terribly fatal 'Rabies,' down to the present day, when not only human diseases, but many deadly diseases of cattle are being stamped out by inoculation. The following is taken from the South African Supplement of *The Times* of November 5th, 1910:

> In the Transvaal before the war there did not exist any organisation for the systematic eradication of cattle diseases. With the appearance of rinderpest in 1896 regulations were made for its suppression; but they were withdrawn when a successful inoculation was introduced, and this inoculation was responsible for the saving of a very large number of cattle (which would otherwise have had to be destroyed)... Before the War the Transvaal was comparatively clear of cattle diseases... At the conclusion of the War—rinderpest and pleuropneumonia had appeared once more; glanders became rampant owing to the importation of a number of horses. Directly after peace a Veterinary Division for the Transvaal was inaugurated. Two separate subdivisions were formed, the one for bacteriological research and the other for administration. The duty of the bacteriological division was to investigate the causes of unknown diseases, to prepare sera and vaccines, and to superintend the diagnosis of contagious diseases... Investigations were made into the nature of horse-sickness, and a serum vaccination was obtained enabling mules at least to be protected against natural infection. This serum has been employed for the past five years, and on an average 3,000 mules have been inoculated annually. Biliary fever in horses was properly defined—a vaccination against this disease was also introduced. Gall sickness has been proved to be due to a specific organism... and to be preventible by inoculation. Diseases of sheep, principally blue tongue, have been thoroughly dealt with, and a vaccine has been introduced of which much use is now made all over South Africa. The quantity issued during the year 1909-10 amounted to over 320,000 doses..... 16,125 double doses of vaccine for the inoculation of cattle against quarter-evil, and 24,444 doses of mallein were distributed last year.

Other diseases are mentioned in the article, but I have quoted enough to show that domestic animals are

receiving even more benefit from vaccine treatment than human beings. Farmers do not waste their money on veterinary products unless they find them useful.

I can only allude briefly to Serum-therapy. It differs from Vaccine-therapy in that it does not aim at stimulating the resisting powers of the body, but supplies the antidote 'ready made,' so to speak. Certain animals are given the 'Toxin' of a disease in gradually increasing doses, until such a large quantity of 'antidote' has been formed in their blood that they are practically immune to that particular disease. Then some of the blood of the animal is taken, and the fluid part of it (the 'serum') containing the antidote, is carefully stored in small bottles. Thus a definite quantity of the antidote so prepared can be given to a patient suffering from the same disease. The serum contains no disease; it contains only an antidote to a poison. It is not more disgusting to take a dose of serum, than to eat a mutton chop.

I hope I have convinced some readers of these two facts: firstly, that modern research does not cause cruel treatment to animals; and, secondly, that its discoveries are of immense value.

With these facts before us what ought we, as Theosophists, to do? Are we to try to hinder this good work because it entails the death of some few hundred of animals? Or ought we not rather to look beyond to the great saving of life and prevention of suffering which is ensured by this increase of knowledge? It is the prevention rather than the cure of diseases which is the chief aim of that branch of Science which the Anti-Vivisection Society attacks. Are we right to associate ourselves with that Society? Are we right to be ready to think evil and say hard things of men who are giving up their ease and comfort, and risking their own lives in order that the knowledge they gain may help a suffering world? Or is it not the better way to help with our thoughts these earnest seekers after truth, and hail them

as *brothers* who are doing more than most to lighten the world's burden and to prepare the way for the greater welfare of all beings.

E. MARIETTE

The above article is printed because it is written by a medical man who is a member of the T. S., and who believes that Vivisection is, rightly looked at, a brotherly act. As I do not intend to open *The Theosophist* to a controversy on this subject, I add these notes to the article. As we say every month, the T. S. is not responsible for any opinion by whomsoever expressed in *The Theosophist*, except in an official document; within the T. S. all opinions are on an equal footing which, by their holder, are regarded as consistent with Brotherhood, provided that they do not lead to a breach of the law of the land in which the holder resides; hence a member of the T. S. may be either a Vivisectionist or an Anti-Vivisectionist. So long as I edit *The Theosophist*, its editorial policy will be entirely Anti-Vivisectionist, but the editorial policy does not commit the Society.

The above article certainly says the very best that can be said for Vivisection, but—

1. "That the experiments of Modern Research are attended by great suffering and torture of animals" is said to be an assumption. On this the student should read for himself the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the subject; he will then be in a position to estimate fairly the value of this statement.

2. The writer confines himself to England and to countries under British rule. This is wise, because Vivisection is, at least in England, so fettered by the law that Vivisectionists complain that they are much hampered in their 'research'. We judge the practice by what goes on in countries where the public conscience is asleep

and the 'researchers' are unhampered by laws passed under the pressure of 'sentimentalists'. On this see the paper enclosed with this issue on *Vivisection in Excelsis*. To prevent the repeal of laws which keep these and similar horrors out of England, it is necessary to keep up the Anti-Vivisection movement. Students should read the accounts given by Vivisectors *of their own experiments*.

3. On the statement that "whenever an operation is performed on an animal it is fully anæsthetised and feels no pain," I again answer: "Read the records." *Ex parte* statements on either side are unconvincing. If this statement be accurate, I must be mistaken in the idea that permissions are granted in England for the performance of experiments 'without anæsthetics,' and my eyes must have betrayed me when they read the number of such permissions granted in the Government Report. Even were the statement accurate as far as it goes, it does not cover the pain suffered afterwards as a result of the experiment. Any one who has seen and nursed a human patient after an operation performed under an anæsthetic knows whether there is no subsequent pain. But most are killed, says our writer. Is that so? I thought that much 'research' dealt with the observations of results? And results cannot be watched in a corpse.

4. Vivisection "never is taught to medical students at all". Is that really so? Yet I gave up going beyond the first M.B. at the London University because in preparing for that examination I was shown and taught such experiments, and they so disgusted me that I dropped the subject altogether.

5. So far as 'research' confines itself to the microscopical examination of air, putrefying substances, the blood of diseased persons and animals—all procurable without any pain—no one objects to it. But this is a very different matter from 'experiments on animals,' and it is misleading to mix the two things in the way done here, as

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS 2 MAR 1911 MADRAS.

though the statements here made covered all the experiments made in this relation.

6. So far, 'anti-toxins' appear to have done more harm than good. But apart from this, their preparation implies the previous poisoning of the animals used and the injection of crude materials into the blood of the unfortunate patient whose general vitality is lowered. In the endeavor to render him immune to one disease he is laid open to many others.

7. Shall we, as Theosophists, hinder this 'good' work? My answer is: Yes, for it is not good, but evil. Medical science has entered on a fatal path, that will, if followed, lead to the physical deterioration of the human race as well as to its moral degradation. Even if it were true that some diseases might be cured by the torture of animals, the righteous man should reject the cure at such a price. Better to die than to live dishonored. Honor and humanity are more precious than physical life. And to us, who regard 'Modern Research' as criminal in its methods, it would be dishonor and inhumanity to accept its gifts.

ANNIE BESANT

Give me such a book as Mr. Stephen Paget's (in defence of vivisection) and I have only to read the preface to understand that the vivisector is the dynamitard of science. The arguments are the same; the character of the acts advocated is essentially the same; the justification is the same. And they are all open to the same objection, that they advocate a practice which makes life entirely horrible. Once allow irresponsible persons an absolute right to spread torture and death all around them, if only they will promise you the millennium, and you will be landed in dynamite in Politics, just as you are already landed in vivisection in Science. The question is one of human character: you have got to make up your minds whether you will live your life honorably or not.... I dogmatically postulate humaneness as a condition of worthy personal character.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A THEOSOPHIST: HIS RELATION TO HIMSELF AND TO OTHERS

A true Theosophist has no personal ends to serve, no particular and cherished hobby to ride, no special doctrine or belief which he wishes to force upon others, or which he feels called upon to defend. He does not go about seeking whom he may find to listen to his particular theories, and become converted to his peculiar doctrines; for he realises that the beliefs of others, whatever they may be, are as essential to them as are his own to himself, and therefore, in common justice and charity, he seeks not to rob them, who are satisfied with their possessions, simply to experiment with and test his own ideas upon them. In fact, to the true Theosophist, the position and condition of all others, whether near and dear to him or distant and unknown, is a matter which gives him no worry or anxiety, no joy or sorrow, and scarcely any concern. He goes about his daily duties with an apparent indifference and carelessness which, to the superficial observer of persons and events is, to say the least, confusing if not harassing. He will occasionally be heard to say: "What is, is best," yet he is observed to be an industrious worker among all classes of men and upon almost all lines of action which sway mankind with a definite purpose to effect changes and transformations. He will tell you that: "Each one has to bear his own burdens," and the next moment he may be observed in an effort to assist some one who has fallen under a heavy load, helping him to rise and journey on; or, you, yourself, may be one to appeal to him for assistance to unravel some tangle which involves your happiness, and you are grateful when you thus appeal that he cheerfully

and willingly aids to the extent of his power. You may, from your own experience and observation, learn that he has refused to do this or that which, according to your own accepted standards, he should do, and you may condemn as freely in one case as you give praise in another. And yet were you to take the pains to discover his motive for such a course, you might perhaps, learn from his standpoint that he could not conscientiously act otherwise. When you are in his company, you will most probably receive no flattery for what you may have done or refrained from doing; but, you may experience that which appears an affront, if not condemnation, and you may leave him somewhat embittered, or at least feeling unpleasantly and not very friendly toward him.

Now, if the Theosophist has been true to himself and to your own higher welfare in that he would not cater nor pander to your likes and dislikes or, in a word, to your personal egotism, you will perhaps come to know sooner or later that he *was* true to the highest in both himself and yourself, and your feeling of resentment may change to one of gratitude, for you now perceive that your real good was aimed at, rather than a politic course pursued to gain your passing good-will. But the Theosophist though apparently indifferent and careless of himself and others is, on the contrary, constantly on the alert to see and to act. His action may exercise upon a different plane than the ordinary one; yet it is none the less action, intense and ceaseless. He has duties which appeal to him with all the force and power of an intensified will to realise the higher aspirations of his own soul, for the one purpose of becoming better fitted to swell by his individual efforts that on-rolling and wide-sweeping wave of evolution whose bourn is the Infinite. He realises himself—his Higher Self—as one with all this flooding tide. He knows of a verity of the being and operation of that One Law which is the fiat of the Absolute, and which holds all things in its embrace. He feels it swell and

surge in his own being, bearing him onward. He sees its all-including embrace encompass his own little world and the numberless universes. As he himself lives, he knows that all else lives its own life, and that all are one in intent and purpose to attain infinite perfection. He knows that the One Law is all-powerful, inexorable, all-wise and kind; though often appearing cruel, it is never really so, but works and tends to the development, universality and absolute consciousness of all the dwellers in the limitless expanse, the glory of whose dominion is the crown of all perfection. He also knows that this wisest law is his defence, his buckler and his shield. It is the warrior that contests and conquers all; it is himself and all others and all else, inasmuch as all are one with it.

Resting within this invincible refuge, he realises that calm and tranquillity which is a peace that passeth expression, yet burns within the heart of his fathomless being. Realising its absolute sway over all, he is content with what is, not as a finality, but as a necessary stage of an endless becoming with which nothing can possibly interfere. Immutable, inexorable, all life is controlled and guided by It. His own life he would attune to Its harmony and thus become It in purpose and object. He perceives in all sentient and inert things, in all that is, the handicraft and workmanship of this one over-ruling Law, which is itself the mandate of the Absolute; that Its action is the true and unvarying fiat of the Almighty from which there is no appeal; that It is the exact expression and perfect manifestation of that infinite wisdom which transcends conditioned conception. Yet, the farthest reach of this Royal Servitor of Divinity is attainable through the potential attributes of each expression of Itself, and man is thus the heir to an infinite heritage. He, and all, are Pilgrims journeying toward the possessions which, though wrapped and concealed within the depths of his own inherent nature, are yet evolving a destiny commensurate with the Absolute Itself.

In the light of the above, the question may arise in the minds of some: If this law, omniscient as it is, works an ultimate perfection, why need any one, least of all a Theosophist who claims knowledge of it, seek to aid or assist it? Would not such a course savor of presumption, and be of itself only another expression of that rank egotism which would lead him even to advise the Gods?

At first glance it might appear so, but let us examine the matter. Suppose instead of viewing such action in the light of assistance to the law and thus setting up in the mind the idea of two things, of separateness, we recognise ourselves as one of the working factors of the Law, which condition, in proportion as we *become* it, is one of being one with the Law, and not separate and apart from it. We are then, in fact, not only a law unto ourselves, but unto all others and all else and, having thus consciously attained to this state, I am not I, any longer, but have become one with all others and all else, so that all others and all else are as much I, as I, them. In this view there can be no separateness, but all are, indeed, one. There is in reality, but One, though to finite and conditioned creatures who have not as yet evolved that consciousness which is common to all, but are existing in a limited and undeveloped semi-consciousness, there exists apparent separation, which seems real to us, who now move on a plane of change and illusion. It remains for us to encourage and develop these inner senses, which all feel struggling within them, and by this means transcend the present lower plane and rise to the One Reality. This is a condition, not a locality. The verity of being is something entirely different compared to its outward manifestation. Real Being is changeless in its essence, always remaining one and the same, though expressed in myriad phases corresponding to its state and degree of becoming. Law always acts from the basis of real Being, never from

that of reflexion or existence, and as man evolves consciousness of real Being, he perceives the exercise and operation of Law upon its own plane, and knows that It concerns Itself alone with the realities of Being, not with reflexions and shadows. Man, as he now exists, is not in the true Being, but lives in the realm of Māyā, or illusion, and his efforts to interpret the Law from this false position necessarily result in confusion. He must look beyond manifestations, and by means of these very manifestations, for they are the natural channels leading to the Real, that which is changeless and eternal. Now, all efforts of man, which tend to assist his fellows to perceive the verity, the principle, the Being which underlies all external manifestation, is but the operation of the One Law, revealing Itself through Itself; in other words, the man having become the Law is, of necessity, the law of all others and all else, for there is but ONE Law, and it is absolutely Itself at all times and under all circumstances.

To the one who thus perceives the Law acting upon its own plane, and to the exact extent he perceives, will absolute justice in all conditions be seen to prevail, it will appear to him quite impossible for any other state of affairs to be. Applying this to man, he who perceives the true action of the Law will not be either overjoyed at any seeming great good, or dismayed at any apparent dire evil, which may visit his fellows, for he realises that all works towards a common goal, which is a common good. The extreme suffering and distress, which befall mankind, are but one phase of the same kind, just and inexorable law which, in another phase, yields great joy and pleasure, and both are blessings, which inevitably tend to evolve higher states. Therefore, instead of one allowing oneself to be wrought into great joy or deep distress upon the occurrence of any event whatever, one should remain calm and tranquil under all circumstances. Thus does one still more consciously become the Law by acting as It does, impersonally and impartially.

Practically applying this principle in the ordinary affairs of life wherein man's relation to his fellows is of daily and hourly occurrence, it may assume somewhat this aspect as influencing his action. We should sympathise with those who suffer and assist them to the full extent of our power, be they men, devils or Gods; endeavoring to show them that in themselves—their Higher Selves—deliverance lies; that ultimate escape from trial, suffering, sorrow, misery, there is none by flight, is by bravely facing and overcoming, and thus developing that inner strength which inheres potentially in every one; that as they now suffer poignant grief, so must they themselves overcome it by self-exertion and mastery. To attempt, to escape, to avoid, to compromise, is but to deceive themselves and only lengthens and intensifies their present pain—does not free them from it; their first duty is to call upon and exercise that self-control which is evidence of true strength, and which they possess if they but will it. This very trial and suffering is for the express purpose of evolving their real being, which they, as yet, scarcely know of. As they now act, so will their future be, for thus is our destiny vested in ourselves. Assure them that there is no demand existing but has its supply ever ready to meet and fulfil. That an honest and conscientious performance of the ever present duty is the only key to real growth, true happiness and sure advance. *That the ever present duty is the one, no matter how insignificant it may appear, which appeals for performance on the instant, and may not be put aside or supplanted by aught else.* In the true light, there is no small or great, no high or low, and no one thing may take precedence over another or supersede another if that other first demands attention. It is not alone what one does, but how one performs, that constitutes the worth and merit of action. The principle of the widow's mite holds good over all. When one does all he can, though it be the smallest thing, yet it is as much as the greatest

in real merit, and counts as such in that life. Fierce contests often rage in silence and obscurity. In the conscious performance of present duty come light and illumination, preparation and strength meet for the next. A common error is the putting aside of a present task for one more congenial and suited to the taste—a fatal mistake, and one fraught with sorrow and suffering, for only by carefully accepting each duty of life as it reveals itself, is safety, present and future. By this course is strength developed and conscious being evolved.

The Theosophist has neither time nor disposition to engage in argument or controversy with a view of proselytising and gaining converts to his own beliefs. He would not rob nor despoil others of their possessions, either material or spiritual. To that which satisfies them, he recognises their inalienable right—the right born of possession. An attempt upon his part to deprive them of it would be arrant injustice and productive of much discord. As long as one is contented with his possession, whatever it may be, he is receiving the lesson of life, his lesson, not the lesson of some one else, and to interfere with his opportunity would benefit neither party, but on the contrary, work discomfiture to both. This is the reason why men cling so tenaciously to their religious beliefs, oppose most strenuously all efforts of interference, and are apt to regard all other beliefs as wrong. From their standpoint such a course appears right but, in the clearer light of justice, all men are equally entitled to their respective beliefs, and strict toleration should be exercised toward all in the practice of them. This principle of toleration is the distinctive and peculiar feature of Theosophy, as compared to all philosophies and religions.

Theosophy holds that only that can possibly come to man, of whatever nature, which is his own by virtue of his past experiences, his present condition, and his future needs and possibilities. The Law, which is the executor

of all superhuman intelligence, acting entirely for man's greatest good, causes him to proceed apparently of his own volition on a certain line along which lie the supplies of his unfolding nature. Every one alike proceeds in this wise. Not only does that which belongs to a man inevitably come to him, but it can *only* come at the right time and remain with him for only the necessary length of time, and his own condition and needs determine its coming and going.

Now, at this point, another phase of the question may arise: In the light of the above, if all things are well and as they should be, why is any effort of any kind made by Theosophists in the way of publishing books, issuing magazines, holding meetings, and other works of propaganda undertaken collectively and individually?

The Theosophist answers that while he has neither time nor disposition to argue in an attempt to make converts to his own doctrines, and positively refuses to attempt to unsettle others in their cherished beliefs, yet there are great and growing numbers of all creeds who, like himself perhaps, have exhausted the resources of the old interpretations of the Truth, and are now searching for clearer and more comprehensive conceptions of the same truth; and he adds that many are floating restlessly about in a sea of doubt and uncertainty, anxiously looking for more light upon the problems of life, urged on incessantly by an impulse of their own evolving being, knowing no rest, no refuge. The Theosophist perceives this great number of dissatisfied ones, and recognises their condition and demands as a reflexion of his own state, for he is himself constantly searching for more light. The needs of this vast number are real and true, and necessitate supply. The Theosophist would assist all these as he expects and receives help from those still further on the way; and he also knows that as he endeavors to elevate and assist all who appeal to him, does

his own progress take place; and all efforts are made with a view of helping others to help themselves.

A number who have come into more or less Theosophic knowledge, instead of using that knowledge to help some one else and by that means progressing themselves, are still looking to and depending upon others and thereby retarding their own growth. It is only by self-exertion, study, self-analysis and setting oneself to probing the depths of one's own being, one's own nature, and thus gaining knowledge of self, by weeding out the lower, baser part, actuated by a motive to expend the life and best energies in untiring efforts to assist and elevate all men, that individual illumination comes to one; nor is it attainable by other means.

A Theosophist will not dictate to another, nor outline another's course of action. Each one must discern his own duty and work, and earnestly strive to perform it. While each one can only attain through his own individual efforts, yet, *true* Theosophists cherish warm sympathy and hold out hearty encouragement to all who struggle to master their lower nature, and labor in the great cause of Humanity, no matter by what name they choose to call themselves.

Now, while no time is given to argument, no justification advanced for his position, the Theosophist has a great deal of time to expend for those whom he can assist. Therefore exist books, magazines, meetings and collective and individual work along many lines. Theosophical Branches are formed, libraries collected for the free use of those who desire to inform themselves. These and all other means are utilised to the extent available, and solely in the interest of those who feel the need of them and who, of their own accord, avail themselves of the opportunities offered. With those who are satisfied with their lot, a Theosophist has nothing to do except to extend to them his best thoughts for their happiness and attainment along.

their chosen lines. If a time should ever arrive in their experience when they shall feel discontent and desire another and larger field and make a choice of his, the Theosophist will welcome them.

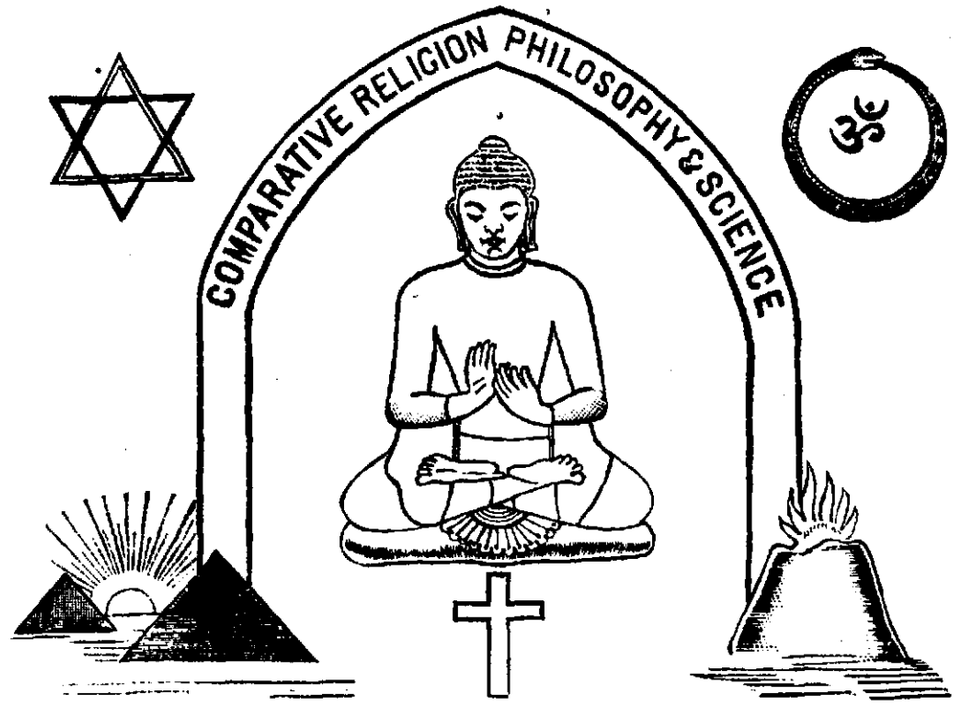
The Theosophist, least of all, arrogates to himself judgment of others. Realising in a faint degree the mysteries of his own nature, the lights and shades, the complications and almost endless variety of active and dormant attributes which constitute his being, he feels less than ever competent to pass judgment, either of praise or blame, upon his fellows. Praise is often as unjust as condemnation. No one, unless in possession of all the evidence, is capable of rendering just judgment, and as one realises how ignorant he is of his own state, he naturally withholds all judgment. He thinks it better to let each one alone with their thought and action, for soon or late inevitable justice will be meted out to every man, in exact accordance with his degree of merit or demerit. With judgment, no man has to do; that is the exclusive prerogative of impersonal and impartial law. A Theosophist acts his part in the affairs of life and men, where the Law has assigned him place, with a high ideal of his destiny and according to the ways of nature as revealed through his own being, having no anxiety as to results and content to simply perform his present duty.

Another question may arise: Does not one have to believe and accept Reincarnation and Karma, Kāma-Loka, Devachan, Mahātmās and Magic, in order to be a Theosophist and eligible to membership in the Society. The answer is: No; it is not necessary for one to accept any or all of these. To many, these truths are innovations, new and startling, and quite impossible to comprehend at once; but the claim is advanced that they are Truths, pertaining to the spiritual nature, which, sooner or later, will evolve in the mind of the faithful student. To others, these truths are as cooling draughts to parched and swollen

lips, and afford a rational solution to many otherwise unsolvable problems of life.

The one essential qualification necessary of possession by one who would be a Theosophist, is that he accept and work for the principle of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD, which in its practical operation, looks to the greatest good of Humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste or color. A mere belief in this principle is not enough; one must work conscientiously and untiringly for its realisation. He may believe in a God or no God; he may give adherence to any creed, religion or philosophy, or hold to none; these are purely personal matters pertaining to himself alone. What is required is that he act daily and hourly in accordance with his highest light, and that he exercise that strict toleration and pure charity towards all men in their respective beliefs which he rightfully claims for himself. When one's life is ordered on these lines, true growth and progress in all that concerns his higher nature are assured, for considering the rights of all others as equal to his own and assisting them to the extent of his power, conduces to the state of altruism which is death to the grovelling propensities of his own lower nature. The earnest and striving one thus attains to a degree of insight and knowledge of the verities of life not otherwise attainable. The whole nature becomes attuned to the harmonies of all being, and the interior senses develop and are exercised on superior planes; and he thus attains that high and true destiny which is the fulfilment of a prophecy uttered in the beginning.

WILLIAM M. THOMPSON



THE BROTHERHOOD OF FRIENDS

SINCE the publication of *The Letters of a Sūfi Teacher*, which gives a mere brief outline of this subject (pp. 20-22), certain additional particulars, meagre and fragmentary albeit, have been found in a Persian book—a compilation from several authors—entitled *Matālib-i-Rashīdī* (Nawal Kishore Press, Lucknow); and they are herein put down for the information of the readers of *The Theosophist*.

The eternal source of wisdom is the Spirit or Light of Muhammad, and the Prophets and the Friends of all ages serve as Its agents.

There are two great classes of Friends:

(1) The Quṭubs or Poles: Those who are concerned with the administration of the world; (2) The Farḍs or Units: Those who are too lofty to take part in the affairs of the world. The rank of (2) is superior to (1), and consists of three, five, or seven officers.

A Quṭub must be embodied till the day of resurrection. The Chief of the Quṭubs is named Abḍ-ul-lāh (the servant of God in His Highest Aspect), and He has two ministers on the right and the left sides: Abḍ-ur-rab (the servant of God in His Educative Aspect) who overlooks the higher regions (the spiritual department?), and Abḍ-ul-malik (the servant of God in His Ruling Aspect) who supervises the lower realms (the state affairs?).

There are four Autāḍs, one deputed to each of the four cardinal points for the protection of the world: Abḍ-ul-Alīm in the west, Abḍ-ul-Hai in the east, Abḍ-ul-Morīḍ in the north, Abḍ-ul-Qāḍir in the south.

There are seven Abḍāls, who are in charge of the modifications and improvements of the seven great divisions of the earth, each being inspired by one of the seven Planetary Spirits. The Abḍāl of the first division follows Abraham, that of the second Moses, that of the third Harūn, that of the fourth Idrīs, that of the fifth Joseph, that of the sixth Jesus and Yehia, that of the seventh Ādam.

According to some authorities the number of Abḍāls is forty, male-females (hermaphrodites?): when one of these male-females dies, another male-female is born to fill up the vacancy. The world Abḍāl comes from the Arabic root *Baḍl* (to change). So certain members of the hierarchy are called Abḍāls, because (*a*) they change from time to time; (*b*) they transmute the lower nature; (c) their mission is to bring about certain changes.

Some Sūfīs speak of two great functionaries: (1) Quṭub-i-Irṣhād, and (2) Quṭub-i-Abḍāl. The former is the universal Teacher; the latter is concerned with creation and preservation (food, sanitation, etc.).

Needless to say that these high epithets have, from time to time, been given to several saints, by their devoted disciples, out of sheer faith.

The above notes read in the light of Theosophy seem to suggest the following comparative statement:

The Spirit or Light of Muhammad	appears	to stand for or correspond to	Shiva, the patron-saint of all Yogis.
The Quṭubs	appear	"	the Adepts constituting the members of the White Lodge.
The Farḍs	"	"	the Adepts who have gone beyond the earth.
Abḍ-ul-lāh	appears	"	the One Great Initiator, Sanat Kumāra.
Abḍ-ur-Rab or Quṭub-i-Irshād	"	"	the Bodhisattva, or the Christ.
Abḍ-ul-Malik or Quṭub-i-Abḍāl	"	"	the Manu.
The Autāḍs	appear	"	Dikpālas, or Mahārājās.
The Abḍāls	"	"	the Adepts in charge of particular parts of the globe.

BAIJ NĀTH SINGH

Yahya Ibn Muaz relates, "I watched Bayazid Bistami at prayer through one entire night. When he had finished he stood up and said, 'O Lord! some of Thy servants have asked and obtained of Thee the power to perform miracles, to walk on the sea, and to fly in the air, but this I do not ask; some have asked and obtained treasures, but these I do not ask.' Then he turned, and, seeing me, said, 'O, Are you there, Yahya?'..... I then asked him to reveal to me some of his spiritual experiences..... He answered, 'The Almighty showed me His Kingdom, from its loftiest to its lowest; He raised me above the throne and the seat and all the seven heavens. Then He said, "Ask of me whatsoever thing thou desirest." I answered, "Lord! I wish for nothing beside Thee." "Verily," He said, "thou art my servant.'"

—*The Alchemy of Happiness* by AL GHAZZALI

SWEDENBORG, THE PRINCE OF SEERS

THE one ugly failing which characterises most of us is intolerance. Any new idea, any belief other than our own, and we bridle up. Of course, we do come across some who are, easy of tolerance too. But that is generally due to amused condescension. Why so much fuss, say these know-alls, about what is fit only for women and children? Incredulous mockery, eyes-serious-faith-askance, and sustained curiosity stare both down. Few are the minds always open to the advent of new truth. In judging Swedenborg, therefore, the balance swings between suspicion and sympathy. And yet there is a point of contact between the two. Hostile to every concession, they ask for appreciations equally exclusive. Sympathy is for being liberal, prejudice for being narrow. What then is best under the circumstance? Lay the two aside when studying Swedenborg's life and doctrine. Both are of a piece, neat and independent. No concession will then have to be made for any man, system, church, or banner, save that of reason.

Here too, however, is a difficulty. Swedenborg passed a great part of his life in the world beyond our physical ken. With no passport to it, our reason reels before his illumination. But the rub is just where the charm lies. Swedenborg is the supernatural, with the eighteenth century criticism over the way. Now, is there a question for us more disquieting, or more discussed? Has it not been, and will it not always be, the most pregnant for intelligence? Is it not the one question before which all others pale? And if Swedenborg is the *Supernatural* in the face of criticism, he is also the greatest conciliation ever attempted between the natural and the supernatural,

between the rational and the marvellous. This noble attempt is quite in order from the day that man is, and will always be so, while God and human reason are. The question is not one of the existence of the spiritual world only. It is the rapport between the two worlds that touches home. And what should this be, if, as Swedenborg thinks, man is at once the most beautiful enigma and the most eloquent solution of it? Has not human intelligence been very right, in ever making of this enigma, *the one* of all others it likes best to measure itself with? The criticism of the eighteenth century thought itself more formidable than the supernatural. Its blunderbuss was loaded with chaff and ridicule. It did not mind throwing it overboard in moments of crazy confidence. Was not the supernatural one of those superannuated conceptions to be put in future under the ban of pure reason and common sense?

When it was war to the knife between the two, there suddenly took birth the supernatural under its most daring and ambitious form. Was it irony of fate, or providential dispensation? For, never did it take, nor can it have taken, a more decided and glaring form than the one in which Swedenborg's life and doctrine were clothed. A savant of the first order in every science, this stalwart mineralogist was pre-eminently a *man of Realities*, a man of facts and calculations. He it was who created the art of working the metals, and of exploring nature. The rule, the pair of scales, and the multiplication table, the insignia of the wide-awake practical man, were all his. No rickety ganglionic centres nor softening of the brain was his portion, for any hallucinations to result therefrom. He was the supernatural incarnate, or at least the expression of it carried to its highest power. From the standpoint of the development of certain faculties of the soul, history presents no personage more remarkable. Of all who had the honor of being eminent in his age, there were few more vigorously constituted in body and in mind than he

was. And who more laborious, honest, and ingenious, more a savant, more prolific a writer, more lucid a doctor? In that age when Ronsseau proclaimed himself as virtuous as any other, there was none better, more beloved, nor more happy than Swedenborg.

This Prince of Seers and of Theosophists was born on the 29th of January, 1688. It was a great and glorious epoch, that of Malebranche, Locke, Fénélon and Leibnitz. The youthful prodigy could have had those for masters, if he had chosen—which he did not. Then came Wolf, Berkeley, Hume, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Rousseau and Kant. These he could have emulated, had he cared, but that too he did not. This extraordinary child of the North cared but little for worldly glories. Wolf, the illustrious successor of Leibnitz, and Kant, the illustrious reformer of all contemporary philosophy, both wrote to him. They could not get him to hold philosophic correspondence with them. His father was a Bishop, and Professor of Theology at the University of Upsala. While letting his son follow the bent of his mind, he kneaded it, as it were, for the prodigious development of speculative forces, and for the marvellous fecundity of pen which distinguished his career. From the age of four, he loved religious talk, and his parents, often struck by what he said, thought the angels used him as their mouth-piece. Being remarkably gifted, he applied himself very early, and with great success, to the study of the classics, mathematics and the Natural Sciences. In 1709, when he was twenty-one, he was decorated with the highest academic honors. It was the unlucky year when his King, wounded and carried on a stretcher, shattered by the enemy's bullet, lost the battle of Pultowa—and his liberty. The indomitable Charles, seeing his brilliant victories followed by deplorable defeats, was prosecuting the siege of Fredericshall, in which the mechanical genius of this mastodon of Sciences rendered him a splendid service. Over impracticable cliffs and ravines Charles' heavy artillery had to be carried. Swedenborg improvised machines furnished with cylinders. These rolled shallop and boats

and guns for a distance of sixteen miles. The struggle began but to end. The greatest of Sweden's glories and the greatest of her misfortunes died an obscure death, shot by an unknown hand. Queen Eleanore, his sister, was elected sovereign. She soon rewarded the services of the talented engineer. Letters patent of nobility were conferred on him. But the metallurgist and the astronomer were just as dominant over the courtier, as was his morality over his political principles. For him the moral and political world was but one. It needed order, thought he. And what better than the order established by the laws of the physical universe? His confidence in the inductions drawn by his meditative genius from well-observed facts was great. He dared to sketch an *à priori* Cosmology, a whole theory of the construction of a universe. This has been but too often imitated by present-day philosophers and naturalists. He laid down four rules for the examination of the greatest phenomena, and of the elements which bring them about—light, atmosphere, and mineral magnetism. These rules still hold an undisputed authority. They are: (1) That Nature works with the simplest of principles. (2) As principles of Nature, we must admit the very principle of geometry, that is, deduce the origin of the diverse parts of Nature from the mathematical point, even the lines, the figures, and all geometry. And this because there is nothing in Nature that is not geometric and *vice versâ*. (3) These elements work at the same time and in the same place, each unimpeded by the other. (4) To serve as a basis for theory, incontestable facts are needed, and no step is permissible unguided by them. Nothing is more legitimate than this scientific faith in the laws of Nature. It bears the signet of Rationalism. Nothing more prolific than the power of deduction which he transforms into synthesis. It is a bold encroachment on the genius of Cuvier—creating a whole animal from the fragment of a bone. His was a rare ingenuity. He anticipated the beautiful theories of

Dalton and Berzelius. No less did he prelude the discovery of Wollaston, on the rôle of spherical form in the composition of crystals. With Lagrange he shares a magnificent theory; with Herschel, the honor of having discovered the place of our Sun and our System in the Milky-way. What other hall-mark can he need to add to his lustre as a thorough-going man of science? The three big questions which agitated the learned world of Swedenborg's day were: (1) The Infinite; (2) The final cause of Nature; (3) The mysterious lien of body and soul. Swedenborg published a volume on these. Though a Cartesian he recasts his theory. Without any contempt for his master, he fearlessly asks for undisputed facts.

Conceptions which are nothing else than simple assertions, do not weigh much with him. From Descartes he passes on to Bacon, who prohibits the quest of final causes. He holds that they are the Creator's concern, not ours. Swedenborg is not for shutting the eyes in order to elucidate the question. With the third problem comes the turn of Leibnitz. His theory of pre-established harmony, disappointed Swedenborg, as much as it did Wolf, than whom Leibnitz counts no more faithful disciple. Swedenborg begins by laying down the great principle, that to explain the soul we must take hold of the body. The secret, or the science of the soul if anywhere, is there. And he is for proceeding by the Analytic Method. He advocates the study of anatomy and of physiology, and pursues it right to the end. In philosophy as in politics, for life and natural motion to flow freely, the despotism which arrests their circulation must be overthrown. And herein lies Swedenborg's great merit. In the name of facts he rendered liberty to philosophy. Arrived thus far, the sturdy practical men, bound to the solid earth and the things they can feel and grasp, must part company with the stalwart scientist, for he steps now into a rarer element, where these sons of matter cannot follow him. Then, they will not take anything on trust—they reject every testimony but

their own. It is no use reminding them that analysis by itself is a very poor instrument for arriving at the highest truths. Has not Pyrrhonic Scepticism proved incontestably that all conviction whatever upon any subject is impossible to the logical intellect as such? Ask them to explain the divine entity of the Socratic Daimon. They meet it by epilepsy. However informed and enlightened, such minds have not manliness enough, unsupported by society's good word, to stand by the seer who sees the heavens open to him.

Swedenborg has entered on his fifty-eighth year when suddenly *he sees a vision*. He is radically transformed. "I was in London," says he, "in my usual inn dining very late. I had a room to myself to freely meditate on spiritual things. Being very hungry, I ate heartily. My dinner over, I saw a sort of fog spread all over my eyes, and the ceiling of my room was covered with hideous reptiles. I was more struck by it as the obscurity thickened. Nevertheless it soon vanished, and I distinctly saw a man, seated in one of the corners of the room, full under a strong and bright light. The reptiles had disappeared with the darkness. I was alone. You can imagine my fright, when I heard him say in an eerie tone: 'Do not eat so much.' At these words my sight grew dim again. Gradually it was restored, and I saw myself alone in my chamber. The following night, the figure, radiant with light appeared to me a second time. It said: 'I am God, the Lord, the Creator, and the Redeemer. I have chosen thee for interpreting to men the inner sense of the sacred Scriptures. I shall dictate to thee what thou must write.' This time I was not at all afraid. The light which enveloped him though strong and bright, made no painful impression on my eyes. The man was clothed in purple, and the vision lasted about a quarter of an hour. The eyes of my inner man were opened this night. The heavens, the world of spirits, and the netherworld were visible to me. Every-

where I found persons of my acquaintance, the long or the recently departed."

Every man, however creative or original he may be, is the child of his age. He always owes more to it than does the age to him. Many ages of struggling humanity inspire and sustain the scholar in search for science. To this Swedenborg is no exception.

Mysticism and Theosophy were then in the air. Mystics have gone all lengths for the love of God, in all religions, and in every clime. What ardor! What effusions of sensibility! What poetic eccentricities! Says the moth to the candle: "I love, and it is but natural I burn. But you shed those hot tears!" "O my enamored beggar, divorced from honey, my sweet (Shirin) love, I burn as Ferhad did for Shirin." Thus with hot tears trickling down its pale face the candle added: "Love is not for such as you who have no resignation, nor perseverance. At the first touch of the flame away you fly; while see me stand till I am completely annihilated, burning from head to foot. The devotee is not turned from his purpose by rain, darts, or stones." "Beware and venture not; but if you do, face the ocean's storm," advises the Persian Poet. Such sublime love is the meeting-point of God and man, whose heart is the altar, his acts the sacrifices offered, and love the flame burning upon it. In his majestic poem on Mont Blanc, Coleridge writes to the same purpose of "the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused, swelling vast to heaven."

The creator of modern criticism, the sceptic, the most methodic Descartes himself, his reason lit by science, did not escape being uplifted by the power of the soul. It was in his twenty-fourth year that he had a vision. He was meditating alone in his room. He believed he heard a voice from heaven. It promised to teach him the true path to science. An explosion was then heard, and sparks shone all over the room. He was nursing the delightful

prospect of finding an elixir of life. If the oak lived from four to five hundred years, why not man? To perceive the truth not actively but passively, by divine illumination, of which purity of heart is the condition and prayer the means, was a prevalent faith at the time. Among those who had arrived at science, not by the senses, not by books, not by reasoning, not by factitious intelligence, but by retiring within themselves and communing with their soul, were Mme. Guyon, Mlle. Bourignon, Dr. Pordage, Jane Leade, Claude de St. Martin, and Poiret.

Is it hallucination? The soul lives and is blessed, unless we drown it in degradation. There is the lotus bloom in every human soul, and it opens wide to the light, unless we poison its roots. We must live in innocence to seek after Truth. Reason, in trying to scale the heights, falls back impotent and broken into doubt and despair. Not by that way can we come to that which is best and highest. The appeal to all the high concerns of our moral and religious life must be from the intellect to the heart. Where we cannot know, we still may feel. Feeling is the immediate unity of the subject. If faith in God manifest itself in emotion, why attempt to justify it by means of reason? The whole tendency of modern education is to create an intense self-consciousness. Whoever is self-conscious has lost the charm of simplicity and of perfect naturalness. This reasoning, rational being readily labels Socrates and Swedenborg as hallucinated! Which one of us would not be glad of the epithet, could he but achieve the integrity of his moral being, as the genial Master of Greece did, inspired by his daimon? How nearly infallible as a prophet and seer he was? How his discourses made the hearts of even his disorderly disciples leap? Was it because of the morbid state of his brain? What if the facts about Swedenborg should raise a smile among those who have set their knowledge as a boundary, beyond which fact and philosophy may never advance? However singular he may be,

measured by the general experience of the race, the somnambulist has, none the less, means of perception, unknown to man in his normal state. A miner, mechanic, and savant, Swedenborg studies, meditates, and travels. Turned a Seer, this man of solid make sails above the clouds, traverses the heavens, explores the moon and the planets. What raptures must have been his with his soul open to influences unknown to us! What transformations must this upright and sincere man have passed through during twenty-seven long years of vision. And what enigmas to decipher for the scholar so clear-headed and serene, for the valiant thinker who, though a Theosophist, is essentially a rationalist, and in whom bigotry and pietism beget loathing.

He lays great store by his Inner Sense, which discovers to him that God is truth, that is—light. This sense is a fact of individual consciousness. How assail it then? Accessible to every one in tavern, salon, or beautiful mansion, he put up with even the silly and the curious plying him with flat questions. The scoffers themselves felt dismayed, if not seized with respect, at the sight of this man so grave and gentle, this gentleman so noble in mien, so polished in manners. Far from hiding himself, he made himself cheap, by knocking at the door of the Academy of Stockholm.

It was to assure that solemn body that his theory of the Inner Sense applied itself just as well to the system of Egyptian hieroglyphics as to the Bible. If it so desired, he was ready to explain the system, which none else could do. Champollion understands them, but is confined to things of this world. The alphabetic, phonetic and ideographic signs borrowed from this world respond to ideas relating to religious or political affairs. With Swedenborg the things of the material world answer to those of the spiritual, the one being a faithful representation of the other. The science of correspondence, says he, was with the ancients the science of sciences. Nothing is more remarkable than this famous offer of the Seer, unless it be the silence of the Academy. And that despite all it knew of the celestial journeys of its admired fellow-member. It was not incredulity so much as the fear of Mrs. Grundy. What? compromise its name by a rash condescension? But a room full of Academicians is by no means the whole creation! There is something worth caring for outside its walls. True, human reason is so fashioned that it guards itself against accepting the marvellous. It has a right to raise every possible objection before it be brought to believe. Where there is not enough reason to believe, doubt is legitimate. For Swedenborg the cap of the telescope he looked through to bring the invisible world within range ever stood open, while reason saw but its image reflected, the cap being closed. In face of the extraordinary faculty of perception which showed itself incessantly in the life of the Seer, reason had to stand gaping, unable to deny facts.

Kant on Swedenborg's clairvoyance: Here is a case, which appeared to Kant to have the greatest demonstrative force, to cut short doubt of every kind. It was on a Saturday, towards the end of September, 1759, that Swedenborg, returning from England, landed at Gottenburg at about four in the afternoon. There was a party of fifteen at William Castel's, to which he was invited. At six in the evening Swedenborg entered the salon pale and frightened. A fire had broken out, said he, that instant, in Stockholm at the Sudermalm, and was violently spreading towards his house. He was very restless, and went out several times. The house of one of his friends, whom he named, was already reduced to ashes, and his own was in danger. After going out again at eight, he joyfully said: "Thank God, the fire has been put out at the third door from mine." This news created quite a sensation in the town, and the Governor was informed of it the same evening. This functionary called the Seer on Sunday morning and questioned him on the subject. He described exactly the beginning, the end, and the duration of the fire.

On Monday evening there arrived a courier from Stockholm, despatched by the tradespeople during the fire. These letters described the fire as was told by the Seer. On Tuesday morning the Royal Messenger followed with a detailed report to the Governor, which in no way differed from that of the Seer. Who can plead against the authenticity of this event? Kant himself says he cannot object to the credibility of it. He accords the same faith to a second fact quite as extraordinary and perhaps more so. The widow of the minister of Holland at Stockholm, Mme. de Marteville, pressed by a creditor to settle her debt, fully remembered it had been paid by her husband, but could nowhere find the receipt. It was a question of 25,000 Dutch florins. The lady was much alarmed, for if she had to pay the sum she would be utterly ruined. She took counsel with a few lady friends, who arranged to give Swedenborg a call. He received them in a beautiful garden and a magnificent salon, in the vault of which was a window through which, he said, he conversed with his friends the spirits. Among other things, the lady asked him if he had known M. de Marteville. Swedenborg did not, as he was in London all the while that the other was at the court of Stockholm. Eight days after, the deceased minister appeared to his wife in her dream, and showed her in a casket of English make, not only the place of the receipt, but also of a hair-pin with twenty brilliants which she had believed equally lost. It was at two in the morning. She got up joyfully and found the things in the place indicated. Having gone to sleep again she was up at nine. At eleven Swedenborg was announced. Ere he learnt from her what had passed, he said he had seen several spirits overnight, and among them M. de Marteville. He wanted to speak to him, but he said he was in a hurry to disclose something of importance to his wife, so much so, that the matter over, he would pass on to a happier celestial colony from where he had now been for a year. In

his treatise, *The Dreams of a Visionary*, Kant, the eminent philosopher of the great century which has been the making of us, gave such a ringing publicity to, and a confirmation of these startling facts that physical science Podsnappery could not put them out of existence. Happily conscious of its own merit and importance it may well say: "I do not want to know about them, I do not choose to discuss them; I do not admit them."

Despite the sounding pomp of such extermination, no great voice of renown was wanting to the glory of Swedenborg, whether poet, philosopher or diplomat. Had he cared to see his name sounded by all the echoes of the loquacious divinity, he would have been more than satisfied. But it was the world's surprise at ordinary facts that surprised him. Now Kant was not only a genius, but one with all his wits about him.

Swedenborg was careful not to laugh at or condemn what perplexed him. The Queen, Louise Ulrique, the worthy sister of Frederick the Great, was a princess of lofty understanding. Her knowledge of the world put her almost above the possibility of being deceived. She affected too much the trick of scrutiny and criticism, her interest in it being over so little, sceptic that she was. To put Swedenborg to the test, she sent for him at the court in 1761. He was presented to the King, her husband Frederick Adolphus of Sweden. Being asked if he had intercourse with the dead, he said: "Yes." Was it a faculty he could communicate to others? "No." What was it then? "A divine gift." She led him apart with the King, and asked him to find out what it was her deceased brother Prince William had confided to her when leaving Potsdam for Stockholm for her wedding in 1744. A few days after he came with the reply, and the Queen confessed to being simply stupefied when she heard him. On the 14th of July, 1762, he was in Amsterdam in the midst of a numerous company when he suddenly changed color, and something extraordinary seemed to be passing within

him. When he came to himself, they asked what the matter was. He eluded the question. Being repeatedly entreated, he said at last: "This very hour and moment, Peter III, the Tsar of Russia, is being put to death in the Chateau of Ropcha." He described the way in which the murdur was committed. This proved but too true when news of the crime was received.

He predicts his death. In virtue of his marvellous faculty, Swedenborg knew that John Wesley, the celebrated chief of the Methodists, wanted to confer with him. He therefore wrote to him to say that being informed by the spirits of his desire, he would be glad to see him. In reply the preacher wrote that he would avail himself of the gracious invitation on his return from his tour, which would last six months. The Seer replied he would have departed this world before then, as the 29th of March that was approaching, was to be the day of his death. Wesley took this for a vision only. The event came off as predicted. The Rev. Mr. Smith, a follower of Wesley, was so struck by it that he took to reading Swedenborg's works and changed his faith for that of the 'New Doctrine.'

Rationalism. The eighteenth century, always up in arms against prejudices was itself not free from them. It was impatient of everything out of the common. For it the abnormal was monstrous, the marvellous insensate. Faith in the supernatural was all very well in theory. But it was on condition of wearing the livery of the rational that it might be mistaken for it. The word rational did not exist. The faith in the supernatural gave it birth. It was the Spirit of the Age that was. Undoubtedly the worship of reason was not universal; but it aspired to universality. It forgot that the supernatural, for the very reason of its being what it was, could not be judged by rules borrowed from the domain of the natural. Thus it did not judge, it condemned. That is easily done. Cæser traverses Gaul, a conqueror. We believe him when reading his *Commentaries*. Do we credit Cæsar, the citizen,

when he professes faith in augurs, diviners, apparitions? How can we? Has not Rationalism settled *à priori*, beyond all appeal, that there never was such a thing as a ghost? Can it have after this any right to the name? Is this how it carries out at least that principal function of reason, which is to smooth away contradiction and remove inconsistencies? Does it rule by its reasonableness, or as fashion playing the inflexible despot? How many there are with whom conscience and cowardice are one, the former standing for the trade-name of the firm! It is only of late we have been learning our ignorance.

Despite the most violent opposition, extremely discreditable to a vaunted age of research, psychic phenomena have come to be recognised as realities. The denunciations of the press, or of those half-thinkers and would-be philosophers who pose as authorities—though unable to penetrate events any deeper than their crust—have failed to stamp out Spirit by their one-sided theory of evolution. The champions of common sense or enlightenment have to pause ere they judge as men of the world, and test every belief by one touch-stone. They cannot ask of every article, of any creed, does it square with the view of the universe based exclusively upon the prevalent mode of interpreting sense-perception? When the Ladrone Islands were discovered, it was found that the inhabitants believed their islands to be the only land, and they the only people in the world. Because the physical sciences have a preponderating weight in our days, need enthusiastic physicists, not unlike the islanders, know nothing, believe nothing, care nothing for outlying realms infinitely larger than their domain, whose existence can be demonstrated as positively as that of the trilobite in the paleozoic period, though ages had gone by without the world knowing it? The sciences alone do not occupy the region of valid thought in all its extent. The quantitative relations between material objects, investigated by mathematics and physics, do not exhaust the realm of the knowable so as

to leave no place for the psychically gifted Seer's view of the world. No more was Swedenborg spinning spiritual cocoons by *à priori* methods, than do scientists build their structures from below by an *à posteriori* way of thought, without the help of any ruling conceptions. Unsystematic dabblers in matters of thought who assail psychic science have inadequate notions both of the nature of the Self and of the world and are not aware that each finds its meaning only as exponent of the other.

Are the best men of Science unwilling to confess that we always act our creed? Is not a man's conduct generated by his view of himself and his world? Offensive ridicule, directed against discoverers of, or those interested in unfamiliar facts, is a moral crime retarding the growth of knowledge, and causing undeserved distress. It is the physical senses which crave for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." This is why we hear the crass materialistic poet Prudhomme cry:

Ne jamais la voir ni l'entendre,
Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
Mais, fidèle, toujours l'attendre,
Toujours l'aimer.

Spiritual truth is beyond the action of our mental machinery. The path to it is to be found by the way of duty in daily life and simplicity—the quality which modern life is most calculated to destroy. We have learnt to think too gingerly of God. Not even for an instant does He cease to speak to us. It is we who in the fever of business or pleasure take no good care to hear Him in regard to every act. If we did, we should lead a little higher life even in a garret. Pleasing as a ripple of music from a woodlark's throat He comes, and comes alone to him who does well the work which in the ordinances of nature lies next to him to do. If He comes at all, he comes altogether in the lowest as in the highest, sooner perhaps to the day-laborer than to the scientific investigator.

PESTONJI DORABJI KHANDALAVALA

THE PRODIGAL SON

THE definition of 'parable'—'an earthly story with a heavenly meaning'—will be familiar to all British readers, as one taught to them in their youth, but the explanation of the parables given to many of us in our younger days was of so slender a character that, in course of time, an inclination arose to discard the stories altogether as hardly worthy of our serious attention. In the early days of the Christian (or, rather, Christoic) faith, the Essenes and Therapeuts paid little or no attention to the literal rendering of the Scriptures, but sought to ascertain the spiritual or hidden meaning. "The Therapeuts," wrote Bruno, "interpreted the Scriptures of the Old Testament allegorically, and, being wont to seek the spiritual meaning of the Law, they more readily embraced the Gospel than those that looked no further than the outward letter." St. Augustine, in his work *Letter and Spirit*, showed that not only the histories, precepts, parables and figures of the Old Testament, but those also of the New, were both to be interpreted spiritually, and applied to our spirits, otherwise the whole would be but the letter that killeth and not the Spirit that giveth life. Mosheim, the historian, mentions Pantænus, Clement of Alexandria, Tatian, Justin Martyr, Theophilus of Antioch, Origen and many others, who maintained that "the true meaning of the sacred writers was to be sought in a hidden and mysterious sense arising from the nature of the things themselves."

The parable of the Prodigal Son has been retained in the memory of many because, unhappily, of its too frequent demonstration in mundane experience. May there not, however, be for us, as students of the mysteries of

all Scriptures, a more profound meaning, some deep substratum of esoteric and occult teaching, some gem buried deep beneath the soil, which will scintillate when brought to the surface?

'The house' in the New Testament is significant of the place of higher knowledge, revealed only to initiates (see *Matthew*, xiii. 36). Both sons mentioned in the parable in *Luke*, xv. had been resident with the father in the house, but the younger is depicted as possessed with a desire to leave it, and go among the populace and spread the knowledge he had there acquired, disregarding the injunction 'to cast not pearls before swine.' To do so is 'to waste thy substance in riotous living,' and students of the mysteries can never question the wisdom displayed by those in authority in carefully guarding the entrance to the inner temple. The lack of discretion in the dissemination of occult teaching impoverishes both the tutor and the taught. The 'famine in the land' has reference to a dearth of spiritual and not material sustenance; the teaching of inferior planes is unsatisfying to those who have climbed the heights, and spiritual hunger always ensues when the disciple is alienated from the source of Eternal Truth, even though, for a time, he may seek to satisfy himself from the husks eaten by the swine. 'When he had spent all,' 'there arose a mighty famine in that land' 'and he (the word is emphasised in the original) *began* to be in want.' The younger son is represented as departing from the source of supply and impoverishing himself by indiscriminately giving to others who were not sufficiently advanced to benefit by his teaching. He had occupation, and, therefore, remuneration or recompense suited to the work he performed, but the husk or shell, mere ceremonial, has no sustaining power for the pupil who has been accustomed to search for and find the hidden meaning of allegorical teaching. There are different grades of attainment—the hired servants had

bread enough and to spare; they did not assimilate all the teaching given to them.

According to the Greek expression, the younger son had completely fallen under the dominion of sensual enjoyment, and in the Old Testament departure from Truth is always portrayed as 'adultery.'

The wisdom of occult societies in marking initiation by progressive steps also cannot be doubted. There are 'many mansions' in the House of Truth, and in each the supply will be sufficient to meet the requirements of the dwellers. 'Other sheep I have which are not of *this* flock'; and the apostles encountered men who cast out devils by means different from those they employed. The pure-minded man and lover of cleanliness would not be content to live permanently in a hovel and in the midst of uncongenial surroundings, though he may occasionally journey forth from the palace or the mansion to the slums, devoting himself to the uplifting of fallen humanity. We gain knowledge by the study of Truth in all its varied aspects, but we have to guard against becoming allured or ensnared with the teachings of a plane lower than that to which we have attained.

The *Spirit* of Truth cannot be received by the world. To some it must be presented under the form of parables, and the Master found it necessary to take the Apostles 'into the house' in order to explain to them the figurative meaning of the expressions used. The ordinary listeners could not see beyond the material frame and were unable to recognise the hidden contents.

Through his hunger the Prodigal Son was restored 'to himself,' and his first thought, after acknowledgment of his spiritual backsliding, was that he had lost all claim to resume the position to which he had previously attained, and that it would be necessary for him to re-commence on the lowest rung of the ladder. However, he was not only

restored, but raised—robed in the *first* robe, given the signet ring—the seal of the highest initiation, and his feet shod—denoting that he was in no sense a slave or bond-servant, for shoes were not worn by slaves. He had become free indeed—free by attainment to Truth. No more would the pleasures of the material senses appeal to him or dominate him. "His thoughts and words composed, his mind unaffected by any bewilderment of life, he indeed would mount above the Stream."

And the elder son? While the younger son was *sent out* into the fields, the elder was in the field of his own accord. The younger son cut himself off from the line of communication and the source of supply, while he distributed the whole of the knowledge he had acquired without adding to his store. The elder son was in the line of communication, but failed to take advantage of it because his desires were elsewhere—he wanted to make merry with his friends. Some writers on political economy maintain that the imports should always be greater than the exports; this certainly must be the case in the pursuit and dissemination of Truth.

"This my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found." "Religion," said the Lord Buḍḍha, "leads to deliverance from death; from hearing comes knowledge, which brings with it enlightenment; faith, with obedience (moral conduct) is the path of wisdom; firmly persevering in this, a man finds escape from pain and is thus able to pass over and escape the gulf of destruction."

DUDLEY WRIGHT



CENTRES OF MAGNETISM

WE all recognise to some extent that unusual surroundings may produce special effects; we speak of certain buildings or landscapes as gloomy and depressing; we understand that there is something saddening and repellent about a prison, something devotional about a church, and so on. Most people never trouble to think why this should be so, or if they do for a moment turn their attention to the matter they dismiss it as an instance of the association of ideas.

Probably it *is* that, but it is also much more than that, and if we examine into its rationale we shall find that it operates in many cases where we have never sus-

pected its influence, and that a knowledge of it may be of practical use in everyday life. A study of the finer forces of nature will show us not only that every living being is radiating a complex set of definite influences upon those about him, but also that this is true to a lesser degree and in a simpler manner of inanimate objects.

Our Great Cathedrals

We know that wood and iron and stone have their own respective characteristic radiations, but the point to be emphasised just now is that they are all capable of absorbing human influence, and then pouring it out again. What is the origin of that feeling of devotion, of reverential awe, which so permeates some of our great Cathedrals that even the most hardened Cook's tourist cannot entirely escape it? It is due not only to the historical associations, not only to the *remembrance* of the fact that for centuries men have met here for praise and prayer, but far more to that fact itself, and to the conditions which it has produced in the substance of the fabric.

To understand this we must first of all remember the circumstances under which those buildings were erected. A modern brick church run up by contract in the shortest possible time has indeed but little sanctity about it; but in mediæval days faith was greater, and the influence of the outer world less prominent. In very truth men prayed as they built our great Cathedrals, and laid every stone as though it had been an offering upon an altar. When this was the spirit of the work, every such stone became a veritable talisman charged with the reverence and devotion of the builder, and capable of radiating those same vibrations upon others, so as to stir in them similar feelings. The crowds who came afterwards to worship at the shrine not only felt these radiations, but themselves strengthened them in turn by the re-action of their own feelings.

Still more is this true of the interior decorations of the church. Every touch of the brush in the coloring of a triptych, every stroke of the chisel in the sculpture of a statue, was a direct offering to God. Thus the completed work of art is surrounded by an atmosphere of reverence and love, and it distinctly sheds these qualities upon the worshippers, even though many of them may be too ignorant to receive the added stimulus which its artistic excellence gives to those who are able to appreciate it and to perceive all that is meant.

The sunlight streaming through the splendid stained glass of those mediæval windows brings with it a glory that is not all of the physical plane, for the clever workmen who built up that marvellous mosaic did so for the love of God and the glory of His saints, and so each fragment of glass is a talisman also. Remembering always how the power conveyed into the statue or picture by the fervor of the original artist has been perpetually reinforced through the ages by the devotion of successive generations of worshippers, we come to understand the inner meaning of the great influence which undoubtedly does radiate from such objects as have been regarded as sacred for centuries.

Such a devotional effect as is described in connexion with a picture or a statue may be entirely apart from its value as a work of art. The bambino at the Ara Coeli at Rome is a supremely inartistic object, yet it has unquestionably considerable power in evoking devotional feeling among the masses that crowd to see it. If it were really a work of art, that fact would add but little to its influence over most of them, though of course it would in that case produce an additional and totally different effect upon another class of persons to whom now it does not in the least appeal.

From these considerations it is evident that these various ecclesiastical properties, such as statues, pictures

and other decorations, have a real value in the effect which they produce upon the worshippers, and the fact that they thus have a distinct power, which so many people can feel, probably accounts for the intense hatred felt for them by the savage fanatics who miscalled themselves Puritans. They realised that the power which stood behind the church worked to a great extent through these objects as its channels; and though their loathing for all higher influences was considerably tempered by fear, they yet felt that if they could break up these centres of magnetism that would to a certain extent cut off the connexion. And so in their revolt against all that was good and beautiful they did all the harm that they could —almost as much perhaps as those earlier so-called Christians did who, through sheer ignorance, ground up the most lovely Grecian statues to furnish lime to build their wretched hovels.

In all these splendid mediæval buildings the sentiment of devotion absolutely and literally exudes from the walls, because for centuries devotional thought-forms have been created in them by successive generations. In strong contrast to this is the atmosphere of criticism and disputation which may be felt by any sensitive person in the meeting-houses of some of the sects. In many a conventicle in Scotland and in Holland this feeling stands out with startling prominence, so as to give the impression that the great majority of the so-called worshippers have had no thought of worship or devotion at all, but only of the most sanctimonious self-righteousness, and of burning anxiety to discover some doctrinal flaw in the wearisome sermon of their unfortunate minister.

An absolutely new church does not at first produce any of these effects; for in these days workmen build a church with the same lack of enthusiasm as a factory. As soon as the bishop consecrates it, a decided influence is set up as the effect of that ceremony. A few years of use will charge the walls very effectively, and

a much shorter period than that will produce the result in a church where the sacrament is reserved, or where perpetual adoration is offered. The Roman Catholic or Ritualistic church soon becomes thoroughly affected, but the meeting-houses of some of the dissenting sects who do not make a special point of devotion often produce for a long time an influence scarcely distinguishable from that which is to be felt in an ordinary lecture hall. A fine type of devotional influence is often to be found in the chapel of a convent or monastery; though again the type differs greatly according to the objects which the monks or the nuns set before themselves.

Temples

I have been taking Christian fanes as an example because they are those which are the most familiar to me —which will also be most familiar to the majority of my readers; also perhaps because Christianity is the religion which has made a special point of devotion and is, more than any other, arranged for the simultaneous expression of it in special buildings erected for that purpose. Among Hinḍūs the Vaiṣṇavite has a devotion quite as profound as that of any Christian, though unfortunately it is often tainted by expectation of favors to be given in return. But the Hinḍū has no idea of anything like combined worship. Though on great festivals enormous crowds attend the temples, each person makes his little prayer or goes through his little ceremony for himself, and so he misses the enormous additional effect which is produced by simultaneous action.

Regarded solely from the point of view of charging the walls of the temple with devotional influence, this plan differs from the other in a way that we may perhaps understand by taking a physical plane illustration of a number of sailors pulling at a rope. We know that when that is being done a sort of chant is generally used in

order to ensure that the men shall apply their strength at exactly the same moment; and in that way a much more effective pull is produced than would be achieved if each man put out exactly the same strength but applied it just when he felt that he could and without any relation to the work of the others.

Nevertheless as the years roll by there comes to be a strong feeling in a Vaiṣhṇavite-temple—as strong perhaps as that of the Christian, though quite different in kind. Different again in quite another way is the feeling in the great temples dedicated to Shiva. In such a shrine as that at Madura, for example, an exceedingly powerful influence radiates from the holy of holies. It is surrounded by a strong feeling of reverential awe, almost of fear, and this so deeply tinges the devotion of the crowds who come to worship that the very aura of the place is changed by it.

Completely different again is the feeling which surrounds a Buddhist temple. Of fear we have there absolutely no trace whatever. We have perhaps less of direct devotion, for to a large extent devotion is replaced by gratitude. The prominent radiation is always one of joyfulness and love—an utter absence of anything dark or stern. Another complete contrast is represented by the Muhammadan mosque; devotion of a sort is present there also, but it is distinctly a militant devotion, and the particular impression that it gives one is that of a fiery determination. One feels that this population's comprehension of their creed may be limited, but there is no question whatever as to their dogged determination to hold by it. The Jewish synagogue again is like none of the others, but has a feeling which is quite distinct, and curiously dual—exceptionally materialistic on one side, and on the other full of a strong pathetic longing for the return of vanished glories.

Sites and Relics

A partial recognition of another facet of the facts which we have been mentioning accounts for the choice

of the site of many religious edifices. A church or a temple is frequently erected to commemorate the life and death of some saint, and in the first instance such a fane is erected upon a spot which has some special connexion with him. It may be the place where he died, the spot where he was born, or where some important event of his life occurred.

The church of the nativity at Bethlehem and of the crucifixion at Jerusalem are instances of this, as are also the great Stupa at Buddhagaya where the Lord Gautama attained His Buddhahood, or the temple of the "Bishanpad" where it is supposed that Vishṇu left his foot-mark. All such shrines are erected not so much from an historical sense which wishes to indicate for the benefit of posterity the exact spot where an important event happened, as with the idea that that spot is especially blessed, especially charged with a magnetism which will remain through the ages and will radiate upon and benefit those who bring themselves within the radius of its influence. Nor is this universal idea without adequate foundation.

The spot in which the Lord Buddha gained the step which gives Him that august title is charged with a magnetism which causes it to glow forth like a sun for anyone who has clairvoyant vision. It is calculated to produce the strongest possible magnetic effect on anyone who is naturally sensitive to such influence, or who deliberately makes himself temporarily sensitive to such influence by putting himself in an attitude of heartfelt devotion.

In an article on Buddhagaya which will appear in *The Lotus Journal* Alcyone writes:

"When I sat quietly under the tree for a while with Mrs. Besant, I was able to see the Lord Buddha, as He had looked when He sat there. Indeed, the record of His meditation is still so strong that it needs only a little clairvoyance to see Him even now. I had the advantage of having met Him in that life in 588 B.C., and becoming one of His followers, so that it was easier for me to see Him again in this pre-

sent life. But I think almost any one who is a little sensitive would see Him at Buddhagaya by staying quite quiet for a little time because the air is full of His influence, and even now there are always great Devas bathing in the magnetism, and guarding the place."

Other churches, temples or dagobas are sanctified by the possession of relics of some great one, and here again the connexion of ideas is obvious. It is customary for those who are ignorant of these matters to ridicule the idea of paying reverence to the fragment of bone which once belonged to a saint; but though reverence paid to the bone may be out of place, the influence radiating from that bone may nevertheless be quite a real thing, and well worthy of serious attention. That the trade in relics has led all the world over to fraud on the one hand and blind credulity on the other, is not a thing to be disputed; but that by no means alters the fact that a genuine relic may be a valuable thing. Whatever has been part of the physical body of a Great One, or even of the garments which have clothed that physical body, is impregnated with his personal magnetism. That means that it is charged with the powerful vibrations which used to issue from him, just as an electrical battery may be charged.

Such force as it possesses is intensified and perpetuated by the vibrations poured upon it as the years roll by, by the faith and devotion of the crowds who visit the shrine. This when the relic is genuine; but most relics are not genuine. Yet even then, though they have no initial strength of their own, they acquire much influence as time goes on. Therefore any one putting himself into a receptive attitude, and coming into the immediate neighborhood of such a relic, will receive into himself its strong vibrations, and soon will be more or less attuned to them. Since those vibrations are unquestionably better and stronger than any which he is likely to generate on his own account, this is a good thing for him. For

the time being it lifts him on to a higher level, it opens a higher world to him; and though the effect is only temporary, this cannot but be good for him—an event which will leave him for the rest of his life slightly better than if it had not occurred.

This is the rationale of pilgrimages, and they are quite often really effective. In addition to whatever may have been in the original magnetism contributed by the holy man or relic, as soon as the place of pilgrimage is established and numbers of people begin to visit it another factor comes into play, of which we have already spoken in the case of churches and temples. The place begins to be charged with the devotional feeling of all these hosts of visitors, and what they leave behind re-acts upon their successors. Thus the influence of one of these holy places usually does not decrease as time passes, for if the original force tends slightly to diminish, on the other hand it is constantly fed by new accessions of devotion. Indeed the only case in which the influence ever fades is that of a neglected shrine—as for example when a country is acquired by people of another religion to whom the older shrines are as nothing. Even then the influence, if it has been originally sufficiently strong, persists almost without diminution for many centuries, and for this reason even ruins have often a powerful force connected with them.

The Egyptian religion, for example, has been practised little since the Christian era, yet no sensitive person can stand amidst the ruins of one of its temples without being powerfully affected by the stream of its thought. In this particular instance another force comes into play; the Egyptian architecture was of a definite type, intentionally so erected for the purpose of producing a definite impression upon its worshippers, and perhaps no architecture has ever fulfilled its purpose more effectively.

The shattered fragments which remain still produce that effect to no inconsiderable degree, even upon members

of an alien race altogether out of touch with the type of the old Egyptian civilisation. For the student of comparative religion who happens to be sensitive, there can be no more interesting experience than this to bathe in the magnetism of the older religions of the world, to feel their influence as their devotees felt it thousands of years ago, to compare the sensations of Thebes or Luxor with those of the Parthenon or of the beautiful Greek temples of Girgenti; or those of Stonehenge with the vast ruins of Yucatan.

Ruins

The religious life of the old world can best be sensed in this way through the agency of its temples; but it is equally possible in the same way to come into touch with the daily life of those vanished nations, by standing among the ruins of their palaces and their homes. This needs perhaps a keener clairvoyant sense than the other. The force which permeates the temple is powerful because it is to a considerable extent one-pointed—because all through the centuries people have come to it with one leading idea of prayer or devotion, and so the impression made has been comparatively powerful. In their homes, on the other hand, they have lived out their lives with all kinds of different ideas and warring interests, so that the impressions often cancel one another. Nevertheless there emerges, as years roll on, a sort of least common multiple of all their feelings, which is characteristic of them as a race, and this can be sensed by one who has the art of entirely suppressing those personal feelings of his own, which are so far nearer and more vivid to him, and listening earnestly to catch the faint echo of the life of those times so long ago. Such study often enables one to take a juster view of history; manners and customs which startle and horrify us, because they are so remote from our own, can in this way be contemplated from the point of view of those to whom they were familiar; and in seeing them thus one often realises

for the first time how entirely we have misconceived those men of the past.

Some of us may remember how, in our childhood, ignorant though well-meaning relations endeavored to excite our sympathy by stories of Christian martyrs who were thrown to the lions in the Colosseum of Rome, or reprobated with horror the callous brutality which could assemble thousands to enjoy the combats between gladiators. I am not prepared to defend the tastes and amusements of the ancient Roman citizen, yet I think that any sensitive person who will go to the Colosseum of Rome (if he can for the moment escape from the tourist), sit down there quietly and go back and sense the real feeling of those enormous wildly-excited audiences, he will find that he has done them a gross injustice.

First, he will realise that the throwing of Christians to the lions because of their religious belief is a pious falsehood of the unprincipled early Christians. He will find that the government of Rome was in religious matters distinctly more tolerant than most European governments at the present day; that no person was ever executed or persecuted on account of any religious opinion whatever, and that those so-called Christians who were put to death suffered not in the least because of their alleged religion, but because either of conspiracy against the State or because of crimes which we should all join in reprobating.

He will certainly find that the government allowed and even encouraged gladiatorial combats, but he will also find that only three classes of people took part in them. First, condemned criminals, men whose lives had been forfeited to the law of the time, were utilised to provide a spectacle for the people—a degrading spectacle certainly, but not in any way more so than many which received popular approval at the present day. The malefactor was killed in the arena fighting either against another malefactor or a wild beast; but he preferred to die fighting rather than

at the hands of the law, and there was always just a possibility that if he fought well he might thereby contrive to earn the applause of the fickle population, and so save his life. The second class consisted of such prisoners of war as it was the fashion of the time to put to death; but in this case, also these were people whose death was already decided upon, and this particular form of death utilised them for a certain form of popular entertainment, and also gave them a chance of saving their lives, at which they eagerly grasped. The third class were the professional gladiators, men like the prize-fighters of the present day, men who took up this horrible line of life for the sake of the popularity which it brought—accepting it with their eyes fully opened to its dangers.

I am not for a moment suggesting that the gladiatorial show was a form of entertainment which could possibly be tolerated by a really enlightened people, but if we were to apply the same standard now we should have to admit that no enlightened nations have yet come into existence, for it was no worse than the mediæval tournaments, than the cock-fighting and bear-baiting of a century ago, or than the bull-fight or prize-fight of the present day; nor is there anything to choose between the brutality of its supporters and that of the people who go in vast crowds to see how many rats a dog can kill in a minute, or that of the noble sportsmen who (without the excuse of anything in the nature of a fair fight) go out to slaughter hundreds of inoffensive partridges. We are beginning to set a somewhat higher value on human life than they did in the days of ancient Rome, but even so I would point out that that change does not mark a difference between the ancient Roman race and their incarnation in the English people, for our own race was equally callous about wholesale slaughter up to a century ago. The difference is not between us and the Romans, but between us and our very recent ancestors; and even now the crowds that go and jest at a hanging can hardly be said to have advanced much since the time when they crowded the benches of the Colosseum.

It is true that the Roman Emperors attended these exhibitions, as the English Kings used to encourage the tournament, and as the Kings of Spain even now patronise the bull-fight; but in order to understand the varied motives which led them to do this we must make a thorough study of the politics of the time—a matter which is quite outside the scope of this article. Here it must suffice to say that the Roman citizens were a body of men in a very curious political position, and that the authorities considered it necessary to provide them with constant entertainments in order to keep them in a good humor. Therefore they hit upon this method of utilising what they regarded as the necessary and customary execution of criminals and rebels, in order to provide for the proletariat a kind of entertainment which it enjoys. A very brutal proletariat, you would say. One must certainly admit that they were not highly advanced, but at least they were far better than those much later specimens who took active part in the unspeakable horrors of the French Revolution, for these last took an active delight in blood and cruelty which were only unnoticed concomitants of the enjoyment in the case of the Roman.

Any one who, standing in the Colosseum, as I have said, will really allow himself to feel the true spirit of those crowds of long ago will understand that what appealed to them was the excitement of the contest and the skill exhibited in it. Their brutality consisted not in the fact that they enjoyed bloodshed and suffering, but that in the excitement of watching the struggle they were able to ignore it—which after all is very much what we do when we eagerly follow in the columns of our newspapers the news from the seat of war, in the present day. Level for level, case for case, we of the fifth sub-race have made a slight advance from the condition of the fourth sub-race of two thousand years ago; but that advance is much slighter than our self-satisfaction has persuaded us.

Every country has its ruins, and in all alike the study of the older life is an interesting study. A good idea of the wonderfully varied activities and interests of the mediæval monastic life in England may be obtained by visiting that queen of ruins, Fountains Abbey, just as by visiting the stones of Carnac (not in Egypt but in Morbihan) one may watch the midsummer rejoicings round the *tantad* or sacred fire of the ancient Bretons.

There is perhaps less necessity to study the ruins of India, since daily life there has remained so unchanged throughout the ages that no clairvoyant faculty is required to picture it as it was thousands of years ago. None of the actual buildings of India go back to any period of appreciable difference, and in most cases the relics of the golden age of India under the great Atlantean monarchies are already deeply buried. If we turn to mediæval times, the effect of environment and religion on practically the same people is curiously illustrated by the difference in feeling between any ancient city of the north of India and the ruins of Anurâdhapura in Ceylon.

Modern Cities

Just as our ancestors of long ago lived their ordinary lives in what was to them the ordinary commonplace way, and never dreamed that in doing so they were impregnating the stones of their city walls with influence which would enable a psychometer thousands of years afterwards to study the inmost secrets of their existence, so we ourselves are impregnating our cities and leaving behind us a record which will shock the sensibilities of the more developed men of the future. In certain ways which will readily suggest themselves all great towns are much alike; but on the other hand there are differences of local atmosphere, depending to some extent upon the average morality of the city, the type of religious views most largely held in it, and its principal trades and manufactures. For all these reasons each city has a certain amount of individuality—an individuality which will attract some people and repel others, according to their disposition. Even those who are not specially sensitive can hardly fail to note the distinction between Paris and London; between Edinburgh and Glasgow; or between Philadelphia and Chicago.

There are some cities whose key-note is not of the present but of the past—whose life in earlier days was so much more forcible than it is now that the present is dwarfed by its comparison. The cities on the Zuyderzee in Holland are an instance of this. S. Albans in England is another. But the finest example which the world has to offer is the immortal city of Rome. Rome stands alone among the cities of the world in having three great and entirely separate interests for the psychic investigator. First, and much the strongest, is the impression left by the astonishing vitality and vigor of that Rome which was the centre of the world, the Rome of the Republic and the Cæsars; then comes another strong and unique impression—that of mediæval Rome, the ecclesiastical centre of the world; third and quite different from either, the modern Rome of to-day, the political centre of the somewhat loosely integrated Italian kingdom, and at the same time still an ecclesiastical centre of widespread influence, though shorn of much of its glory and power.

I first went to Rome, I confess, with the expectation that the Rome of the mediæval popes, with the assistance of all the world-thought that must for so long have been centred upon it, and with the advantage also of being so much nearer to us in time, would have to a considerable extent blotted out the life of the Rome of the Cæsars. I was startled to find that the actual facts were almost exactly the reverse of that. The conditions of Rome in the middle ages were sufficiently remarkable to have stamped an indelible character

upon any other town in the world; but so enormously stronger had been the amazingly vivid life of that earlier civilisation that it still stood out, in spite of all the history that has been made there since, as the one ineffaceable and dominating characteristic of Rome.

To the clairvoyant investigator, Rome is and ever will be first of all the Rome of the Cæsars, and only secondarily the Rome of the Popes. The impression of ecclesiastical history is all there, recoverable to the minutest detail; a bewildering mass of devotion and intrigue, of insolent tyranny and real religious feeling; a history of terrible corruption and of world-wide power, but rarely used as well as it might have been. And yet, mighty as it is, it is dwarfed into absolute insignificance by the grander power that went before it. There was a robustness of faith in himself, a conviction of destiny and a resolute intention to live his life to the utmost, and a certainty of being able to do it, about the ancient Roman, which few nationalities of to-day can approach.

Public Buildings

Not only has a city as a whole its general characteristics, but such of the buildings in it as are devoted to special purposes have always an aura characteristic of that purpose. The aura of a hospital, for example, is a curious mixture; a preponderance of suffering, weariness and pain, but also a good deal of pity for the suffering, and a feeling of gratitude on the part of the patients for the kindly care which is taken of them. The neighborhood of a prison is decidedly to be avoided when a man is selecting a residence, for from it radiate the most terrible gloom and despair and setted depression, mingled with impotent rage, grief and hatred.

Few places have on the whole a more unpleasant aura around them; and even in the general darkness there are often spots blacker than the rest, cells of unusual horror round which an evil reputation hangs. For example, there are several cases on record in which the successive occupants of a certain cell in a prison have all tried to commit suicide, those who were unsuccessful explaining that the idea of suicide persistently arose in their minds, and was steadily pressed upon them from without, until they were gradually brought into a condition in which there seemed to be no alternative. There have been instances in which such a feeling was due to the direct persuasion of a dead man; but also and more frequently it is simply that the first suicide has charged the cell so thoroughly with thoughts and suggestions of this nature that the later occupants, being probably persons of no great strength of development of will, have found themselves practically unable to resist.

More terrible still are the thoughts which still hang round some of the dreadful dungeons of mediæval tryannies, the oubliettes of Venice or the torture-dens of the Inquisition. Just in the same way the very walls of a gambling-house radiate grief, envy, despair and hatred, and those of the public-house, or house of ill-fame absolutely reek with the coarsest form of sensual and brutal desire.

Cemeteries

In such cases as those mentioned above, it is simple enough for all decent people to escape the pernicious influences simply by avoiding the place; but there are other instances in which people are placed in undesirable situations through the indulgence of natural good feeling. In countries which are not civilised enough to burn their dead, survivors constantly haunt the graves in which decaying physical bodies are laid; from a feeling of affectionate remembrance they gather often to pray and meditate and to lay wreaths of flowers upon the tombs. They do not understand that the radiations of sorrow, depression and helplessness which so frequently permeate the church-yard or cemetery make it an eminently undesirable place to visit. I have seen old peo-

ple walking and sitting about in some of our more beautiful cemeteries, and nurse-maids wheeling along young children in their perambulators to take their daily airing, neither of them probably having the least idea that they are subjecting themselves and their charges to influences which will most likely neutralise all the good of the exercise and the fresh air; and this quite apart from the possibility of unhealthy physical exhalations.

Universities and Schools

The ancient buildings of our great universities are surrounded with magnetism of a special type, which does much towards setting upon its graduates that peculiar seal which is so readily distinguishable, even though it is not easy to say in so many words exactly of what it consists. Men attending the university are of many and various types, reading men, hunting men, pious men, careless men; and sometimes one college of a university attracts only one of these classes. In that case its walls become permeated with those characteristics, and its atmosphere operates to keep up its reputation. But on the whole the university is surrounded with a pleasant feeling of work and comradeship, of association yet of independence, a feeling of respect for the traditions of the *Alma Mater* and the resolve to uphold them, which soon brings the new undergraduate into line with his fellows and imposes upon him the unmistakable university tone.

Not unlike this is the influence exerted by the buildings of our great public schools. The impressionable boy who comes to one of these soon feels about him a sense of order and regularity and *esprit de corps*, which once gained can scarcely be forgotten. Something of the same sort, but perhaps even more pronounced, exists in the case of a battleship, specially if she is under a popular captain and has been some little time in commission. There also the new recruit very quickly finds his place,

soon acquires the *esprit de corps*, soon learns to feel himself one of a family whose honor he is bound to uphold. Much of this is due to the example of his fellows and to the pressure of the officers; but the feeling, the atmosphere of the ship herself undoubtedly bears a share in it also.

Libraries, Museums and Galleries

The studious associations of a library are readily comprehensible, but those of museums and picture-galleries are much more varied, as might be expected. In both these latter cases the influence is principally from the pictures or the objects shown, and consequently our discussion of it does not form part of this article. As far as the influence of the actual buildings is concerned, apart from the objects exhibited in them, the result is a little unexpected, for a prominent feature is a quite overwhelming sense of fatigue and boredom. It is evident that the chief constituent in the minds of the majority of the visitors is the feeling that they know that they ought to admire or to be interested in this or that, whereas as a matter of fact they are quite unable to achieve the least real admiration or interest.

The Stock-yards of Chicago

The awful emanations from the stock-yards in Chicago, and the effect they produce on those who are so unfortunate as to live anywhere near them, have often been mentioned in Theosophical literature. Mrs. Besant herself has described how on her first visit she felt the terrible pall of depression which they cause while she was yet in the train many miles from Chicago, and though other people less sensitive than she might not be able to detect it so readily, there can be no doubt that its influence lies heavily upon them whenever they draw near to the theatre of that awful iniquity. On that spot millions of creatures have been slaughtered, and every one of them has added to its radiations his own feelings of rage and

pain and fear and the sense of injustice; and out of it all has been formed one of the blackest clouds of horror at present existing in the world.

In this case the results of the influence are commonly known, and it would be impossible for anyone to profess incredulity. The low level of morality and the exceeding brutality of the slaughterman is a matter of notoriety. In many of the murders committed in that dreadful neighborhood the doctors have been able to recognise a peculiar twist of the knife which is used only by slaughtermen, and the very children in the streets play no games but games of killing. When the world becomes really civilised men will look back with incredulous horror upon such scenes as these, and will ask how it could have been possible that people who in other respects seem to have had some gleams of humanity and commonsense could permit so appalling a blot upon their honor as is the very existence of this accursed thing in our midst.

Special Places

Any spot where some ceremony has been frequently repeated, specially if in connexion with it a high ideal has been set up, is always charged with a decided influence. For example, the hamlet of Oberammergau, where for many years at set intervals the passion play has been reproduced, is full of thought-forms of the previous performances, which react very powerfully upon those who are preparing themselves to take part in a modern representation. An extraordinary sense of reality and of the deepest earnestness is felt by all those who assist, and it reacts even upon the comparatively careless tourist, to whom the whole thing is simply an exhibition. In the same way the magnificent ideals of Wagner are very prominent in the atmosphere of Bayreuth, and they make a performance there a very different thing from one by identically the same players anywhere else.

Sacred Mountains

There are cases in which the influence attached to a special place is non-human. This is usually the case with the many sacred mountains of the world. I have described elsewhere the great devas who inhabit the summit of the mountain of Slieve-na-Mon in Ireland. It is their presence which makes the spot sacred, and the influence of the holier magic of the leaders of the Tuatha de Danaan, which they ordained to remain until the day of the future greatness of Ireland was come and its part of the mighty drama of empire shall be made clear.

I have several times visited a sacred mountain of a different type—Adam's Peak in Ceylon. The remarkable thing about this peak is that it is held as a sacred spot by people of all the various religions of the Island. The Buḍḍhists give to the temple on its summit the name of the shrine of the Shrīpāḍa or holy foot-print, and their story is that when the Lord Buḍḍha visited Ceylon in His astral body (He was never there in the physical), He paid a visit to the tutelary genius of that mountain who is called by the people Saman Deviyo. Just as He was leaving, Saman Deviyo asked Him as a favor to leave on that spot some permanent memory of His visit, and the Buḍḍha in response is alleged to have pressed His foot upon the solid rock, utilising some force which made upon it a definite imprint or indentation. The story even goes on to say that Saman Deviyo, in order that this holy foot-print should never be defiled by the touch of man, and that the magnetism radiating from it should be preserved, covered it with a huge cone of rock, which makes the present summit of the mountain. On the top of this cone a hollow has been made which roughly resembles a huge foot, and it seems probable that some of the more ignorant worshippers believe that to be the actual mark made by the Lord Buḍḍha; but all the monks who know emphatically deny that, and point to the fact that this is not only

enormously too large to be a human foot-print, but that it is also quite obviously artificial.

They explain that it is made there simply to indicate the exact spot under which the true foot-print lies, and they point to the fact that there is unquestionably a crack running all round the rock at some distance below the summit. The idea of a sacred foot-print on that summit seems to be common to the various religions, but while the Buḍḍhists hold it to be that of the Lord Buḍḍha, the Tamil inhabitants of the island suppose it to be one of the numerous foot-prints of Viṣhṇu, while the Christians and the Muhammadans attribute it to Adam—hence the name Adam's Peak.

But it is said that long before any of these religions had penetrated to the island, long before the time of the Lord Buḍḍha Himself, this peak was already sacred to Saman Deviyo, to whom the deepest reverence is still paid by the inhabitants as indeed it well may be, since he belongs to one of the great orders of the ḍevas who rank very near to the highest among the adepts. Although his work is of a nature entirely different from ours, he also obeys the Head of the Great Occult Hierarchy; he also is one of the Great White Brotherhood which exists only for the purpose of forwarding the evolution of the world.

The presence of so great a being naturally sheds a powerful influence over the mountain and its neighborhood and most of all over its summit, so that there is emphatically a reality behind to account for the joyous enthusiasm so freely manifested by the pilgrims. Here also, as at other shrines, we have in addition to this the influence of the feeling of devotion with which successive generations of pilgrims have impregnated the place, but though that cannot but be powerful, it is yet in this case completely overshadowed by the original and ever-present influence of the mighty entity who has done his work and kept his guard there for so many thousands of years.

Sacred Rivers

There are sacred rivers also—the Ganges, for example. The idea is that some great person of old has magnetised the source of the river with such power that all the water that henceforth flows out from that source is in a very true sense holy water, bearing with it His influence and His blessing. This is not an impossibility, though it would require either a very great reserve of power in the beginning or some arrangement for a frequent repetition. The process would be simple and comprehensible. The only difficulty is what may be called the size of the operation. But what would be beyond the power of the ordinary man might possibly be quite easy to some one at a much higher level.

C. W. Leadbeater

ECCE HOMO

Standing on heights of Purity and Love
Surrounded by Aeons of endless Light
Is He, whom men call—Christ;
Far down the ages come stealing from above
His dulcet tones: "Till faith be lost in sight
I wait and watch—whom men call—Christ."

We think that we, in darkness strive alone
Unknowing, that within the inmost shrine
Is He, whom men call—Christ;
Whom knowing, all the scatter'd links entwine
Into one perfect whole; all worlds are one
In Him; whom men call—Christ.

Carrie Crozier

RENTS IN THE VEIL OF TIME

The Lives of Mizar

I

THOSE who have been following the series of the lives of Alcyone will remember that one of his closest, most constant companions was Mizar. It is evident that the tie between these egos is of an unusual character; for out of the thirty-one lives, including the present, of which we know, Mizar has been associated with him in no less than twenty-eight. They were together in the presence of the Lord Buddha, and after the wonderful events which characterised that incarnation, they separated for a time because the regular intervals between their lives was entirely altered in Alcyone's case by the tremendous influence exerted over him by the Lord Buddha. Mizar was undoubtedly influenced also, but apparently not to the same extent or perhaps in a less fundamental manner. We find that he retained the ordinary seven hundred years interval which was so largely extended in the case of Alcyone; so that while the latter next appears in 603 A.D., Mizar was born in the year 222 A.D., at a place called Kaveripattanam in the Chola country in the south of India.

Mizar's name—most unexpectedly—was Lucius Fabius Coculus, a patronymic which it is difficult to associate with the south of India. Equally remarkable is the fact that he was the son of a Roman Senator named Caius Fabius Lentulus. This apparent incongruity, however, had a fairly simple explanation. Some years before, this Roman Senator had been enjoined position and dignity in his own land; but at this period there were constant internecine wars between various claimants for the imperial purple, and Lentulus was unfortunate enough to espouse the losing

side in one of these contests. Claudius Albinus had been proclaimed Cæsar by his legions in Britain, almost at the same time that the same honor was conferred upon Septimius Severus by those who fought under his standard. Now Septimius Severus was a man of a rough soldier type while Claudius Albinus was far more aristocratic and refined both in character and in bearing. As Lentulus had been a friend of his, and indeed was himself a man of very similar type, he naturally took his side and openly maintained his rights. After some years of diplomatic fencing the rivals came to open warfare, and Albinus was defeated and overthrown in a great battle in France. Septimius Severus then thoroughly established his authority and showed little mercy to those who had been prominent in their support of his defeated rival.

Fortunately for himself, Lentulus succeeded in escaping from Rome and took ship for Alexandria, where he remained for some little time. Presently he discovered that the emissaries of the conqueror were upon his track. Once more he saved himself from them with difficulty, and this time being thoroughly frightened he determined to fly so far that even the power of Imperial Rome should be unable to reach him. He took ship down the Red Sea and eventually crossed to India where he landed at this port of Kaveripattanam. This place seems to have been the principal port of the Chola Kingdom, and the fugitive was fortunate enough to find a little colony of Roman merchants who were rapidly making fortunes in this far-away land.

Now Lentulus, though a patrician (or perhaps because he was a patrician) had a very fair idea of the relative value of gems and rare silks, and he also knew precisely what was the taste of his countrymen in such matters. He was wise enough to see that in this foreign land it was useless to stand upon his birth and dignity; so he ingratiated himself with the merchants, and placed at their disposal his special knowledge and his undoubted

good taste. He quickly became a person of importance among them; he soon entered into partnership with one of them, proved himself indispensable to him and rapidly raised the profits of the firm to perhaps ten times their former amount. Instead of peddling cautiously and making frequent mistakes, he launched out into much larger speculations, but always guided them with a sure hand and unerring judgment. In a few years he was one of the richest men of the Kingdom, and his previous acquaintance with politics enabled him to use wisely the influence which his wealth gave him. He married Glaucus the daughter of Iphigenia, an official who held a high position in the Chola court, and our present hero, Mizar, was his first-born son. His father gave him the name of Coculus but his mother gave him the nickname of Manikyam—which is perhaps after all only a translation into her language of the pet name given by the father. In due course Mizar had several brothers and sisters, among whom we recognised Telemachus and Soma.

Mizar was a precocious child, and seemed to combine within himself the good qualities of both the races whose blood was intermingled in his veins. He lived in an atmosphere of politics, and it is little wonder that, as he grew up, he began to take a keen interest in them. The country was in a disturbed condition; for its King, Chenkuddeva, was perpetually at war with a neighboring King, Ugraperuvalathi, who reigned over the Pāṇḍya country and held his court at what is now Madura. Although there was this constant state of warfare, the common people of the country were less affected by it than one would suppose possible, and the merchants succeeded in procuring their goods and dispatching their vessels almost as regularly as though the land had been in a condition of profound peace. For example, Madura was the seat of a kind of University, or perhaps rather a great school of poets and philosophers, which had a wide reputation over the whole of the south of India, and

was considered very far better than anything that existed in the Chola Kingdom. In spite of the frequent wars, it never seems to have occurred to anyone that there was the slightest danger or difficulty in Mizar's attaching himself to the Madura University, which he accordingly did, and even apparently took part in certain Court functions in that town, being a person of some consideration in consequence of his wealth as his father made him an unusually large allowance.

At that Court he met the poet Tiruvalluvar, the writer of the Kural, and was present on the occasion when the latter received the public honor which was adjudged to him because of the excellency of his poems. Tiruvalluvar seems to have been born at Mylapore within a couple of miles of our Headquarters, but was a man of very low caste—apparently a weaver, or something of that sort. Consequently he was not at all well received by the authorities of the University, and, at first, they declined to allow him to present his poem for the competition which was taking place. He contrived, however, to persuade one of the authorities to read it before condemning it; and this man was so much struck by its excellence, that he somehow managed to get it accepted. The judges pronounced it by far the best that had been sent in, but still the terrible caste prejudice prevented its author from receiving full recognition. It appears to have been the custom that the successful competitors should appear in public to receive their rewards, on a certain occasion, and should then occupy an elevated seat where they were the observed of all observers. Because of his low caste, Tiruvalluvar was not allowed to take his place with the other victors, but the manuscript of his book was put upon the elevated seat in his place. When, however, the successful composition came to be read in public, it was so emphatically the best that it took the popular fancy by storm and in spite of his caste he was called by acclamation to occupy the seat which his work

had earned. Much interested by all this, Mizar made friends with the poet, saw a good deal of him and kept up a correspondence with him after his return to Mylapore.

Mizar was distinctly an able young man and distinguished himself at the Madura University—so much so indeed, that King Ugraperuvalathi offered him the opportunity of entering his service and of residing permanently in the Pāṇḍya Kingdom, instead of returning to his own country. He was, however, wise enough to decline this dangerous honor, and indeed he lost nothing by doing so; for when his own King, Chenkuddeva, heard of it, he at once offered him an equivalent position in his own court, which Mizar promptly accepted. He had a keen delight in the exercise of diplomacy and even when quite young he had developed, to a high degree, the art of persuading and managing people, so that he was very useful in politics, though he was much disgusted with some of the political methods which he encountered. His father, Lentulus, took eager interest in all this work, though he himself, being of foreign birth and besides very fully occupied with the business which he had taken up, bore no direct part in it but only advised and guided his son.

Before he was thirty years of age, Mizar had already been sent on several important missions to arrange delicate matters with neighboring monarchs, and in all these cases he was able to carry through his negotiations with success. About this time, he married the daughter of a high official, and this further established the position which he had already gained through his own cleverness and through the wealth of his father. On the occasion of his marriage his father bought for him, as a wedding present, a large and beautifully situated estate, and the King presently gave him a title of nobility in acknowledgment of the services he had rendered. Thus he was actually the founder of what afterwards became one of the great families of the country. On the whole his career was smooth and

fortunate. His rapid advancement brought upon him a certain amount of envy and jealousy, but his adaptability seems to have enabled him presently to disarm all those who had at first looked askance at his progress.

When his father Lentulus died, he was accorded a public funeral just as though he had been a native of the country. Mizar still nominally carried on the business, but had in reality nothing to do with it as his time was entirely taken up with the work of his political office. He was fortunate enough, however, to have a very capable manager in the son of one of the colony of Roman merchants, among whom his father had originally settled. He left the commercial part of his affairs entirely in the hands of this man, and eventually took him into partnership.

Mizar was a man of cheery disposition—not especially religious in type, although he gave liberally to various temples and considered religion an important factor in the well-being of the State. A detailed history of the latter part of his life would be simply a record of the various operations in which he was engaged and the various posts which he held, which would be scarcely helpful for our purpose. Let it suffice to say, that though his career was so successful, he made wonderfully few enemies, and that the experience in dealing with men, which this life gave him, was distinctly valuable as preparing him for the part which he will have to play in future history. He died, much respected and lamented, in the year 293, at the age of seventy-one.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MIZAR: ... *Lucius Fabius Coculus. Father:* Gaius *Fabius Lentulus (Roman Senator). Mother:* Glaucus. *Brother:* Telemachus. *Sister:* Soma.

GLAUCUS: ... *Father:* Iphigenia.

II

Time does not permit us to do more than glance at the last life of Mizar, though there is much connected with it that would repay more detailed investigation. He was born at a city called Kanchi (now Conjiveram) in the south of India, in the year 1070 A.D., just after King Kulottunga came to the throne. His father was Telemachus, a statesman high in the favor of the monarch, and his mother was Soma. His childhood seems to have been a happy one, as his parents were more sensible than most, and consulted his comfort rather than their own prejudices. He grew up into the atmosphere of an Indian court—not the best school, perhaps, for so receptive a mind; but the father and mother were people of remarkable probity, honest among a host of intriguers, so that the home influence, at any rate, was always good and pure. His great friend during school and student days was Glaucus, the son of Iphigenia, a neighboring chieftain, almost independent, although nominally owing allegiance to the same King. The two friends were inseparable until a matter of religion divided them—not that they ever quarrelled on religious subjects, but that Glaucus was absorbed into the circle which gathered round the great new preacher Rāmānujāchārya, while Mizar, though admiring him immensely and feeling nothing but the deepest friendliness and reverence for him, yet would not leave the Shaivite forms of worship in which he had been brought up. For a long time this made no difference to the two friends, but presently King Kulottunga, stirred up by his family priests, became violently hostile to Rāmānujāchārya, and the latter found it politic to retire to Srīraṅgam, whither his devoted disciple Glaucus followed him, and thus for the first time the friends were separated. Mizar inherited his father's political genius, and held important positions both under King Kulottunga and under his son Vikrama Chola, who succeeded him after his death in the year 1118. He had to conduct some delicate negotiations with

Ceylon, whose King at that time was one Wijayobahu, who had undertaken a great war against the Tamil invaders of his country, and had finally driven them back to the mainland. Mizar was entirely successful in the mission which he undertook, and gained great reputation and substantial reward as the result of his skill. He married, though not early in life, and his wife was gentle and unobjectionable—a careful helpmate and a good mother to the six children whom she bore him. None of these are recognised as any of our *dramatis personæ*. Mizar died in the year 1148 at an advanced age, having spent the last few years of his life in retirement from active service, though occasionally advising his successor when special difficulties arose. These two administrative lives may be regarded as probably intended to serve as a preparation for the far more important executive work which seems likely to fall to his lot in this present life.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

BṚHASPAṬI : ... *Rāmānujāchārya.*

MIZAR : ... *Father :* Telemachus. *Mother :* Soma. *Friend :* Glaucus.

GLAUCUS : ... *Disciple of Rāmānujāchārya. Father :* Iphigenia.

From the next number, when our new half-yearly volume begins, we will publish another set of very interesting lives. They too, like the lives of Alcyone, are of an individual now living in our midst and to whom is given the name of Orion. The interval between two lives of Orion is about 1200 as that of Alcyone is 600. The set is totally of a different nature and the way in which Orion gathers experience and learns wisdom and makes progress is quite distinct from the methods of Alcyone.

SUB-EDITOR

ACTIVITY, DESIRE AND COLOR

THERE is a peculiar connexion between activity, desire and color which expresses itself unmistakably in the Samskṛt language and the other Āryan tongues, but, as might be expected, in the first in the most lucid way.

As these words furnish us with a striking example of the great value of the Samskṛt garbs in which our thoughts may be clothed with so much more transparency than in any of the mutilated and deformed vernaculars used in Europe and India in our days, it seems worth while to devote a short note to the derivations of a Samskṛt root which has this triple sense.

The more so since the western orientalists, while admitting most of the facts at issue, do not grasp their full significance—though this presupposes a Theosophical view of the matter, which is not at their disposal.

A language framed upon a *Theosophical* world-conception (in its broadest sense), as Samskṛt indisputably is, cannot be explained save in a Theosophical way.

The root *raj*, connected with the root *ṛj*, stands father to a large family of derivatives in the Āryan tongues. The original meaning in Samskṛt, itself already variegated, may, to judge from the sounds 'r' and 'j,' have been 'forth-going,' 'radiating,' 'reaching far,' 'directing,' etc.

With this radiation the idea of color is immediately connected, and the red color (the color of desire) especially.

The forthgoing energy *was seen* red, and so the root *raj* or *ranj* took the double meaning of (1) be colored, be red, dyed; (2) be affected with a strong feeling.

The past participle 'rakta' took, used as a noun, the significance of Dr. Steiner's *sehr besonderes saft*,[1] *i.e.*, blood.

The substantive 'Rajas' came to mean, in the old Āryan Theosophy as well as in the Theosophic literature of our days *the active quality* of matter; and the secondary derivation 'rāga,' 'passion, desire, love, affection,' as well as 'color, redness, dyeing,'—the last evidently as seen by the physical eyes—the first connotations as seen by the eyes of the 'kavayas'[2] who, in the hoary past, applied the word rāga to human feelings.

Nor do the significant terms confine themselves to these ranges. In the old Vedic literature we constantly find the word 'rajas' applied to the kosmos, and denoting the middle region between the 'heaven' (div) and the 'earth,' as it might be styled in the materialistic cosmographical terminology of our days; but denoting the astral plane, which is between the devachanic and the physical plane,[3] in the Theosophical way of speaking.

If we keep the above in mind, the deep meaning of 'Vairāgya' is at once brought home to us—*Virāj* signifying 'discolor,' 'to lose its red color,' to turn colorless by controlling and subduing the outbreak of passion and desire—as witnessed by the superphysical eyes of the Master whose disciples we are trying to become.

D. VAN HINLOOPEN LABBERTON

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[1] Very particular liquid.

[2] Kavayas (singular: Kavi), literally means 'seers.'

[3] The lower and the higher regions of the astral plane are generally indicated by using the dual of the noun 'rajas.'

IN THE TWILIGHT

"NOW, who has got a story to-day?" asked the Shepherd.

"I have one, and a very interesting one," answered the Inspector and began:

"A friend of mine, an officer in the Police Department of this Presidency, told me not long ago a very curious story and asked me if I could explain it in a satisfactory way. He said that a report was once made to him of a theft by burglary in one of the villages that lay within his official jurisdiction. The mistress of the house feelingly implored him to leave no stone unturned in the detection of the culprits, as she and her husband had been reduced to utter starvation by the theft, which was all they possessed and which was the only means of their livelihood. He deeply sympathised with the lady and promised to do his best in the matter. He caused secret enquiries to be made. On a certain night he had a very vivid and clear dream to the effect that if the house of X. were carefully searched, the lost property would be discovered. On the morrow he sent for the chief officers of the village where X. dwelt and asked them what they thought of the character, of that individual. They were unanimous in giving him an exceptionally good and honest character, and added that he owned extensive lands and was unremitting in the alleviation of the sufferings of the sick and the poor. On hearing this, my friend thought that the dream was one of the ordinary meaningless sort, and that it would be highly improper to proceed on the strength of it. But that night the dream repeated itself even more vividly than on the previous occasion; he therefore made up his mind to search the house indicated at break of day. Accordingly, he went to X.'s

residence and enquired if he knew anything of the theft. He was considerably alarmed at this, and most vigorously protested his ignorance and innocence of the affair. But his faltering voice, his guilty looks, his prevarication, when interrogated on certain points, confirmed my friend's suspicions and he would have ordered the search of the house, had not the men of the village protested with one voice against what they considered to be an unmerited insult to one of their local magnates; and the victims of the theft themselves persuaded him to withdraw from the scène which became very uproarious. My friend dreamt again for the third time, and then he determined to carry out his design at all costs, and went the next day and ordered his subordinates to search the house thoroughly. In the course of their search they came to a spot which looked very suspicious, and on digging there they lighted upon the property which had been stolen. It was duly returned to its owners, who were much emaciated by sorrow and starvation, and the dream of my friend which at first seemed absurd was well verified."

"So the dream came true, and it is a good instance of astral activity producing result on the physical plane," said the Superintendent.

"Yes, that's so," said the Shepherd; "any more stories?"

"I have a queer tale to tell, sir," said the Wanderer, "may I?"

"Go ahead."

"Well, I call it a strong presentiment. During the last year of the South African Campaign we found ourselves once more in Standerton—a town very strongly held and used as a base of operations in that district. The flying column had come to rest, sadly in want of remounts and a change from the interminable monotony of tracking across the endless Veldt in pursuit of an ever disappearing foe, one who, at odd intervals mysteriously reformed upon our flank or rear

feinted a little, sniped a bit, and then when you turned upon them, elusively melted once more into the air.

For the time being we became part of the garrison posted beneath the shadow of the great Kop, an impregnable position dominating the surrounding Veldt from the view-point of the 4.7 to perhaps some eight odd miles away, the base of another giant Kopje up along the Vaal.

We soon found it was the custom to send out every morning various outposts around the town to watch the approaches and prevent the looting of cattle. Now it so happened that grass was becoming short in all the open country roundabout, and it was determined to send the cattle up along the bank of the Vaal, where there was still plenty of food. This had not hitherto been attempted because of the extreme difficulty of the country on this side.

Next morning, however, I received orders to post the guard in this direction, and select the best available position. In the early dawn we rode out to a tract of land between the great Kopje and the Vaal—as difficult a place as one could imagine to reconnoitre properly with a handful of men. Full of deep dongas, boulders, ridges of rock, and deadly undulating eminences all along the edge of the Veldt, with an unguarded drift or ford in the Vaal but half a mile away, and another a few miles up the twisting river that ran concealed from view below the level of the Veldt—until you rode right up to the banks of it! A perfectly hopeless place to be in if the enemy were there before you, a series of strong positions if you happened to get there first. After reconnoitering the whole position, I came to the conclusion that the drift was the point to be watched, so I posted the troops in a strong position on a ridge of rocks, with two men on an elevation commanding as much of the drift as could be seen. It was then that the hopeless nature of the position was born in upon me,

because, after retiring each evening, we had to take it up again next morning. Moreover the enemy would be aware of it. As I stood upon the spot that I had selected, I felt a very strong presentiment that it would be the scene of a disaster. The Boers had merely to cross the drift, take up this our position, and wait for us.

I rode back feeling we were 'up against it'. It was not until long afterwards that I thought of the full significance of what I felt impelled to do. After making the usual report to the O. C., I went back to my tent and sat down to think it out. Presently I found myself making a map of the tract of the country I had ridden over in the morning, trying to indicate its dangers from the view-point of ambush. I then took it to my Colonel and told him all about it, showing him the map I had made. He was impressed, and sent it in to the C. O. saying, 'I will mention your suggestion that the drift be held by crossing the river opposite Standerton, and approaching from the other side; but after all its only an outpost, a cattle-guard, and the closing of the drift might lead to other complications, and besides nothing might happen.' 'Well, sir,' said I, 'we will be scuppered there some fine morning, and I think as likely as not it will be to-morrow.' 'Well,' said the C—'anyhow take more men, and use all the precautions you can think of, and tell the officer in charge of the men to-morrow to keep a sharp look out.' It was after all but one of a thousand guards that had been posted round about. As the officer whose turn it was to post the guard in the morning was feeling seedy, another volunteered, and after going the rounds that night I felt impelled once more to tell them all about it, saying: 'Anyhow come and see me in the morning, and I will give you a copy of the map I have made.' At day-break, the officer whose turn it was to go, came in to my tent and said as he was feeling fit again he was going. As soon as I had given him full

instructions he rode away with his men, some of whom had been there on the previous day.

Now, although my duties did not commence until later in the day, I felt impelled to get up and prepare to follow, as I felt something was bound to happen. So I slung on my mauser and glasses, and told my orderly to bring the horses round.

While I was waiting for what I certainly think no one else expected, another of our fellows came along with watering-pots and stood talking to me, asking me where I was bound, as it was my morning off. At this moment the sun rose, and I had just begun to explain, when suddenly the unmistakable sound of volley firing, followed by the continuous clip-clop of the mauser broke the stillness of the morning. Almost at once the helio on the Kopje told us that our party was attacked by Boers in force.

In a moment the camp flashed into life, and I found myself, after hastily collecting all the details, galloping to a support or rescue that I felt would be hopeless.

We dashed through the dongas out upon the Veldt, and then I discovered a party of Bushmen (old friends of mine), whom I thought at first to be some Boers playing the decoy, hustling away on my flank to hold the further drift. It was cautious work, approaching the scene of action, as the Boers with the drift behind them might still be waiting to give us a warm reception and account for a few more of us. Soon, however, we came across a sergeant of ours shot through the chin (which however he lived to get over), and farther on, upon the high elevation overlooking the drift on which I had told him to post his guard, I found the officer and two of his men with whom he had ridden on to reconnoitre, riddled with bullets. It seems that he had had time to turn and warn his men but, as was inevitable, it was all too late to do anything in such a hopeless position.

It was all over but the shouting; true we caused those Boers to hustle, and some natives told us that in consequence they had to bury five of them, but as I did not see it done, it is very much open to doubt. However, I did a considerable lot of thinking as to the wisdom of following the lead of strong presentiments.

A few days after I escorted the General of Division over the ground, and he confirmed my opinion from the strategic view-point saying: 'No more guards must be posted in this direction without permanent occupation, it would require a column to hold it properly.'"

"Yes, that may be," the Magian interrupted, "but time is up, the twilight is long past, and from this refreshment we must wend our way to labor; next twilight hour I will read to you a very interesting story that comes from abroad."

"Good," said the Shepherd, "and you will find us eager listeners."

Messrs. S. W. Partridge & Co., Limited, the publishers of "The Bible in Modern English," inform us that Mr. Ferrar Fenton, the translator of the work, lives in retirement in Mitcham. Up to the present, his work in connexion with the translation has cost him over £3,000, and he is now in his 78th year. He often declares that he could have made a large fortune if he would have consented to treat his version so as to bolster up the interest of some new sect, or cult. For example, one congregation offered him £600 to translate the Old Testament and adapt it to their own curious ideals, and, incidentally, to make him one of their principal pastors. Another enterprising body in the United States offered him £5,000 to present the New Testament in the light of their doctrines—they to hold the copyright till 100,000 copies were sold, and to allow him 5 per cent royalty on all editions afterwards. Their representatives guaranteed that they would sell the first 100,000 copies in a twelve month, but Mr. Fenton has all the scholar's love of his work, and would not seriously contemplate the offer, although he recognised the body in question were very wealthy, and could easily do what they undertook.

—*The Publisher's Circular*

SHADOW, LIGHT, FREEDOM

I dreamt that I saw a soul come back to earth after many earth-lives. His last life lived as a man was filled with sorrow and anguish. He had tasted joy and tasted sorrow, and had found that both were one. And when at last he laid aside the worn-out garment that had brought him so much experience and pain, the burden that had so weighed him down was removed, enabling him to soar towards the Light, glimpses of which had been his through the now closed earth-life.

Then was rest given to him, and infinite joy!

But again after many years, as so often before, the life within that soul forced it out to manifestation, to reap of his past and to garner fresh experience for the future, a future which had in view the fashioning of a new body unsullied by the contaminations of the desires and passions of earth.

This time the soul clothed itself in the form of a woman, in which had to be begun the process of combining the male and the female qualities in the one.

And to that soul was shown—faintly at first—the beginning of the path that led to her goal.

Life was laid for her in pleasant places, love was showered upon her from the first. Every thing prospered in her hands, for there was a strong life within which gave confidence to her undertakings and would not look at failure. It was not surprising if this soul at times forgot what was that Life that informed her and gave her success; if often she was egoistic, for she was being surrounded with illusion, which many times obscured the only Light which gave her life and love and success. But the Light without was stronger than the veil of illusion

and penetrated to the inner place where resided the soul's light, and the meeting of the two gave knowledge, and a cleared view of the path which was becoming overgrown with weeds and thorns.

Then the soul knew that her body was not for self-gratification, for holding for herself alone, but that she must begin to give back what she had taken in her past. Even earthly loves were not to be accepted, if by them the soul was isolated from suffering humanity, or came between her and the Divine Light.

And as she learnt to curb its desires and to cast from her what at one time she wished to grasp, she formed other ideals which seemed to bring her nearer to the heart of God. But they, too, were desires appearing in another form.

And the soul casting from her all thought of earthly union, with the object of living for all, had in her inmost chamber an ideal. It was a hope that somewhere on this earth should be found her counterpart, one whose spirit would blend with hers, making a perfect whole, thenceforth going out not alone but hand in hand in quest of Truth. And year after year this ideal was fostered and aimed for, as the soul felt that this was a divine end, and therefore not of the desires of earth. And the time came when this ideal seemed to be realised, and the soul felt that the journey would henceforth not be companionless.

Then came Truth and opened her eyes, and she saw herself naked and bereft of everything. And Truth said to her: "Every step of the way has to be trodden alone; only personal effort and will, guided by the Light within, can surmount the difficulties. Cast off from thee, O soul, all that binds thee to earth; look only for unity with God, and then thou wilt realise the only unity is unity with all."

Then I saw the soul lie prostrate as one dead, for as each ideal had been torn from her, a wound had been

made, from which life seemed to be flowing away. But something within was welling to a new life. And, slowly, I saw the soul rise, and gathering all that had been so dear to her, she placed them on an altar, and kneeling before it with upturned face, she offered it to Him who had given all.

And I watched that soul and saw that one hand was held upward and seemed to be grasped by a hand of living fire, while the other was held out to the world. And from all sides came the illusions of the past, veiled in subtle forms, casting themselves before her, asking for acceptance. And they shook but her outer garments, for now her hand was grasped by One stronger than all, and the eyes of her Father-Mother were gazing into her inner depths, where burnt a ray of Their pure light.

And I saw light and strength unspeakable flowing from those Eyes and filling her whole being, which seemed to be iridescent. And a voice said: "Thou hast at last seen the vision of Adonai and hast understood the meaning of life and death and sacrifice and love; from henceforth thou shalt go out no more alone, for thou hast attained a Unity higher than thy best ideal. Peace be with thee."

Then a vision of a future incarnation was shown to her; the veil of matter was parted to her gaze.

And she saw a woman crowned with the Sun, while beneath her feet was the moon, and about her head stars, and in her hands she grasped a dragon. And a voice said: "Patience, Love, Sacrifice, Redemption."

Then I knew that the stars were symbolic of the soul's incarnations, through which she had obtained Wisdom, and that by patience, love and sacrifice she had won Redemption.

ERMIAL HOOD



THE COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER.

OSOPHICAL WORTHIES

COUNTESS WACHTMEISTER

NO name is perhaps more familiar in the early days of the Theosophical Society than that which heads this paper, and none has made sacrifices more ungrudgingly, or poured out more fully life, labor and means than she who bears it. Born of a noble French house, wedded to a Swedish noble who was Ambassador at the court of St. James, she enjoyed all that the world had to give of wealth, rank and luxury. But a rarer gift than these was in the hands of karma for the brilliant woman of the world.

In the year 1884, at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, the Countess Wachtmeister met for the first time—in this incarnation—the woman who was to become her teacher and to open to her the gateway of a new life. "What chiefly arrested my attention," she wrote later, "was the steady gaze of her wonderful grey eyes, piercing, yet calm and inscrutable: they shone with a serene light which seemed to penetrate and unveil the secrets of the heart." The Countess had already studied Spiritualism and had gained a wide experience of its phenomena, while rejecting the Spiritualistic theories, and had joined the Theosophical Society—in 1881—after reading *Isis Unveiled*, *Esoteric Buddhism* and other publications. She met Mme. Blavatsky on several occasions both in London and Paris, but opportunities for any private conversation were studiously withheld, until the day before her departure, when H. P. B. called her to a serious talk, telling her finally that within two years she would devote her life "wholly to Theosophy." In the autumn of 1885, Countess Wachtmeister left Sweden for Italy,

and broke her journey at Elberfeld, where a friend, Mme. Gebhard, asked her to go to Mme. Blavatsky, who was ill and alone. She agreed, and wrote to Mme. Blavatsky saying that she could spend a few weeks with her, but received as reply that Mme. Blavatsky had no room and was so busy in writing *The Secret Doctrine* that she had no time for visitors. However, as the cab for the station was waiting at the door, a telegram arrived bidding her to come immediately, and she took her ticket for Wurzburg instead of for Rome. She was warmly received, and Mme. Blavatsky explained that she had only one bedroom and that there were many things that her guest might find intolerably uncomfortable; hence she had declined the proposed visit, "but after my letter was posted Master spoke to me and said I was to tell you to come. I never disobey a word from Master, and I telegraphed at once."

Countess Wachtmeister has written a delightful account of her experiences with Mme. Blavatsky, and tells of the agonies she witnessed when the Society for Psychical Research published their cruel and mendacious *Report*. She stood gallantly by her teacher and friend through that terrible time, when the Society seemed to be shattered and forever disgraced, and found her reward in the life she led with the great Occultist, and the knowledge gained by that close association. "I think it the greatest blessing of my life," she writes, "to have lived with her in such close intimacy."

In the spring of 1886, H. P. B. and the Countess left Wurzburg, H. P. B. going to Elberfeld and then to Ostend, while the Countess went to Kempton, joining H. P. B. in Ostend for the winter. In the following year she returned to Sweden, H. P. B. going to England, where she stayed at Maycot, Norwood, with Dr. and Mr. Keightley. In September, 1887, she joined H. P. B. in Norwood, and a few days later the party went to 17,

Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, and thenceforward Countess Wachtmeister made her home with H. P. B., bearing a large part of the cost of the establishment.[1]

The Theosophical Publishing Society was founded as a limited company by Dr. and Mr. Keightley and the Countess Wachtmeister, with some others, in order to publish *The Secret Doctrine*. To this task of conducting a publishing business the Countess addressed herself with characteristic energy, and sunshine and storm, fog and wind, winter and summer saw her at work with unflagging perseverance. Later on, the company, being in debt, was dissolved, the Countess assuming all the heavy responsibility, some years later she handed it over to Mr. Keightley and Mrs. Besant.

Countess Wachtmeister accompanied H. P. B. in 1890, to 19, Avenue Road, remaining there, working ceaselessly for Theosophy until 1893, when she went to India, and helped in founding the Headquarters of the Indian Section in Benares. She lectured in India, and visited both Australasia and America for long lecturing tours, doing much in the rebuilding of the American Section after the secession of 1895. In all these countries she won much love and esteem, and set to the younger members a noble example of unceasing and strenuous devotion. While unfriendly to the present presidential policy, she has never faltered in her allegiance to H. P. Blavatsky and her Master, and there is no doubt that to these she will remain faithful to death.

A. B.

[1] The foregoing details are taken from *Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky and The Secret Doctrine*, by the Countess Constance Wachtmeister and others.

INTERNATIONAL UNION OF ARTS AND CRAFTS

IN all ages, in all countries, everywhere where Life is, Work is, was, and ever will be, the eternal expression of Man, his eternal function of Service. Some may be conscious of it, some may not. Some may seek in it the most sacred outlet for the Soul to reach God, and then we have the creation of such works as the divine heirloom of masters in pictures, poems, sculptures; some may take to work as instinctively as one who has thirst takes a drink of water, whether handed to him in a crystal vessel, or he has to bend over a brooklet like the very simple inhabitant of the woods—the young goat or wood-pigeon. Some again in their instinctive longing to fulfil their function, obediently bend their neck under the yoke of heavy labor, like a willing horse or ox.

All these differences do not hide from the thinker the deep significance of one great idea of human life, the greatest, the most sacred—WORK.

Long, aye, too long, have we been ignoring this. We have been toying with it, perverting its very foundation into every possible shape; under what we are pleased to call our social conditions, we have made it an object of barter, a means of injustice and cruelty, a means of subjugation and degradation.

Truly depressing is the contemplation of all the tragic sights which surround us at present, the problems of labor which baffle the clearest of minds. But there is a great hope which manifests itself daily in human life: No sooner does man form an earnest decision to seek for Truth, to re-establish the broken Law, than a great transformation scene ensues, misery becomes joy, the most difficult problems become as clear as daylight.

Any one who has gone through the second birth, call it what you will, or who has, after a toilsome life of disharmony, fruitless efforts and struggles, at last found himself, knows and knows well how, when the true law is found and re-established in life—in spite of the required sacrifice of those sides of life which we are brought up to consider as the true and desirable ends of life—it works wonders; how the frowns of the depressed miserable toiler smooth away into gladness and joy; how distrust, suspicion, even hatred, turn into love and welcome; how every new day, instead of being a weary sigh, is welcomed by a joyous leap of the grateful heart.

So let us consider these important matters together; let us follow the threads one by one, trying to find where the tangle began; let us unite in one joyful band of Seekers after the Truth, after the law of Work, of Life; let us unite all men and women of all nations, of all creeds; let us help each other in the supreme task of regeneration; here is a task, indeed, which wants the union of all temperaments, all histories, all races, all experiences. Such a band has already been formed—on the 9th July, 1910—into a nucleus of workers, and is sending this message to all brothers and sisters in Work throughout all the world: Join us, and help us to find Truth.

Shall we speak of the modern state of all the aspects of Work? Is it not the sorest of sores of every thinker, of every lover of humanity? Why, the very toiler would laugh in our face if we dared to state the simple truth: Work must be one with Love. Yet if we think of any example of good, useful, or gifted and inspired work, we cannot help seeing that this is true. The artist who expresses his best in his 'work' loves it. The peasant who walks after the plough loves the field, the horse co-worker, the birds which flutter round the newly-opened furrow, the sky and sun overhead, the brooklet which refreshes his tired body; he loves the vision of

his heavily loaded sheaves in the near future, the very smell of the earth and its fruit.

The philosopher, who for years and years accumulates new arguments and aspects of his idea which he gives to the world, does not grudge the many years his work of love and devotion will take; he loves his idea too well to robe it in indifferent clothing; he wants it as beautiful, as magnificent, as transparent, as it appears to him in his moments of ecstasy and illumination.

The work of a woman is the endless expression of her love and devotion in its many aspects, in its many variety of degrees according to her own development; it falls as low as the simple providing of food and comfort for the bodily wants of her beloved ones; it rises often as high as heaven in meeting the spiritual needs of those she brought into the world, inspiring them with lofty ideals and virtues.

Let us look a little further, and observe the modern development of this all-important function.

The artist who no longer seeks to express *himself*, because he has to sell the pictures, and his ideal may not please the buyer—aye, may even, by waking the conscience of the moneyed buyer inspire unpleasant feeling and revulsion—instead of lovingly clothing his idea and handing it lovingly to the world, has to lower himself in order to please, has to hand it to the public with a curse and hatred, because of his own lowering, his own degradation.

The musician, who, in his upward path, heard the angels sing, who himself kept the heavenly harmonies stored in his best Self, appears on the public platform. The common ear of the profane cannot hear the subtle heavenly strains. It is overhung with ostrich feathers, overwhelmed with worldly gossip and self-consciousness; so the musician has to accomplish sensational feats of musical gymnastic, overtop his predecessor, make a 'record' of a musical 'performance' to reach this common ear. There is no love lost between these again. There cannot be, as for the sake of this audience the heavenly strains must be forgotten, ignored.

Where is the one who walked after his plough, inhaling the bitter-sweet smell of Mother-Earth, basking and sweating under the summer sun, dreaming of his golden crop? Where is he now? Alas! you find him a slave of a machine, no more a poet nor a creator of crops and beauty, no more in direct contact with Isis, but depressed, defiled, pale and small-hearted, afraid of the next day, bitter and cursing his fate, when, after his day's work, he returns 'home,' not unlike one of those 'clinkers' rolling into waste among ashes, all life taken out of it. No love, to be sure, here, no expression of his individual divine Self, no present, no future, even no past to lovingly remember.

The scholar, the writer—where is he? Where are those many who, like millions of seeds, are shaken over the Earth by liberal divine hands, to spread life and beauty into every corner of our earth? Alas! We find them again and again drudging away, living only with part of their hearts and minds, ignoring their best Selves, giving what they have to give only for money, educating often a new taste for what is low and demoralising. For our own demoralisation must spread, must tell on all we touch.

Blessed are those who carry their real light through all difficulties. Those are they who will save humanity.

How did the trouble begin? When was the law broken?

Every corner of the world has its own history of this Fall. And this is one point where we, the fellows of the International Union of Workers, may help each other. Let the Irish worker tell us when, and under what influence, the expression of his Keltic soul ceased to

be a natural outlet for his individual gifts, and became an object of barter. Let the Hindū tell us when his hour of degradation came, and what brought it on? When did the grand lines of his creative architects change into the mean 'modern style,' no longer a symbol of his soul, beliefs and aspirations? When did it happen, for the first sad time, that the maiden came to the well holding on her shoulders not the classical, curved earthen vessel but —horror of all horrors!—a tin kerosene can? When were the noble flowing garments of hand-spun and woven web of soft hues exchanged for cotton machine-made rags of the vilest colors? When we find the cause and the time of these changes in history, we shall also have found the cause of the loss of love in Work, and the point to which we shall have to return again, and to direct our efforts to start afresh, with a wisdom aided by long years of experience. Let the Russian tell us how he lost the love of Work, so evidently manifested in every fragment of ancient work, of which the country is still overfull. No, not even very ancient. Not so many years ago there was no pair of hands, among the peasants at least, which could not express itself in many ways, in weaving and embroidery, in carving and modelling, express itself in a language sanctified by tradition, by beliefs, and by the memory of their ancient eastern cradle. Some are yet living, and still creating beauty.

The dwellers of the towns lost all this, simply by turning their faces away from traditions, from deserted, defiled churches, from their own history. There was a new craving for western civilisation. No price seemed too high to pay for this semblance of culture.

The peasant lost his old love for his work in another way. Daily and hourly came the wily thief nearer to the door; money was needed for causes foreign to his interest. Money was needed badly for war, for keeping in subjugation the Russian frontiers, frontiers encircling millions

and millions of acres which peasants dared not touch, dared not transform into a garden of life, of golden crops, of happiness for all. Money was also badly wanted for keeping up thousands and thousands of tax-collectors, hard task-masters, excise officials, controllers, a whole army of oppressors. It was also needed for building expensive official buildings, where an army of clerks, an army busy with writing unnecessary papers and smoking unnecessary cigarettes all day long. It was needed to build expensive buildings for official Science, presided over by docile scholars, dispensing their dead facts to the youths of the towns.

What did the worker of the fields, the poet of the hills, dales, rivers and lakes, know of all this? Nothing whatever! But in his humble way, in his habit of obedience to forces beyond his small self, he bent his neck lower and lower, he increased his efforts more and more, he got panic-stricken sometimes with all the misery, and the needs, and the neglect of his fellow-men, he who had no time to think, to rest, to take better care of his body, of his home and children, while working unceasingly to satisfy those mysterious needs claimed by his betters!

In olden times, he was a free man. He lived unmolested in God's own garden, he lovingly tended it, deriving from its beautiful fruit all he needed. The golden crops of grain and seeds, the cream-white potatoes, the rich dark-green multitudes of cucumbers, the red apples of his garden, and, of all, the wild abundant berries of all kinds and colors, sweet and sour, all life-giving and all pleasant to gather, and all the other numerous gifts of the woods and hills, of rivers and lakes—these fed him and his little ones, and he "ate his bread in thankfulness".

The silky green flax with the delicate little blue flowers, rolling down the slopes of his fields to the cool

water-fed dales, like a rich carpet woven by elves and fairies, lovingly clad him, his wife, and his mother, and his children, and, in the hands of the woman under the rays of the eternal sun, became as white and as pure as snow.

The little flowers of the fields and meadows, the fantastical patterns of Father Frost on the small windows in the winter, all the harmonies of foliage, hues, and moods of Isis, enveloped by woman's love in mystic lore, nursed through the nights of free communion with Nature in her simple peasant-life, working and eating, loving and sleeping in the open air under the ever mysterious starry heaven—all this was told by her in clever artistic adornments of garments, wrought in colors and symbols, more felt than known as a science. She would wander out into the woods and hunt for the sweet-smelling heather and the bitter, refreshing, pungent birch-leaf, and dig for the red-hearted madder, and pluck the yellow golden daisy. The red was like her idea of glory. Where could she direct it but to the Almighty God presiding above? The yellow daisy was the pure gold of her simple aspirations, the flame of her heart, like the flame of the taper in church, lifting her on its fiery tongues to the Unspeakable. And the blue of the cornflower, was it not like her humble devotion? So what wonder that these gifts of God's garden were crystallised into vegetable dyes, since ever one remembers man's life.

All round about the peasant home man was surrounded by symbols of Isis; he read into the lofty trees and the mysterious flowers which open only for a single night; he saw things in the woods which no one else saw; he heard from his cradle of unseen forces of Nature, of mysterious beings—helpers and foes, some whom he feared, some whom he learnt to obey. It was a constant union and intermixing of real life with legends of ancient time; it was the Russian Frost born from the prehistoric

eastern cradle. Else how could a pomegranate appear on a peasant's towel? The modern scholar reads the pomegranate as a symbol of Royalty; and so it might be. But the Hindû's reading of it as an emblem of sorrow, as a tear, seems more real, more likely; and this is why a pomegranate is always borne before a funeral procession.

The birds? All those feathery flocks of so many hues and voices, how did they affect the peasant imagination? Surely they were the most mysterious beings on earth. Ever since the Âryan race began, the birds have been the embodiment of thoughts and messages; they were the souls of the departed. Thousands of legends, one more beautiful than the other, live even now in the memory of peasants. Their lore is full of graceful suggestions in this direction.

So what more natural than to carve the beloved symbol in wood and metal, to work it in iron and silver, silk and thread? Even now, in our twentieth century, one can find in every village and home—far enough away from a railway's levelling influence—birds carved at every end of the huge rafters, or looking down from the top of the roof, or two peacocks (symbols of life eternal) adorning an over-window, usually turned face to face towards the 'Tree of Life'. The bird shapes itself as a curious utensil, daily in use on a peasant table—the salt-cellar. It runs in joyous bands and Indian files over the borders of table-cloths and bed-cloths, hangs down from towels, and adorns every church curtain. It looks out mysteriously from the folds of the ancient brocade-gown, and shines in golden threads over the woman's face.

Even now, in the twentieth century, if one takes the trouble to go out of the beaten track to some northern peasant home—perhaps getting a bed in a little attic, called in Russia a 'light room,' and finding a collection of ancient garments on the wall, under a linen blue cover—one is struck with all this living history of

human life, thought and symbolism, all the hidden unspoken beauty of a poet's heart! It is a revelation! Every stitch seems to be put in with a blessing, with a smile, put as a mother puts the last touch to her little darling's attire, lovingly, gently. Aye, those people felt beauty. They loved to wear beautifully made garments; they seemed never to have grudged the time nor the efforts to make every piece of clothing a true poem. It suited so well the home, the field, the work. The elaborate making of it suited the long winter evenings. It was an elevation of the soul to follow the ancient religious symbols, like an all-day prayer, needed in those dark winter days, when the joyous sun shows so little and the soul is obscured through the wintry, narrow conditions. It was also a reminiscence of the splendid summer work among the green fields and fragrant trees and flowers, among all those bright colors with which a maiden likes to surround herself. No wonder, this winter work was always made in social gatherings and accompanied with songs. All life then was a Fairy Tale, all Fairy Tales were life. They were one.

And now for the stealthy approach of the thief, the enemy, the destroyer of all this picturesque life? How obnoxious a task to write a history of destruction! Yet it is necessary, as there are many yet who do not see the fiend under his mask of 'civilisation,' 'improvement,' 'growth of industry,' 'accumulation of a Nation's wealth'. A modern destroyer must be attractive, or else he could not succeed. He came very softly; he imitated one who wished well, wished light and happiness.

At first he brought machines. Thousands found work in those new factories. Fathers and brothers and husbands went there first.

It seemed hard to part for years, hard for the women to do all the men's work besides their own; it seemed hard never to hear from them, ever expecting a thunder

message of death or accident, to dream of broken ties, of temptations; but more and more efforts were made. Then they returned, those first pioneers.

Ah! in what a strange way! changed to a degree! Nothing in the village was good enough; their very wives and sweethearts no more lovable and desirable—only stupid village folks. The simple fare, the bast shoes, the sober daily work—all this was stupid. Earnings? Yes, some brought nearly enough to pay the taxes, hardly enough to pay the damages caused by the lack of the man's share in work. And then they all wanted to show off; they had to buy in town modern garments, and walk through the street with the new-fangled harmonica, and shout in a half-drunken voice the new 'fashionable' songs inspired by the factory. Ah well, it was almost a blessing, when the short holidays ended, and the men returned to their factories again. But the seed was planted. Soon after, women found their way to the factories. Who knows where the call came from? Whether from the bits of town finery, in which the country maiden thought she looked 'almost like a lady,' or from the great hunger for freedom, for her own sweet will, the mysterious attraction of a new, unknown life, the breaking down of old traditions, new ways, new clothes, a new moral code altogether. So women followed men. Most of them found more than they bargained for. They lived a hell of a life; these healthy country flowers soon fell an easy prey to the towns. Who was there to protect and love them for their own sake? to respect their womanhood and motherhood? Huddled together, men, women and maidens, all together in a heap of misled humanity, no one to give compassion, only to blame and condemn! How could it be otherwise? Intolerably long hours, low pay, unexpected fines, a mysterious grinding and pressing of all there was in them of life, womanhood, truth. All ground together, exhausted and thrown out—a factory's 'waste'! What was the effect of this second exodus on the village life?

More exhaustion, more hopelessness, more despair, less and less strength in work. And then, after years, the debauched, diseased, exhausted wanderers came home one by one, to sponge on the remainder of the family, to curse, and drink, and die an ignoble death, leaving consternation and dumb suffering behind.

What then has to be done to re-establish justice, manhood, happiness, poetry of life? Can we not see the broken law? What is there to do but to give the peasant —wherever he may live, on the shores of the Volga, or of the sacred Ganges, in the Highlands of Scotland, or in the Emerald Isle—the land; the free possession of the land by the tiller of it?

I hear many, many voices violently calling me a Utopian, a madcap. How can this be, where a State must be the legal owner, and the regulator of the laws? How very unpractical to wish an artist, a preacher, a musician, a writer, to give their best for the sake of service. How can they live? They will perish of starvation! Absurd and ridiculous!

Aye, friends, I am only one of you. I have no magic means to accomplish miracles, but this Truth I have. If we aim at truth, happiness, love, we must make sacrifices, every one of us, rich and poor, influential and humble. We must supply the conditions for the miracle to happen. We must nurse this ideal deep in our hearts; forget the buying and selling of our spiritual gifts; give, give freely, as it was given to us freely, and lovingly. Only then shall we hear real music, see inspired works of art, see happy faces, and the colossal army of unemployed receding into the dark pages of history. Only then our daily life will become heaven.

I hear also a few half sympathetic voices of those who have long thought the same thoughts, nursed the same ideals. This golden age may come, I hear them say, but after many generations, after a long evolution

of mankind; neither we, nor our children and grandchildren, may see it accomplished.

Against this let me plead. Truly, if we and our children will for ever remain passive, feebly folding our hands before the great task, sinking down at the roadside in a hopeless despair, then indeed can we have no hope of conquering the dragon, which we have created by ourselves by this very indolence and self-indulgence. The time is ripe for rising up against the evil, so as not to let it get more and more the better of us. Is it not bad enough as it is? Shall we wait for more and more suffering to be sent to us to bring us to our senses, to our duty?

And then, is not all this misery really only a bogey? Take to pieces the greatest of modern evils, the injustice of one being sick and helpless from overwhelming richness, the other sick and helpless from lowest poverty. What is it all made of? Simply ignorance, greediness, *selfishness*. There is really no organic impossibility of re-establishing justice. As soon as we realise what Brotherhood is, we shall feel a revulsion against our own crime; then the only solution, no longer difficult but desirable and lovable, will be to give up all unearned privileges, to share, to give, to be one of the Brothers.

Let us begin in a very small way, in little groups of Justice and of Service. Let us unite in these efforts wherever we happen to live, and do our duty to our neighbors. One of those groups has been started by the International Union of Workers on the 9th July, 1910.

A. L. POGOSKY

EXTRACTS FROM UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

[The following are sent by a member, who has found them helpful, and wishes to share the help with others.—Ed.]

YOUR God and Master has not lost you, even though you may feel you have lost Him. He did not lose me through my many years of enforced unbelief; and ever such darkness, to the soul that clings to right and duty, ends in a clearer light. Psychology, which seeks to understand some of the workings of a fragment of Himself, cannot permanently blind the eyes of your Spirit to its kinship.

No words are of much use in the "horror of great darkness." But there is some consolation in hearing a friend's voice and in feeling the touch of a friend's hand, and so I call to you through the night: "There is light here on the other side."

To me, a Master is a human being who has realised His own Divinity and is a "Perfect Man"; He remains in touch with humanity to help it. The "finding Him" is at the time He sees best, when the fruit is ripe. That you will find Him at the right time, as others have done, I am sure. But *when*, I do not know.

The feeling of safety is true and is no illusion, and when you lose it again it is well to remember that you had it.

I do indeed rejoice that Light has arisen in the darkness, and that you can see your path. You have suffered long, and the peace is the sweeter for it.

I am very sorry to hear of your old friend's religious narrowness, but it is wonderful how people resent any widening out of religious views.

Mme. Blavatsky did not *teach* much, outside her writings; her pupils had to pick up knowledge as they could, and mostly gained it by meditation. Occult science is not taught like physical science; the organs for perceiving its facts have to be evolved by long and arduous struggle, and it is this which repels and disheartens most.

You need not fear that you will waste your life. No one who gives himself to the service of the Masters, as you have done, can waste his life, for they will turn it to some useful end.

People often turn to Theosophy in trouble, and forget it again in time of joy. So with religion, with God even. And yet people say, why do we have suffering?

I can well understand the difficulty you feel as to your work. The thing is this: I know you feel sure as to the direction about your work; yet such directions are often brought through more or less distorted, the thought of the person acting apparently from outside. We all have to learn to distinguish. Messages *do* come, but we often muddle them, until by practice we learn to distinguish. If the message be from a Great One, circumstances must open your way. If they do not, there is some confusion, due to your imperfect reception of the impression.

Do not be anxious, but trust to the Master's guiding, even if He lead you, by stress of circumstances, along the way you do not like. It is still His leading. "Let not your heart be troubled."

Believe me, I sincerely sympathise with your bewilderment. These inner confusions are much more trying than the outer ones, and you need surely never fear from me anything approaching to ridicule of any experience or any feeling. So you must let me be of any help I can.

All the circumstances are against it, and these are a surer guidance than your translation of the Master's direction.

I do not understand why you should come to the conclusion that you have no work to do in the world. It is not true. You have a work to do in life, useful to your fellows. And this you will feel, when the shock of realising that all the accompaniments you mixed up with the fact may be inaccurate, and yet the fact remain. Useful and helpful you will certainly be. In a world where there is so much selfishness and so much need of help, no unselfish and capable worker can be ignored or left without work. Any temporary cessation is to give time to prepare for new efforts. So cheer up!

You should not let go the desire for fruits, if the loss of that desire leaves you with the sense of nothing you want to do. It should only go as the will to act because action ought to be done, and to do the greater will takes its place as motive. It is the divine will, the will of the Master, with which we identify our own, not as a bondage but as a larger freedom.

I am so sorry you have so much pain and trouble; it is largely due to your resolute will to press forward ere quite ready. You remember how much I have tried to induce you to wait, not to hurry, but you always will

to proceed. It will be all right in the end, but it means much trouble, poor dear.

May His peace come to you, and His help.

I see no reason why things may not, as you say, come "right in this life." Nor do I see why you should "resist" the clairvoyance, which often comes as an accompaniment of strained nerves. I should neither resist nor stimulate it.

Certainly the joining of no Society is *necessary* for spiritual progress. The Spirit is not bound. But the Society opens one of the ways. One should join it as a witness to Brotherhood and to help a great movement more then for any other reason.

The Christian doctrine of the Incarnation is the same as the Hindu one of Avatāras—a voluntary incarnation for the helping of humanity.

It is much to see the goal and the path to it, even though the way of treading it be not clear. Part of our training is to give ourselves heartily to the Masters as Their servants, and then seek to find out what is the work They give. The will to give clears away obstacles, and the intuition is aroused by the effort to see aright. Small indications, hints that most people would pass unnoticed, point to the way, and if even these are lacking, one takes the first thing that comes, and does it as though given by Them, does it for Them, and so on and on the guidance growing surer. And the will to give is the heart of it all.

Meditation is to help us to reach the Masters, so that they shall no longer be "inaccessible."

You brought through some astral experiences mixed up with a mass of thoughts and fancies arising in your physical brain. The "dying" and "coming to life again" was the passing out of the body into the astral—a thing you do every night, but done, in this case, semi-consciously. The only difference between it and death is that the connecting magnetic link is not snapped in the one case, and is in the other. The "coming to life" was the semi-conscious return to the body.

I should be very unworthy of my Master, if I could not bear willingly with the results of strained and tortured nerves.

The visions you had were an evident attempt to cheer you up a little. Why not accept them as cheer instead of bewilderment?

The attitude of beginning work where you are is the right one, and ways will open up.

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS REGISTERED 27 MAR 1911 MADRAS.



REVIEWS

Theosophy, by Dr. Rudolf Steiner. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd., London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 3*s*. 6*d*. or Rs. 2-10.)

It is with great pleasure that we receive this book of our indefatigable co-worker, the General Secretary of the German Section of the Theosophical Society. As in the case of his two previous English books we find this one also contains very useful, instructive and interesting matter which no student of Theosophy should fail to read. Dr. Steiner expounds the elementary teachings of Theosophy in his ever original way and while compared to our President's *Popular Lectures on Theosophy* and Mr. Leadbeater's *An Outline of Theosophy*, the book will be found difficult by the ordinary reader the student will find it more helpful in that it makes its readers think and compels their attention. There are numerous good points brought out which demand some contemplation; and the reader, if he is at all thoughtful, will find himself pondering over pages every now and then. For example, Dr. Steiner's view of what Truth is and how in essence it affects every individual is worth some thought; again, his exposition on the nature and activity of memory is highly interesting; his remarks about the after-death state throw a side-light that is helpful for the student of the manual on the *Astral Plane*; and so on and on we might enumerate many points. Those who have studied with some care the H. P. B.-Subba Row controversy on the seven-fold and four-fold principles in man, will gain something by studying the tables on pp. 51 and 54. The long chapter on 'The Three Worlds' also brings out some new points, and the seven sub-planes of H. P. B.'s kāma-mānasic plane gain in lucidity; so also Bhagavān Dās' *The Science of the Emotions* finds justification because of Dr. Steiner's higher plane observations. The last chapter on 'The Path of Knowledge'

is full of hints of value and utility for leading the every-day life. The book will find no doubt a ready and wide sale and this it certainly deserves.

B. P. W.

The Brahman's Wisdom, by Eva M. Martin. Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert. (William Rider & Son, London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 1*s.* 6*d.* or Re. 1-2.)

Any one who knows and admires Rückert's *Die Weisheit des Brahmanen* this little volume will bring pleasant memories. Whether it is an adequate introduction to a study and appreciation of Rückert is not quite so sure. The little book is dainty, truly; but daintiness excludes bulk, and the bulky volume of the original collection with its infinite varieties of rhymes and metres, of thoughts and fancies, of manners and ways, is not duly represented in the brief selection of only fifty-five short poems. Besides, there seems to be a suggestion of uniformity in the selection of pieces in this translation which is of course absent in the completeness of the richly variegated original. Lastly, that particular quality of spontaneous lightness and effortless ingenuity which is so characteristic of Rückert's versification, is not reproduced with the same degree of perfection as is found in the German text. Whether it would be possible to do so we know not; the translation as it stands is certainly skilful, but the translator has chosen a difficult task. Anyhow, the booklet has rekindled in us the desire to read *The Brahman's Wisdom* once more in the original. And, in a way, that should be interpreted as praise of the translation.

J. v. M.

Above Life's Turmoil, by James Allen. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* or Rs. 2-10.)

Above Life's Turmoil is an apt title to this valuable book from the pen of Mr. James Allen. Throughout its contents is indicated the way to attain the ideal state of existence by taking advantage of environment, to rise above the possibility of being agitated or disturbed. The process suggested is as simple as the inevitable struggle is natural, which keeps man in the turmoil of the world until he comes into his inheritance of self-knowledge and self-discipline. The best aid to development, as pointed out, may be found in the struggles of

every-day existence, from which man seeks to extricate himself; and the remedy for evil is in the Self, within the grasp of each, and may be found in the belief, aspiration and resolve of each. Cheerfulness and happiness are the essential factors which conduce to peace of mind and the helping of the world. Events and sensations hold man to their troublous state until their fascination wears away, and he becomes cognisant of what is past and what is before him, or realises his immortality. Then the tendencies to division, strife, suffering, disease, cease. Life has no accidents, as all events are the result of one's own thoughts, and the dominant thoughts regulate the nature of the incidents. The two truths that stand out in the excellent chapter on Temptation are: That all temptation comes from within, and that man is tempted because of the evil that is within him. Another truism tersely expressed is that all suffering and hindrance result from one's own life, not from extraneous things. Imperfection lies only in ignorance; perfection comes of the knowledge of the Perfect Law, is for all who seek it, and belongs to the order of things. Man must adapt himself to God and obey the Law, for if God altered for man, it would mean the perfect must become imperfect. The law of cause and effect is well illustrated in the words: "In this realm of passion, men see injustice in the actions of others because seeing only immediate appearances, they regard every act as standing by itself undetached from cause and consequence." The use of Reason leads to Truth rather than away from it. A most interesting chapter is given to contentment in activity, and followed by one on Brotherhood, wherein the author asserts: "Universal Brotherhood is the supreme ideal of Humanity, and toward that Ideal the world is slowly but surely moving." One would not require better rules to apply to life for the surmounting of its difficulties, than those to be found in this little book which is also excellently printed and bound.

G. G.

The Voice of the Ancient, by Cyril Scott. (J. M. Watkins, London. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a bundle of poetry by an author already known by two previous poetic bundles of his own and by translations from Baudelaire and Stefan George. The verses deserve the special attention of the Theosophical reader on account of their subject matter. The first poem (after the dedication) is en-

titled 'Vedānta'; the next group of verses is called 'Dreams after Death' and later on we find even a poem entitled 'Karma.' We will not discuss the poetic value of the production, but content ourselves with cordially recommending it to all lovers of mystic poetry or poetic mysticism. We may also quote a few lines as examples:

'Let me arise, leaving my rests of Life's delusive glories
And quit this empty unit, for a myriad souls' embraces.'

'Yea even play gives toil, and sleep gives fear, and death must waken,'

'For Love is thus—that Bliss be not—if *one* remains or lingers;'

'Then where is death? that foolish phantom hovering o'er earth's gladness,
Stealing o'er every joy with passionate persistence,
Nay, death is dead, immersed beneath the waves of glorious madness.'

J. v. M.

The Builders, by Mabel Collins. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 1*s.* or 12 annas.)

This latest booklet by the author of *Light on the Path*, is divided into three parts, under the respective headings of 'The Dwellers,' 'The Destroyers,' and 'The Builders.' Though not avowedly Theosophic the ideas presented are possibly, for this reason, better adapted for the ordinary reader who might be repelled by a treatise bearing a Theosophic label. The doctrines of Reincarnation and Karma are taken for granted and also sometimes clearly alluded to in the three brief chapters of the booklet. The *Dwellers* are considered as those whose vision is bounded by the material plane and who seek only the pleasures it affords. The *Destroyers* are the atheists and those who make war upon all religious beliefs and seek to undermine the soul's noblest ideals and its faith in higher powers. The *Builders* are the reformers, the poets, the artists, the humanitarians, the world-teachers, those whose field of effort is in the realm of thought,—those who build for eternity, and do not live to see the completion of their work.

All Theosophists owe a debt of gratitude to the author of this treatise, and we trust the useful little work will have a wide circulation.

W. A. E.

Decline of Vegetarianism in Ceylon, by Ānanda K. Coomāraswāmi, D.Sc. (Reprinted from the *Humane Review*, January, 1907.)

This is a short pamphlet in which Dr. Coomārasvāmi gives a clear and concise statement concerning the present state of meat-eating in Ceylon, especially with regard to the native population. He observes with regret that this custom is spreading fast and he gives a warning against the indiscriminate adoption of European manners, even where these manners are not commendable in themselves. Some statements will be new to the general reader, for example: "Even Buddhist priests are not strict vegetarians, for they must accept whatever food is offered them." In short, this is a sensible little pamphlet calculated to be very useful in vegetarian propaganda in Ceylon.

J. v. M.

The Alchemy of Happiness by Al Ghazzali, translated from the Hindustāni by Claud Field. (Murray's Wisdom of the East Series. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 2*s.* or Re. 1-8.)

We welcome this new volume of the Wisdom of the East Series. Al Ghazzali's name is familiar to students of Muhammadan and Sufi lore as practical mystic, and what inspires his readers is his fiery sincerity, his learning and ingenuity and his rare faculty for exposition. The alchemy he teaches in his admirable book consists of four bits—and they are not small bits!—of knowledge: that of Self, that of God, that of this world as it really is, and that of the next as it really is. The first four chapters are devoted to these and are followed by those on 'Music and Dancing in Religious Life,' 'Self-examination and God-recollection,' 'Marriage and Religious Life,' and 'The Love of God.' All of them are full of interest and impart much instruction, and the treatment though forceful is simple, though serious is not devoid of wit. It is the latter that comes home to the readers of Al Ghazzali. His homely similes, couched in the language of humour, produce a rather unique effect on a thoughtful reader and impress him with the reality of his serious teachings. We can hardly do anything better than give to our readers a few extracts to convey some of the principles of our author's writings:

"The heart may be represented as a well, and the five senses as five streams which are continually conveying water to it. In order to find out the real contents of the heart these streams must be stopped for a time, at any rate, and the refuse they have brought with them must be cleared out of the well." . . . "The highest function of the soul of man is the perception of truth; in this accordingly it finds its special delight." . . . "The true greatness of man lies in his capacity for eternal progress, otherwise in this temporal sphere he is the weakest of all things, being subject to hunger, thirst, heat, cold and sorrow . . . As to his intellect, a slight disarrangement of matter in his brain is sufficient to destroy or madden him; as to his power, the sting of a wasp is sufficient to rob him of ease and sleep; as to his temper, he is upset by the loss of a sixpence; as to his beauty he is little more than nauseous matter covered with a fair skin. Without frequent washing he becomes utterly repulsive and disgraceful." The great truth of microcosm and macrocosm, of 'as above so below,' Ghazzali puts in simple but effective language: "God has made each of us a King in miniature, so to speak, over a kingdom which is an infinitely reduced copy of his own." The machinating body hindering the unfolding of spirituality is well noted by our author: "The body, so to speak is simply the riding animal of the soul, and perishes while the soul endures. The soul should take care of the body, just as a pilgrim on his way to Mecca takes care of his camel; but if the pilgrim spends his whole time in feeding and adorning his camel the caravan will leave him behind, and he will perish in the desert." Again: "Unless a man maintains the strictest watch (over his body) he is certain to be fascinated and entangled by the world, which, as the Prophet said, is 'a more potent sorcerer than Harut and Marut.'" We could multiply quotations, but that would not enable us to reveal the beauties of Al Ghazzali; one must read and feel and enjoy and admire for himself.

B. P. W.

Notes on the Gospel and Revelation of S. John, by Hilda Baroness Deichmann. (The T. P. S., London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 5s. or Rs. 3-12).

This book contains the commentaries given in automatic writing by 'Raphael, a Messenger of God.' On reading this information in the preface we were naturally eager to

know what special message this great Being, who is one of the seven archangels, had for us in this time when all the old problems are being reconsidered. Alas! we found little new; like most so-called inspirational works, it contains good morality, but little originality, and we cannot but think that a minor servant was borrowing the name of his lofty Master. The writer assumes that the Gospels and the Revelations were both the work of the same author and that this was the disciple who was the loved follower of the Christ. I need hardly point out that both these assumptions are much doubted by competent investigators, both intellectual and psychic. Again, the last judgment is taken as a real occurrence ushering in the destruction of this physical globe. Many of us will be inclined to question this. There are some beautiful thoughts to be found and some indications of occult knowledge. "All who came to the Lord were changed. . . Those who came to scoff or to hinder His work were hardened." . . . "Every flower is but a type. The animal and vegetable kingdoms are but shadows of their perfection here." . . . "Christianity has never been really applied. It is quite different from what it was intended to be. Now it is the fashion to be a so-called Christian." But taken as a whole the book is laid aside as another of the disappointments we meet, when trying to gain help from spiritualistic sources.

K. B.

IIIe Congrès de l'Union Internationale Végétarienne, Bruxelles, 1910. Compte Rendu. Premier Volume. (Brussels, 1910, Librairie Végétarienne, 6 Francs.)

The third International Vegetarian Congress was held in June 1910, at Brussels, at the occasion of the great Exhibition taking place at the time in the same place. The first volume containing its Transactions has now appeared with creditable speed and in creditable form. A second volume is to follow, but it will contain one single lecture, namely that of Mlle. la Drsse. I. Ioteyko, on 'Vegetarian Childhood.' The present volume contains first of all the reports of an official nature concerning the Congress and its work. Then the papers contributed, together with other communications and the debates concerning them, follow, divided under the four headings of: (1) Vegetarianism and Hygiene; (2) Therapeutic Vegetarianism; (3) Economical and Social aspects of Vegetarianism; (4) The Moral Aspect of Vegetarianism. In all there are some thirty papers, mostly short

—only a few being of any great length—which have been contributed by some twenty French or Belgian authors and some ten 'foreign' writers. We find one or two contributors from Russia, England, the United States, Denmark, Spain, Sweden and Germany respectively. Save one, all the papers are printed in French; one only makes an exception in being printed in two languages, English and French. This distinction is conferred upon Alexander Haig's paper on 'The Diet Factor in the Higher Evolution of Man.' The whole volume constitutes an exceedingly interesting collection of material for Vegetarian study and propaganda and should be warmly welcomed by all Vegetarians. As a book of reference it is invaluable. For Theosophists it is interesting to note the names of some prominent members of the Congress, who are Theosophists, as for instance, Dr. Nyssens, the Congress President, Mr. J. Morand and Dr. J. Grand, contributors of papers, and Mr. A. Meyroos, the Dutch delegate.

J. v. M.

The Suggestive Power of Hypnotism, by Dr. L. Forbes-Winslow. (Rebman & Co., Ltd., London. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras.)

This book will at once create an interest in the subject which has become so popular throughout the world. The well-known Dr. Forbes-Winslow deals with it with an intelligence that comes of his deep study and long practice. His application of the power of hypnotism to the many ordinary ills of life is presented in so convincing a way, that even the few uninformed sceptics might profit in gaining a comprehension of the existence of such a power, if not a belief of its practice. Suggestion is a component part of hypnotism, and forms the most important feature and essential element in Psycho-Therapeutics, which is defined as the healing power of the mind through suggestion. The author states that life is impossible without suggestion as it is our second nature, and as such requires control and guidance. He also says that the mind plays a far more important part in illness than the actual physical condition does, and explains how suggestion treats the patient. A strong will is one of the best Therapeutic agents, in that it enables one to withstand the influence of another by auto-suggestion—the controlling power of the mind on itself or the force of one's own will-power to resist. He says he has never seen any harm result from hypnotism,

and that it is impossible to influence a person to commit a crime unless he already has an innate tendency to do so. The danger lies in its abuse by non-professionals or unscrupulous people, and he thinks legislation should make public exhibitions of hypnotism illegal, on account of the discredit they have brought upon the real phenomena of it. That suggestion can cause illness is verified by many common examples, and medicine is beneficial very often because of its suggestive influence. The interesting phenomena of suggestion by transference is explained. The brochure is excellently printed, and should find its way to the benefit of many readers.

G. G.

The Path Theosophical Calendar for 1911. (Blavatsky Institute, Hale, Cheshire, England). Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

This year we have two calendars issued, one in England, the other in America, by members of our Society. The one issued by the Editors of *The Path* contains very useful material, for it is not an ordinary date calendar but a perpetual one. The holy festivals of all faiths and nations are recorded and hence it is of singular interest to Theosophists. Thus, for instance, January 14th is, "first day of the Greek month Anthesterion, the month of the flower festivals;" 9th June: "Mme. Guyon d. 1717, etc."; 31st August: "Rites to Thoth," and so on.

The second comes from America and is an ordinary year Calendar for 1911 with a mystical design for each month, accompanied with a selection of verse from some sacred book.

To issue really good Theosophical Calendars is a splendid idea, and as years go by no doubt we shall have better and better productions of this kind. At any rate the two under review, with the Lotus Calendar, may well be regarded as pioneers in this line.

B. P. W.

Histoire Sommaire de l'Arbitrage permanent, by Gaston Moch, 2e Édition, entièrement refondue, corrigée et mise à jour. 3e et 4e Mille. Monaco. Institut International de la Paix, 1910. Prix: 2 francs.

L'arbitrage permanent en cartes postales. Série de 7 cartes. Prix: la serie fr. 50. Monaco, Institut International de la Paix.

Précis d'Enseignement Pacifiste, by A Delassus. Monaco. Institut International de la Paix. Prix: 2 francs.

These three publications are Nos. 11, 13 and 14 of the series of 'Publications of the International Peace Institute,' which has its seat in Monaco. They are replete with information on the subjects they treat of. Mr. Moch's 'Brief History of Permanent Arbitration' deals with the history of the peace movement, as illustrated by the history of arbitration; whilst Mr. Delassus deals rather with the question as to what the peace movement really is. The latter book is divided into three sections, on (1) War is the enemy; (2) What has been done, hitherto, to solve international conflicts otherwise than by war; (3) What it is further proposed to do against war. Both works are extremely interesting and useful. Mr. Bloch's work contains some very clever and clear graphic diagrams showing the present standpoint of arbitration in the world. These diagrams are also reproduced separately and sold as picture postcards for purposes of propaganda. They are indicated by the second title given above. We do not wish to do more here than to draw attention to these publications which deserve to be widely known. Their prices are cheap; their execution excellent. The subject they treat of is of such importance that we hope this note will bring them to the notice of many new friends and will extend the sphere of their beneficial influence.

J. v. M.

A Manual of Occultism, by 'Sepharial.' (William Rider & Son, Ltd., 164, Aldersgate Street, London E.C. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office, Adyar, Madras. Price 6*s.* or Rs. 4-8.)

Occultism has been defined by Madame Blavatsky as the study of the Universal or Divine Mind in nature, of the reality which lies back of all phenomena, the study of the life, instead of the form side, of the universe. To be an occultist therefore, in the true sense of the word, requires the very highest development of the spiritual faculties so that the Divine Reality may be apprehended. So much passes for occultism in the world to-day which can only be regarded as relating to the occult arts and semi-occultism, all no doubt good and useful in its way, steps perhaps to the realisation of true occultism. The volume before us is of this nature. The author does not claim to touch the deeper arcana of the subjects he treats of, only, as he says in the 'Introduction,' to give "every thing necessary to an initial understanding and practice of the various occult arts."

In the first part of the book the author deals with what he calls the occult sciences—*viz.*, Astrology, Palmistry, Thaumaturgic Art, Hypnotism and Mesmerism. The chapters devoted to Astrology contain a great deal of interesting information by one who knows what he is writing about, and certainly he has the courage of his convictions when he gives the progressed horoscope of King George V. for 1911. A few months will prove whether his predictions are true or false. The directional part of astrology is nearly always unsatisfactory and one is inclined to agree with the well-known astrologer 'Raphael,' that this "is a wise intervention of Providence, because if everyone knew for a certainty what was going to happen, at least 50 per cent of the people on this earth would either become lunatics or commit suicide. *True* Astrology will never be discovered until the earth is peopled by a race to whom death and misfortune present no terror." In the chapter devoted to 'Numerology' the author gives a very interesting 'Parallelism' which he says, "would of itself appear to afford sufficient grounds for a belief in the reincarnation of souls." The instance given is that of the two Kings of France, St. Louis, born 1215, and King Louis XVI. born 1754. The details given point to the return of St. Louis 539 years later, to the same environment, and also to the reincarnation of others who were intimately associated with him as St. Louis, to again play their parts with him when he becomes King Louis XVI. Trained clairvoyance would reveal whether it was so or not. The second part of the volume is devoted to the occult arts, *viz.*, Geomancy, Crystal-Gazing, Cartomancy, etc., all very interesting in their way, but likely to prove a hindrance to the seekers after true occultism. Wise discrimination is necessary, as proficiency in the occult arts, if used for selfish purposes, may lead one to the gateway of the left-hand path. The book is well printed, contains numerous illustrations, and will, no doubt, have a very wide circulation.

M. H. H.

Subodhachandra (Gujrāti), by 'Vasantānandan.' (Satyavijya Office, Ahmedabad. Price 8 annas.)

This is a Gujrāti story based on *Unto a Perfect Man*, by Ion Keith Murray. The writer has taken the opportunity to present Theosophical truths therein. It is dedicated to Mrs. Annie Besant. We wish the book all success.

B. P. W.

Le "Cas Bunyan" et le Tempérament psychologique, by E. Marcault, Clermont-Ferrand.

This pamphlet is a reprint from the 'Literary Varieties' which were published at the occasion of the centenary anniversary of the literary faculty of Clermont-Ferrand. It deals with the Bunyan problem, endeavoring to analyse Bunyan's temperament or type as indicated in and by his autobiography called *Grace abounding to the chief of sinners*. By a careful analysis of all his figures of speech the author finds in that work 40 tactile images, 13 auditory, 11 visual and 4 gustatory ones. No olfactory image occurs. In conclusion the author classes Bunyan as a concrete, positive temperament; his religion is one of mass and weight, his emotions are "*solid* joy and peace." He belongs to the same type as that of the lower middle class and of the people of contemporary England. His type and religion are those of Wesleyans, Methodists, Quakers, Revivalists, Baptists, Salvationists. They all differ only in detail; but Bunyan is their representative picture. In Bunyan's 'sensual' temperament (meaning, a temperament living mainly in the senses) his 'enlightenment' or 'conversion' wrought no fundamental changes. It shifted only this sensuality from mere bodily pleasures to a higher step on the psychic ladder. 'His sensuality has risen an octave, without having changed its note.' On the whole it is an interesting pamphlet.

J. v. M.

Living the Life, or Christianity in Being, by Grace Dawson. (London: William Rider & Son. Price 1*s*.)

This is a little volume of 78 pages. It cannot claim much originality but the thoughts are happily expressed and punctuated by apt quotations from the Christian Scriptures. It deals with such oft-dealt-with questions as success and failure, freedom from limitation and self-control. The writer would have us look at the spirit rather than at the form; in seeking rest, *e.g.*, we should not seek for external idleness, but for the restful spirit. Whatever our outer differences and disharmonies there is a "Centre from which ultimately we shall all see alike." The book should be useful to those commencing 'to live.'

S. R.

[*J. A. Blok.*] Tao Teh King van Lao Tse in het Hollandsch overgebracht. Theosofische Uitgeversmaatschappij. Amsterdam, 1910.

This is a sympathetic rendering of the Tao Teh King into Dutch. There is an interesting little introduction, written with much love. The 'rendering' is not directly from the Chinese but mainly after Stanislas Julien and Paul Carus. Of the Tao Teh King there can never be too many translations, renderings, paraphrases or transcriptions. The present booklet is a welcome addition to the existing number.

J. v. M.

Psychic Science, Series Nos. I—VIII, by Edward B. Warman. (London: L. N. Fowler. Obtainable at *The Theosophist* Office. Price 1*s*. 6*d*. or Re. 1-2 each).

This series comes from America, but the present edition is published in London. The eight little volumes are written in forceful language, and at least have this advantage, that they incite one to study the subjects more deeply. There are some points where most Theosophists would differ, but that is always refreshing and makes us 'furiously to think.' The subjects dealt with in the present eight volumes—psychology, personal magnetism, telepathy, hypnotism, suggestion, spiritism, clairvoyance, Hindū philosophy—are sufficiently varied to fill an encyclopædia, so it will be seen that Mr. Warman has undertaken a big task in preparing these nutshells of knowledge. A Theosophist who had read his own literature would be familiar with the points raised, but as many of our members do *not* study, it may well be that Mr. Warman's series will stimulate many to read the more serious Theosophical works. Books on personal magnetism and suggestion usually tell a great deal about the phenomena, and of the value of having certain powers, but rarely give any definite hints as to the obtaining of these powers. This is good, for the omission forces us upon ourselves, and we begin to realise that all powers are inherent, and it is we ourselves who must bring them into potency. Mr. Warman insists upon this, and at the same time writes so vigorously (he signs himself: 'Yours vigorously') that one is persuaded to try. A sentence he quotes, 'character is what a man is in the dark,' is a typical suggestion. The author uses 'personality' and 'individuality' in the reverse way from that found in Theosophical books, but if we are agreed as to the meaning of terms, there is no confusion. The Theosophist, of course, considers 'individuality' as behind and more lasting than 'personality.'

The conclusion drawn as to spiritism is that the cause of phenomena may always be found in some form of telepathy, but the author has not considered such agencies as nature spirits. He admits nothing extraneous to the 'subjective mind' but, surely, recent occult investigations have given us much evidence against such a conclusion.

There are some helpful points on 'suggestion' and he gives evidence of the mind's ability to make impressions, quoting, *e.g.*, the recent New York experiments when four well-known scientists held their fingers on an inclosed photographic plate, and while so doing concentrating the mind intently on a ball of surgeon's gauze lying upon the floor. When the plate was developed, the object was plainly visible.

The 'nut-shell' on Hindū philosophy is really too fragmentary for any but the superficial reader, but nevertheless, it will make one look further—and would that all books did that!—though we were sorry to see that Mr. Warman repeats some of the common misrepresentations of Eastern Religions.

The volumes are well printed and nicely bound. Only two small printer's errors were found in the whole series.

S. R.

Translations

Annie Besant. *The Immediate Future*. Translated into Norwegian by Eva Blytt.

Annie Besant. *A Study in Consciousness*. Translated into Norwegian by John Egeland.

C. W. Leadbeater. *The Beginnings of the Sixth Root-Race*. Translated into Dutch—translated by Mrs. C. M. Godefroy and Miss C. Streubel.

Reprints

Diversos asuntos Teosóficos is a booklet containing three articles reprinted from the pages of our Spanish Contemporary *Sophia*. Two of the articles are by T. D., and are called: 'The Doctrine of the Logos' and 'Pre-existence and Survival'. The third article is by Annie Besant and is a translation of the 1909 London lecture on 'The Coming Christ'.

ACADEMICAL MAGAZINES

Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, October, 1910

There is a good deal of Arabic, Chinese, and Tibetan in this number, also a new contribution, by Dr. Hoernle, on the 'unknown languages' of Eastern Turkestan (with facsimiles and bi-lingual extracts). Of the ten main articles only two are engaged with Indian subjects and on these we remark the following.

A. Govindācārya writes on *The Aṣṭadaśa-Bhedas*, or *the eighteen points of doctrinal differences between the Tengalais (Southerners) and the Vadagalais (Northerners) of the Viśiṣṭādvaita Vaiṣṇava School, South India*. In short sentences he opposes the two schools, laying naturally more stress on the one represented by himself, that of the Southerners. The paper does not exactly give the impression of partiality, but it yet makes one wish that a Northerner would give us a similar paper. It is a pity that the author has entirely refrained from indicating his sources. There are a good many points on which we should like to know more, *e.g.*, on the Northern dogma that Śrī may grant Mokṣa just as well as Nārāyaṇa; or on the reasons for which the Northerners deny that there are grades of Mokṣa; or in what way they reconcile this dogma with the one that Prapannas are different according to caste; etc., etc. It is interesting that the Northerners maintain that Kaivalya-Mokṣa is temporary. Of course, it must be so, if "situate in a corner of the Material Universe". But exactly the same seems to follow, and yet is not concluded, from the Southerner's tenet, *viz.*, that Kaivalya "must be located in some corner of the Spiritual Universe." For what else can this mean than that it is somehow limited? Perennial (better: absolute) Kaivalya is, in our opinion, compatible with Advaita only. As to the rest it appears to us that the Southern School is more consequent and represents a more advanced form of the Vaiṣṇava philosophy than the Northern one.

The other paper, which is among the most interesting ones ever offered to the *J. R. A. S.*, is by Sir Charles N. E. Eliot and deals with *Hinduism in Assam* which the author calls attention to mainly for two reasons: firstly, because it presents "some special developments of the Vaiṣṇava faith in which monasticism and puritanism attain a prominence unusual in contemporary India" and secondly, because it illustrates "clearly and compendiously the methods by which the propagation of Hinduism in areas originally not Hindu is effected". The paper is a succinct history of the religious development of Assam during the last four or five centuries, with a more detailed description of the present conditions. The four principal states, *viz.*, those of the Koches, Kacharis, Jaintias and Ahoms have each of them had a religious history of their own according to the various ways and times in which they received one or the other form of Hinduism. The oldest channel of the latter was Śāktism which was originally not Hindu at all but goes back, in all probability, to the aboriginal religions of Assam, a special feature of which was the cult of goddesses who were worshipped with human sacrifices and immoral rites. It remained until the last the belief of the ruling class. Vaiṣṇavism came first in a popular form disregarding caste, etc., then as Brāhmaṇic Vaiṣṇavism. It possesses now-a-days quite a number of real monasteries unlike the Maṭhas of the Hindus proper and rather betraying Buddhist influence. Among the Śāktas as well as the Vaiṣṇavas the Vedas are known by name only, the sacred books being the *Kālikā-Purāṇa*, *Mahānirvāṇa-Tantra*, etc., and, on the other hand, the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, *Bhāgavata-Purāṇa*, and a more modern work, the *Ghosha*. There were some bloody persecutions of the Vaiṣṇavas but finally the two parties recognised and partly adopted each other's gods.

Journal of the German Oriental Society, Vol. LXIV, Nos. 2 and 3.

In continuation of his *Studies in Indian Narrative Literature*, Jarl Charpentier gives a critical edition and translation of Devendra's ṭīkā on Uttarajjhayana XXII, being a Jain contribution, as it were, towards the Kṛṣṇa legend. Discussing the story he comes to the conclusion that the Kṛṣṇa legend or parts of it must have existed long before the Bhārata poems were composed, and that in various versions, of which the great epic has adopted only a few. "Of such legends the Buddhist and Jain literature has sometimes preserved the more ancient and genuine version."

F. Otto Schrāder contributes a short paper on the *Origin of the Doctrine of the Saṃsāra*, in which it is shown that the common belief in Yajñavalkya as the first who taught reincarnation (in *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, iii. 2, 13 and iv. 4, 2-6), is erroneous. A close examination of the passages in question and a comparison of the two recensions (Kāṇva and Mādhyandina) evince that Yajñavalkya did not think of, or at least not teach, reincarnation; the two new doctrines he introduced being (1) the doctrine of Karman, *i.e.*, of the moral condition as the only cause leading to happiness in the heavenly worlds, or to some sort of damnation, irrespective of the duration of these states; and (2) the doctrine of Mokṣa as a complete cessation of individual existence (duality). The first of these tenets was kept secret because of its being opposed to the teaching of the clergy according to which future happiness depends on the *iṣṭāpūrte*, *i.e.*, sacrifices to the gods and presents to the priests.

The same author writes on *Bhagavad-Gītā*, ii. 46: *yāvān artha udapāne*, etc., a much discussed Śloka. He expounds that Prof. Pavolini's interpretation of the Śloka has been wrongly rejected by Dr. F. Belloni-Filippi, Prof. Jacobi, Prof. Garbe, and Prof. Deussen, but that the said interpretation is not new either, as the Italian scholars believe, it having, on the contrary, been given by quite a number of Indian commentators and even in one European translation, *viz.*, that of Mrs. Besant, which Prof. P. has evidently overlooked. The way in which the stanza is used in the *Sūta-Saṁhitā* (ed. Vol. I, p. 305) and most of all the form in which it appears in Pāli literature (*Udāna*, ed. p. 79), not to speak of its place in the *Gītā*, make it sure enough that the *heterodox* interpretation is the original one.

A. Berriedale Keith discusses, in a short English paper, *The Origin of the Indian Drama*, maintaining that, though the theory of the derivation of the Indian drama from the Greek has lately received a new support, from the researches of Reich into the Greek mime, yet it is even now more likely that the Indian drama had an independent origin, circumstances in India being all favorable, already in the Vedic time, to the growth of an independent drama.

Max Walleser shows, in a very acute and convincing manner, that the two explanations of the puzzling Buddhist term *sakkāya* (Pāli), *satkāya* (Saṃskṛt) brought forth so far, namely, that of Burnouf (*sakkāya* from *satkāya*) and that of Childers (*sakkāya*

from *svakāya*) are both wrong. The original was *svat-kāya*, *svat* being the ancient neuter of *sva* (*cf. tat, anyat*), and the term, after having become *sakkāya*, was, with not a few other ones, misunderstood by the sanskritisising Northern Buddhists and re-translated into *sat-kaya*.

There is also another article, by Carl Bernheimer, *On the Vakrokti and the age of Daṇḍin*, where Professor Jacobi's criticism is examined and rejected; further a final note concerning the *Arṣeyakalpa and Puṣpasūtra* in which R. Simon declares that it is now pretty sure that both the Gānas have been used by the Puṣpasūtra.

Mind, a Quarterly Review of Psychology and Philosophy, July 1910, has, among other contributions, a lucid paper, by Ralph Barton Perry, on *The Cardinal Principle of Idealism*. The paper starts with the difference of ancient and modern idealism (India being, as always, left out of the question). The latter is epistemological, while the motive of the former may be said to be the assertion of the priority of systematic or well-grounded knowledge over opinion. Accordingly, ancient idealism, insisting, as it does, on the objectivity and permanence of truth, has a tendency towards 'absolutism'. Modern idealism came as a sort of reaction against the claim of science to have alienated the world from man. "The Kantian revolution was virtually a *counter-revolution*, through which the spectator again became the centre of the system," through which the supremacy of the spirit was restored by a reduction of nature to knowledge, by a subordination of nature to God. So idealism offered an enormous service to religious belief. Its cardinal principle, however, was already proclaimed by Berkeley, and it is that *to know is to generate the reality known*; or, in other words: no thinker to whom one may appeal is able to mention a thing that is not an idea, for the obvious and simple reason that in mentioning it he makes it an idea. Our author calls this *the egocentric predicament*, and he thinks that it is the most important original discovery that philosophy has made. An infinite number of fallacies, in modern philosophy, is due to the abuse of this predicament together with an unfortunate *petitio principii*, namely the following: "In order that things may be proved to be essentially spiritual, they are conceived at the outset under that form, as ideas, objects of knowledge, or experiences."

DR. F. OTTO SCHRÄDER

THEOSOPHICAL MAGAZINES

ASIATIC

The Adyar Bulletin, Adyar, February, 1911. 'The Headquarters' Notes' give a detailed account of the President's tour in Burma. 'Peter, James and John' is a readable contribution by Dudley Wright, Editor of the *Annals of Psychical Science*, in which he compares the three saints to Faith, Hope and Love respectively. In our own magazine the same clever writer is contributing an interesting paper on 'The Prodigal Son.' 'The Attitude of the Enquirer' is an excellent paper by Mr. Leadbeater, which will be garbed in a handier permanent pamphlet form as it ought to be. Sirra concludes 'The Hawaiian Tradition of Creation.' The President's quarterly letter speaks of her Rangoon tour.

Theosophy in India, Benares, January, 1911. 'Monthly Message' is followed by a paper of V. H. Mehta on 'Heaven and Hell' which contains some good points.

The Cherāg, Bombay, February, 1911. The regular articles are continued and among short contributions is a criticism by Mr. J. J. Vimādalāl of the article of Mr. B. P. Wadia translated from *The Adyar Bulletin*. If Mr. Vimādalāl will take the trouble to carefully read the article in the original he will find that its writer is not so intolerant as Mr. Vimādalāl makes him out to be. The English Supplement opens with 'An Open Letter to the Pārsī community,' by Magian, in which a healthy note is struck. It is followed by 'The Hindū Religion,' by S. K. Banerji, and various reprints.

The C. H. C. Magazine, Benares, February, 1911. 'In the Crow's Nest' is written by our President. Her speech at the unveiling of the Portraits of Lord and Lady Minto is interesting from which we will extract: "I would show a little more of the inner side of the man who guided the ship of the State through these troublous times. The first time I happened to meet him at Simla was like this. In the

ordinary way I had received an invitation to the Court ball. For many reasons I felt that it was unsuitable that I should attend. It was not a fit *place* for me to go to. The invitation was like a command, and it did not seem right to refuse. I was in a puzzle what to do, I thought I would chance it and would write privately to Lady Minto. I sent in the usual respectful refusal, and in a little note I told her what my work was in India, that I stood for spiritual teaching and for bringing back the religious and moral education in India, and my presence on such an occasion would be out of place. The Court ball was a scene of gaiety and frivolity, and to the Indian mind it would be a shock if I attended such a dance. I thought this was the end of it all, but the next day I received a note, 'If you do not care to come to the ball, will you come and lunch with us quite quietly to-morrow?'. So I went and lunched with Lord and Lady Minto. He was new to the country, he had just come from Canada, everything about him was strange, he said: 'I do not understand the people. I am told they treat you as an Indian and not as an English woman, you know the people well. Will you tell me what I should do that will enable me to reach the Indian heart, what is it that keeps us separate?' 'Your Excellency,' I said, 'lack of sympathy, lack of a feeling of common citizenship between those who call themselves the conquerors and those who think themselves the conquered, the difference of color, race and thought—these are the things which divide; English rule is just, but the English stand aloof; they do not win sympathy and appeal to the Indian imagination or the Indian heart.' From that time, realising the line of work, he made up his mind in spite of difficulties that he would try to draw the two nations together." There are various short articles, all of them readable.

The Sons of India, Benares, January, 1911. W. Rothenstein's address to students on 'Art and Its Ideals' is worth perusing; so is the contribution by B. P. Wadia on 'The Building of Character' which is a clear exposition of practical value.

EUROPEAN

The Vahan, London, January, 1911. In this number Miss Severs writes about Adyar; L. Haden Guest, Arnold S. Banks, J. I. Wedgwood, Emily Lutyens and M. R. St. John give their interesting views on the channels, objects and preparation of

propaganda for the T. S. Anna Firmin writes a short but instructive article on 'The Power of Thought.'

Theosophy in Scotland, Edinburgh, January, 1911. 'The Four Stages of Man' by F. G. Baily is a well thought out article, the four stages being: Service, Riches, Strife, Teaching; or Labor, Capital, Reform, Consultation. A. G. B.'s letter 'On Pain', has some good ideas. Notes and news make up a good number.

The Lotus Journal, London, January, 1911, is as usual bright, full of readable interesting articles which leaves hardly any room to make selections.

The Path, Cheshire, England, January, 1911, greets us with the usual good contents. 'At the Dawn of a Kali Yuga' is a very interesting contribution from the pen of A. E. This excellent little magazine is so very attractive in its reading material that its subscribers cannot help anxiously waiting for its arrival every month. Among the various contributions we have no especial choice, all are good and readable.

Theosophie (German), January, 1911, brings a short biography of the late Countess Wachtmeister. The remaining articles are translations amongst which we notice one from the *Times of India* entitled "Behind the Indian Veil" by G. G.

Neue Lotusblüten (German), January-February, 1911, has an interesting article on 'Rosicrucian Symbols' and another on 'Buddhistic Philosophy' which both repay careful reading.

Bollettino della Società Teosofica Italiana (Italian), Genoa, December, 1910. A tribute to Tolstoi by Luigi Alfieri and the account of an interesting vision, or dream, of an Italian member of the T. S., are among the contents.

Annales Théosophiques (French), fourth quarter, 1910. 'Father Gratry: Comparison between his doctrine and Theosophy' is an interesting article by J. Alibert giving annotated quotations of this French theologian, who in his turn often quotes the early Christian Church-Fathers. 'Silence and Meditation' are extracts from Father Gratry's book, *The Sources*.

Theosophia (Dutch), Amsterdam, January, 1911, contains the usual translations besides two original articles: G. Meuleman's 'A Theosophist of the 16th Century,' an enthusiastic, appreciative essay on Boehme; J. W. Boissevain's 'Mental Inertness,' a

warning against swallowing the Theosophical teachings without careful thinking and testing, out of sheer laziness. As our leaders themselves have warned us repeatedly against such a blind faith, it seems rather superfluous to write a long article on it; but the truth must be repeated in different voices to reach the different minds, so perhaps this article may have its *raison d'être*.

Theosofisch Maandblad (Dutch), India, December, 1910, has a good but long article about 'Spiritualism and Materialism;' an Adyar Letter from a resident and some translations.

Teosofisk Tidskrift, (Danish and Swedish), Stockholm, December, 1910, opens with 'An Arabian Legend' by Tolstoi which is followed by translations from our President and Mr. Leadbeater.

American

The Theosophic Messenger, Chicago, December, 1911 (Christmas number), has as frontispiece a portrait of Muhammad. C. Jinarājadāsa contributes a very interesting article with illustrations on 'The Grand Lama of Tibet'. He also writes on 'Three Truths of Theosophy'—the immanence of God, the evolution of the soul and the brotherhood of religions. Several special articles to fit the Christmas number contribute to make the Magazine attractive.

The Bulletin of the Chicago Theosophical Society, Chicago, January, 1911, contains some good short articles one of which asserts that Mrs. Eddy "was a re-incarnation of Clement of Alexandria."

Australasian

Theosophy in Australasia, Sydney, January, 1911. 'The Darkened Window,' by M. E. Ferdinando. 'A Vision of the Christ,' by E. H. Hawthorne, and 'A Short Lecture Tour' by A. T. D. (Miss Dixon) are original contributions. Notes, news, reprints and reviews are added, all readable and interesting.

African

The Seeker, Pietermaritzburg, December, 1910, brings some good reprints and a short original contribution on 'Astrology by Mercury,' and another on 'For Christmas Day' by Wynyard Battye.

X.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

Great Britain

Whilst our Brethren in India were holding their great Convention meetings, outer activities were temporarily suspended in England, for the Christmas holidays. At this time of year however we renew the bonds of fellowship with many from whom we are separated on the physical plane, by exchanging cards of greeting; and as the thoughts of so many of us turn to our Theosophical Mecca, one wonders if there are not many more present at Headquarters than those inscribed on the rolls as taking part in the Convention!

The Sunday evening meetings at Headquarters were brought to a close very fittingly by a lecture by Mrs. Cannan on Christmas, at the close of which the listeners were each presented by the speaker with a spray of Rosemary—a charming idea, greatly appreciated. A further activity which was in full harmony with the spirit of the season was the performance by Companions and Friends of the Round Table, of "Eager Heart" a beautiful play which tells of the old custom of preparing a place for the divine Guest who may come unexpectedly to any home. "Eager Heart" is the name of a simple maid who yields up her carefully prepared room to a poor and nameless family, worn and footsore, and then goes out to look for the passing of the great King. She meets the shepherds and the Kings following a star which finally comes to rest, much to her amazement, above her humble home, where they find the poor family, father, mother and child, seated, with a wonderful light shining about them and they hear the heavenly music which ever surrounds the Lord. The children played their parts with earnestness and simplicity and touched the hearts of the audiences which crowded the lecture room at Headquarters for the two performances; the collection for poor children was well responded to. A very fine piano, presented to the Headquarters, was lent for the first time on this occasion.

The joint study of the *Stanzas of Dzyân* carried out by the Blavatsky and H. P. B. Lodges, both meeting at Headquarters,

has been brought to a successful close. A careful syllabus of lectures and corresponding study classes was prepared, one lodge having the Lectures, the other the study classes, and the plan seems to have worked so well that a similar one is to be pursued during the New Year, upon the subject of Comparative Religion. The advantage of this method of working is that a larger number of members are induced to take some responsibility for the meetings.

Other activities at Headquarters are too numerous to chronicle; for many years such activity has not been evident there as during the past few months, and the cry is for more space. Altogether, Theosophical activity in Bond Street is not a negligible quantity, for lower down the T. P. S. has the same story to tell of a period of great activity—and in some ways nothing is more satisfactory than the selling of books; people may attend free Lectures out of curiosity, but for the most part every shilling spent upon a book represents a serious and deliberate interest. A very gratifying increase in the English sales of *The Theosophist* has also to be noticed, but not to be wondered at. The *Review of Reviews* gave a very sympathetic and appreciative notice of the President's *Brotherhood of Religions* now running in the *Theosophist*.

Thanks in some measure to the response to the Preparation Fund, the Executive Committee finds itself able to initiate a more active Propaganda than has hitherto been possible; and to facilitate and systematise the work, it appointed a Propaganda Sub-Committee and secured for it the part use of a well-appointed office in Kingsway. Dr. Haden Guest, the energetic and capable President of the new Central Lodge, has been appointed Secretary of this Propaganda Committee.

A very interesting pamphlet upon "The Swastika" has been published by Mr. Powell Rees. His problem is to account for the world-wide prevalence of this symbol, and his solution, in a word, is Atlantis. Reference to Atlantis may be found, he says, in the literature and traditions of nearly every race of people.

"By the red man of the Western World it is called the 'Land across the Great Water,' whence the return of 'The Great White Father' is still expected. It was the original of the submerged 'St. Brendan's Isle' of the Irish legend, and the western 'Paradise' of the Hindū must be referred to the

same source. It was the 'Aztlan' which Montezuma described to Cortes as being where 'his fathers dwelt.' The Mistecs of Mexico referred to it as the 'place of heaven.' It was also the 'Olympus' of the Athenians; the 'Asgard' of the Vikings; the classic Hesperides; the Golden Land with its Golden Age, the common tradition of peoples in all countries, climes and times."

Mr. Rees's next point is that Atlantis was the cradle of human civilisation; which opinion also others have maintained. He says:

"The broad Atlantic now rolls indifferently over the scene where naught but a few islands mark the tops of the highest mountains around whose base the infant human intellect first drew its sustenance from the breast of Mother-Earth."

It was there, according to his view, that agriculture first arose; there that the horse, the cow, and the dog were first pressed into the service of mankind. There our great cereals, wheat, barley, etc., were cultivated from their now unknown originals; there man first pictured thoughts on stone, metal, and wood; there metallurgy was first practised; there arose the germ of all that makes man intellectually great; there developed the parent prototypes of all the arts and sciences, and thence were they carried in ships by early adventurers to the uttermost ends of the earth.

It is pointed out that the traditions of all peoples tell that the knowledge of the alphabet, of agriculture, of the use of metals, etc., was brought to them from without. "Wherever tradition has preserved the name of the benefactor who brought it he may be traced to an Atlantean origin," declares our author. The Atlanteans are assumed, then, to have been a colonising race as well as the founders of civilisation. They took their ideas everywhere.

But where did the Swastika come in? This is the heart of the theory:

The Continent of Atlantis is described in many of the legends as roughly circular in form, surrounded by the sea and having a mountainous centre on which the palaces of its rulers were built amidst beautiful gardens and peace-haunted fountains. From this mountain there flowed four rivers, North, East, South, and West, watering a fertile country beneath beneficent skies. Thus the home land was readily

pictured as a circle or wheel with four spokes at right angles, which subsequently became conventionalised in the shape called the Swastika; a form which had most vitality, possibly because more easily woven into a fabric with rectangular warp and woof, and more readily incised in stone or wood. This was the symbol of Atlantis. This was the device which those courageous self-decreed exiles from the delightful land of their origin made familiar in the most distant places.

It is a curious theory as to the origin of the Swastika; the maps given in Scott-Elliot's *Story of Atlantis* do not show whether there is any warrant of the supposed four rivers from the mountainous centre of Atlantis; it would be interesting to know if they actually existed.

As indicating the way in which Reincarnation is gradually permeating the mental atmosphere the following poem is of interest. It is culled from a volume of verse by James Lewis Milligan, a Liverpool workingman poet, whose work is very favorably reviewed in the London Press, and is entitled:

PRE-EXISTENCE

Men wonder if they've lived before,
To me the thing is plain;
I've lived a thousand lives of yore
And I shall live again!

I've lived a life-time in a day,
An æon in an hour;
Unnumber'd blooms had fled away,
Yet life is still in flower.

I know not how my life began,
Nor how I'll cease to be:
But this I know, I never can
Recall non-entity!

That though I wither in the earth,
And stem and not shall die:
My driven seeds shall come to birth
Beneath another sky.

The poem ought to have been called *Reincarnation*.

In the early days of the New Year our gatherings usually partake more of a social character than at other times, and this year we opened fire at our English Headquarters by a lantern lecture with which Mr. Wedgwood helped us to get more familiar with the look of Adyar. The beautiful and interesting slides he showed and the delightful thread of narrative with

which he linked them together made a very pleasant evening for the members who crowded into the lecture room to hear him.

On January 12th the New Years' party was held when besides a large London contingent of old and new friends, members from various countries were present. A very good programme had been arranged by Mr. Arnold Banks, which included some beautiful singing, and two recitations from one of our actor members; and at the close of the meeting, after one of our General Secretary's inspiring little speeches, we repeated last year's impressive ceremony, in which all stand with raised hand and name "The Day for which we look."

Lodge lectures and study Classes are beginning again all over the country, and several courses of Propaganda Lectures are being started in new districts. In London three such courses are to run through February.

One notices that more and more of the people who have already made something of a name in other directions are coming forward amongst us. Two of the lecturers in the London courses are well-known doctors, whilst Mrs. Despard, so well-known in many fields as a worker for Humanity, is at this moment making a short campaign among our Lodges in the South-West of England.

From Northern Britain we hear constantly of fresh plans. In Scotland, during the absence of their General Secretary, the work has evidently not been allowed to languish; whilst at the Blavatsky Institute in Cheshire a kind of "Winter School" has been held during the holidays.

One of the most noteworthy movements of our time in the direction of social service, is the *Liberal Christian League* in connexion with Rev. R. J. Campbell's church. Its objects are Spiritual Fellowship, Theological Freedom, a Social Regeneration, and although it has not been started very long, and proceeds from a non-conformist source, this League is drawing into its ranks many who from their birth and upbringing one would little expect to find in such circles. This is only another evidence that in every rank of life men and women are awaking to their responsibilities and are longing to lend a hand in the helping of their fellows, if they can but see the best way to do it.

The Organ of this League is the *Liberal Christian Monthly*, the current number of which contains a remarkable sermon of Mr. Campbell's on the Annunciation of the birth of Christ. Can we doubt, he asks, "that everything worth calling a divine advent, every spiritual uplift which our sunken race receives, is celebrated with joy in Heaven before we know anything of it on earth." He then goes on to quote Sir Oliver Lodge as having admitted to him in conversation that he feels there must be truth in the numerous traditions we find concerning the portents which precede the birth of mighty souls into this world and their passing out of it.

The Westminister Gazette of January 3rd gave some interesting predictions of a French prophetess, Madame de Thèbes, who thinks that "the best of power and wealth, the frenzied striving after merely material objects, will be increasingly evident, until the fateful day March 21st, 1912, when the world will be free from the triple domination of Mars, Mercury, and Venus. 1911, according to this lady, represents the darkest hour before the dawn, but England, apparently is to suffer less than other countries. Perhaps the most interesting point of the prophecy is the conclusion, for we are told to look for "the coming of a brilliant dawn, for France and for the world." Certainly the newspaper evidences that so many in high places desire peace leads one to be hopeful, and encourages Theosophists at least to throw all their weight on this side, that if it may be the machinations of those who are seeking to produce discord may be overcome.

E. M. W.

Russia

On the morning of November 17th, our brothers and sisters from Moscow, Kaluga and Kief were with us and were lovingly taken care of by the Theosophists of St. Petersburg. In the evening we had a public meeting, and Mme. H. Pissareff, the President of the Kaluga Branch, spoke of H. P. B. and her great work. Her lecture was followed by discussion. More than a hundred visitors attended the meeting, besides the members of the T. S.

On the 18th and the 19th the Commission of Revision and the Council met three times. On the evening of the 19th Mme. Ounkousky lectured publicly on the method of 'colors, sounds, numbers.' On the 20th the Order of Service had a meeting, and the 21st and 22Rd were devoted to the Convention of the Society.

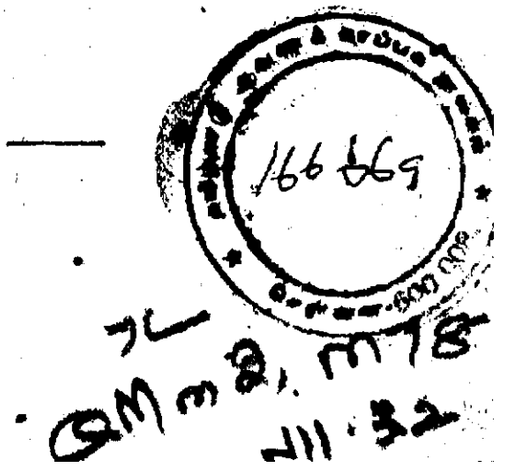
It began at 1 P.M. with a meeting of the Council. At 2-30 the Convention itself opened. Mr. Nikolas Pissareff from Kaluga, was elected Chairman. Greetings were given and read. The Report was read and approved. Then some important business questions were discussed, after which the representatives from different towns related how the work was going on in each. At 5-30 we had a dinner for all members present.

At 6-30 we began again and the General Secretary told of the work done in St. Petersburg, specially of the Order of Service, and the pedagogic group. At 8 we had tea, and then we had a pleasant general talk, and Mme. Pissareff, Mme. Ounkousky and the General Secretary told of their visit to Count Leo Tolstoi, two years ago.

The Convention closed on the evening of the 22nd with a beautiful concert. Mme. Ounkousky played on the violin, two other members played and sang, and then a chorus song 'Pater Noster,' composed by Mme. Ounkousky, and this ended the Convention. Our guests from other towns went away during the night and the next morning, accompanied to the station by their brothers and sisters of St. Petersburg. All parted happily and with a record of good and useful work done together. The Convention was indeed a very valuable and happy time for all who had the privilege of participating in it.

On speaking of the work of the year, it was noted that some public institutions, such as libraries and reading-rooms, had begun to ask for Theosophical literature and lately a demand has come from prisons; so that our magazine is now widely spread and known. The staff of the *Messenger of Theosophy* sends the magazine also to several places in Siberia and the far north, where colonies of the exiled live.

A. K.


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