



THE

THEOSOPHIST

A MAGAZINE OF

Brotherhood, Oriental Philosophy,
Art, Literature and Occultism

EDITED BY

ANNIE BESANT, P.T.S.

Vol. XXXIV

PART II. April 1913 to September 1913

THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1913

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THE CAPELLA REALE.

VOL. XXXIV

No. 5

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WE are not able to send out with this number the *Annual Report of the T. S.*, for with the ever-growing bulk of the Report itself, and the great increase in our own circulation, the tax upon the Society of sending it out gratuitously has become too great. The Report goes to every Lodge of the T. S., so that members can see it, and we are trying the experiment of putting a few hundred copies on sale at 1s. post free for the general public. These must be obtained directly from Adyar. The Presidential Address—which we print, as a Supplement, with the speech on the policy of the T. S.—gives a review of the whole field of work, and thus, to some extent, supplies a general outline of the world-movement. It will be seen that things are going very well with the Society all the world over, with the exception of serious trouble in Germany and a little trouble in India. The latter consists chiefly of attacks from outside on the President, Mr. Leadbeater, and Adyar, and these have been rendered slightly more

dangerous by the attitude of a few—very few—Theosophists. We feel sure that when these realise—as they must, sooner or later—that they are merely playing into the hands of those who hate Theosophy, and ever strive to discredit those whom the world regards as its leaders, they will change their policy, and help that which they really love.

* * *

There were one or two significant incidents in the Convention, showing the love and whole-hearted support of the delegates for their President and the readiness of the Theosophical Society, through its General Council, to defend her against the attacks of the outside world as well as against assailants from within. The German Executive, the Swiss-German Lodges in the German Section, and some groups of Dr. Steiner's in Italy, had sent telegrams suggesting the resignation of the President, the first especially being couched in grossly insulting language; it did not apparently strike the senders that a majority should be in favour of their proposal; if a President were to resign whenever a small minority objects to him, no Society would ever keep a chief officer. Sir S. Subramania Iyer moved in open Convention, and Khan Bahādur N. D. Khandalvala, Retired Special Judge, seconded, a vote of complete trust and confidence in the President; it was opposed by one gentleman, who had already shown his hostility to the President in a letter to *The Hindu*, in which he accused her of intending to appropriate T. S. funds for her own defence—a suggestion which shows the type of the mind that could invent it; a second gentleman said that the vote did not mean that they agreed with every opinion the President might express.

All hands but the one were held up for the vote, and tremendous cheering followed. The General Council considered the various documents with regard to the German Section: (1) the position of the Swiss Lodges; (2) the refusal of the German General Secretary to issue a charter for a Lodge applied for by Dr. Hübbschleiden and six other members, on account of their not being in sympathy with the Section; (3) the complaint from members of the Order of the Star in the East that they were expelled from the Section on the mere ground of their membership; (4) the outrageously-worded cablegram from the German Executive; (5) the silence of the German General Secretary with respect to the President's letters, notifying him of complaints, asking for the Rules of the Section, and notifying, under Rule 31, the applications of members to Adyar for Lodge charters and of non-members for admission to the T. S. The Council finally resolved unanimously—one member, holding a proxy, abstaining from voting on the ground that he had no instructions on this point, and did not feel justified in committing his General Secretary—that the President be advised to cancel the German Sectional Charter under Rule 36, and to issue a new Sectional Charter to the German Lodges willing to work within the Constitution of the Theosophical Society.

* * *

It is important to remember that the territorial basis of National Societies within the T. S. affects *only* questions of administration. All Theosophists are perfectly free to belong to any international association in which teaching, exoteric or esoteric, is given by any one.

- There are Lodges established to study Dr. Steiner's

teachings in France, England, etc., and this is quite within the Constitution. All ties of love, of teaching, of study, are unaffected by territorial divisions, which only have to do with registration, payment of fees, and purely administrative details of external order. The system worked perfectly, until the late aggressions of the German General Secretary aroused friction.

* *

Telegrams were received with good wishes in support of the President, from England, Scotland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Russia, Hungary, Denmark, Spain, Germany, Austria, Holland, S. Africa, Java, Australia, New Zealand, Burma, and many cities and individuals in India. Some offered financial help from their Sections, but this offer is gratefully, but firmly, refused. No T. S. money must go to the support of the President, either in the private suit brought against her, nor in any undertaken by her in defence of the T. S. Two Lodges belonging to the independent Theosophical League have written, since the Convention, objecting to the action of the President. I could scarcely hope for the approval of that body, as it was formed in protest against me, and has steadily maintained its attitude ever since.

* *

The Report of the 26th Annual Convention of the T. S. in America has reached us, and is a most interesting document. Mrs. Russak is working hard in her native land, and shows a devotion and a power which stimulate and inspire those with whom she comes in contact. The General Secretary was unanimously re-elected, for he has won the heart of the National Society, and he thoroughly deserves the trust reposed in him. Seven Chicago Lodges have incorporated themselves as

'The Chicago Theosophical Association' and have established themselves in a flat in a fine building; they have given their hall my own name, and it was consecrated to the service of the Masters by Mrs. Russak during the Convention. Mr. Cooper, well-known to many in Europe and India, is the Representative of the General Secretary for the Division with Headquarters at Chicago, and is in charge of the publishing business, now in the hands of the Section. The Krotona Estate, the General Secretary announced, is vested in the Outer Head of the E. S., as the Representative of the Masters, and will be passed from Head to Head. The Convention unanimously passed resolutions sending "filial greetings" to the President, and "a greeting of love and loyalty to Mr. Charles W. Leadbeater, Alcyone and Mr. Jinarajadasa". A resolution was also unanimously and enthusiastically passed which "recognises with deep gratitude the years of self-sacrifice and devoted service of its former General Secretary, Dr. Weller Van Hook, and his corps of faithful helpers, and desires his continuous co-operation". That was as it should be, for we all desire that Dr. Van Hook, though compelled by duty to resume his professional work, should give us as much time as he can. Those present at the Convention write enthusiastically of the peace, harmony and joyousness which pervaded it. May all be well with our good American brethren, to whom we send loving greeting.

* *

The Anagarika Dharmapala writes me that he has "come into possession of a very old palm-leaf MSS., wherein is to be found a prophetic forecast of what is going to happen in the near future in India and Ceylon".

It says that 40 years hence a righteous King will come over to Ceylon from India to re-establish Buddhism. I am therefore preparing the way in the Island by delivering lectures to Buddhist parents to consecrate the little babes for the glorious work.

Such prophecies are very interesting, for the 'King of Righteousness' is a name given to the World-Teacher. The dawn is reddening the eastern sky, and the persecution to which we are being subjected will but increase, by contrast, the glory of the coming day.

* *

The new Zamorin of Calicut is a Fellow of the T. S., and has shown a generous hospitality to our visiting lecturers. He is described as "a scholar, a man of wide sympathies, an intrepid traveller, who has brought himself in touch with the living, twentieth century civilisation of India, a man of the world, a democrat". He is a supporter of the Indian National Congress. Sincere good wishes will go to him from all our Fellows.

* *

M. Richat lately pronounced a most interesting discourse at *l'Académie française*, on the changing spirit of the younger generation. It shows confidence in affronting the problems of life, and is not disposed to think that intelligence alone suffices either for the individual or the nation. "To be fit for great enterprises it is not enough to be intelligent." A new era of action is opening, in which ethical and philosophical doctrines are sought as a preparation for a fuller life, and there is a disposition to test the truth of such doctrines by the touchstone of the energy they communicate to the soul, to be manifested in fruitful activity; the whole tone of this younger generation presages a time when man will seek to act rather than to discuss. This is all true, and

there is a tendency to test truth by its effect on action; it has embodied itself in Pragmatism. But we must never forget that Right Activity must be founded on Right Knowledge, and that the Reason must approve before Action can safely be undertaken. The ignorant cannot help acting on impulse, and the impulse to do good to others and to sacrifice themselves in a good cause is for them the best and safest guide. But those who have the duty of educating public opinion, of setting the standard of conduct which the masses instinctively recognise as good, must ever accept the laborious duty of seeking Truth, and of laying a foundation of Knowledge as a basis of Ethics. In an era of feverish activity, this duty is more than ever laid upon them, lest activity should turn into a wrong channel, and its very force should make it the more dangerous. Activity without knowledge may readily run into fanaticism, and energy may become disruptive instead of constructive. It is the duty of the thoughtful to study the tendencies of their age, so that—remembering that the crowd ever rushes into extremes—they may apply a corrective to all exaggeration either of thought or feeling.

* *

It is most regrettable that an official in the high position of the Hon. Mr. L. Davidson, presiding at a lecture at the Presidency College, Madras, should repeat Lord Curzon's slander on Indians as untruthful. He quoted an unwilling witness, to whom a Commissioner said: "Don't speak in the ordinary way, but speak the truth." How often do magistrates and counsel in England remind witnesses: "You are on your oath." Does this prove the general untruthfulness of Englishmen? The evidence of history shows the high standard of

truth lived up to by Indians: the truthfulness of the village folk astonished the early English settlers here, and has been put on record by English officials; the absence of written receipts, and the trustfulness in commercial transactions, banking, etc., are well known. These sweeping and unjust condemnations of a whole people for the lapses of the baser sort are very unfair, and cause widespread bitterness. Is it not time to cease from making them?

* * *

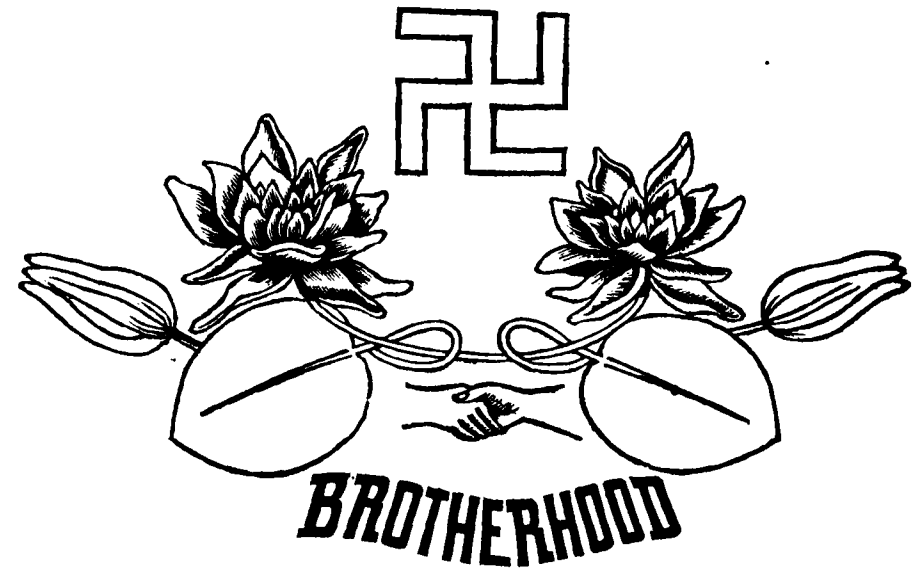
An interesting note from the *Adelaide Evening Journal* states:

According to Professor Cambourogion, of Athens, the tune of 'God save the King' is one of the oldest we have. Six years ago the professor discovered, among the manuscripts in the National Library of Greece, the words and music of an anthem composed in 1457 in honour of the Emperor Constantine Paleologos. The anthem opens with the line: "Long may our Sovereign reign," repeated three times. The musical notation is of an obsolete type, and had to be transposed by an expert in ancient music. It was then found that the tune of the fifteenth century anthem is almost identical with that of 'God save the King'.

The same journal has also a useful warning touching the confusion which often arises in people's minds as to 'meekness'. It is apt to be identified with weakness and general lack of energy. But Dr. Campbell-Morgan lately remarked when preaching:

Let me emphasise the fact that the word 'meek' does not mean 'weak.' There is no suggestion here of softness. My old schoolmaster once wrote to point out to me that in Greek the word here translated 'meek' is used of a colt broken in and ready for its work. It means strength harnessed for service, force completely at rest, and therefore powerful.

It is written in the Hebrew Scriptures that "the man Moses was very meek," and the meekness of that great leader of Israel was certainly consistent with great energy and enduring strength. As Dr. Campbell-Morgan implies, meekness may be characteristic of the hero.



THE REBIRTH OF CHINA

By C. SPURGEON MEDHURST, F. T. S.

FEW perhaps, really realise that China is a continent with an area, population and resources greater than Europe, and that, unlike Europe, the Chinese continent is a unit. Here is the oldest living civilisation, a civilisation which, because developed without contact with equals or rivals, differs in many important essentials from any other; the written language of this continent—which is ideographic and which will never become alphabetic, by delicate and elusive allusions and the perfect balancings of words and phrases (superior to anything in Hebrew poetry) in its literature—has brought expression to a perfection of beauty it would be

difficult to parallel; unfortunately, under the new conditions now prevailing, there is grave reason to fear that this will pass with the passing generation. Some 400,000,000 human beings, of whom only some 14,000,000 can read and write, work out their destiny here, their innate passion-natures subjected to a self-control hardly known in the West; priests frequently here chant prayers and burn incense to Gods of whose names and histories they are ignorant; here millions of patient women subordinate their personal desires to the wishes of tyrannous mothers-in-law; here hundreds of thousands of filial sons consider it sacrilege to oppose a parent. Two thousand years ago the merchants of this continent were sending their unrivalled silks overland as far as Antioch, while its sailors, long before Hengist and Horsa landed in England, paid periodical visits to Ceylon, to India, and to Arabia. Several hundred years before Christ the civilisation of this continent was better than that of Greece; its civilisation under the Han dynasty, at the commencement of the Christian era, was superior to that of Rome. No wonder that the inhabitants of China regarded themselves as the centre of the world's culture, and as an example to the barbarians who occupied the other quarters of the globe; nor is it surprising that half a century elapsed, after Europe had forced her way into the country, before the foreign ministers could meet the Chinese Emperor on equal terms; but since the days of Kanghsi and Kienlung, contemporaries of Oliver Cromwell and Warren Hastings, the history of China has been a long record of continual struggle with decay, until, finally, the great Power which once ruled all eastern Asia became of less importance than the islands of Japan, "one-tenth its area and population".

In happier days she had given these island people their religion and their civilisation; in 1912 the twenty-fourth Chinese dynasty was supplanted by a Republic, created by a few determined men, who by one bold stroke accomplished for their country what in ordinary circumstances would have required the slow evolution of a century.

The resemblance of the late Imperial Government to a decaying tree has been increasingly apparent since the demise of the Empress Dowager, and her Imperial nephew Kuang Hsü, in 1908. There had been dry rot in the royal trunk for a long time, its branches snapped in the wind, its leaves were covered with a devastating blight; and its final *Nunc Dimittis* (the abdication edict was not written in Peking but in Shanghai) was a fitting prelude to the darkness of oblivion and silence which have swallowed up the Imperial family. But the frost of incapacity, which killed the old tree, was confined to the upper regions of the air; below, young life was stirring, green shoots were everywhere breaking through the ground, buds were swelling, fresh growths were appearing; the hoes and axes of the Revolution loosened the soil, felled the aged trunk whose usefulness had ended, broke obstructing clods, removed impedimenta, and prepared the way for the fresh crop of ideas which immediately began to grow. For over thirty years patient sowers had scattered the seeds; they did not all anticipate the harvest, nor did they all comprehend the part they were playing in one of the greatest dramas of one of the world's greatest nations; but, consciously or unconsciously, their combined strength overthrew the upas tree, and made possible the rejuvenation of the Chinese race. The transition from the old to the new,

notwithstanding that it was completed in four months, was a costly process; probably the change from a Monarchy to a Republic sacrificed more life and property than was lost in the French Revolution during the closing years of the eighteenth century; as statistics are not available this must be accepted as merely a personal opinion. But there is this difference between the two events: the French Revolution descended from a moral reform to brute force; the Chinese Revolution ascended from physical compulsion to moral suasion. Since that memorable May when the States-General "marched in impressive array to hear a sermon at the Church of Notre Dame, at Versailles," nothing has occurred of such moment as the social, political and religious awakening of China at the beginning of the twentieth century. It is the concentration of a nation's personality on one supreme effort to right its wrongs. Its promoters possessed the patriotism which prompted Captain Nathaniel Hale of Connecticut to say, when facing death: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." One of the regiments, recruited after the Revolution broke out, was styled the 'Dare to Dies'; the name indicates the sacrificial strength which made possible the purpose achieved; the Dragon, or the omnipresent impulse of growth, overthrew the Dragon Throne. The new administration is the people's, not a soldier's, Government.

The long series of events which thus ended in the transformation of China is numerous and varied. First war, and then, as a result of wars, treaties opening ports and permitting Christian missionaries to rent or purchase property and carry on propaganda, without hindrance, in any part of the Empire. But despite

defeats in warfare, China still continued unwilling to co-operate with the West; unconsciously she had set herself against the tide of evolution, and the pressure from without and within increased as the years advanced; each decade strangers acquired more power in her ancestral domains; each year China became less the mistress of her own house; at length, in 1900, her insight blinded by self-interest, her perceptions blurred by ruffled pride, she declared war against the world; made one supreme effort, in the Boxer fiasco, to rid herself of the outsiders who sat by her hearthstone and warmed themselves at her fire—and failed. Four years later the success of the Japanese in their conflict with Russia aroused all Asia, and the Manchus began to reform; but as usual their action was too late. The modern educational methods which they introduced prepared the way for the modern Press, and the Press became a powerful ally of their enemies. Ten or twelve years ago, outside of the 'treaty ports,' there was only one Chinese paper, the *Peking Gazette*, and it contained only the Imperial Edicts. To-day there are at least 500 well organised papers dependent on Chinese support and under Chinese control, while new books and magazines are ever appearing. Indeed, the Revolution was as much a result as a cause, and is strong evidence that the Chinese have changed, not superficially but substantially. So great was the contrast between this uprising and previous rebellions that it has earned the *soubriquet* 'The Bloodless Revolution'; here for the first time Chinese Red Cross Societies cared for the sick and wounded. Other minor but significant proofs of a complete change of heart are the removal of the queue, the official adoption of a new national costume,

and the growing fondness for western dress ; when I first came to the country I had to wear Chinese clothes, shave the front of my head, and cultivate a ' pig-tail '.

Force alone could not, however, have reformed China. A war fought with the North had no interest for the South, it was not heard of in the West ; the opening of ports to commerce, diplomatic or military pressure in Peking, only pricked the Chinese epidermis. If the preparation for the Revolution had been of this order alone, the rebellion of 1912 would have been " washed out in blood and scorched in flame," as was the Tai Ping mutiny of the sixties. The initiator of the Chinese Revolution was the Christian Missionary ; the leaders who made it a success were Li Yuan-hung, the soldier, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the organiser, and Yuan Shih-kai, the diplomat. Dr. Sun, outlawed and banished from his native land, steadily pursued his purpose for two decades, undaunted by danger, undiscouraged by failures. On January 1, 1912, he became President of the Provincial Republican Government in Nankin ; but a few weeks later, in order to unite North and South, he resigned in favour of Yuan Shih-kai, whom he recognised as the more suitable head for the Republic—as fine an instance of self-abnegation as history can produce. Yuan also, but in a different way, is a disinterested patriot. Had he wished, he might have been the founder of a new Imperial House several years ago, and there would have been no Republic. The Revolution though destructive, and undertaken with little thought of the constructive period to follow, is, from the higher standpoint, undoubtedly an evolution. A new nation, animated by a new patriotism, has been born. No longer a vessel held together by strong bands

imposed from without, China has become a living organism throbbing with her own unifying life force. The much talked of ' Break-up of China ' might have been possible under the defunct Chings ; if attempted under the Republic, the Nation, from Canton in the South to Kan-su in the North, would rise to maintain its integrity. Naturally there have been family disagreements, the personnel of the administration has changed oftener than is good for the republican health, the pocket has controlled principle, mistakes have been made ; but there is small room for doubt concerning the assured progressive prosperity of the Five Nations whose colours make up the Republican Flag. The ancient China that we knew ' has passed ; the lusty youth, who has taken her place, is her reincarnation. The nation has been born anew, and some of her sons, who are desperately in earnest, who listen to the still small voice rather than to the wind and to the tempest, find in Tennyson's lines the best expression of their ideals :

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good.

They know that a Republic brings no more satisfaction than an Autocracy unless the invisible be ever sensed through the visible, and the whole strength of manhood enlisted in defence of moral attainments ; but these are a minority. Man learns slowly ; the oft-told tale of universal history is repeating itself under the ægis of the world's newest and largest Republic. Freedom, the glory of the new régime, is employed as a weapon of attack. An observant and respected Chinese surgeon in Shanghai, writing twelve months after the Revolution, describes the first year of its life as " an unbroken record of pillage, bloodshed, office-grabbing,

land-grabbing and unrighteousness of all kinds". Such a description is hardly fair; it lacks perspective, it notes only one side of the coin of liberty. Sorrow is the mother of reform, and with nations, as with individuals, the new life begins where the old one ceases; and so nepotism, favouritism, bribes, and sinecures still exist, but with this difference: in China's former incarnation these blots on purity were as a part of the natural order, in her present life they are resented as excrescences. The editor of *The Republican Advocate*, an English paper solely managed and owned by Chinese, thus voices the new spirit of the New Age:

China desires to be a free, independent nation, not in the old sense of isolation and exclusion, but in the more rational sense of unobstructed individual development, on the basis of co-operation and reciprocity.

The significance of it all can be only partially understood. The detached wire, before it takes its place among its sister-strings on the violin, gives no hint of its hidden music; the rebirth of China only discloses its supreme importance when studied in connection with the unfolding evolution of the human race. This Chinese Revolution was not the restless change of a fickle, irresponsible people, nor was it the work of scheming, successful agitators, with no thought above their own selfish interests; rather it was the deliberate self-transformation of a race of such tenacity of purpose that they are like "a sea that salts everything that flows into it". Long residence amongst the Chinese gives the Occidental an oriental squint, and modifies his western impetuosity with a philosophic calm; often conquered, the Chinese have always, in the end, conquered their conquerors: their Manchu Rulers forgot their own tongue and their native books; a Jewish

colony, which settled in the province of Ho-nan, lost both its language and its religion. When a people of this calibre commences to live anew, the world may well mark the day as the beginning of a New Age, and the question whether the new nation will take a wrong path and consider only the good of China at the expense of others, or whether it will constitute itself a leader of progress, becomes vital to the prosperity of the human race.

The dust is still thick, and there is much to make the thoughtful ponder. The reaction from the centralisations of the Manchu Government has provoked a tendency to ignore the testimony of history that if a nation, or an individual, is to prosper, its culture must remain attached to its own root; that to be of value the genius of any people must be its own and not another's. China, suddenly awakening from her soporific trance and faced with the imposing civilisations which have sprung into existence during her slumbers, is tempted to break adrift from the past; she covets the inventions, the discoveries, the economic achievements which she sees, but does not consider the moral, the social, the spiritual evolution which made them possible; and so she is eager to adopt western materialism without western idealism. The result is seen in the formation of Societies to propagate the cruder forms of Socialism; to destroy the family; and, under the guise of freedom, to make attractive the practice of promiscuity, with the destruction of that ancient landmark of Chinese civilisation—the relationship of father and son. This reversal of the ideals which have made China great is reflected in other half-baked measures, such as the effort to uproot 'superstition' by destroying idols, scattering

monks and nuns, and putting temples to secular uses ; by the emancipation of woman, without making provision for the protection of girls against the degradation frequently thrust upon them by the opposite sex ; by promising liberty to all, but giving none to helpless children who are bought and sold as domestic slaves ; by forcibly suppressing opium, even decapitating inveterate smokers, but taking no steps to prevent whisky doing more harm than opium. Serious students are urging their fellow-countrymen to abandon the traditional peace ideals of former days, to introduce conscription, and to make China a great military power, notwithstanding that, since the termination of the fighting, the soldiers have lawlessly burned more houses than all the property destroyed during the whole course of the Revolution, and that during the transition period they may, at any time, shatter the unity of China by starting a second uprising. China's soldiery is her chief menace. The world has a right to expect better things of the land which has always been pre-eminently the professor of peace. Confucius, when asked for one word which would serve as a rule of practice for the whole of life, said : "Is not reciprocity such a word ? What you do not want done to yourself, do not to others." This should be China's gospel—the union of the world as one nation, with loyalty to one central Government. The suggestion is in harmony with the genius of the Chinese character. Her great Sage declared that all men are brothers ; universal peace was his aim ; and if China, as soon as she has set her house in order, makes this her foreign policy, she will repeat on a grander scale the exploits of the most glorious periods of her past ; but if she abandons her

ancient bulwarks she will abandon her proper place in the world, and will sink into insignificance. It is useless to blink the fact that it was a calamity that the Revolution broke out when it did. Had it been accomplished as Dr. Sun planned, without fighting, China's outlook would have been different. Considering the size of the country and the magnitude of the nation, the Revolution was a surprising exhibition of self-control ; yet there has been, nevertheless, too much of the superior man who wishes to kill all wicked and undesirable persons, he, of course, being the sole judge of the wicked and the undesirable. The waters are troubled, the cross-currents are many ; but beneath the changeful surface waves there flows the steady evolutionary tide, with centuries of hereditary instincts and unworldly ideals behind it ; and there is good foundation for the hope that in the end the best culture of the years that have gone will reassert itself, and save the nation in spite of itself.

The missionaries are still the centre from which the ideas now in demand can be most easily tapped. Their opportunities are unique ; but, as on other occasions, the opportune moment will probably slip away with most of its gifts unused. This observation is less applicable to the educationalists than to the preachers and evangelists. The missionary community in China as a body fails to realise that the True Light "lighteth every man that cometh into the world," and acts as though the West possessed a monopoly in wisdom and truth. Hence, occidental theologies and creeds musty with the flavour of past ages, which have hardly anything in common with the present, strangle much well-intentioned effort. The Jesuits, who were in China

two hundred years ago, wished to orientalise Christianity, but the Franciscans and Dominicans objected. The result was that all were expelled. Undoubtedly, had Jesus and his apostle Paul been born as Hindūs, or as Taoists, instead of as Jews, they would have spoken in a different tongue, but would their message have been otherwise? We should have had a different New Testament, but it would not have contained a different gospel; we should still have heard that, because of the necessary union between the human and the divine, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself"; righteousness would not have been less practical, nor would the answer to men's need have been less emphatic; the Word would not have been less "the power of God unto Salvation" because the Gospel narrative repeated the 'old story' from an Indian or a Chinese stage; the philosophy and the illustrations of Paul's epistles would have been changed, but whether as a Jew, as a Hindū, or as a Taoist, Paul would still have proclaimed at-one-ment with God, detachment from earth, and fellowship with Christ. If it be possible, without profanity, to think of the Founder and the chief exponent of Christianity as delivering their message in bodies and through religions which are not Hebraic, surely those who have made it their vocation to teach religion to peoples of different faiths should be able to hang suitable lamp-shades over the light they bring. Thought, like the soul, may express itself through many vehicles; the way of salvation, like electricity, may be effective through varied conductors.

Missionaries have accomplished more by their lives than by their sermons. By their schools and philanthropies, in the face of strenuous opposition, they have

won for Christianity a place in China. The Chinese admire their intrepidity; they are impressed by their peaceful return to stations whence they had been brutally driven by fire and sword. The Chinese seldom forget, and one of the most unlooked-for proofs of the efficacy of the various evolutionary factors already indicated, was the manner in which foreign property was protected; again and again towns were looted, but the persons and possessions of the missionaries were left untouched; only in the province of Shen-si, when the mob got temporarily out of hand during the massacre of 15,000 Manchus, were missionary lives taken. And not only did lawless bands loot and destroy on the right and on the left of the foreigners' residences and pass by without entering them, but the people were glad to have the missionaries in their midst. They were begged not to leave, as their presence and counsel were indispensable. Dr. U. E. Macklin, of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society, acted as intermediary, when the Imperialists surrendered Nankin to the Revolutionists. Naturally the missionaries are regarding the future in an optimistic mood. It is right that they should, for optimism and determination are credentials of success. Moreover, not all are oblivious to the new demands created by the new situation; some realise that the New Testament nowhere refers to Christianity as a religion, and that neither Christ nor his apostles uttered a religious denunciation. The Y. M. C. A. sends lecturers through the country to discourse on the gyroscope and on flying machines; the Christian Literature Society translates standard western works on every branch of knowledge, and has *The Secret Doctrine* on its library shelves; another missionary organisation

boasts an excellent educational museum, where the exhibits contrast the progress of other lands with the condition of China; but missionary statesmen are few, and, excluding schools and colleges, missionary efforts at *national regeneration* are as the days of sunshine to the weeks of fog during a normal London winter. Although there are now a million Chinese Protestant adherents of the Christian faith, under leaders who are Christians from conviction; although the Roman Catholics have probably a like number of followers; and although a number of Christians occupy responsible posts under the new Republican Government, any impartial observer, who knows China and the thoughts of the people, will confess that the missionary endeavour is a history of missed chances. It would be ungrateful and invidious in one who owes all his acquaintance with things Chinese to the missionary enterprise, to do more than call attention to general principles; but, without criticising, it is well that amidst a chorus of self-congratulation one voice at least should say that, unless a radical change takes place in non-educational missionary policy, the missionary movement in China has reached its zenith. To seek the conversion of a people who know nothing beyond their physical horizon, and to endeavour to change the religious faith of a nation to whom the world is an open book, are totally different propositions; and the chief difficulties of a narrow missionary policy will now arise from the enlightened character of the new administration. These will be far greater than the resistance offered by the passive ignorance so familiar to all acquainted with the rank and file of the Mandarinate of the late dynasty. Under the circumstances, the most sanguine can scarcely expect

that China, as a nation, will look to Christianity for spiritual direction. It is too closely allied with the foreigner, who controls and directs its expansion at every turn; and though the Chinese are, at the moment, very friendly with the alien, it is only with the idea that through the foreigner they will acquire the necessary culture to rid themselves of him, and secure China for the children of the soil; Christianity in China is further hampered by the difficulty of giving the non-Christian an authoritative explanation as to what are its distinctive doctrines—ethics, dogmatics, sacraments? Already there are indications that the Church is becoming less amenable to mission authority, that it would like to take matters into its own hands and to adapt the Christian expression of truth so that it shall suit the genius of its people. In hindering this, missionaries defeat their own aims; some among them are conscious of the danger.

This is a matter for regret, because Christian missions might have supplied China with that which is lacking in her present spiritual equipment, building a new structure on the solid foundations already laid. If, discarding the accidentals of their faith, or the Hebrew colouring which, as the development of Judaism, it naturally possesses, the missionary body had confined its presentation of the Gospel to its essentials, or the simple life-story of its chief Figure, presenting it as a map of the Path along which every human being must travel to perfection, preaching Christianity as an experience instead of as an argument, the religions of China would have become the 'school-master' that the Law was to the Hebrews. Quick to see that "What light is to nature love is to the

heart of man," the Chinese are ready to welcome any uplifting message, not inconsistent with the faith of their fathers; but they are very unlikely, as a nation, to do more than tolerate a religion which cuts out the root of their historic traditions by forbidding them to reverence their dead ('Ancestral worship,' so called, has always been condemned as anti-Christian), and which is unable to agree with itself as to the form of the Church, and the manner of its worship. They cannot be made to believe that truth can divide. "The nearer we approach to truth the closer we come to one another—even as the nearer we get to Peking the more our separate roads converge." So said a venerable non-Christian Chinese gentleman at a conference of Christians and heathen, which it was my privilege to convene some eight years ago.

Religious tolerance has always been a strong Chinese characteristic. The alleged religious persecutions in China have seldom been due to religious bigotry. If Christianity has suffered severely in the person of its professors the cause must be sought, not in dislike of its teachings but in racialism. Confucianists have fought Buddhists; but it was celibacy and immoralities, not religious debates, which raised the controversial dust. Taoists have struggled with their co-religionists for supremacy, but the motives were political not religious. Since the inauguration of the popular Government, the innate religious toleration of the Chinese has shown itself, among those whose temperament tends toward the philosophical and devotional, in a reaching out to all faiths and a desire to appreciate the best points in each; while among those who think more of the visible side of life it displays a tendency to iconoclasm—idols are

destroyed, temples are secularised. 'Parliaments of Religion' are becoming familiar in many parts of China. A friend, who knows no language but his own, and who has never crossed the borders of his native land, is giving his money and his life to the organisation of a Society with the purpose of *making religion a centre of unity between men of different creeds*. Even the Muhammadans are joining the movement. The only sect which stands aloof is that of the Chinese Christians. This confirms what has been said as to the westernness of Christianity in China—the Chinese recognise it, and it will prove the missionaries' checkmate.

Confucianism, which up to the present has been the bed-rock of the Chinese civilisation, has received a knock-down blow from the new order of things. How far it will recover, whether it will prove flexible and win, or adamant and lose, it is too early to say. It has powerful advocates, and a Society has been formed to preserve it; but the first of the three Constant Relationships, or the bands of human society, is that of Emperor and Minister—the other two are father and son, husband and wife. I have already referred to the socialistic attempt to dissolve the two latter, the natural consequence of the dissolution of the first. Of course this extreme swing of the pendulum may right itself in time, but it is doubtful if Confucianism will again hold the supreme place it has so long enjoyed. Young China considers its ethics and philosophy superannuated. If it ceases to be taught in the schools it will speedily lose its grip on public life, and its place in the curriculum depends more on the pupils than on the teachers, for in China it is *the scholar* who controls the school. Confucianism answers the question: "How can

I be a good citizen and do my duty to my neighbour," and it answers it well; but Confucianism has no answer to the question: "What is my connection with the unseen, and have I any duties there?" Buddhism, which for a time provided the spiritual motives lacking in Confucianism, has apparently had its day; excepting for a few of the elect, it is now little more than a superstitious crutch for the lame—prostrations, offerings, mantrams, without knowledge and often without thought. Unless the monks can be educated along modern lines and imbued with the spirit of Service, Buddhism in China has no future. Lao Tzu had a higher vision than his contemporary, Confucius; but for the man who can as yet only interpret life in the terms of the physical, his message is too ethereal, and so Taoism "now means magic, fortune-telling, necromancy, multiform idolatry, and demon worship". In religious as in social affairs, the nation is at the parting of the ways. "Together with Buddhism and Taoism," writes Dr. C. H. Fenn in a recent issue of *The Chinese Recorder*, "even the ancient and comparatively pure worship of Heaven seems destined to find its place in the limbo of 'innocuous desuetude'—its altar nought but a memorial in the midst of an experimental forest. What is to take the place of the many Buddhas, the myriad Spirits, the ancient Sages? No people have remained long content with empty shrines, with godless morals, or with an altar to the Unknown God." And it is the interfering West which has wrought this destruction. Its civilisation, its science, its religion, have smashed all that China knew; therefore with the West rests the responsibility for directing her in the right path. Fresh from the melting-pot, saddled with the most complex of the

various forms of human government, with the majority of their people still ignorant of national problems, the Chinese are prepared to welcome any unmistakable spiritual direction; and as they learn to handle material problems in its light, many immature theories will be packed away in perfume and fine linen. They themselves recognise the danger of mistaking fiction for fact. "It is a new Soul that China wants," said one of her talented sons recently, when reviewing the aftermath of the Revolution. At heart the nation is not irreligious, but it is undecided. Buddhists, fearful of their future, are, in some places, offering convents and monasteries to Christian missions, the inmates promising conversion *en masse*; but the great body of the people nowhere see just that which appears to satisfy their needs. The Rev. Timothy Richard, D. D. Litt. D., Secretary of the Christian Literature Society, suggests that the solution of the problem is to be found in three principles: Reverence of God alone; Study of Truth under all forms, no matter how unfamiliar; The Union of all devout men of all lands and creeds. In these, he says, "we have a trinity of forces which is irresistible, and will lead the human race to higher heights than it has reached before".

This is the situation in China to-day, full of promise, encompassed with danger, threatened by perilous temptations; but has a more hopeful youth ever knocked at the portals of the Theosophical Society and asked instruction, or is any teacher better qualified to show him the old truths in a new light? Is not a share in his education worth while? For good business reasons, the financial outlay would bring a comparatively small monetary return, but it might in the end prove one of

the best and wisest moves the Society has made. Let this youth but realise himself, let him but comprehend the unity of God and man, the solemn grandeur of the wide sweep of human evolution, the significance of the present in relation to the certainties of the near future, and, whatever the Government, he will shine as a brilliant star in the galaxy of the nations; without this no reforms can save China from becoming a tawdry show. I enumerate seven particulars in which Theosophists might render aid in assisting China through the stage of adolescence to mature manhood.

1. Instruction along Theosophical lines on character-building; the purpose being to unify and lift higher the thoughts of China's reformers, and to convince doubters that national greatness depends on national goodness.

2. A continued series of articles in the native Press, commenting on current events in the light of Theosophy, showing that to proclaim a Republic against the Manchus is not a forward step, unless also a Republic be proclaimed against vice in the heart, and slavery of every kind.

3. Specially written papers explaining the message of Theosophy, more particularly in regard to social and industrial problems, that at the beginning of her industrial era China may avoid errors which have worked disastrously in the West, and which would not have so operated had a correct start been made at the first. Owing to the leaven of returned Chinese students, western conditions are beginning to recur in China. The methods of Trades Unions, with intimidation of waverers, are spreading. This is a new feature in Chinese life.

4. Translations into Chinese from the writings of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, explaining the place and power of Religion, and the relation of the various religions to each other. All this ought, for the most part, to be prosecuted through the medium of the Chinese tongue, but this need not prevent those ignorant of the language from helping.

5. Judicious distribution of Theosophical literature in English, or German, among the foreign-educated Chinese.

6. Educational work along the lines of the C. H. C. in Benares. For every student who comprehends present-day problems in China, Japan and the western nations have ten. Many Chinese 'universities' are only 'high schools'. The Revolution has, as yet, been of little assistance to China's schools, the directors are often men of the old type, with literary or social influence, but without practical executive ability. The best education is still given in the mission schools, and only in these schools is religious or moral instruction regularly imparted.

7. Special schools for Taoist priests and Buddhist monks. There are about 10,000 of the former, and 70,000 of the latter. It would be impracticable to admit these to any existing school. Because uneducated in modern matters, these natural instructors of the people are without influence. A knowledge of English would enable them to become important factors in the evolution of China. In Japan, I understand, the Buddhists take the lead in every moral and religious movement.

By the methods I have indicated millions may be reached, and the human race assisted to progress. While the Manchus ruled, the truism was often heard: "What

affects China affects the world." If this were true then how much more true is it now, when her 400,000,000 are interested in the same things. Surely the marvellous kaleidoscopic changes we have been discussing are a part of the Great Plan! Dr. King Ya-mei is probably right when he says: "It devolves on China, which is neither mystic nor warrior, with its great body of skilful farmers, artisans, merchants, unpicturesque and often as uninteresting as their British congeners, to solve the practical problems of Asiatic life."¹ The Japanese, the Koreans, the Annamese, and other Asiatic races were once China's pupils, and what China has done China can do again. Why then are the Mongolians alone untouched by Theosophical activities? Col. Olcott once visited Japan, but none of our lecturers or leaders have been to China, perhaps because of the exclusiveness of this continent; but the day of China's 'splendid isolation' has passed. An era of co-operation has dawned. It is no longer in China a case of East *vs.* West or West *vs.* East, but of eastern ideals modifying western practices, of western practices purifying eastern ideals. Some Chinese even anticipate a political alliance with the sister Republic on the other side of the Pacific, and advocate a German-American-Chinese alliance. Much water must flow beneath the chimerical bridge before this takes place, but the desire testifies to the change China has undergone. The West has ever laid stress on freedom; the East emphasises authority. China's position has always been midway, and she now occupies the unique privilege of being able to set the keynote for the new world-civilisation, by

¹ Quoted in *Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East*, by Paul S. Reinsch, pp. 193, 194.

founding a society combining the western idea of liberty with the eastern conception of obedience. When the alertness of the western concrete outlook is blended with the contemplativeness of the eastern abstract mind, and divestiture, as the law of the universe, is recognised by both, our human evolution will culminate in a revolution more complete than anything the world has yet seen.

To assist in making this dream an actuality, I invite those possessing the necessary qualifications, temperamental and financial, to consider China as a field for Theosophical activity. Here also are the Divine Deposits; here a new nation has been born; but her life problems are still unsolved, for neither rebellions, revolutions nor political changes are cures for economic and social evils. But, if China now learns how to conjoin her old eastern habits with her new western ideals; if she make Religion and not Expediency the corner-stone of her new civilisation; if she realise that to work for the whole, rather than for a part, is to move with the current and therefore to prosper; if she resist the temptation to permit western luxuries to obscure spiritual possibilities; then she may yet become the head of a Federation of Asia, which will be the beginning of a World-Unity, in which all nations shall unite in loyalty to one great Spiritual Head—a central Government under which every nation and each individual may enjoy unhindered opportunity for self-realisation.

C. Spurgeon Medhurst

THEOSOPHICAL IDEAS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 529)

FIONA MACLEOD, another poet of the Keltic Renaissance has well expressed the Keltic passion for a spiritual destiny and for spiritual beauty:

Strange reversals, strange fulfilments, may lie on the lap of the Gods, but we have no knowledge of these, and hear neither the high laughter nor the far voices. But we front a possible because a spiritual destiny greater than the height of imperial fortunes, and have that which may send our voices further than the trumpets of East and West. Through ages of slow westering till now we face the sundown seas, we have learned in continual vicissitude that these are secret ways whereon armies cannot march. And thus has been given to us a more ardent longing, a more rapt passion in the things of outward beauty and in things of spiritual beauty.

According to Fiona Macleod's theory, the Kelts have derived their ideality from a closer communion with the occult forces of the cosmos than other early races had. It is his belief that it is their destiny once more to be Hierophants of the Ancient Wisdom:

I do not think that our broken people had no other memories and traditions than other early peoples had. I believe they stood more near to ancient forgotten founts of wisdom than others stood. I believe that they are the offspring of a race who were in a more close communion with the secret powers of the world we know, and the secret powers of the world we do not know, than were any other people. I think their ancient writings show it, their ancient legends, their subtle and strangely spiritual mythology. I believe that, in the East, they lit the primitive genius of their race at

unknown and mysterious fires; that, in the ages, they have not wholly forgotten the ancestral secret: that, in the West, they may yet turn from the grey wave that they see, and the grey wave of time that they do not see, and again, upon new altars, commix that primeval fire.

It is this faith which has been the source of the burning patriotism that has characterised Irish poetry for the last sixty or seventy years. We find the white flame of patriotism alike in the 'Dark Rosaleen' of James Clarence Mangan in the early days of Queen Victoria, and in the poetry of Yeats, of George Russell, and of Moira O'Neill to-day. We see it in Dora Sigerson's 'Ireland':

'Twas the dream of a God
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hand
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

The poetry of Meredith, another Kelt, is also rich in Theosophical teaching. Theosophy makes no appeal to the passions. It appeals to the intellect and to the higher emotions. Meredith's appeal is intellectual not sensuous:

Drink of the faith in the brains a full draught
Before the oration:
'Tis known how the permanent never is wist,
In blood of the passions: mercurial they,
Shifty their issue: stir not that pit.
Wisdom is not born of blood heat.

The Soul is bound to the wheel of birth or death as long as it continues to stir that pit. The Wisdom-Religion teaches that there is no escape from reincarnation until sensation is mastered. Wisdom, Meredith tells us, in 'A Faith on Trial,' belongs only to those who have mastered sensation :

And out of the sensual hive
Grown to the flower of brain.

Only when sensation is mastered, can we begin to be conscious on higher planes. Meredith seems to suggest this when he makes the Earth-Spirit say that the sensual

See not above or below,
Farthest are they from my Soul.

They are farthest from the Earth-Soul in that they, least of all, realise the one life in all, the divine life in themselves. Humanity can only rise by the flesh becoming spiritualised ; the physical vehicle must be rendered more susceptible to spiritual guidance. It must be refined :

Would humanity soar from its worst
Winged above darkness and dole,
Flesh unto Spirit must grow.

The Spirit of man, while realising the necessity of living in harmony with natural laws, yet recognises intuitively that there are infinite heights to scale, that illumination succeeds illumination, Initiation succeeds Initiation, through endless æons. The Spirit uses Earth's gifts, yet aspires :

Dreams of a higher than it,
A scale, still ascending, to knit
The clear to the loftier clear.
'Tis Reason herself, tip-toe
At the ultimate bound of her wit
On the verges of Night and Day.

But it is only through contact with the things of sense that the Spirit gradually evolves. Sensation is mastered through experience, not through asceticism. No faculty comes to perfection till the one next above it begins to develop, and is able to put it to use. " Spirit uses my gifts, yet aspires."

The senses are the servants of Mind, and aid the development of mental powers, as the mental powers will in their turn become the servants of the developed spiritual faculty. The Earth-Spirit is the handmaiden of the great Mind, but Reason must conquer the brute. She is the

Guide to the Holies from sense withheld,
She wrestles with our old worn Self.
She is the world's one prize,
Our champion, rightfully head.

In taking the view that " flesh helps soul," Meredith is in agreement with Fiona Macleod, who says :

Man is not alone : the Angel of the Presence of the Infinite is with him. I do not, with Blake, look upon our world as though it were at best a basis for transcendental vision, while in itself a ' hindrance and mistake,' but rather as a wiser has said, to an Earth spiritualised, not a Heaven naturalised. With him, too, I would say : ' I have a fondness for the earth, and rather a Phrygian way of regarding it, despite a deeper yearning to see its glades receding into the Gardens of Heaven.'

In the ' Ode to the Comic Spirit ' Meredith asserts the power of laughter to slay the brute in man, and to link man to man in brotherhood. The Comic Spirit saves us from our lower selves. " Spirit must brand the Flesh that it may live," but this can only be done through the right use of the brain in laughter. " The test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter."

Meredith lays great stress upon the teaching of the Higher Self. If we would find God we must find Him

in ourselves. This is the first great lesson of his poetry, and the second is that we only reach the Divine in us through a knowledge of earth. Here he touches upon the great question of the purpose of incarnation.

Man's nature is threefold, and only when the three parts are duly harmonised can he be truly happy. Man is a *unity* when Brain and Blood and Spirit are well balanced, when the lower self is subdued, and the Vision of the divine possibilities of his nature is realised.

Blood and Brain and Spirit, three
(Say the deepest gnomes of earth)
Join for true felicity.
Are they parted? then expect
Some one sailing will be wrecked:
Earth that Triad is. She hides
Joy from him who that derides,
Showers it when the three are one.

From Mrs. Besant's lectures on 'The Coming Race' we have learnt that the day of Individualism is over and the day of Community is coming. This is one of the great ideas of Meredith's poetry. In 'Earth and Man', Meredith teaches that Man's work in the world is Service, and for this work of Service the quality most needed is strength. The quality of strength depends on a due development of the triad—Brain, Blood and Spirit. Man may fall in two ways—either by despising the instincts and senses, or by living only in the senses, unmindful of Reason and Spirit:

But that the senses still
Usurp the station of their issue, mind,
He would have burst the chrysalis of the blind
As yet he will.

Meredith comes very close to Theosophical teaching when he says that the key to all spiritual growth is courage—moral, intellectual, spiritual, imaginative courage. We are reminded of the tests applied to candidates

for Initiation by a passage in 'The Woods of Westermains'. The woods perhaps represent the occult life, thick-set with tangles. Its terrors are not insuperable, but those who enter must be pure in heart. Nature is full of symbolic meaning and those who would study her mysteries must have purified their vehicles. Only when purity has been attained can the Vision of God be granted.

Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare.
Nothing harms beneath the leaves
More than waves a swimmer cleaves.
Toss your heart up with the lark,
Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
Fair you fare.
Only at the dread of dark
Quaver as they quit their form
Thousand eyeballs under hoods
Have you by the hair.
Enter these enchanted woods
You who dare.

This sounds like a picture of the astral world, or of the mysterious trials experienced by the neophyte in the Hall of Learning.

The importance of courage is also brought out in the poem called 'Melampus.' Melampus is a good physician, and, because of his fearlessness of any living thing, the snakes, that he saved from death and reared, have given him to understand the language of the birds. In 'The Ancient Mariner' we have the history of a man who broke the harmony of nature, the law of love, by taking life. Melampus fulfils the law and walks among all creatures:

With lore exceeding a simple love of the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck. . . .
For him the woods were a home and gave him the key
Of knowledge, thirst for their treasures in herbs and flowers.

The secrets held by the creatures nearer than we
To earth he sought, and the link of their life with ours.

His love of all living things opened his eyes to the
hidden secrets of Nature :

Divinely thrilled was the man.
Where others hear but a hum and see but a beam,
The tongue and eye of the fountain of life he knew.

Love also gave him the key to the hearts of men :

Melampus dwelt among men : physician and sage,
He served them, loving them, healing them ; sick or
maimed,
Or them that frenzied in some delirious rage
Outran the measure, his juice of the woods reclaimed.
He played on men, as his master, Phoebus, on strings,
Melodious : as the God did he drive and check.

It is interesting that Meredith represents him as
being brought specially into touch with the Solar Deity :

He drew the Master of Harmonies, voiced or stilled,
To seek him ; heard at the silent medicine root
A song, *beheld in fulfilment the unfulfilled*.
Him Phoebus, bending to darkness, colour and form
Of light's excess, many lessons and counsels gave.

Theosophy teaches that when the disciple is ready
the Master is at hand. The disciple really draws on,
attracts, the Master. Melampus' stage of development
is represented as being a very high one. He had trans-
cended the limitations of time, so that to him things to
come were present—he “beheld in fulfilment the un-
fulfilled,” and his Master was the LOGOS, the Lord of
Life Himself, in whose Name all Initiations are given.

In order to be one with the life of Nature, as
was Melampus, self must be conquered. No true har-
mony is possible while selfishness exists—until the
personality is destroyed. This is the meaning of the
mystic counsel which enthralls the imagination of poets :
“Lose thyself to find Thyself.” The whole of Nature
is our larger Self.

Drink the sense the notes infuse,
You a *larger* Self shall find,
Sweeter fellowship ensues
With the creatures of your kind,
Aye, and Love, if Love it be
Flaming over / and me.

Steady progress must be made through conflict and
the gradual illumination of the understanding. The
‘dragon of self’ must be conquered—that dragon which
is the product of disharmony in the three worlds of the
senses, of the intellect, and of the Spirit. In the tangled
woods of life—The Woods of Westermains—if we walk
aright, we shall find that

Change, the strongest son of Life
Has the Spirit here to Wife.

If we look past the sense we shall find Spirit shin-
ing in permanence. But it is the earth that gives us
the key to unlock all doors :

She being Spirit in her clods,
Footway to the God of Gods.

The purpose of our life is Service, and until we re-
alise this we can never realise that the kingdom of
heaven is within us. Meredith says in *Diana of the
Crossways* :

Service is our destiny in life or in death. Then let it be
my choice living to serve the living, and be fretted uncomplain-
ingly. If I can assure myself of doing service, I have my
home within.

The reward of Service is to know the hidden secrets
of Nature :

For love we Earth, then serve we all :
Her mystic Secret then is ours.

From the lower standpoint, that of the form,
Meredith recognises the existence of evil, but, like
Browning, he teaches that from the higher standpoint

The evil is null, is naught.

Pain and sorrow and suffering are in reality our friends and teachers. Through them we learn the divine power within us. We may compare Mrs. Besant's noble words:

I would not greatly care were I to lose all the joys my life has held, but I would not give up *one* pain.

Theosophists to-day are looking to the greater Ones now incarnating amongst us. We are realising very keenly our responsibility to a younger generation that shall be born with higher powers than those which we ourselves possess. The great inspiration of our lives is this feeling of responsibility towards the younger generation. This feeling also is expressed in Meredith's poetry:

Thou, under stress of the strife,
Shalt hear for sustainment supreme
The cry of the Conscience of Life;
*Keep the young generations in hail,
And bequeath them no tumbled house.*

Francis Thompson's genius has now for some time been recognised in the literary world, and one poem, at least, 'The Hound of Heaven,' has attracted the attention of the general public; but he has yet to make his way among the masses. A writer in *The Academy* says that it will be profoundly interesting for those who love him to watch the growth of his reputation as a poet.

The greater a poet's message, the more profound his thought, the larger his range, and the more exquisite his note, the deeper and more incessant will be his demand upon his reader. That is why the great poets have had to wait for their recognition. Only the few will or can co-operate at the beginning, but they are the leaven; and now whole masses can see the poetic purport of Shelley, Coleridge, Keats and Wordsworth, of whom the contemporary criticism was a thing over which you laugh or cry as the mood has you. Those who see in Francis Thompson an authentic poet have at any rate the profound interest of watching the various stages in the making of their immortal.

All the criticism on Francis Thompson is extremely interesting. Chesterton's is excellent:

With Francis Thompson we lose the greatest poetic energy since Browning. In his poetry, as in the poetry of the universe, you can work infinitely out and out, but yet infinitely in and in. These two infinities are the mark of greatness, and he was a great poet.

Le Gallienne says that he is simply Crashaw, born again but born greater. Others, again, think that the resemblance to Crashaw is not very strong, and that he is a twentieth century mystic with a seventeenth century manner. One writes:

This gift of dreadful vision is not found in Crashaw or in Patmore, in Donne or in Herbert, and therefore it seems to me that Thompson is essentially more akin to Blake, Coleridge, and Rossetti than to the ecclesiastical mystics.

Thompson reminds one of Wordsworth and of Traherne in his reverence for childhood and in his faith in the child-heart:

Know you what it is to be a child? It is to be something very different from the man of to-day. It is to have a Spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism; it is to believe in love, to believe in loveliness, to believe in belief; it is to be so little that the elves can reach to whisper in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins into coaches, and mice into horses, lowness into loftiness, and nothing into everything, for each child has its fairy Godmother in its own soul; it is to live in a nutshell and to count yourself the King of infinite space: it is

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour.

Thompson, himself, retained a good deal of the child's soul in manhood. He too, like Shelley, was to some extent "the magnified child. . . with the genuine child's power of investing little things with imaginative interest".

It was Thompson's view that artistic production depended to some extent on environment. A certain

amount of retirement and aloofness seemed to him essential for creative work :

Men given to retirement and abstract study are notoriously liable to contract a certain degree of childlikeness. Most poets, probably, like most saints, are prepared for their mission by an initial segregation, as the seed is buried to germinate : before they can utter the oracle of poetry, they must first be divided from the body of men. It is the severed head which makes the seraph. The poet must in some degree be lifted above the sordid cares of life.

He lives detached days;
He serveth not for praise;
For gold
He is not sold.

He asketh not world's eyes;
Nor to the world's ears he cries—
Saith, " These
Shut, if ye please ! "

In his poem 'Poet and Anchorite,' Thompson declares himself separated by his poetic vocation to a life of solitude :

Love and love's beauty only hold their revels
In life's familiar, penetrable levels;
What of its ocean-floor?
I dwell there evermore.

As a poet of Pain the spiritualiser, Thompson knows that joyous human fellowship is not for him :

I deem well why Life unshared
Was ordained me of yore.
Therefore must my song-bower lone be,
That my tone be
Fresh with dewy pain alway.

From his earliest youth he knew himself to be 'a consecrated Spirit,' one destined to carve out a path for himself, for whom the beaten track could not suffice :

From almost earliest youth
I raised the lids o' the truth,
And forced her bend on me her shrinking sight;
Ever I knew me Beauty's eremite.
In antre of this lowly body set.
Girt with a thirsty solitude of soul.

In his essay on Shelley Thompson tells us what is "the one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing". Other things may support him afterwards, but there can only be one genuine creative impulse. In the devachanic world he sees the vision of the heavenly realities, of which all earthly phenomena are but shadows, and when he comes once more into earth-life it is impossible for him to refrain from uttering what he knows of divine truth.

The one all-sufficing motive for a great poet's singing is that expressed by Keats :

I was taught in Paradise
To ease my breast of melodies.

Precisely so. The overcharged breast can find no ease but in suckling the baby-song.

In this wonderful essay Thompson also raises a question which has often received the attention of Theosophical writers. He asks:

Why should it be that the poets who have written for us the poetry richest in skiey grain, most free from admixture with the duller things of earth—the Shelleys, the Coleridges and the Keats—are the very poets whose lives are among the saddest records in literature?

One of the explanations given by Theosophy is that the life-force which pours more strongly through the poet than through lesser men stimulates all the lower centres as well as the higher; so that, until the poet has learnt by experience to control and direct the life-force, he is peculiarly liable to every kind of mental and moral shipwreck.

Another explanation is that Pan is always the tutor of Apollo, and that knowledge of the strange lessons of the Pan-world is part of the necessary equipment of the poet whose mission it is to find the Hidden Deity in the

darkest and remotest corners of His universe. Just as the highest principle in man, *Ātmā*, is reflected in his lowest vehicle, the physical, so perhaps for the poet the most profound experience is the realisation of the presence of the Supreme Ishvara in regions where Love and Beauty and Spiritual Truth are rarely sought. Some such explanation occurred to the mind of Thompson, who in his own life had come closely at grips with the same problem :

Is it that (by some subtle mystery of analogy) sorrow, passion and fantasy are indissolubly connected, like water, fire and cloud ; that as from sun and dew are born the vapours, so from fire and tears ascend the 'visions of aerial joy' ; that the harvest waves richest over the battlefield of the soul ; that the heart, like the earth, smells sweetest after rain ; that the spell on which depend such necromantic castles is some spirit of pain, charm-poisoned at their base ? Such a poet it may be, mists with sighs the window of his life until the tears run down it ; then some air of searching poetry, like an air of searching frost, turns it to a crystal wonder. The God of golden song is the God, too, of the golden sun ; so peradventure songlight is like sunlight, and darkens the countenance of the soul. Perhaps the rays are to the stars what thorns are to the flowers ; and so the poet, after wandering over heaven, returns with bleeding feet.

Francis Thompson was essentially a Mystic, a Catholic of the most universal type. It is in religious poetry that his greatest strength lay. A religious subject at once calls forth all his most splendid powers of expression, the almost oriental exuberance of imagery, the impassioned eloquence, the wonderful musical cadences and rhythms.

The poem 'In No Strange Land,' unfinished as it is, is the work of a seer :

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of Thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss,
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems :
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames.

In 'The Night of Forebeing' Thompson shows the relationship which exists between man, the microcosm, and the universe, or macrocosm. The manifested universe is passing through a vast evolutionary process to which the smaller evolutionary process in the world of man corresponds :

My little-worlded self ! the shadows pass
In this thy sister-world, as in a glass,
Of all processions that revolve in thee :
Not only of cyclic Man
Thou here discern'st the plan,
Not only of cyclic Man, but of the cyclic Me.
Not solely of Mortality's great years
The reflex just appears,
But thine own bosom's year, still circling round
In ample and in ampler gyre
Toward the far completion, wherewith crowned,
Love unconsumed shall chant in his own furnace-fire.

Thompson's greatest poem is 'The Hound of Heaven'. It has been splendidly praised. One critic writes:

'The Hound of Heaven' seems to us the most wonderful lyric in the language. It fingers all the stops of the Spirit, and we hear now a thrilling and dolorous note of doom, and now the quiring of the spheres, and now the very pipes of Pan, but under all the still sad music of humanity. It is the return of the nineteenth century to Thomas a Kempis. It is not too early to say that people will still be learning it by heart two hundred years hence, for it has about it the unique thing that makes for immortality. Burne Jones said of it: "Since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damozel' no mystical words have so touched me as 'The Hound of Heaven'."

The poem deals with the pursuit of the resisting soul by the love of Christ. Gradually it is stripped of all its treasures, and naked and defenceless lies at the feet of its tremendous Lover. With the surrender of self-will comes the realisation that nothing is lost, but all things found and possessed in Him.

We have listened to some of the voices of the dawn, to those "enchanted children, born into a world unchildlike; spoiled darlings of Nature, playmates of her elemental daughters; 'Pan-like Spirits beautiful and swift,' laired amidst the burning fastnesses of their own fervid minds: bold feet along the verges of precipitous dream; light leaders from crag to crag of inaccessible fancies; towering geniuses whose souls rise like a ladder between heaven and earth with the angels of song ascending and descending it". When the Master of Harmonies, the sweetest of all singers, the Supreme Poet of the Cycle comes forth, may it be our great privilege to hear him also and to lead others to hearken to his song.

M. M. C. Pollard

THE JOY OF INDIA

By ELISABETH SEVERS

Charm irresistible, the lovely something
We follow in our dreams, but may not reach.
The unattainable Divine Enchantment
Hinted in music, never heard in speech.

Laurence Hope

CONTRARY to the usual western preconceived ideas with regard to India, it is not a country of sorrow but one of much joy. Many of its natural climatic conditions make for happiness. The warmth of the sun, the beauty of the sky, the almost startling clarity of the atmosphere, the fertility of the land, the sensation of space, of room to move and stretch in, to grow and expand—surely these are elements which should help to make man contented with his lot.

And the people seem to be content. The very poorest coolies do not look unhappy. Their poverty does not make them present that miserable, degraded, almost inhuman aspect of the very poor in England. The coolie women, from the nature of their work, the heavy baskets they carry poised so surely on their heads, bear themselves with a splendid upright carriage, that one's English recollections of working women make it difficult to associate with great poverty. I often envy these dark-skinned women toilers of Southern India, their dignity of carriage and their muscular capacity. Dressed in the dark red garments they affect here, near Madras,

they present a very picturesque appearance, and do not look at all unhappy or oppressed by their heavy work. The children of the poorer classes seem also quite contented little morsels of almost naked humanity. They are attractive in appearance, with their large dark eyes and pretty, childish, uncovered limbs. Their lack of clothing does not seem due so much to the pinch of poverty as to the power of the sun, and a brown skin does seem sufficient clothing in the tropics. The silver ornaments even the poorest children wear give them, to the western eye, a festival and well-to-do appearance. Though poor, very ghastlily poor, according to our western standards, these Indian children do not suffer so much from their poverty as our poor children suffer in our English slums.

The servants we employ seem to be generally in a happy childlike frame of mind. One can hardly, it is true, think of them as responsible, grown-up fathers of families—there is something so ingenuous and youthful about them. A very little seems to amuse and interest them, and they certainly seem much more contented with their work than do our English servants, with their but half-concealed fear of being 'put upon' if they demean themselves by too closely attending to our wishes, and their resolve instantly to assert themselves when the necessity to their minds arises. Your Indian servant is anxious to please you; he observes your ways carefully so as to carry out your idiosyncrasies and preferences. The western domestic, as a rule, does only what he or she must do, and is quite callous as to pleasing you or the reverse.

I do not believe there is in India that sullen, jealous, persistent suspicion and hatred of the working class

against the well-to-do, which is becoming such a canker spot in western life. The atmosphere seems much less surcharged with dangerous elements in India than in England; for though the dangerous anarchistic element undoubtedly exists, it is confined to the very few. But against this mere handful of the discontented must be reckoned the mass of the educated Indians, and the millions of patient and hardworking ryots, who know, quite well, what they owe to the British Rāj, by whose strong and just administration it has come about that he who sows is sure he will reap his crop in safety.

And the ryot counts in India. He is a quantitative asset of importance. Your first long Indian journey convinces you of the truth of the oft-heard statement that India is, before all, an agricultural country. You may pass a whole day in the train without, it appears, arriving at a town or city of much importance, whereas the many stoppages, in the leisurely eastern fashion at which even mail-trains travel, often occur at tiny crowded Indian villages, or at a station that appears to be without any external justification for its being at all, but which is probably a convenient point of contact for some agricultural district. And as one travels over the wide plains of India, and notices how few and far between are the roads that intersect their loneliness and far-stretching expanse of sandy land, and remarks how very seldom one sees any house of any pretence or importance—though villages abound—one also realises that these Indian plains are not in reality lonely at all, but are on the contrary very much populated. One can go but a very little way in the train without seeing goats or cows or buffaloes grazing, and patient-looking figures

keeping watch and ward over these precious possessions. Wherever there is water in India—and there seems to be a good deal of water in India, either naturally or artificially, by irrigation, tanks, etc.—people are washing their bodies, their garments, or their utensils, or fetching water in bright brass lotas. Every field, in which anything in the way of a crop is growing, has one or more persons doing something to the soil or plants. The plains of India, wide and lonely as they look in their entirety, are on a closer view closely set around and companied by animal and human fellowship. And the ryot in his field or tending his cattle makes India what she is as a totality in the present, *the* agricultural country of Asia, peopled by a patient, inarticulate, and, in the main, contented population.

The visit of the King-Emperor, George V, to India has rejoiced the heart of the poor and lowly of his Indian subjects. To see, with their own eyes, the face of their King who, to the Indian peasant represents, it must be remembered—bizarre as the sentiment may seem to the western mind—Divinity itself, is a joy of joys, a sight to be for ever treasured by memory, and to be handed down to generations still unborn.

The Indian peasant has compensations for his apparent poverty, the compensations Mother Nature always gives her children who depend directly on her for sustenance. He starts with the enormous advantage of limitation of desires: he is naturally contented because his wants are so few. A thatched shed for shelter, two cloths for clothes, a meal of rice or some other grain, and he has all he needs; a wife is not only a matter of course, but a religious and social obligation;

a son completes his circle of necessity. The companionship of his village equals provides him with social intercourse, and the gossip his soul loves.

Simplicity of outlook is his and the unconscious nurturing of his Spirit in natural beauty makes his lot a happy one. The joys of India do not lie in the cities of India; they are few and far between. Her joys exist in the crowded villages of huddled huts on her dry, dusty, yet fertile plains. Perhaps pre-eminently, the Indian's joy is connected with his religion, with his temples, sacred tanks and rivers. The multitudes that throng the ghâts of Ganges at Benares, or of any other sacred river, are plainly happy. They are performing their religious duties with an *abandon* that in itself gives happiness. The worshippers in the temple—be it pilgrims filling the vicinity of the God's Image to suffocation, or the chance comer with his marigold garland and his pūjā offerings—are also happy. Religion is to the Indian mind connected with joy, with family festivals at once social and spiritual. Religion is one of the influences, if not the chief, which make the Indians—an essentially religious race—the contented people they are. The aim of Indian philosophy is to put an end to pain, and, in India, religion and philosophy are one. In some strange, inexplicable fashion, the joys of India influence the soul, the Spirit, even of the foreigner. There have been moments when I have felt the pure joy of living, of existence, seize me in India as I have never felt it in any western land. It was a joy unknown to me until I visited the East.

“All partial beauty is a pledge of beauty in its plenitude,” and the beauty of India's azure skies and clear ambient air, charmed deep blue sea-waters, tall

green-crowned palms, huge dark butterflies and gorgeous flaming flowers heavily scented, filling the air with perfume, seizes on me, and inspires and uplifts my soul. "There are moments when the soul takes wings: what it has to remember, it remembers: what it loves, it loves still more: what it longs for, to that it flies." Very, very easy is it for the soul to take high flights in India. The waters of Lethe are powerless in India to drown remembrance of the soul's long past; dead though that past should be by every human reckoning, it survives. In India the past becomes the present with a startling reality, that the waters of Nepenthe have mercifully deprived of its former bitterness and the resurrected past yields the joy of present knowledge. Love, and all that that emotion holds of mingled joy and pain ("Love is a tyrant ministering to the soul with persecutions"), ministers to the soul in India with even more than her customary forcing of human evolution. If the soul cannot reach in India that it longs for, the disaster of Icarus may be repeated and in the fall—descend into Hades!

If one keynote of India is joy, another is intensity of feeling. Men and women of western birth (for the Indian I cannot speak) love and joy and suffer in India with an intensity unknown in western lands, as both poet and novelist have testified. The genius of the Tropics, which knows no moderation, enfolds humanity in its close embrace and communicates to them its own intensity of nature, and so dowers them with an increased keenness of sensation. And so it is that those joys of the inner life that are the deepest joys of man, because they are connected with the Eternal, the Divine in him, are felt so much more vividly in the East, are

in a word *realised* there—not imaged only, as is so often the case.

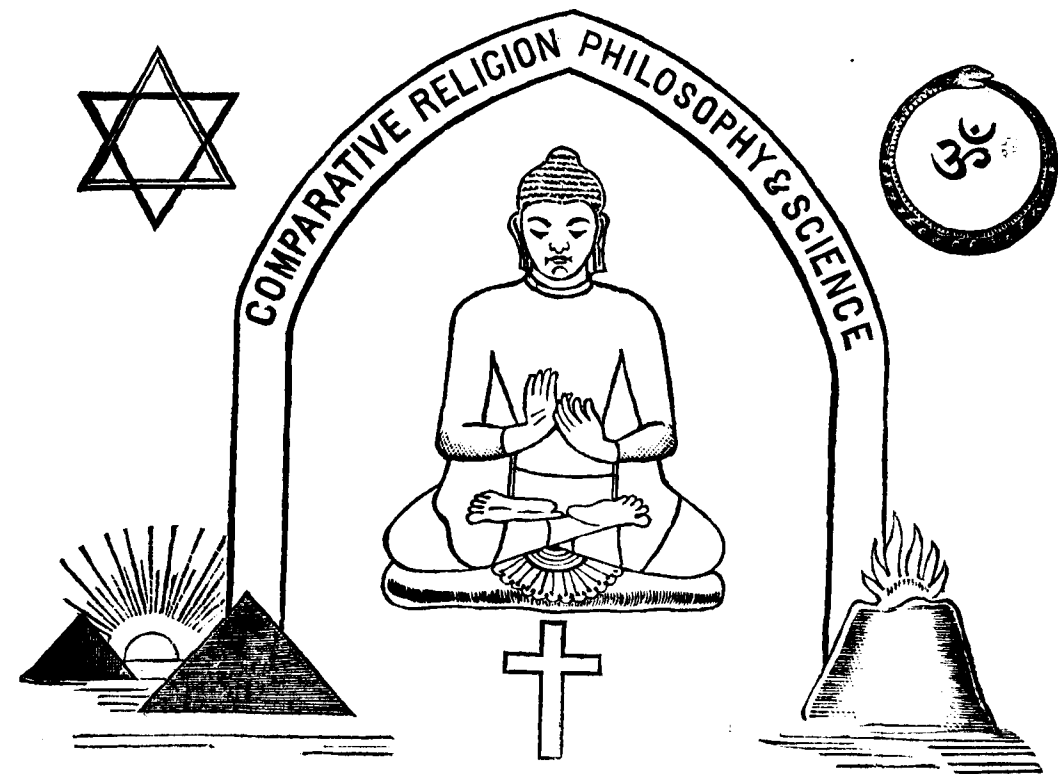
Man believes in India that he is divine, and so has moments when the claims of the mortal elements in him relax and he soars upward. And soaring, he partakes of the bread of Angels, and hears the music of the spheres, and knows something of that Spirit of pure bliss which is the divine characteristic. For God is Joy as well as Love, and this great fact, so overlooked in the West, when not, oh! blasphemy, denied, is glimpsed in India. Perchance because the religious thought of India has ever taught that Brahman is joy and that the knowledge of God is bliss, this thought, maintained, reiterated through the centuries, has so impregnated the Indian atmosphere that in moments of exaltation or of aspiration it touches and influences the soul. In a finite world of manifestation, that necessarily reflects its origin but imperfectly and partly, all that the sensible world is and has owes its being elsewhere; and joy, the joy alike of super-humanity, of humanity and of the sub-human kingdoms, has its origin in the divine joy of Being. The Hindūs teach that creation is the *līlā*, the play, the sport of God, that it is pure joy to Him to manifest and to bring forth His Worlds. It is the reflection of this divine joy of creation that man experiences when in his puny fashion he creates, and by worthily creating co-operates with his Lord in the world's becoming.

The joy that makes a woman, as the wise old Psalmist knew, forget the pangs of child-birth "for joy that a man is born into the world" in the body she has conceived, fashioned and brought forth: the joy that an artist feels when he gazes on his handiwork: the

joy of giving form and name to that which before was unmanifest: this is one of the greatest, the purest joys of man. And one of the joys of India lies in the inspiration she gives so bountifully to those who visit her shores, to the stranger within her gates. If inspiration has been lost in other lands, surely a visit to India restores and revivifies the imaginative faculty. The inspiration of India unveils eyes that had become clouded, and enables them again to see truth and beauty—and the two are one as poets have ever taught—more clearly; it unseals deaf ears that they may hear more intently; it lays hands on the soul, stripping it of the stained garments of pride and self-will in which it had clothed itself, that naked, the soul may contact Reality. Naked indeed the soul sometimes feels herself to be in India, naked and stripped of all that had formerly held her imprisoned on earth, and in that sense of spiritual nakedness lies India's deepest joy. It is *the* boon India can give humanity, India, the spiritual world-mother among the nations.

Elisabeth Severs

Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality; and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying. Huxley: *Evolution and Ethics*.



THE PATH OF SERVICE IN THE VEDAS¹

By A. MAHADEVA SHASTRI, F. T. S.

MY study of the Vedic Law of Marriage has led me on to the study of the Vedic Law of Sacrifice known as Soma-yāga, which has a very significant bearing on the Vedic ideal of marriage and married life. Soma-yāga originally meant service to the Divine Lord, a life of self-sacrifice and universal love in imitation of the Divine

¹ A paper read at the T. S. Order of Service Meeting held on 28th December 1912, at the time of the T. S. Convention.

Lord, and in harmony with the Law of Evolution which indicates the will of the Divine Lord. But the Soma-yāga which we now find described in the Veda is a vast body of rituals worked out in such elaborate detail that the basic Law of Service, Self-sacrifice and Universal Love is well-nigh lost sight of. By the additions, alterations and varied adaptations effected from time to time, from different points of view, and for different purposes not always consistent with the basic Law of Sacrifice and Love, what might originally have been a simple, significant and effective ritual of Soma-yāga has become a heavy mass of cumbersome and almost meaningless ritual, a vast system composed of a number of semi-independent magic rites and ceremonies involving animal sacrifice and liquor-drinking. As a result of all this, we have to dig very deep into the system of the Vedic sacrificial ritual in order to get at the trace of the Path of Service which lies submerged at the base beneath the vast superstructure that has risen above. It would have remained invisible and unrecognised, were it not that the Theosophical teaching, which has shed so much light on the Vedic Religion, on the world-evolution of the Purāṇas, and on the Occultism of the Yoga-shāstras, has stimulated us to investigate and trace the Path of Service which lies hidden beneath the ritual, symbolism and imagery of the Vedas, Smṛtis, Purāṇas and Itihāsas. I now propose to sketch this Vedic Path of Service in its bare outline.

The Brāhmaṇa's Triple Debt

The Vedas make but an incidental reference to the Path of Service, when treating of animal sacrifice

in connection with the Soma-yāga. By way of extolling the severance of flesh-slices from the heart, the tongue and the chest of the slaughtered animal, which are to be offered to Devas through the sacred fire, it is said as follows:

A Brāhmaṇa, on becoming such, becomes indebted in three ways: by spiritual devotion (*brahmachārya*) to Rishis, by sacrifice (*Yajna*) to Devas, by progeny (*brajā*) to Piṭṛs. Free from debt is he who has children, who sacrifices, and who leads a life of spiritual devotion. One verily cuts away this (indebtedness) by chopping off (the slices of flesh): wherefore the offerings of flesh-slices are called *chops* (*Taittīrīya-Samhitā*, VI, iii, 10).

Ignoring for the present the reference to the animal sacrifice, we may understand the rest of the passage to mean that the Brāhmaṇa owes his status, as such, to the Piṭṛs, Rishis, and Devas, and is therefore indebted to them, and that he discharges this triple debt by bringing forth progeny, by leading a spiritual life, and by engaging in sacrifice.

Let us see how a Brāhmaṇa, as such, incurs the triple debt. We are given to understand that three factors go to make a Brāhmaṇa:

For the twice-born, according to the teaching of the Shruti, the first birth is from the mother, the second when the loins are girded with the munjā grass, the third when the consecration for sacrifice takes place. (*Manusmṛti*, ii, 169).

The three factors which thus, according to Shruti, go to make a Brāhmaṇa may be stated as follows:

1. Good parentage and sound training (in childhood).
2. Spiritual instruction and training in spiritual life (in youth).
3. Devotion to the Divine Lord and to the Divine Hierarchy (in later life).

These three factors respectively represent the contribution of the three Divine Agencies at work in the

furtherance of human evolution, and therefore constitute the Brāhmaṇa's triple debt to the Hierarchy.

His Debt to Piṭrs

The Brāhmaṇa owes his good parentage to Piṭrs, the creative orders in the Divine Hierarchy headed by the mighty Beings called Prajāpatiṣ, such as Marīchi, Atri, etc. It is their function to see that humanity is supplied with suitable bodies, wherein the advanced souls may incarnate and work out their spiritual progress. Piṭrs generally effect their purpose through human parents; but when, owing to the periodical degeneracy of a people, no worthy human parents are available to give birth to bodies of the required standard of excellence, they themselves incarnate among men for the purpose. Thus every Brāhmaṇa is indebted to Piṭrs for the fine human organism which he has obtained through his parents, and for the early training which those parents have given him in his childhood.

His Debt to Ṛṣhis

To Ṛṣhis is the Brāhmaṇa indebted for the instruction in spiritual truths and for the training in spiritual life which he received from the teacher in youth. Ṛṣhis are the appointed guardians of the spiritual interests of humanity. Besides spreading broadcast the great spiritual truth through the great religions and their scriptures, they rouse and stimulate the spiritual nature of man directly from the higher planes. He feels, thus, a hankering for spiritual life. He then approaches a teacher for instruction, resides with him

for some years, leading a life of spiritual devotion under the eye of the teacher, and receives from him instructions for further progress. As the formulæ (mantras) of the Upanāyana (ceremony of Initiation) tell us, the pupil is first taught the great truth that he is one with the Divine Lord of the Universe, nay, the Divine Lord Himself; that, leading a spiritual life, he should so control the body and the mind as to make them subservient to the behests of the Spirit within; that he should look up for all spiritual instruction to the Divine Lord Himself as embodied in the teacher; that he should render to the teacher such service as he would render to the Divine Lord; the teacher all the while professing to act only under the inspiration of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy. Thus living in perfect trust in his Divine Self, and in the teacher as the embodiment of the Divine Lord and the Divine Hierarchy, the student learns all that is necessary for his further progress in this life. Thereby he becomes indebted to Ṛṣhis.

His Debt to Devas

The Brāhmaṇa is indebted to Devas for the high level of development to which his mind and senses have attained. This development is the handiwork of Devas, who provide proper environment calculated to bring out the latent powers of the mind and the senses. In the long course of evolution which lies behind him, the mind and the senses have attained the power of comprehending the external and internal worlds; and at a further stage they can be completely withdrawn at will from the world of forms and fixed upon the Divine Life

behind the forms and on the Divine Self within. When a man is able to do this, he becomes a channel for a continuous inflow of Divine Life. Then he is fit to take part in the work of the Divine Hierarchy, and his further progress lies in this co-operation. Now is the time for Yāga-ḍikṣhā, for the consecration of the whole life to the Divine Service; and, by taking this step, he attains the full status of a Brāhmaṇa.

A True Brāhmaṇa

Thus a Brāhmaṇa is one whose physical body is pure and healthy; whose spiritual aspiration has been fully awakened; who, having been taught the Divinity of his true Self, seeks to realise his unity with Brahman, the Divine Lord; who has learned to control the body and the mind and the senses by the Spirit within; who has been given instructions for his further spiritual progress; who can invoke the Divine Intelligences and act as a channel for their Divine Life; who has consecrated his whole life by devoting all his powers to the service of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy.

*The True Brāhmaṇic Status is Independent of
Caste and Sex*

We thus see that a man becomes a Brāhmaṇa by Yāga-ḍikṣhā, by the consecration of his life to the service of the Divine Lord, by doing all work for His glory. Good parentage and early training in spiritual life are of value only as leading to this step, as impelling a man to lead a life of self-sacrifice and universal love.

Hence the formula of declaration in the ḍikṣhā ceremony: "He has consecrated his life to the Divine Service, and has become a Brāhmaṇa." Commenting on this declaration, the Shruṭi says:

Uncertain, as it were, is his origin heretofore; for the Rākṣhasas, they say, pursue women, and so the Rākṣhasas implant their seed therein. But, he, forsooth, is truly born who is born of the Brahman, of the sacrifice; wherefore let him address even a Kṣhatriya or a Vaishya as Brāhmaṇa, since he who is born of the sacrifice is born of Brahman (and hence is a Brāhmaṇa). (*Shatapaṭha-Brāhmaṇa*, III, ii, 1-40).

This gives us to understand that the spiritual status as a Brāhmaṇa is quite independent of the distinctions (such as Brāhmaṇas, Kṣhatriyas, Vaishyas, etc.), which depend on the social or civil functions that by heredity they are best fitted to discharge. It is the consecration of one's whole life to the Divine Service that makes one a true Brāhmaṇa, whatever one's birth, profession or civil function may be, and whatever may be one's sex.

The Brahmana is bound to discharge the Three Debts

We have seen how in the attainment of the full status of a Brāhmaṇa, a man becomes indebted to Piṭrs, Rṣhis and Devas. It becomes, then, a moral necessity for him to pay back to the Hierarchy what he has received from it. And as the sole concern of the Hierarchy is the evolution of humanity, the Brāhmaṇa can pay off the debt due to it by co-operating in its work, by doing a part of the work which it does for humanity, so that its work may be lightened, and human evolution may progress a little more rapidly.

In thus co-operating with the Hierarchy, the Brāhmaṇa makes real onward progress towards the main

goal of his aspiration. In fact, his further progress runs along the line of co-operation with the Hierarchy. To those who are at the threshold of the Path of Service, or who have only just begun to tread it, this co-operation presents itself as the legal discharge of a debt incurred, or as a moral necessity. But, as a matter of fact, it is the path which alone can take the Brāhmaṇa to the goal he seeks, to the realisation of his oneness with the Divine Lord. For, by co-operating with the Hierarchy, he makes himself a channel through which the Divine Life will flow as It flows through the Hierarchy. It is through the Hierarchy that the Divine Lord carries on the world-evolution; and therefore whatever the Brāhmaṇa does by way of co-operation in the work of the Hierarchy constitutes service to the Divine Lord. As he progresses in this work of co-operation with the Hierarchy, he forms a more and more efficient medium for the flow of the Divine Life needed for the evolutionary progress of humanity and the whole sentient existence. Then there comes a stage when work in the service of the Lord will constitute the very nature of his being, the joy of his life. As he approaches perfection in this line of Service, he realises more and more the true Divinity of his Self, as manifesting the Divine Powers needed for the evolution of the world. Thus the path of co-operation with the Hierarchy leads the Brāhmaṇa to the level of Brahman, Prajāpati, the Lord of Creation—which is the goal of his aspiration.

The Brāhmaṇa's Life of Service

From this point of view, we are able to understand the full significance of the words of the Shruṭi quoted

above: "Free from debt is he who has children, who sacrifices, and who leads a life of spiritual devotion." Rearing a family in a worthy fashion, living a life of self-sacrifice and service, and leading a life of spiritual devotion, the Brāhmaṇa discharges his debt to the Hierarchy. Then he will be free to leave the human world and to pass on to the higher worlds.

Let us study a little more closely the life of the Brāhmaṇa here mapped out. For a Brāhmaṇa, man or woman, seeking fellowship with the Divine Lord and trying to realise the divinity of the true Self in man, the first and foremost duty is to seek a worthy partner in life. The first steps on the path of liberation and immortality would seem to lie in married life. The parties to the marriage should both be Brāhmaṇas, devotees of Brahman, cherishing the same aspiration, striving to grow into the likeness of Brahman, seeking to attain unity with the Divine Lord of the Universe, and devoted to the service of the Divine Lord and the Divine Hierarchy. They should both have attained some spiritual development, some degree of spiritual culture, having spent their youth under a spiritual Guru, and having, under his instruction and guidance, learned to control the body, the senses and the mind, and having learned from him the basic spiritual truths and the main laws of spiritual evolution. The Vedic Law further lays down that the man and the woman to be united in marriage should be of different *gotras*, that is to say, of different religious temperaments, and brought up on two different lines of spiritual culture; so that their conjoint life may prove advantageous to both, the one contributing to the other what that other lacks. Marriage means—as the chief marriage formula indicates—

the solemn vow of a man and a woman to live together a life of spiritual devotion in mutual love and harmony, thinking, proposing and acting in unison, joining together in all the concerns and enjoyments of life. It is the fulfilment of this vow that constitutes married life. It is no wonder that such a pair (we are told) give birth to valiant Heroes, noble Sages, and God-men. This verily is the way to discharge the debt to Pitrs. Such a progeny reared and brought up by such parents really forms a noble contribution to the work of the Creative Orders of the Divine Hierarchy.

Spiritual Devotion in Married Life

The married life is also a life of spiritual devotion (brahmachārya). In fact we are told that married life according to the Vedic ideal alone constitutes the brahmachārya (*spiritual life*) which leads to liberation. According to the *Vedic Law*, the married couple should continue the life of spiritual devotion, a life of Spirit free from material lust and sensuality. Sexual continence forms its special feature. Even the act of creation in which they engage forms a conscious direction of the divine energy for a divine purpose, for the furtherance of the spiritual evolution of humanity as a whole. The life of spiritual control over the material organism, begun in early youth under the guidance of the teacher, is thus to be carried on in the period of manhood. While themselves leading a life of Spirit in this fashion, they bring up their children for the same kind of life, and also train such other youths as offer themselves for spiritual training and instruction and are found worthy of it. In this way the Brāhmaṇa discharges the debt to R̥shis.

Sacrifice and Service in Married Life

Further the married life is one of continual sacrifice, a life of strenuous activity dedicated to the service of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy of Devas. The sole concern of this life is the furtherance of evolution in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy. In his single-minded devotion to the service of the Divine Lord, the Brāhmaṇa becomes a channel of the Divine Life, directing it for the benefit of humanity and the whole sentient existence. In this way he realises his oneness with the Divine Lord, who, as Viṣṇu, preserves and maintains the universe in its orderly evolution. This is the true meaning of Soma-yāga, the realisation of Soma (or Viṣṇu) as known to the true Brāhmaṇas, as the One in whom the whole universe abides, whose Glory is seen in all that is glorious, as the Vedic Sage has sung in the famous nuptial hymn :

By Soma are the Aḍityas strong, by Soma mighty is the Earth; and within these stars too hath Soma his place. One thinks he hath drunk Soma when they have brayed the plant; but of Soma whom Brāhmaṇas know, no one ever tastes.

By acting as a channel for the flow of the Divine Life needed for the world's evolution, the Brāhmaṇa co-operates with Devas. This is the Sacrifice (Yajña) which secures freedom from the debt of Devas, as it lightens and advances their work. Whether the Brāhmaṇa works for the benefit of the world as a philosopher, as a scientist, or as a philanthropist, he is discharging the debt to Devas. While thus co-operating directly with the Divine Hierarchy in the best interests of humanity, the Brāhmaṇa serves it indirectly by helping the younger aspirants to do the same by instruction, advice and co-operation.

The Goal of the Path of Service

Such is the Path of Service marked out for the Brāhmaṇa who strives for immortality, in pursuance of the Vedic command: "Let every mortal being seek fellowship with the Divine Lord." No man can escape death till he has learnt to be completely at one with the Divine Lord and realised the divinity of his true Self. For this at-one-ment and realisation, he has to unfold the triple Divine Nature of his Self, by co-operating with the three Agencies of the Divine Hierarchy, who represent the Shiva, Viṣṇu and Brahmā aspects of the Supreme Lord of the Universe. Thus the Vedic Path of three-fold Service secures an all-round spiritual development of man. Not till perfection in this line of Service is attained, is a man free from the bonds of earthly life. His attempts, till then, to rise above humanity will all be vain. This truth is shadowed forth in the *Manusmṛiti*:

After paying the three debts may he fix his mind on deliverance. He who without paying them seeks deliverance goes downward. (vi, 35).

When the discharge of the triple debt is complete, then only a man may think of finally leaving this world; till then he must be engaged in one or all of the three lines of Service.

The Vedic Householder is the True Samnyāsin

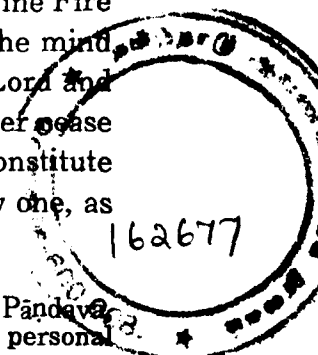
The Vedic Path of Service is, as we have seen, a life of intense and strenuous activity divested of all selfish interest. Lord Shrī Kṛṣṇa refers to this when he says:

Whoso, not seeking the fruit of action, performs the action which ought to be done, he is a Samnyāsin and a Yogin,

not he who is without fire and without action (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 1).

Here, the active service of true renunciation and devotion is contrasted with the life of the so-called Samnyāsin who has merely renounced the external sacred fires and the rituals therewith connected. He who treads the Vedic Path of disinterested service to the Divine Lord is, in the opinion of the Lord Shrī Kṛṣṇa, a true Samnyāsin and Yogin. It is this life of service, this life of beneficent unselfish activity and spiritual devotion which the Vedic Law expects every householder to lead; so that the householder of the Vedic Law is, according to the Lord Shrī Kṛṣṇa, a true Samnyāsin and Yogin. Such householders work their way up towards liberation by discharging the triple debt; and in fact, a complete discharge of the obligations due to the Hierarchy is possible only to the householders, men and women, leading a married life of intense unselfish activity in ardent spiritual devotion on the lines of the Vedic Law. Their life is different from that of the civic householders, whose religious life consists of rituals involving the maintenance of the external sacred fires. The fire which the Vedic householder maintains is the Divine Fire within, shining in all splendour and beauty in the mind and the heart intent on service of the Divine Lord and His Hierarchy. This fire and this activity never cease in the life of the Vedic householder, and they constitute the true Samnyāsa and Yoga which are really one, as the Lord says:

What they call Samnyāsa, that do thou, O Pāṇḍava, know as Yoga. Verily, no one who has not renounced personal interests can become a Yogin. (*Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 2).



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The ritualistic activity of the householder ordained in the Institutes such as *Manusmṛiti*, is only a shadow of the Vedic Path of Service, as all rituals and symbols are mere shadows and signs of real facts. The rituals known as *Brahmayajña*, *Devayajña*, and *Pitṛyajña* consist in reciting mantras, pouring water, and offering oblations into the sacred fire. This is but a poor substitute for the actual world-wide Service in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy. The life of the ordinary Samnyāsin is likewise one of rituals, though not connected with external fires, and is solely directed to the furtherance of personal culture, without any conscious concern for the world's progress. Of small account, by the side of the Vedic householder's life, indeed, is the spiritual life of such a Samnyāsin, or of the householder who thinks he has discharged the debt due to the Hierarchy when he has offered some water or butter, or, worse still, some slices of flesh cut from an animal slaughtered for the purpose.

The Vedic Path of Service is devoid of Ritual

Such rituals are not for the men and the women who tread the Vedic Path of service, who live a life of unselfish world-wide activity in the Service of the Divine Hierarchy. This can be made out from the ritualistic section of the Veda itself. I have already spoken of *Ḍikṣhā*, the process of consecration which makes one a *Brāhmaṇa*. Even this process now survives only in the form of a ritual elaborately worked out. Primarily, as indicated by the mantras connected with the ritual, *Ḍikṣhā*, means cutting oneself off from all personal concerns and devoting all thought, speech and action solely to

the contemplation of the Divine Lord and to His Service. The devotee (*Ḍikṣhiṭa*) maintains this attitude throughout the waking life; and, when retiring for sleep at night, he prays to the Divine Fire—to the Divine Lord and Self shining forth in his devout mind—to keep watch that, in his sound sleep, the evil powers may not attack him, and that he may awake in time. He gets up again at midnight and adores the Divine Fire, for having so far kept his devotion inviolate. Again, when he awakes in the last watch of the night, he prays to the Divine Lord that his mind may never wander away from the Lord, and that he may grow strong in the strength of the Lord and continue the life of self-sacrifice and service till he safely reaches the goal of the Path. Then he seeks the protection of the mighty *Devas* whose habitat and sphere of work is *manas*. In this connection the *Brahmavādins* (Theologians) ask a pertinent question: Should the devotee (*Ḍikṣhiṭa*) observe, or should he not observe, the daily morning and evening ritual of making offerings of milk and butter in the sacred fire? The answer is given in the negative. In the current practice, too, the *Ḍikṣhiṭa* is released, during the period of *Ḍikṣhā*, from the observance of morning and evening *Agnihoṭra* ritual, as also of the morning and evening *Sandhyāvandana* prayers, both of which are the ritualistic substitutes for the meditation on the Divine Self within, which is practised by the true *Ḍikṣhiṭa* just before and after the nightly sleep. The reason assigned for the omission of the morning and evening rituals is very significant. The Veda explains as follows: the *Ḍikṣhiṭa* having offered *himself* as a sacrifice to the Divine Lord, his body would constitute the substance to be offered in

the sacred fire. That shall not be, as it would mean his death. On the contrary, it is said that the sanctified milk which the Dikṣhiṭa has to drink at the close of his prayer to God and Devas goes to feed the Devas, by way of feeding the vital organs through which the Devas act, and thereby constitutes the Agni-hotra. This is the explanation given from the ritualistic point of view. But the real explanation which it suggests is this: Dikṣhiṭa is one who has sacrificed his personal interests in life and has devoted his whole life to the service of the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy. He has, therefore, risen above all rituals in which, not the man himself and his whole life, but something belonging to him, are offered to God and Devas symbolically. Thus, rituals are not meant for the men and the women who, seeking to realise in consciousness their Divine potentialities, dedicate their whole life to the Divine Lord and the Hierarchy for active service in the interests of humanity as a whole and the world-progress.

The Modern Hindu Ritualistic Life is Unreal.

This ideal of active service in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy, unconnected with all ritual, has long been forgotten by the Hindūs who profess to follow the Vedic Law. The Hindūs, as a whole, have all along remained a pious people; but their piety has taken a ceremonial turn. Their religious life is one round of rituals and ceremonies, which are often very perfunctorily observed, and have become quite unreal and almost useless. But their observance is insisted on in all orders of holy life, including the Samnyāsins. Complete freedom from rituals in spiritual life is allowed by the

Institutes only to the Samnyāsin of the highest or Paramahansa order, who lives almost by and for himself, but with some definite end in view. Very few, however, avail themselves of this freedom, inasmuch as the public now-a-days looks askance at those who resort to it. Indeed, too many of these do not lead the life which ought to go with it, namely, the life of a real student of Brahmagyā.

The Place of Ritual in Spiritual Life

It must not, however, be understood that rituals are of no use altogether. They have their place and use in the spiritual life of a man. When closely examined, rituals will be found to consist of elements which serve different purposes and are of different values. Some are symbolic processes placing the body and the mind in particular attitudes which open the organism for the inflow of Divine Grace. Others constitute exercises and processes which secure the health and purity of the mind and the body. Others again partake of the nature of ceremonial Magic, involving incantations and manipulations of substances setting free forces which act beneficially upon the organism and its environment. As to the use of these rituals in religious life, the Hindū religious teachers estimate it variously. Some inculcate a life-long observance, while others would dispense with them altogether. The Vedāntic teachers, inclined to neither extreme, seem to take a reasonable view of the place of the ritual in the spiritual life of man. According to Shri Shankarāchārya, when a man goes through the daily round of rituals enjoined in the Shruti and the Smṛti, with no longing for the immediate fruits of his

actions, seeking only the knowledge of Brahman which will lead to liberation, his organism becomes healthy and refined, his mind becomes pure ; and in due course, he will get an intuitive glimpse into the true nature of the Self and be able to discriminate the real and the unreal. There ends the purpose of the ritual. For further development he may give up the ritual entirely.

Samnyāsa without Ritual

He then formally renounces all ritual and becomes a Samnyāsin of the Paramahansa order. Even this renouncement of rituals is done with some ceremony, simply with a view to impress the people with the holiness of his future vocation. His is not an idle life. He is freed from rituals merely because he will have so much to do by way of study and practice of higher Yoga. He is not without fire either. Though he has not to maintain the external fires, he has to generate and tend the sacred fire within, as the Smṛti says :

Having established the sacred fires in himself, the Brāhmaṇa should go forth from the house. (*Manu*, vi, 38.)

By Dhyāna and Dhāraṇa, by dwelling constantly on the Divine Self within in devotion and love, he develops the Divine Fire in himself. With this Fire burning within, he should perfect his control over the mind and the senses and the body. He should cultivate absolute truthfulness, practise sexual continence, abstain from all cruelty, be kind to all, and learn to love the whole sentient existence. He should study Scriptures, reflect and meditate upon their teaching till the intellect is firmly convinced of the truth that the Self in man is one with the Divine

Lord of the Universe. This involves the practice of Yoga in its higher stages, wherein the mind, concentrated upon the Supreme Brahman, reaches an intuitive perception of the same truth. As a student of Brāhma-vidyā the Paramahansa has a definite aim, and follows an intelligible method to achieve his purpose. He is therefore above all the rules of Varṇa and Āshrama which enjoin rituals and ceremonies; for these do not help him in the achievement of the end in view, namely, the perfecting of Self-knowledge.

The Path of Liberation

When he has attained this true knowledge of the Self, then for a practical realisation of the Divine Self in him, he has yet to tread the Path of Service, to lead a life of self-sacrifice and service in co-operation with the Divine Hierarchy. Perfection in this leads to liberation from the trammels of the earth. When oneness with the Divine Lord has been realised in the sphere of human evolution, he is free to pass on to the higher regions and other universes, there also to realise his oneness with the Divine Lord. Thus progressing on and on, he will at last realise his oneness, amounting almost to identity, with the Supreme Lord of the whole Universe.

A. Mahadeva Shastri

THE DATE OF RĀMA

A SPECULATION

By A. D. WATSON

IN all sacred records that exist in various languages there occur details belonging to the forgotten and prehistoric past: curious natural history facts, a strange geography, descriptions of monsters, of sub-human creatures, and of pygmy and giant human beings.

No dates, as far as the writer is aware, are assigned to any of these, and the general tendency of the present-day reader has been to regard portions that coincide with what is now known as historical, and to throw the remainder, not consistent with accepted experiences, into the region of fancy, fable and myth.

These works were in all instances derived from the Mysteries, and were meant for the instruction of the neophyte; the necessity for them will appear if it is granted that one of the powers he began to evolve was the memory of past incarnations, when he would begin to perceive the circumstances surrounding his early recollections, and actually find them detailed by tradition, or the inner vision of those who had trodden the Path before him.

In the Theosophical writings are given some details of an Atlantean continent and race destroyed by water,

or flood, or, in more modern language, by sinking under the sea; and of a Lemurian continent and race, prior to the Atlantean, which was destroyed by fire, or, in modern language, by volcanic action.

Many confirmations of these facts are to be found in existing records, and although these exist among peoples now separated by vast geographical areas, it ought not to be thought that the wide diffusion of the knowledge of the facts proves their universality; indeed their very existence disproves that, for the cataclysms caused emigrations of the survivors, who carried the facts with them, even though the bulk of the people perished in the cataclysms.

There are many confirmations of the existence of two continents, named in Theosophical literature Atlantis and Lemuria, to be found in ancient literature. The first of these is mentioned in the *Timæus* and *Critias* of Plato; details are given of the Atlantic continent, and a hint is dropped of the Lemurian in the interpretation given in the *Timæus* of the story of Phaeton:

The story, for instance, that is current among you that Phaeton, the offspring of the Sun, once attempting to drive his father's chariot, and not being able to keep the track observed by his parent, burnt up the surface of the earth and perished himself, blasted by lightning, is generally regarded as fabulous; but it, in point of fact, refers to a declination (or parallax) of the heavenly bodies revolving round the earth, and indicates that, at certain long intervals of time, the earth's surface is destroyed by mighty fires. . . . And again when the Gods, to purify the earth, deluged its surface with water.

A footnote to this in Böhn's translation also says:

It was the opinion of Heraclitus and many of the old philosophers that the earth would be periodically destroyed by fire and water; the notion was borrowed, perhaps, from the Egyptians; compare Herodotus II, Chapter 142.

In reading the above quotation it must be remembered that to peoples without scientific instruments, or

for that matter, with them, a change in the direction of the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit would appear as a change in the declination of the heavenly bodies. Such a change is going on even now, as is well known to students of astronomy, and is generally attributed to the attraction of the earth by the other planets of the system. The account is, therefore, all that could be desired from a scientific point of view.

On these two continents, it is stated in Theosophical teachings, there developed forms of life peculiar to them, monstrous animals and sub-human races, dwarfs and giants; and, above all, during these epochs the distribution of land and water on the earth's surface was totally different from the present.

What wonder, then, if the existence of the satyrs and fauns of the Greeks, of dragons and flying camels, should be mentioned in records relating to the time when they were in existence?

Putting aside all biblical dates as useless, let us consider history, and see how far back it carries us. The statement, in the *Timæus* of Plato, by the Egyptian priest was that he would "relate the laws and more illustrious actions of those states which have existed nine thousand years, and when more at leisure he would take the sacred writings themselves, and recount an exact history in every particular". As to this be it remembered that Solon, to whom it was stated, was three generations before Plato, and the date given to the *Timæus* is about 350 B. C.; also in proof that this story of Solon was not regarded as a fable, we find the fact of Solon being taught by an Egyptian priest mentioned and the name of the priest—Sonchis of Saïs—given by Plutarch, who lived about A. D. 60. (See Plutarch's *Morals*.)

The following passage occurs in Laing's *Human Origins*:

Manetho's dates, however, were so inconsistent with preconceived ideas based on the chronology of the Bible that they were universally thought to be fabulous. They were believed either to represent the exaggerations of Egyptian priests, desirous of magnifying the antiquity of their country, or, if historical, to give in succession the names of a number of kings and dynasties who had really reigned simultaneously in different provinces. So stood the question, until the discovery of reading hieroglyphics enabled us to test the accuracy of Manetho's lists by the light of contemporary monuments and manuscripts. Manetho's lists of the reigns of dynasties and kings, when summed up, show a date of 5,867 B. C. for the foundation of the united Egyptian Empire by Menes, a date absolutely inconsistent with those given in *Genesis*, not only for the Deluge, but for the original creation.

Chaldean chronology, therefore, leads to almost exactly the same results as that of Egypt. In each case we have a standard or measuring rod of authentic historical record of certainly not less than eight thousand, and more probably nine thousand or ten thousand, years from the present time; and in each case we find ourselves at this remote date in the presence, not of rude beginnings, but of a civilisation already ancient and far advanced.

The historical period may therefore certainly be considered to extend to 9,000 B. C.; but this figure will in no wise give any data for calculations for the geological periods that went before. As to geological considerations, Laing in *Human Origins* says:

Horner sank ninety-six shafts in four rows, at intervals of eight miles, across the valley of the Nile at right angles to the river near Memphis and brought up pottery from various depths, which at the known rate of deposit of the Nile mud of about three inches per century, indicate an antiquity of at least eleven thousand years. In another boring a copper knife was brought from a depth of twenty-four feet and pottery from sixty feet below the surface. a depth of sixty feet at the normal rate of deposit would imply an antiquity of twenty-six thousand years.

In general the two sciences of geology and evolutionary biology are not able to fix definite periods; they rather are able to give the order of the periods in which

particular rocks and their corresponding forms of life occurred; and such figures as are given by different authorities are so divergent as hardly to form definite data. All, however, are quite large enough to account for circumstances recounted in the records derived from the Mysteries: for the existence of monstrous animals, varieties in man not now met with, and above all a distribution of land and water totally different from that which now exists.

If dates for man upon earth can be pushed back, the early records have everything to gain in the matter of their truth; and even such details as the voyage of Odysseus may begin to have a meaning; when the voyager reached the 'turning of the sun,' or a tropic, the attempt to put the Atlantic isles in the Mediterranean would cease, as the probability of a different geography from that which now exists would be recognised and the praises of Homer, by Strabo, as a great geographer may come to have a meaning.

As yet, however, nothing that can be found has availed to push the date much beyond a few thousand years B. C. Even the astronomical calculations, which are absolute, cannot give a date from Egyptian monuments much earlier than Khufu, about 4,235 B. C.; and what is now about to be put forward will be, as far as the writer knows, the first attempt to carry a date for man back no less than twenty thousand three hundred years, and probably very much farther.¹

The Indian records derived from the Mysteries form a new literature to which scholars, only a short time back, had no access; and it is well known that Indian scholars have claimed for the periods recorded

¹ Outside Theosophical teachings, presumably.—Ed.

in this literature an extent of time which no one trained in biblical schools is at all likely to concede. The epochs however even as given by Indian scholars, so far as I am aware define dates only for the great cycles of the past history of the world and not for the events related in the books; and the link that is lacking is the identification of points in the detailed histories, with contemporaneous ones in the cycles.

The present calendars date from an epoch called the iron age, or kali yuga, which commenced with Kṛṣṇa, and began in the year 3,122 B. C.; the year A. D. 1878 concluding the first 5,000 years of that cycle. All the planets were said to have been in one House at that time, and Cassini gave it as his opinion, from the tables of Trivalore that he examined, that this conjunction of the planets was one actually observed by the Indians; and he also stated that, as a matter of fact, this conjunction did then occur.

One of these Indian texts is the *Rāmāyaṇa*, but on enquiry at Benares the writer was told that no date could be fixed for Rāma. In this account of Rāma there are mentioned giant inhabitants of ancient India, a sub-human race of beings called monkeys, who however had speech, and a town called Laṅkā, the seat of a giant ruler.

The only other detail the writer could glean from Benares was a geographical detail quoted to him from an old text: that three towns were on the same meridian, *viz.*, Laṅkā, Ujjain, and a third, the name of which is not now remembered as the quotation is lost. In this quotation there was found the method of fixing certain data for the time of the existence of Laṅkā and the date of Rāma.

There was another statement in the same quotation, that Laṅkā was situated where the meridian of Ujjain cut the equator. A reference to a map clearly showed this to be south of the extreme end of the Maldivé Archipelago.

Next, there were Darwin's 'coral reefs' showing his visit to this site, which can be read of in his own book. The Archipelago is 470 miles long and 50 miles wide, and undoubtedly formed a land that has been gradually sinking. The great depths to which the coral extends, 250 and 300 feet, and the slow rate of the growth of the coral is another fact he establishes. "On one of the Maldivé atolls Captain Moeresby bored to a depth of 26 feet; when his auger broke, the material brought up was perfectly white, finely triturated, coral rock." All these facts went to show that the town of Laṅkā, for which we have such an absolute geographical position, was situated on a site now some 200 or 300 feet below the surface of the ocean and therefore must have been very ancient.

Of the three towns mentioned in this quotation, Laṅkā has sunk below the ocean; another cannot now be identified; but the third, *viz.*, Ujjain in Gwalior, is still in existence; and the unit meridian of Indian astronomy is reckoned from that place to this day.

The geographical position given for Ujjain in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is lat. 23°-11'-10" north, long. 75°-51'-45" east. The moment the latitude is examined, the suggestion presents itself that, if Laṅkā marked the intersection of the unit meridian with the equator, Ujjain probably marked its intersection with the Tropic of Cancer.

Astronomically the data needed for fixing the position of the heavenly bodies are the declination

and the right ascension; one of these is measured from the plane of the equator, the other from the great circle passing through the centre of the sun at the vernal equinox; the latter is reckoned in time.

Whenever the reckoning is carried out in time the measurement becomes uncertain, first because of the inaccuracy of time-keepers, which the ancients did not have, and secondly because of the fact that every second of time—since 24 hours correspond with 360° of arc, and both degree and hour are similarly divided—becomes the equivalent of 15 seconds of arc.

If, therefore, in measuring the right ascension of bodies, a point on the earth could be obtained of which the meridian corresponded with the equinoctial or solstitial colure, the right ascensions would become simple angles, which could be read with considerable accuracy on large graduated circles, or, in modern times, with an equatorially mounted instrument.

The next step in the reasoning is a big one, and is historical.

In *The Secret Doctrine*, i, 230, the following passage occurs, quoted from Kenealy's *Book of God*:

The well of Syene, made 5,400 years ago, *when that spot was exactly under the tropic*, which it has now ceased to be, was . . . so constructed that at noon, at the precise moment of the solar solstice, the entire disk of the sun was seen reflected on its surface—a work which the united skill of all the astronomers in Europe would not now be able to effect.

Also in Marsham Adam's *The Book of the Master*, the following passage occurs:

We find that on the island of Philæ at the 'Gate of the Nile' there is an ancient inscription, a passage which lays great stress on the 'Great Vault of the Sun according to his time' as a characteristic feature of the spot; and of an enclosure over which 'the Sun stood in the centre'. Such a description could not be true at present, for as the latitude of

the island is a little more than 24° while the tropical boundary is less than 23½°, the sun could not be vertical to any part of it. But since for a very long period, the obliquity of the ecliptic has been gradually lessening, the tropical boundary must have been greater in former ages and the phenomenon would have been visible, and very noticeable, about the time of Khufu. For calculating the diminution given by Airy, viz., about ½ a minute of arc per century, we find the obliquity at that epoch was very nearly 24°. The position of Philae would be almost vertically under the sun at the summer solstice, and would mark for all time the position of that orb relatively to the earth, at the epoch from which the hieroglyphic calendar dates its reckoning.

It is doubtful, in the above quotations, whether Syene and Philae have not been intermixed, but as both places are close together it will cause no great difference in the argument. The position of Syene is lat. 24°-6'-20" north, and long. 32°-51'-0" east, as taken from a small scale map in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and Philae has almost the same longitude.

From the above it may be concluded definitely:

(1) That the ancients did fix the position of sites on the earth, the meridians of which coincided at the winter solstice with the solstitial colure, and also marked the intersection of this circle with the tropical parallel of latitude; and the writer knows of no method by which this could be effected more accurately, both for time and position, than the reflection of the sun vertically upwards from water at the bottom of a well.

(2) That there exists authentic history in Egypt that one such place was so fixed.

(3) That the existence of such a fixed place would be a great convenience for astronomical measurement, besides giving a ready means of identifying small changes, sensible only to the more refined instruments of modern times, such as those due to changes in the obliquity of the ecliptic and precession.

That Ujjain was a place similarly fixed by the astronomers of India is therefore very probable; and the probability is strengthened by the existence of the traditional claim for a great age for the site.

In addition to historical considerations, there is an astronomical one, of which it is not possible to give the details in an article such as the present, but it amounts to this—that if such a place could be accurately fixed on the earth, what is known as the celestial latitude and longitude could be easily measured (in modern times by an instrument mounted as an alt-azimuth). The prime vertical would become the ecliptic, and the meridian of the place would pass through the pole of the ecliptic which could never happen except at a place on the Tropic of Cancer at which a solstitial colure should transit at apparent noon. The measurements of latitude and longitude, rather than of declination and right ascension, are now being advocated in astronomy, as the ecliptic is a plane practically stable in space, whereas the equator is variable.

To proceed to actual figures, the figures from latitude are given first.

(1) The present latitude of Ujjain is given as 23°-11'-10" and the following is the latest information on the obliquity of the ecliptic given by Professor Newcomb, *Encyclopædia Britannica*, (Ninth Edition), xxv:

Recent research enables us to compute the obliquity of the ecliptic, at past and future epochs, with an error not exceeding 1" per century elapsed. The result is shown in the following table. (Here follows a table of little value as it is for the period 3,000 B. C. to A. D 3,000.)

The obliquity was at a maximum about 7,200 B. C. or 9,100 years ago, when its value was 24°-13'. It will reach a minimum about 9,600 years hence, when its value will probably be between 22°-30' and 22°-40', but cannot be more exactly stated.

Since the latitude of Ujjain is less than the present obliquity (in A. D. 1,900 given as $23^{\circ}27'8.3''$), and since in past time the obliquity was increasing, the obliquity must have reached a maximum and then worked back to that of Ujjain—that is, from the present time 9,100 years elapsed to the maximum value it had, and then 9,100 years more to reach its present value. The obliquity, 18,200 years ago, was what it is now, *viz.*, $23^{\circ}27'8''$, and, as Ujjain is $23^{\circ}11'10''$, the difference $0^{\circ}15'58''$ still has to be made up; this at the rate of $45\frac{1}{2}''$ per century would require, in whole centuries, 2,100 years. So that for the obliquity to be equal to the latitude of Ujjain $18,200+2,100$ years have elapsed, or 20,300 years. Next, the whole epoch given in the above quotation is $2(9,100+9,600)=37,400$ years. So that after 20,300 years back from the present time the obliquity would be the same as the latitude of Ujjain, and it would again come back to it after epochs of 37,400 years. From these data the following table is made. The latitude of Ujjain was the same as the obliquity of the ecliptic:

20,300	years ago	or	18,400 B. C.
also 57,700	years ago	or	55,800 B. C.
also 95,100	years ago	or	93,200 B. C.
also 132,500	years ago	or	130,600 B. C.

That is, the Tropic of Cancer passed through Ujjain at these dates only. One of these must be the date of Rāma.

Let our readers carefully observe that when the whole cycle of obliquity is spoken of, in the quotation from Professor Newcomb, the minimum obliquity is capable of a variant of $10'$, the equivalent of over 13 centuries; and if the cycles are repeated two or three times, as in the

above table, many more centuries of possible variation will be introduced. Also the figure given for diminution by Airy is said to be half a minute per century, or $30''$ as against $45.5''$ given by Proctor in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. With the former figure, the first result would be 21,400 instead of 20,300, a difference of 1,100 years.

Before, however, Ujjain could fulfil the conditions detailed it would be necessary for the apparent sun to culminate over the meridian of Ujjain exactly at the moment of the solstice. The argument for this involves the L. C. M. of the seconds in two angles, one the longitude of Ujjain eastwards from the meridian where this occurs now, and the other the angle of movement eastwards of such a point on the earth in one tropical year.

An approximation made for the present position of Ujjain and this movement leads to a conjecture (for it is no more) that, of the periods before tabulated, 55,800 B. C. is the correct one.

Since this was written, the following passage was found in the *Imperial Gazetteer of India* on the subject of land formation, in olden times, near the Maldivé Islands.

That India and the southern and central parts of Africa were once united into one great stretch of nearly continuous dry land is proved by overwhelming evidence. In the first place, besides the remarkable correspondence among the plants which flourished during Upper Palaeozoic times in India, South Africa, and the portions of East Africa which have been explored, there is an agreement between the peculiar generalized labyrinthodonts and reptiles, of which remains are found in the Panchet series of India and in corresponding beds in South Africa. So far as this evidence goes, it points either to a complete land connexion, or to an approximation sufficiently close to permit free migration of land animals and plants.

There is still another piece of evidence as to the existence of the old Indo-African continent, all the more striking because it belongs to an entirely different field of observation. It is found that between the Seychelles, which are connected by comparatively shallow waters with Madagascar and Africa, and the Maldives, which are on the Indian continental platform, there exists a submarine bank, preventing the ice-cold Antarctic currents that characterize the greater depths in the South Indian Ocean from extending into the Arabian Sea, which has thus a higher temperature than the water at corresponding depths to the south of this bank. We have here the remains of the old continent, depressed sufficiently to cut off India from South Africa, but still enduring as a bank between the great abyssal depressions to the north-west and the south-east.

A. D. Watson

VESPER HYMN

Day-time is ending, and slumber, descending
Soft as the dew, falls caressing and light.
Lord, ever tending Thy sheep and defending,
On us anew falls Thy Blessing to-night.

Master, Thy treasure of Love, beyond measure,
Steadfastly keeping, unshaken may we—
Through pain or pleasure, 'mid labour or leisure—
Find that, in sleeping, we waken with thee.

C. W. S. M.

VESPER HYMN

W.P.

AMEN.

PORTRAITS OF THE CHRIST

By ANNIE BESANT



A MOSAIC FROM THE MARTORANA.

I LATELY drew attention to the wonderful mosaic portraits of the Christ found in Sicily, the work initiated there by the monks of Mount Athos. The frontispiece of our November issue showed the Christ of the Capella Reale of the Palatina in Palermo, and in the picture of that exquisite Chapel now offered to our readers, this portrait may be seen over the high altar, above the Madonna and Child. In this we see again the gorgeous mosaic-work adorning archways and walls.

The Christ of the Martorana reproduces the same type, but is unusual in being a full-length seated figure. Those interested in *mudras* (significant arrangements of the fingers) may note that the Christ of Monreale has the fourth and fifth fingers bent to touch the thumb—the most usual benedictory form—while He of the Capella Palatina and the Martorana bends only the fourth finger, leaving three extended. The Martorana is one of the many Churches of Palermo, and it shows, in its mosque-like form, the influence of the Saracenic conquerors, who have left so deep a mark in Sicily. The lower part of its walls is lined with slabs of porphyry and marble, which produce a wonderfully rich effect, while the arches which spring from the slender

pillars, and all available spaces, are filled with the rich mosaics. It is said to have been originally superior to the Capella Reale, but has been much injured by tasteless nuns who lived in the adjoining convent for some hundred and thirty years, and worked their will on the Chapel. Happily the stately figure of the Christ has not been touched.

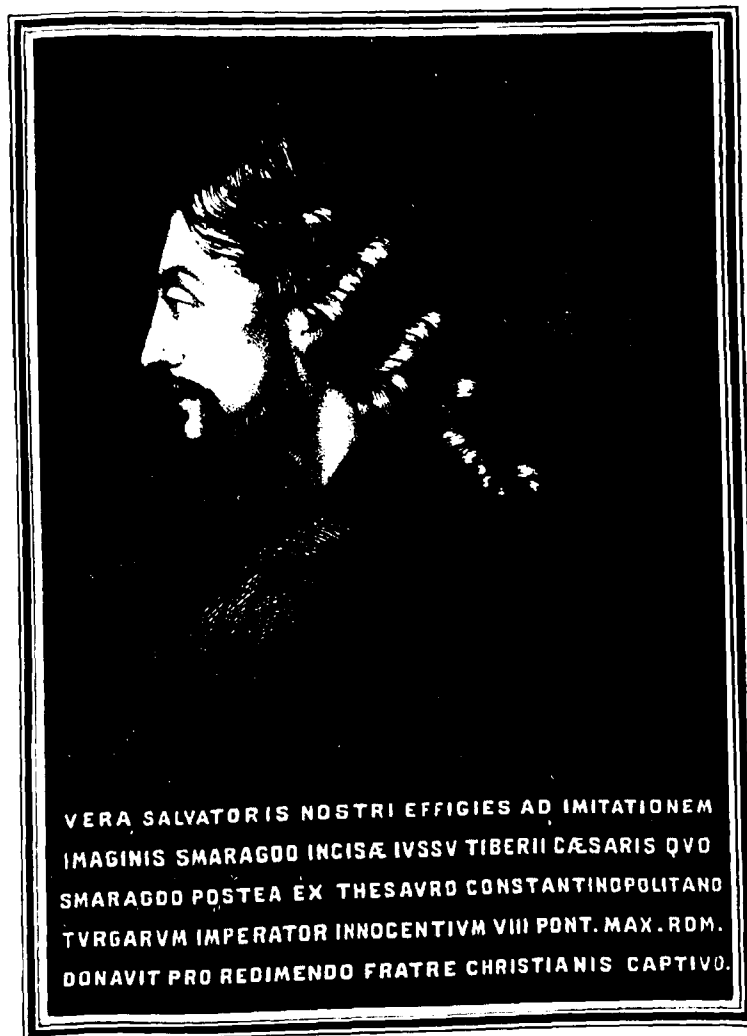
The curious mediæval portrait was sent to me from Germany, and represents the Christ in the armour of one of the priestly Orders of Knighthood; it also is in mosaic, and recalls the Mount Athos tradition.

The fourth portrait is reproduced from that said to have been cut on an emerald in the time of the Emperor Tiberius. The forward-reaching figure and partly opened mouth give the portrait a curiously eager look. The traditional description makes the hair of the "colour of a chestnut fully ripe," and speaks of the gentle gravity and pathos of the Christ: "None have seen Him laugh, but many have seen Him weep." In reading the description, one feels that it is traditional rather than contemporaneous; that the writer is speaking of the 'Man of Sorrows' of the Church, rather than of the Divine Man as He really was when He walked among men. One turns with more satisfaction to the strong and virile face limned by the Athos monks in imperishable mosaic.

Annie Besant



FROM A MEDIÆVAL PAINTING.



FROM THE EMERALD.



THE MONAD

By C. W. LEADBEATER

THE information given in Theosophical literature on the subject of the Monad is necessarily scanty. We are not at present in a position to supplement it to any great extent; but a statement of the case, as far as it is at present comprehended among us, may save students some misapprehensions, such as are often manifested in the questions sent in to us. That many misconceptions should exist on such a subject is inevitable, because we are trying to understand

with the physical brain what can by no possibility be expressed in terms intelligible to that brain. The Monad inhabits the second plane of our set of planes—that which used sometimes to be called the parānirvāṇic or the anupāḍaka. It is not easy to attach in the mind any definite meaning to the word plane or world at such an altitude as this, because any attempt even to symbolise the relation of planes or worlds to one another demands a stupendous effort of the imagination in a direction with which we are wholly unfamiliar.

Let us try to imagine what the consciousness of the Divine must be—the consciousness of the Solar Deity altogether outside any of the worlds or planes or levels which we ever conceived. We can only vaguely think of some sort of transcendent Consciousness for which space no longer exists, to which everything (at least in the Solar System) is simultaneously present, not only in its actual condition, but at every stage of its evolution from beginning to end. We must think of that Consciousness as creating for Its use these worlds of various types of matter, and then we must think of that Divine Consciousness voluntarily veiling Itself within that matter, and thereby greatly limiting Itself. By taking upon Itself a garment of the matter of even the highest of these worlds, It has clearly already imposed upon Itself a certain limitation; and, equally clearly, each additional garment assumed as It involves Itself more and more deeply in matter, must increase the limitation.

One way of attempting to symbolise this which has been found helpful is to try to think of it in connection with what we call dimensions of space. If we may suppose an infinite number of these

dimensions, it may be suggested that each descent from a higher level to a lower level removes the consciousness of one of these dimensions, until, when we reach the mental plane or world, the power of observing but five of them is left to us. The descent to the astral level takes away one more, and the further descent to the physical level leaves us with the three which are familiar to us. In order even to get an idea of what this loss of additional dimensions means, we have to suppose the existence of a creature whose senses are capable of comprehending only two dimensions, and then to imagine in what respect the consciousness of that creature would differ from ours, and thus try to obtain an idea of what it would mean to lose a dimension from our consciousness. Such an exercise of the imagination will speedily convince us that the two-dimensional creature could never obtain any adequate conception of our life at all; he could be conscious of it only in sections, and his idea of even those sections must be entirely misleading. This enables us to see how inadequate must be *our* conception even of the plane or world next above us; and we at once see the hopelessness of expecting fully to understand the Monad, which is raised by many of these planes or worlds above the point from which we are trying to regard it.

It may help us if we recall to our minds the method in which the Deity originally built these planes. We speak with all reverence in regard to His method, realising fully that we can at most comprehend only the minutest fragment of His work, and that even that fragment is seen by us from below, while He looks upon it from above. Yet we are justified in saying that He sends forth from Himself a wave of power, of

influence of some sort, which moulds the primaeval pre-existent matter into certain forms to which we give the name of atoms.

Into that world or plane or level, so made, comes a second life-wave of divine energy, and to it those atoms already existing are objective, outside of itself, and it builds them into forms which it inhabits. Meantime the first down-flowing wave comes yet again, sweeping through that newly-formed plane or level, and makes yet another, lower, plane with atoms a little larger and matter therefore a little denser—even though its density may as yet be far rarer than our finest conception of matter. Then into that second world comes the second outflowing, and again in that finds matter which to it is objective, and builds of that its forms. And so this process is repeated and the matter grows denser and denser with each world, until at last we reach this physical level; but it will help us if we bear in mind that at each of these levels the ensouling life of the second outpouring finds matter already vivified by the first outpouring, which it regards as objective, of which it builds the forms which it inhabits.

This process of ensouling forms built out of already vivified matter is continued all through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, but when we come to the moment of individualisation which divides the highest animal manifestation from the lowest human, a curious change takes place; that which has hitherto been the ensouling life becomes itself in turn the ensouled, for it builds itself into a form into which the ego enters, of which he takes possession. He absorbs into himself all the experiences which the matter of his causal body has had, so that nothing whatever is lost,

and he carries these on with him through the ages of his existence. He continues the process of forming bodies on lower planes out of material ensouled by the first outpouring from the Third Aspect of the Deity; but he finally reaches a level in evolution in which the causal body is the lowest that he needs, and when this is attained we have the spectacle of the Monad, which represents the third outpouring from the First Aspect of the Deity, inhabiting a body composed of matter ensouled by the second outpouring.

At a far later stage the earlier happening repeats itself once more, and the ego, who has ensouled so many forms during the whole of a chain-period, becomes himself the vehicle, and is ensouled in his turn by the now fully active and awakened Monad. Yet here, as before, nothing whatever is lost from the economy of nature. All the manifold experiences of the ego, all the splendid qualities developed in him, all these pass into the Monad himself and find there a vastly fuller realisation than even the ego could have given them.

Of the condition of consciousness of the Solar Deity outside of the planes of His system, we can form no true conception. He has been spoken of as the Divine Fire; and if for a moment we adopt that time-honoured symbolism, we may imagine that Sparks from that Fire fall into the matter of our planes—Sparks which are of the essence of that Fire, but are yet in appearance temporarily separated from it. The analogy cannot be pushed too far, because all sparks of which we know anything are thrown out from their parent fire and gradually fade and die; whereas these Sparks develop by slow evolution into Flames, and return to the Parent Fire. This development and this return are apparently the

objects for which the Sparks come forth ; and the process of the development is that which we are at the present moment concerned to try to understand.

It seems that the Spark as such cannot in its entirety veil itself beyond a certain extent ; it cannot descend beyond what we call the second plane, and yet retain its unity. One difficulty with which we are confronted in trying to form any ideas upon this matter is that, as yet, none of us who investigate are able to raise our consciousness to this second plane ; in the nomenclature recently adopted we give to it the name of Monadic because it is the home of the Monad ; but none of us have yet been able to realise that Monad in his own habitation, but only to see him when he has descended one stage to the plane or level or world below his own, in which he shows himself as the triple Spirit, which in our earlier books we call the *Ātmā* in man. Even already he is incomprehensible, for he has three aspects which are quite distinct and apparently separate, and yet they are all fundamentally one and the same.

It has been described in other books how one of these three aspects (or it would be more correct to say the Monad in his first aspect) cannot or does not descend below that spiritual level ; while in his second aspect he does descend into the matter of the next lower world (the intuitional), and when that aspect has drawn round itself the matter of that level we call it divine wisdom in man, or the intuition. Meanwhile, the third aspect (or rather the Monad in his third aspect) descends also to that intuitional plane and clothes itself in its matter, and adopts a form to which as yet no name has been attached in our literature ; but it also moves forward or downward one more stage, and

clothes itself in the matter of the higher mental world, and then we call it the intellect in man. When that threefold manifestation on the three levels has thus developed itself, and shows itself as Spirit, intuition and intellect, we give to it the name of the ego, and that ego takes upon himself a vehicle built of the matter of the higher mental plane, to which we give the name of the causal body. This ego so functioning in his causal body has often been called in our earlier literature the higher self, and sometimes also the soul.

We see the ego then to be a manifestation of the Monad on the higher mental plane ; but we must understand that he is infinitely far from being a perfect manifestation. Each descent from plane to plane means much more than a mere veiling of the Spirit ; it means also an actual diminution in the amount of Spirit expressed. To use terms denoting quantity in speaking of such matters is entirely incorrect and misleading ; yet if an attempt is to be made to express these higher matters in human words at all, these incongruities cannot be wholly avoided ; and the nearest that we can come, in the physical brain, to a conception of what happens when the Monad involves himself in matter of the spiritual plane, is to say that only part of him can possibly be shown there, and that even that part must be shown in three separate aspects, instead of in the glorious totality which he really *is* in his own world. So when the second aspect of the triple Spirit comes down a stage and manifests as intuition, it is not the whole of that aspect which so manifests, but only a fraction of it. And so when the third aspect descends two planes and manifests itself as intellect, it is only a fraction of a fraction of what the intellect-aspect of the

Monad really is. Therefore the ego is not a veiled manifestation of the Monad, but a veiled representation of a minute portion of the Monad.

As above, so below. As the ego is to the Monad, so is the personality to the ego. So that, by the time you have reached the personality with which we have to deal in the physical world, the fractionisation has been carried so far that the part we are able to see bears no appreciable proportion to the reality which it so inadequately represents. Yet it is with and from this ridiculously inadequate fragment that we are endeavouring to comprehend the whole! Our difficulty in trying to understand the Monad is the same in kind, but much greater in degree, as that which we find when we try really to grasp the idea of the ego. In the earlier years of the Theosophical Society there were many discussions about the relations of the lower and the higher self. In those days we did not understand the doctrine even as well as we understand it now; we had not the grasp of it which longer study has given us. I am speaking of a group of students in Europe, who had behind them the Christian traditions, and the vague ideas which Christianity attaches to the word 'soul'.

The ordinary Christian by no means identifies himself with his 'soul,' but regards it as something attached to himself in some kind of indefinite way—something for the saving of which he is responsible. Perhaps no ordinary man among the devotees of that religion attaches any very definite idea to the word, but he would probably describe it as the immortal part of him, though in ordinary language he talks of it as a possession, as something separate from him. In the *Magnificat*, the Blessed Virgin is made to say: "My soul doth magnify

the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." She may here be drawing a distinction between the soul and the spirit, as S. Paul does; but she speaks of them both as possessions, and not as the I. She does not say: "I as a soul magnify; I as a spirit rejoice." This may be merely a question of language; yet surely this loose language expresses an inaccurate and ill-defined idea. That idea was in the air all about us in Europe, and no doubt we were influenced by it, and at first to some extent we substituted the term 'higher self' for 'soul'.

So we used such expressions as 'looking up to the higher self,' 'listening to the promptings of the higher self,' and so on. I remember that Mr. Sinnett used sometimes to speak a little disparagingly of the higher self, remarking that it ought to take more interest than it seemed to do in the unfortunate personality struggling on its behalf down here; and he used jokingly to suggest the formation of a society for the education of our higher selves. It was only gradually that we grew into the feeling that the higher self was *the man*, and that what we see down here is only a very small part of him. Only little by little did we learn that there is only one consciousness, and that the lower, though an imperfect representation of the higher, is in no way separate from it. We used to think of raising 'ourselves' till we could unite 'ourselves' with that glorified higher being, not realising that it was the higher that was the true self, and that to unite the higher to the lower really meant opening out the lower so that the higher might work in it and through it.

It takes time to become thoroughly permeated by Theosophical ideas. It is not merely reading the books,

it is not merely hard study even, that makes us real Theosophists; we must allow time for the teaching to become part of ourselves. We may notice this constantly in the case of new members. People join us, people of keen intelligence, people of the deepest devotion, truly anxious to do the best they can for Theosophy, and to assimilate it as rapidly and perfectly as possible; and yet with all that, and with all their eager study of our books, they cannot at once put themselves into the position of the older members; and they will sometimes show that, by making some crude remark which is not at all in harmony with Theosophical teaching. I do not mean to suggest that the *mere* efflux of time will produce these effects, for obviously a man who does not study may remain a member for twenty years and be but little forwarder at the end of that time than he was at the beginning; but one who patiently studies, one who lives much with those who know, enters presently into the spirit of Theosophy—or perhaps it might be better said that the spirit of Theosophy enters into *him*.

Evidently, therefore, new members should never intermit their studies, but try to understand the doctrines from every point of view. Year by year we are all growing into the attitude of those who are older than ourselves, and it comes chiefly by association and conversation with those older students. The Masters know almost infinitely more than the highest of Their pupils, and so those highest pupils continue to learn from association with Them; we who are lower pupils know much less than those who stand above, and so we in turn learn by association with them; and in the same way those who are not yet even at our level may learn something from similar association with us. So always

the older members can help the younger, and the younger have much to learn from those who have trodden the road before them. It was in this gradual way that we came to understand about the higher and the lower self.

If we try to express the relation of the personality to the ego, we can best put it by saying that the former is a fragment of the latter, a tiny part of him expressing itself under serious difficulties. We meet a person on the physical plane; we speak to him; and we think and say that we know him. It would be a little nearer the truth if we said that we knew a thousandth part of him. Even when clairvoyance is developed—even when a man develops the sight of his causal body, and looks at the causal body of another man—even then, though he sees a manifestation of the ego on his own plane, he is still far from seeing the real man. I have tried, by means of the illustrations in *Man, Visible and Invisible*, to give some indication of one side of the aspect of these higher vehicles; but the illustrations are in reality absolutely inadequate; they can give only faint adumbrations of the real thing. When any one of our readers develops the astral sight, he may reasonably say to us, as the Queen of Sheba said to King Solomon: “The half was not told me.” He may say: “Here is all this glory and this beauty, which surrounds me in every direction and seems so entirely natural; it should be easy to give a better description of this.” But when, having seen and experienced all this, he returns to his physical body and tries to describe it in physical words, I think he will find much the same difficulties as we have done.

Yet remember that when, using the sight of the causal body, a man looks at the causal body of another,

it is not even then the ego that he sees, but only matter of the higher mental plane which expresses the qualities of the ego. Those qualities affect the matter, cause it to undulate at different rates, and so produce colours, by observing which the character of the man can be distinguished. This character, at that level, means the good qualities which the man has developed; for no evil qualities can express themselves in matter so refined. In observing such a causal body, we know that it has within it all the qualities of the Deity—all possible good qualities, therefore; but not all of them are developed until the man reaches a very high level. When an evil quality shows itself in the personality, it must be taken to indicate that the opposite good quality is as yet undeveloped in the ego; it exists in him, as in every one, but it has not yet been called into activity. So soon as it is called into activity its intense vibrations act upon the lower vehicles, and it is impossible that the opposite evil can ever again find place in them.

Taking the ego for the moment as the real man, and looking at him on his own plane, we see him to be indeed a glorious being; the only way in which down here we can form a conception of what he really is is to think of him as some splendid angel. But the expression of this beautiful being on the physical plane may fall far short of all this; indeed, it must do so—first, because it is only a tiny fragment; and secondly, because it is so hopelessly cramped by its conditions. Suppose a man put his finger into a hole in the wall, or into a small iron pipe, so that he could not even bend it; how much of himself as a whole could he express through that finger in that condition? Much like this is the fate of that fragment of the ego which is put down

into this dense body. It is so small a fragment that it cannot represent the whole; it is so cramped and shut in that it cannot even express what it is. The image is clumsy, but it may give some sort of idea of the relation of the personality to the ego.

Let us suppose that the finger has a considerable amount of consciousness of its own, and that, being shut off from the body, it temporarily forgets that it is part of that body; then it forgets also the freedom of the wider life, and tries to adapt itself to its hole, and to gild its sides and make it an enjoyable hole by acquiring money, property, fame and so on—not realising that it only really begins to live when it withdraws itself from the hole altogether, and recognises itself as a part of the body. When we draw ourselves out of this particular hole at night and live in our astral bodies, we are much less limited and much nearer to our true selves, though we still have two veils—our astral and mental bodies—which prevent us from being fully ourselves, and so fully expressing ourselves. Still, under those conditions we are much freer, and it is much easier to comprehend realities; for the physical body is the most clogging and confining of all, and imposes upon us the greatest limitations.

It would help us much if we could suppose away our limitations one by one; but it is not easy. Realise how in the astral body we can move quickly through space—not instantaneously, but still quickly; for in two or three minutes we might move round the world. But even then we cannot get anywhere without passing through the intervening space. We can come into touch at that level with other men in their astral bodies. All their feelings lie open to us, so that they cannot deceive

us about them, although they can do so with regard to their thoughts. We see in that world many more of the earth's inhabitants—those whom we call the dead, the higher nature-spirits, the angels of desire, and many others. The sight of that plane enables us to see the inside of every object, and to look down into the interior of the earth; so that in many ways our consciousness is greatly widened.

Let us go a step further. If we learn to use the powers of the mental body, we do not therefore lose those of the lower, for they are included in the higher. We can then pass from place to place with the rapidity of thought; we can then see the thoughts of our fellow-men, so that deception is no longer possible; we can see higher orders of the angels, and the vast host of those who, having finished their astral life, are inhabiting the heaven-world. Rising yet another step, and using the senses of the causal body, we find further glories awaiting our examination. If then we look at a fellow-man, the body which we see within his ovoid is no longer a likeness of his present or his last physical body, as it is on the astral and mental planes. What we now see is the Augoeides, the glorified man, which is not an image of any one of his past physical vehicles, but contains within itself the essence of all that was best in each of them—a body which indicates more or less perfectly, as through experience it grows, what the Deity means that man shall be. By watching that vehicle we may see the stage of evolution which the man has reached; we may see what his past history has been, and to a considerable extent we can also observe the future that lies before him.

Students sometimes wonder why, if this be so, the evil qualities which a man shows in one life should so often persist in later lives. The reason is not only that because the opposing good quality is undeveloped there is an opportunity for evil influences to act upon the man in that particular direction, but also that the man carries with him from life to life the permanent atoms of his lower vehicles, and these tend to reproduce the qualities shown in his previous incarnations. Then, it may be asked: "Why carry over those permanent atoms?" Because it is necessary for evolution; because the developed man must be master of *all* the planes. If it were conceivable that he could develop without those permanent atoms, he might possibly become a glorious archangel upon higher planes, but he would be absolutely useless in these lower worlds, for he would have cut off from himself the power of feeling and of thinking. So that we must not drop the permanent atoms, but purify them.

The task before most of us at present is that of realising the ego as the true man, so that we may let him work, instead of this false personal self with which we are so ready to identify ourselves. It is so easy for us to feel: "I am angry; I am jealous"; when the truth is that that which is pushing us to anger or to jealousy is merely the desire-elemental, which yearns for strong and coarse undulations, which help him on his downward way into grosser matter. We must realise that the true man can never be so foolish as to wish for such vibrations as these—that he can never desire anything but that which will be good for his own evolution, and helpful for that of others. A man says that he feels impelled by passion. Let him wait and think: "Is it

really I?" And he will discover that it is not he at all, but something else that is trying to get hold of him and make him feel thus. He has the right and the duty to assert his independence of that thing, and to proclaim himself as a free man, pursuing the road of evolution which God has marked out for him.

Thus it is at present our business to realise ourselves as the ego; but when that is fully accomplished, when the lower is nothing but a perfect instrument in the hands of the higher, it will become our duty to realise that even the ego is not the true man. For the ego has had a beginning—it came into existence at the moment of individualisation; and whatever has a beginning must have an end. Therefore even the ego, which has lasted since we left the animal kingdom, is also impermanent. Is there then nothing in us that endures, nothing that will have no end? There is the Monad, the Divine Spark, which is verily a fragment of God, an atom of the Deity. Crude and inaccurate expressions, assuredly; yet I know of no other way in which the idea can be conveyed even as well as in words such as these. For each Monad is literally a part of God, apparently temporarily separated from Him, while he is enclosed in the veils of matter, though in truth never for one moment really separated.

He can never be apart from God, for the very matter in which he veils himself is also a manifestation of the Divine. To us sometimes matter seems evil, because it weighs us down, it clogs our faculties, it seems to hold us back upon our road; yet remember that this is only because as yet we have not learned to control it, because we have not realised that it also is divine in its essence, because there is nothing but God. A Sūfī sage

once told me that this was his interpretation of the cry which rings out daily in the call of the muezzin from the minaret all over the Muhammadan world: "There is no God but God, and Muhammad is the Prophet of God." He told me that in his opinion the true mystical meaning of the first part of this cry was: "There is nothing but God." And that is eternally true; we know that all comes from Him, and that to Him all will one day return, but we find it hard to realise that all is in Him even now, and that in Him it eternally abides. All is God—even the desire-elemental, and the things which we think of as evil; for many waves of life come forth from Him, and not all of them are moving in the same direction.

We, being Monads, belonging to an earlier wave, are somewhat fuller expressions of Him, somewhat nearer to Him in our consciousness than the essence out of which is made the desire-elemental. In the course of our evolution there is always a danger that a man should identify himself with the point at which he is most fully conscious. Most men at present are more conscious in their feelings and passions than anywhere else, and of this the desire-elemental craftily takes advantage, and endeavours to induce the man to identify himself with those desires and emotions.

So when the man rises to a somewhat higher level, and his principal activity becomes mental, there is danger lest he should identify himself with the mind, and it is only by realising himself as the ego, and making that the strongest point of his consciousness, that he can fully identify himself with it. When he has done that, he has achieved the goal of his present efforts; but immediately he must begin his effort over again at that higher level,

and try gradually to realise the truth of the position we laid down at the beginning, that as the personality is to the ego, so is the ego to the Monad. It is useless at our present stage to endeavour to indicate the steps which he will have to take in order to do this, or the stages of consciousness through which he will pass. Such conceptions as can be formed of them may be arrived at by applying the ancient rule that what is below is but a reflection of that which exists in higher worlds, so that the steps and the stages must to some extent be a repetition upon a higher level of those which have already been experienced in our lower efforts.

We may reverently presume (though here we are going far beyond actual knowledge) that when we have finally and fully realised that the Monad is the true man, we shall find behind that again a yet further and more glorious extension; we shall find that the Spark has never been separated from the Fire, but that as the ego stands behind the personality, as the Monad stands behind the ego, so the Solar Deity Himself stands behind the Monad. Perhaps, even further still, it may be that in some way infinitely higher, and so at present utterly incomprehensible, a greater Deity stands behind the Solar Deity, and behind even that, through many stages, there must rest the Supreme over all. But here even thought fails us, and silence is the only true reverence.

For the time, at least, the Monad is our personal God, the God within us, that which produces us down here as a manifestation of him on these all but infinitely lower levels. What his consciousness is on his own plane we cannot pretend to say, nor can we fully understand it even when he has put upon himself the first veil, and become the triple Spirit. The only way to

understand such things is to rise to their level, and to become one with them. When we do that we shall comprehend, but even then we shall be utterly unable to explain to any one else what we know. It is at that stage, the stage of the triple Spirit, that we can first see the Monad, and he is then a triple light of blinding glory, yet possessing even at that stage certain qualities by which one Monad is somehow distinct from another.

Often a student asks: "But what have we to do with it while we are down here—this unknown glory so far above us?" It is a natural question, yet in reality it is the reverse of what should be; for the true man *is* the Monad, and we should rather say: "What can I, the Monad, do with my ego, and through it with my personality?" This would be the correct attitude, for this would express the actual facts; but we cannot truthfully take it, because we cannot realise this. Yet we can say to ourselves: "I know that I am that Monad, though as yet I cannot express it; I know that I am the ego, a mere fraction of that Monad, but still out of all proportion greater than what I know of myself in the personality down here. More and more I will try to realise myself as that higher and greater being; more and more I will try to make this lower presentation of myself worthy of its true destiny; more and more will I see to it that this lower self is ever ready to catch the slightest hint or whisper from above—to follow the suggestions from the ego which we call intuitions—to distinguish the Voice of the Silence and to obey it."

For the Voice of the Silence is not one thing always, but changes as we ourselves evolve; or perhaps it would be better to say that it is in truth one thing always, the voice of God, but it comes to us at different levels as

we ourselves rise. To us now it is the voice of the ego, speaking to the personality; presently it will be the voice of the Monad, speaking to the ego; later still the voice of the Deity, speaking to the Monad. Probably between these last two stages there may be an intermediate one, in which the voice of one of the seven great Ministers of the Deity may speak to the Monad, and then in turn the Deity Himself may speak to His Minister; but always the Voice of the Silence is essentially divine.

It is well that we should learn to distinguish this voice—this voice which speaks from above and yet from within; for sometimes other voices speak, and their counsel is not always wise. A medium finds this, for if he has not trained himself to distinguish, he often thinks that every voice coming from the astral plane must necessarily be all but divine, and therefore to be followed unquestioningly. Therefore discrimination is necessary, as well as watchfulness and obedience.

Does the Monad, in the case of the ordinary man, ever do anything which affects or can affect his personality down here? I think we may say that such interference is most unusual. The ego is trying, on behalf of the Monad, to obtain perfect control of the personality and to use it as an instrument; and because that object is not yet fully achieved, the Monad may well feel that the time has not yet come for him to interfere from his own level, and to bring the whole of his force to bear, when that which is already in action is more than strong enough for the required purpose. But when the ego is already beginning to succeed in his effort to manage his lower vehicles, the real man in the background does sometimes interfere.

In the course of various investigations it has come in our way to examine some thousands of human beings; but we found traces of such interference only in a few. The most prominent instance is that given in the twenty-ninth life of Alcyone, when he pledged himself before the Lord Gautama to devote himself in future lives to the attainment of the Buddhahood in order to help humanity. That seemed to us then a matter of such moment, and also of such interest, that we took some trouble to investigate it. This was a promise for the far-distant future, so that obviously the personality through which it was given could by no means keep it; and when we rose to examine the part borne in it by the ego, we found that he himself, though full of enthusiasm at the idea, was being impelled to it by a mightier force from within, which he could not have resisted, even had he wished to do so. Following this clue still further, we found that the impelling force came forth unmistakably from the Monad. He had decided, and he registered his decision; his will, working through the ego, will clearly have no difficulty in bringing all future personalities into harmony.

We found some other examples of the same phenomenon in the course of the investigations into the beginnings of the Sixth Root Race. Looking forward to the life in that Californian Colony, we recognised instantly certain well-known egos; and then arose the question: "Since men have free-will, is it possible that we can already be absolutely certain that all these people will be there as we foresee? Will none of them fall by the way?" Further examination showed us that the same thing was happening here as with Alcyone. Certain Monads had already responded to the call of the higher

Authorities, and had decided that their representative personalities should assist in that glorious work ; and because of that, nothing that these personalities might do during the intervening time could possibly interfere with the carrying out of that decision.

Yet let no one think, because this is so, that he is compelled from without to do this or that ; the compelling force is the real you ; none else than yourself can ever bind you at any stage of your growth. And when the Monad has decided, the thing will be done ; it is well for the personality if he yields gracefully and readily, if he recognises the voice from above, and co-operates gladly ; for if he does not do this, he will lay up for himself much useless suffering. It is always the man himself who is doing this thing ; and he, in the personality, has to realise that the ego is himself, and he has for the moment to take it for granted that the Monad is still more himself—the final and greatest expression of him.

Surely this view should be the greatest possible encouragement to the man working down here, this knowledge that he is a far grander and more glorious being in reality than he appears to be, and that there is a part of him—enormously the greater part—which has already achieved what he, as a personality, is trying to achieve ; and that all that he has to do down here is to try to make himself a perfect channel for this higher and more real self ; to do his work and to try to help others in order that he may be a factor, however microscopic, in forwarding the evolution of the world. For him who knows, there is no question of the saving of the soul ; the true man behind needs no salvation ; he needs only that the lower self should

realise him and express him. He is himself already divine ; and all that he needs is to be able to realise himself in all the worlds and at all possible levels, so that in them all the Divine Power through him may work equally, and so God shall be all in all.

C. W. Leadbeater

A NOTE

A short poem, rather original in idea, in treatment, is contributed to the *Academy* by Mr. G. M. Hort, under the title 'A Man's Bargain'. The opening verses are :

If I cry out for fellowship,
A comrade's voice, a comrade's grip,
A hand to hold me when I slip,
An ear to heed my groan ;
Renew that hour's dark ecstasy,
When all Thy waves went over me,
And Thou and I, with none to see,
Were joined in fight alone.

If I demand a sheltered space
Set for me in the battle-place,
Where I at times could turn my face,
A screened and welcome guest ;
Decree my soul should henceforth cease
From its wild hankering after peace,
And rest in that which gives release
From the desire of rest.

If I for final goal should ask,
Some meaning for the long day's task,
Some ripened field that yet may bask
Secure from hurricane ;
Point to Thy locust-eaten sheaves,
The burnt-out stars, the still-born leaves,
And by the toil no hope retrieves,
Nerve me to toil again !

WORK ON HIGHER PLANES

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D.

NOW that the atmospheres of the astral and lower mental planes are, for America, so much cleaner than they were, and that their comparative purity is held for them by great Beings against the time of His Coming, we may well believe that many things may, for the time, be done there which formerly could not have been thought of. And no doubt many people will now be able to work in generous measure of consciousness there, who would ordinarily not be strong enough to cope with the difficulties of that life.

Frequently staunch and well-seasoned Theosophists ask if they can be supposed to be awake and helping, forgetful of Mr. Leadbeater's statement that a vast body of people of the higher type of humanity are now busy above in sleep, and that enthusiastic Theosophists must certainly be active there when their hearts are so fixed on service.

During this period of special blessing, there will no doubt be a great work to be done on the physical and the higher planes, among and through the established organisations of the world, especially among the religious bodies and the almost equally consecrated people engaged in teaching, in healing the sick, and in governing. And it may well be imagined that suitable persons

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will be chosen in the various organisations to receive counsel and give aid in this work—so important is it that advantage be taken of the great outpouring of grace.

The added powers of the Theosophical Society through the recent addition of some of its members to the ranks of the great Lodge, as told by Mrs. Besant, are cause for our most profound gratitude to the Masters. And we shall do well to use every effort to bring them into our American work as far as possible.

Mr. Leadbeater has told us that the man who functions on the astral and lower mental planes ought to set himself, each night, some definite task of his own discovery or devising, in order that he may develop his own knowledge, intuition, discrimination and judgment as to work of this kind. It is but a step to add that each should also train himself, during the day-time, the 'physical-consciousness' period, to some definite type of work which he believes would have an important bearing on the astral work. This training will give the man the astral plane command of the needed data with which to work. For example, it would be of great value on the astral plane for a Freemason to know not only the routine of Masonic facts, but also the relation of Masons to religions, governments, etc., and especially to the jurisdictions of Masonry in America and the distribution of Masonic Lodges. Moreover, a continuous effort for a number of years to do the same work will give skill as well as knowledge and general helpfulness.

There is always, first, the duty to help our Theosophists in all kinds of ways on the higher planes, though it is now the time during which *it is especially desired to use the Society as a weapon for outside work*. The claims of Theosophy always come first.

But international relations, peace movements, the work, in its larger aspects, of the great religious bodies, the semi-religious organisations that are trying to blend the efforts of our churches, the work of scientific bodies, of the congresses of philosophy, hygiene, sociology, etc., need attention. Masonry, medical work, sick-nursing, charitable institutions need, and may well receive, more or less directive aid. All the arts need careful assistance. Now-a-days scholars are reviving the ancient and honourable practice of wandering "in strange landes," and we hear of exchange-professorships being regarded as a necessary phase of scholastic life. What a world of good might be accomplished with a little aid to them, if we might be permitted to render it!

Let every Theosophist, then, take up some line of collateral higher-planes interest with the thought, if permission is given in token of the wisdom of his choice, of doing some good outside our immediate ranks to the great body of humanity among whom our lines are cast.

The undersigned has collected some data pertaining to various organisations and will be pleased to correspond with those interested.

Weller Van Hook

31, N. State Street, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

ADYAR IN CONVENTION

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, M.A., F. T. S.

LAST evening as I rode in at the gates of the Theosophical Society's grounds in Adyar after the thousands and thousands had left who, during the last week, had come and gone from their spiritual pilgrimage here, the impression stole in on me of how peaceful yet how alive everything was, how pregnant the whole atmosphere, how strong the power of this week's crowded memories.

As when a tired but exultant athlete, the race being won, flings himself down on the grass and, though his body be weary and panting and his nerves still throbbing with the strain, feels nevertheless with peculiar clarity and distinctness every detail, every feature, every incident of the race; feels too the delicious repose of conscious strength and work well done; so was the feeling pervading the Headquarters, the fields and paths and shady groves of Adyar, as the sinking sun drew out all tones of colour from the charged magnetic atmosphere and painted the tired paths with wondrous purple shadows.

All day jhulkas, carriages, bullock-waggons, motor-cars, bicycles, and every form of conveyance, practical and unpractical, picturesque and otherwise, had noisily and unceasingly been carrying away once more into

the outer world our guests and brothers. As spokes in a wheel radiate out from centre to circumference, so our visitors to this centre have now dispersed in all directions from the hub to the circumference of the Theosophic wheel; each going forth as an important factor in the place he occupies, enriched, a messenger, bearing with him all he has been able to receive, filled with added power, a new inspiration for those he dwells and works among.

But, though the place was empty, the annual pilgrimage over, and the signs of the great departure evident on all sides, yet the atmosphere of Adyar was full, charged, throbbing, strong, with the power of work well done pervading the now still surroundings. Moreover beyond and above all this, there rested a sense of blessing, a sweet, gentle feeling of delicious repose, of utter confidence in the present and of joyous, certain promise in the future. This sense of peace and benediction, that can always be felt by the sensitive here in Adyar, was wonderfully present on returning from wishing friends God-speed at the station in the city, and entering once more the quiet precincts of what our President has truly called 'Master's land,' that evening when all had once again departed save the abiding spirit of the place.

Let it be said at once that the Convention has been an exceptionally successful one in many ways; and how should it have been otherwise when its dominant notes were: serenity, good-will, harmony?

There have been Conventions when any little matter, any small wrinkle on the surface of things, has offered a pretext for discussion, gossip or dispute. I remember some where trivial incidents, trifling

discomforts, little blemishes, had been magnified by useless talk into grievances and sore spots. Nothing of the kind has happened at this Convention. It seemed as if all had tacitly resolved that nothing of the kind *should* happen. Incidents, little inconveniences, slight blemishes there may have been, now as before, but what there has not been is the tendency to take them up and make much of them. Rather has the excellent spirit grown up amongst all of bearing good-humouredly with any of these trivialities, in the knowledge that time gradually improves most things, and that, in any case, such trifles pass and are not worth noticing.

It says much for the evolution of the Theosophical Society's members in general, that though the past year has by no means been free from troubles and attacks, local and otherwise, yet now, when representatives and delegates, not of this country alone but of practically all civilised nations scattered over the world, have come together to discuss the Society's affairs, the Convention has met, acted, and parted in a spirit of utmost harmony and good-will, proving to the world at large in a dignified manner the Society's strength and virtue.

The encouraging phenomenon has been witnessed in this Convention of new stamina in the Society, of new and conscious strength in the corporate body through growth in the individual members.

We have been rather accustomed in past times to look to Mrs. Besant, to Mr. Leadbeater, or to other of our foremost and more experienced teachers to be the sole givers of strength and inspiration on the occasion of gatherings such as these. And we have come with the intent to take and to carry away with us—quite

unselfishly it may be and for the good of others—all that we could lay our hands on in the way of spiritual food. But instead this time there appears to me to have been a subtle change in the attitude of most. People came as much to give to our leaders and to each other as to take; a change that produced the strength and the harmony of the proceedings. Members, consciously or unconsciously, seem to have determined to bring to the feet of those from whom they have received so much teaching and help the offering of their personal homage and allegiance, and the precious tribute of their loyal support and co-operation.

It has been perhaps due to a reaction, the logical outcome, the revulsion of feeling, produced in the heart of every earnest and good member against the odious attacks from without and the tedious discussions and sophistries indulged in for some time within the circle of one of the Society's publications. All true members wanted fresh air. So each came determining that he at least would not respond to any echo of unprofitable things, but rather would strenuously manifest his opposition thereto and bring with him only love, confidence and broadmindedness. Thus it has happened, as always, that out of evil good has come. For our members, knowing the Theosophical ship to be staunch and true, knowing in whose hands the tiller is set, knowing who watch over its course and destinies, rally round in their numbers smiling and confident, self-controlled, ready to bear burdens, ready to serve, and faithful in all things with the loyalty of trust and devotion. How foolish those who talk of credulity, of lamb-like subservience, of blind adherence! It is they who are blind, who do not see that such a congress of hundreds

of representative men and women, drawn from all parts of the world, from all ranks of the social scale, from all grades of human thought and belief, could not possibly be held together harmoniously even at one open meeting, let alone for a whole week, where the subjects treated are those which touch the very heart and are most vital to each hearer, unless there existed a fundamental and common bond of union. Do these would-be wise men imagine that in a Society like ours no one has ever thought but themselves? Do they not understand that nearly all have embraced the larger faith because they have outgrown the lesser; have abandoned the dialects of religion because they are learning to speak the language of Universal Religion? No, a Society such as ours could not be held together for a day by the credulity or the blindness of its Fellows. It is the broad platform of its principles which allows all to stand secure and to find their appointed place in God's plan for humanity. It is the response to the big things—our common ideals—which finds an echo in the heart of each, sounding a true note for each, which, in a Convention such as this one of ours just over, produces a symphonic and beautiful chord of sympathy and strong devotion.

That this was so was clearly evidenced by another significant and prominent feature. From the very first it became evident that Convention members desired to show Mr. C. W. Leadbeater their appreciation of his work and how glad they were to have him back here again. The applause and acclamation accorded him, and the almost insistent manifestations of good-will shown him by the crowded audiences that he addressed, were more than sufficient confirmation of the respect and

confidence that are universally felt for Mrs. Besant's great colleague, to whom the whole Society is so much indebted.

Besides all this, one more thing was clear. No one wanted to talk on any unpleasant or unprofitable subjects, of which all are now thoroughly bored and tired. Everyone wanted to enjoy his Convention and make the occasion a festive and positive reply in itself to all detractors inside and outside the Society. In this, members succeeded thoroughly and it remains as a solid and dry matter of fact that this Convention has, both in its public and private meetings, proved an unqualified success.

The Convention programme of 1912 was a very full one, and the arrangements were perforce of a more than usually difficult nature, the numbers attending being again larger than have ever been dealt with before. Notwithstanding the good-will and efforts of all concerned, it will have to be borne in mind on a future occasion that it is now-a-days a very big business to manage and adequately provide for the great numbers that attend a Convention such as this. Already this year, with everyone doing his level best, it was more the adaptability and kindly spirit of all concerned that helped matters out, than the practical efficiency of the arrangements themselves, both as regards Europeans and Indians. It has all become much more complicated in its details, and requires capable experience to handle, and long and careful preparation and organisation beforehand. The work falls on the few, who, however willing, need more help. Certainly all concerned should be thankful that everything has gone off so well, and in turn they should be heartily thanked

for their arduous and willing labours. There was no hitch anywhere, and though the crowding was unavoidable, all went off with the utmost good temper and harmonious spirit. This vigorous growth of attendance and interest in the Society's Conventions is the best answer to critics and traducers.

The first public lecture delivered was that by Mr. G. S. Arundale under the great banyan tree at Blavatsky Gardens, his subject being 'Education as Service'. Mr. Arundale's considerable experience as Principal of the Central Hindū College at Benares made him peculiarly fitted to speak on the subject, and it was evident that it was one close to his heart, one on which he felt deeply all he said. We were reminded of much that is so clearly put in that latest and most suggestive little volume of Alcyone's which was written this summer, and has since appeared under the same title of *Education as Service*. The keynote to the whole subject is that the teacher's office is not only to instil learning and knowledge into the pupil's mind, but also to evolve his character and awaken his inner nature to a wider understanding of men and things through bonds of mutual affection and trust. It is in this personal relation and tie that the responsibility and the power for good of the teacher lie.

The 27th December was a very full day. Beginning with an E. S. (Section) meeting in the early morning, the heavy business of official reports on the work done during the year all the world over had to be undertaken. Here again the Society's unexampled growth was shown by the fact that a second and equally long sitting had to be provided for that which could now no longer, as formerly, be covered by the one meeting.

I refrain from any kind of detailed or orderly report of proceedings, since all that will come in the official volume issued annually for that purpose. Suffice it to say that on all sides, in all countries, growth and vigour are manifest. India has had some slight transitory difficulties, due chiefly to the hostility of its late General Secretary, Babu Bhagavan Das, to the Order of the Star in the East, and to his somewhat illiberal writings on the subject in the Sectional periodical. But this is now past and over with the termination of his period of office. Germany too has shown an even greater intolerance and a still narrower spirit; the result being that the recent attitude of the General Secretary, Dr. Steiner, and his followers towards those who did not think like them has brought about the request of the General Council to the President to cancel the German Sectional Charter. It is quite certain that the temporary loss of membership thereby entailed will, in good time, be made up again as loyal members in Germany join the new Section when that shall have been formed. In all other Sections the reports showed unvarying progress and steady increase in work and the spreading of Theosophical thought.

Mr. C. W. Leadbeater's Question Meetings, both open and E. S., were evidently much enjoyed and appreciated. His breezy manner and lucid, practical style of dealing in detail with Theosophical questions both entertained and instructed the large audiences assembled to hear him. Each evening at 5-30, for four successive evenings, the President delivered her public lectures under the banyan tree at Blavatsky Gardens. Who, having been present, will forget these memorable and beautiful evenings? Apart from the

vastness of the subject-matter covered and the masterly sweep of our President's oratory; apart from all the help, all the instruction, all the inspiration that in ever-new form and with ever-fresh vitality she is able to pour into the hearts of her hearers; the whole setting of the picture was so beautiful, the surroundings so appropriate to the bigness of the subject, that no one with any artistic feeling could have been otherwise than intensely satisfied and uplifted by the beauty of it all, the harmonious blending of all that the senses could perceive and the mind comprehend.

Beginning in daylight, passing on into twilight with the shadows growing longer and longer, we would see through the branches and stems the sun set in all his glorious splendour of colour, taking with him into the west the light of his day's beneficence in the east, yielding quickly to the oncoming shroud of night; and one by one we would see above us the diamond brightness of the stars pierce holes in the canopy of heaven. So too, down under the banyan tree, one by one the little electric lamps suspended in the ample branches twinkled and shone out in the dark recesses of the friendly old tree, spreading its long, grey arms out over the sea of uplifted faces that gazed with rapt attention on the solitary white-clad, white-haired figure we all love, whose musical voice and powerful look and gesture dominated the huge gathering, and gave the people the teaching and the message they had all come so far to seek.

Of the four public lectures given by the President under the banyan tree, the third stands out to my mind as the greatest and most comprehensive of the series. It is in fact one of the biggest and most powerful that

I have heard from our President for a very long time. The four subjects taken for these lectures were as follows: 1. 'Theosophy or Parāvidyā.' 2. 'Theosophy, the Open Road to the Masters.' 3. 'Theosophy, the Root of all Religions.' 4. 'The Theosophical Society, Its Meaning, Purpose and Functions.' The lectures themselves were very ably reported this year, thanks to the painstaking and excellent work of our stenographic and typewriting members. The local papers had full and accurate accounts of the proceedings, and already copies of these have been sent broadcast to most other countries. The four addresses themselves will be shortly issued in book form, and become precious material for all labourers in the field.

Two other meetings took place under the banyan tree: the Anniversary Meeting, where some fifteen or twenty short speeches were made in the several languages of the various representatives—a meeting, this, that is always popular, as bringing home more clearly to all how wide-spread and how universal is the Theosophic movement; and the final meeting, when Mr. B. P. Wadia delivered an eloquent address on the 'Theosophic Life,' revealing many of the qualities of a promising and effective speaker.

Besides these gatherings in the open air, many and sundry other meetings were held in the big Central Hall, or in one or other of the places devoted to special purposes. The Convention of the Indian Section which took place on the 28th and 29th December will be fully dealt with in its Sectional magazine, and it therefore is enough to say that no jarring note marred the proceedings. Paṇḍit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, who is the Headmaster of the C. H. C. in Benares, was elected

General Secretary for the coming year, and all who know his fine character and well-balanced temperament will feel that the Indian Section is fortunate in the choice of its new General Secretary and will be well led.

Mention must be made of the T. S. Subsidiary Activities, which produced some extremely interesting reports and discussions. There was a T. S. Order of Service meeting, where the two subjects treated were: 'The Path of Service in the Vedas,' presented by A. Mahadeva Shastri, and 'Facts and Ideals of Theosophical Service,' an address by Mrs. Georgia Gagarin. There was also on the following day a Sons of India meeting, where Professor E. A. Wodehouse spoke on 'The Sons and Daughters of the Empire'. A number of interesting subjects, dealing with educational work and the problems it presents, were opened up by several papers read or handed in at the Educational Conference by the principal workers in these fields. It is worth while just to enumerate them: 'The Educative Value of a Language,' by Professor E. A. Wodehouse; 'Secondary Education in Ceylon,' by Principal F. L. Woodward of the Buddhist College, Galle; 'The Place of Intuition in Education,' by Principal F. Arundale of the C. H. C. Girls' School; 'The Education of the Depressed Classes in Southern India,' by Miss Kofel, Superintendent of the Olcott Pañchama Free Schools; 'The Methods of Presenting Spiritual Truths to Students,' by Principal G. S. Arundale, M. A., LL. B. of the Central Hindū College, Benares; besides one or two more which will be eventually included with those already mentioned in the published transactions of this branch of the Theosophical Subsidiary Activities.

It is surely a quite empty reproach, due only to ignorance of our many-sided activities, that Theosophists are only utopian dreamers instead of being, as they are, a leavening and beneficial influence in the activities of the outer world.

The Masonic meetings, both Craft and 18th Degree, were very well attended. Besides these, through the untiring exertions of a London member, here too in Adyar on the lines laid down in London this last summer, a Temple of the Rosy Cross has been founded, which, though confined to Theosophists alone, has already a large membership.

Of the various E. S. meetings, there is no necessity that I should speak here. All know that the heart of the Society beats the stronger for the life-currents that flow from the E. S. vivified by the Outer Head and the growing force of its members. All who attended drew inspiration and help from the more sacred and intimate character of its meetings.

Perhaps the most attractive gathering of the whole Convention was the one held on the 28th of December evening by members of the Star in the East, in commemoration of the memorable occasion at Benares described last year. As Mr. Arundale rightly said, the 28th of December evening is likely to be held by all O. S. E. members as one of their most sacred anniversaries, now and in times to come. Whatever may be said by those who do not know, no amount of empty scoffing can destroy or cancel from the memory of those who were at the meeting at Benares last year and saw what they saw and felt what they felt, the impressive experience that causes that date and that remembrance to be set apart for special commemoration each year. That there

was some slight echo of all this in those present this year was evident by the peculiarly simple and pleasant 'feel' of the assembled gathering. Mr. Arundale first, then Mr. Leadbeater and lastly Mrs. Besant spoke; but over and beyond all three, over and around the assembly, there seemed to hover the spirit of gentleness and simplicity, the memory of the Head of the Order so much beloved by all. Though far away in England on that night, doubtless the tender, loving thought of his devoted followers brought something, however indefinite, of his presence into their midst and sweetened the whole proceedings. What blind and bigoted folly on the part of would-be wise-acres and Society-savers to attempt to quench any spark of hope, any little flame of belief or devotion that, growing strong in the human breast, fills it with the warmth of kindness and nourishes it with the desire to offer and give itself for the help of human kind! Are not beliefs and persuasions and aspirations as many as are the rays of the Sun? Do they not all lead eventually to the great central Light? What is this presumption among the blind that would dash down every glimmer of light, every nascent ray of hope, from those who watch for the spiritual dawning and are beginning to see? What is this conceit of the stiff-necked that would take away each prop, cut off every little tendril that the human plant puts out when spring is coming, and when it is trying to creep upwards to the light and warmth of the Sun? A great One has said: "It were better that a millstone were hung about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea than that he should offend one of these little ones." Oh, when will people who claim liberty of thought for themselves allow others that same liberty to think and

believe what they can, and what will make their lives better, happier and more useful? Truly, one thought that at least for this was the Theosophical Society founded!

Looking over the course of this great and successful Convention, to my mind three meetings stand out predominantly. Curiously enough they form a sort of trinity of power, love and intellect. They are: the President's masterly third public lecture on 'Theosophy, the Root of all Religions'; the O. S. E. meeting with its peculiarly gentle, loving atmosphere; and the strong, vigorous and combative reply of Mrs. Besant at the end of the meeting on the T. S. policy, wherein she pulverised the opposers and squarely and fairly set forth the views she held and the platform she stood for, informing at the same time the world that the Society has borne long enough the charges against its honour and reputation, and that she will henceforth, as its President, take prompt and vigorous action wherever and whenever necessary to uphold the Society's good name. The announcement that the General Council of the Theosophical Society had formally voted a unanimous resolution of support and sympathy in the action she was taking and the burdens she was enduring for the Society's welfare was received with cordial endorsement and applause by all present. Votes of confidence in both our leaders, Mrs. Besant and Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, proposed and seconded by Sir Subramania Iyer and Judge Khandalavala, were voted and passed by acclamation by all but one of the delegates and members assembled. These and many other outward signs showed the judgment of the mass of the Convention on all current topics, and revealed the

unshaken belief that all is quite well with the T. S. and its leaders. For that all is well and that the Society is steadily improving and increasing in its growth, despite anything that the shortsighted may say, is shown on all sides in the outer and material things and in the inner and spiritual channels of force.

I have alluded to the expansion and development recorded in the official reports of the various Sections all the world over. Here too in Adyar this growth was rendered objective to us by a very interesting set of magic lantern pictures, most charmingly coloured, shown to us by Mr. C. S. Best, who had the genial idea of exhibiting to the assembled delegates on the very first evening of Convention the extensive developments accomplished and yet to be accomplished on the Adyar estate. Not only were charming and picturesque views of sea, river and quiet nooks passed before us, showing the beauties of the place in which so much is centred and to which so many have come or desire to come; but the possibilities and progress and development of its many-sided activities were detailed before our eyes. In this way members could pick out and choose beforehand the points of interest which in the ensuing week they would visit or inspect at close quarters. We were shown the huge building of Leadbeater Chambers, which has grown up and been filled since last Convention here; the new electric powerhouse and installation; the completed Hindū kitchen and restaurant; and some of the more important buildings such as the enlarged Vasantā Press, from which the streams of Theosophical literature flow forth, and the new extension of the yet growing Theosophical Publishing House

whose business is increasing every year. Many of these pictures can be found in the *Adyar Album*, a collection of photographs done by J. Krishnamurti, which all lovers of Adyar should have in their homes, that their thoughts may become more definite as they think of this centre of Theosophical life. It is of interest to mention in passing that the Theosophical Publishing House sold over four thousand rupees' worth of books during Convention week, and has just brought out those very important works of our President and Mr. Leadbeater, *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, and *The Hidden Side of Things*, which between the two mean something like two thousand pages of absorbingly interesting matter. I want to draw attention also to an exquisite little work by C. Jinarajadasa, full of deep thought and wisdom, entitled *In His Name*, which all should buy and keep. Each of the several establishments that I have enumerated above means a separate staff of organised and technically capable managers and assistants, and most strenuously and thoroughly do they all succeed in carrying out their several duties, often under conditions of considerable difficulty.

We were also shown the extensive plans of improvements in the gardens and grounds, the numerous agricultural experiments being tried by Mr. Huidekoper; and if only cordial financial support is now accorded to these improvements, the Society's property, we are assured, will in a very short time become self-supporting and increasingly valuable. The dairy, the bakery, the farm, the workshops and carpenter's sheds, all these necessary adjuncts to a growing community were shown, and the mind travelled on in fancy and revealed

how things were likely to grow and be perfected from these beginnings of 'the Colony'. Though not shown to us by the magic lantern at this Convention, somewhat of a nightmare I unfortunately lapsed into made it appear that at this rate at some future Convention we shall be shown the steam laundry, the central kitchen or 'bhojanashāla' for *European* varieties of food, the Theosophical 'Army and Navy stores,' the motor and carriage garage where conveyances, big and small, from the automobile to the rickshaw, can be hired for a reasonable figure, the art studio, the concert-hall and music-rooms, the new library buildings, and great lecture-hall, and, finally, streets of new Hindū 'vilas,' European bungalows, and international hotels that, with their surrounding and supplementary buildings and servants' quarters, will make us feel as noisy as Calcutta and as dusty as Madras, and convert the country into town and the simple and inexpensive life into all that is complicated and costly, but *up-to-date*! Long may this dream be averted! For are we not here to lead a simple and almost ascetic life, and to withdraw from what the world considers necessities, but which are really only the costly complications of existence? One exception may perhaps be made to these remarks, and that is in the matter of the library. It has grown and grown, and new buildings are already really needed to house adequately the splendid collection of Oriental literature that makes the Adyar Library almost unique of its kind and highly thought of all the world over. Some hold that a great lecture hall is needed, but we seem to have done very well under the banyan tree, and in this climate there are no draughts, and the air is so much purer, nature so much more picturesque, and the heavens so

much better a ceiling over our heads, than anything man can devise. Of one thing I feel certain that, whatever are the vicissitudes in the business of growing, in the words of Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

I know that there are no errors in the great eternal plan,
And that all things work together for the final good of man.

So too in our Society the errors of to-day will be the experience for to-morrow, and all this growing wave of desire to do and to be, of strenuous effort to help and to serve in the world's enlightenment and uplifting, must make for progress, must tell for good.

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is all the sad world needs.

As our leaders grow older the burden of responsibility and work on their shoulders is multiplied by this very growth on all sides that we are witnessing. With the great hope before us of the coming World-Teacher, it is an instant duty with us, here and now, to try to prepare men's minds for the message He will bear; for time presses on all sides and the needs of the world of men grow more urgent each day. How good it is to feel that, as time advances, more and more are coming forward prepared consciously to share the burden, and that to every one of us, in his own measure and in his own place, is given the privilege of knowing something of the scheme of things, and therefore of having it as his particular incumbent duty to fill that place loyally and worthily! As the time draws near, as the preparation grows, we see souls drawn from here, there and everywhere, apparently by chance, regardless of age and condition, into groupings round this or that

person. We see the army of helpers defining themselves into categories of usefulness, entrusted with this or that other piece of work. The world is the field, and those who to-day are close to our leaders to-morrow are far; but what are these limitations of distance but illusions? All work in the great work; each has his place, his karma to bear, his duty to fulfil, and his particular relation to the Masters of the Wisdom. It is They who guide; let us see that we accomplish as far as in each of us lies. The Thirty-seventh Convention is over, and we go back to live and labour in our several ways. Let us joyfully face the future and find our place and our work in the great Plan, remembering that:

All roads that lead to God are good,
What matters it, your faith or mine?
Both centre at the goal divine
Of love's eternal Brotherhood.

William H. Kirby

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

(Continued from p. 597)

VI.

Each sun is a thought of God and each planet a mode of that thought. To know divine thought, O souls, you descend and painfully ascend the path of the seven planets and of their seven heavens. What do the Constellations? What say the Numbers? What revolve the Spheres? O lost or saved souls, they speak, they sing, they roll . . . your destinies!

Fragment (from Hermes)

God made the whole.
He set the sun in heaven, and round it there
Wrought the huge orbs that sail the sea of air:
In these He locked Himself, in each a part,
His power, His knowledge, His all-loving heart.
And lo, at length He saw set forth in space
The flawless mirrored likeness of His face.

Clifford Bax

IT was very quiet in the book-lined library at Sellwood Manor. Outside the open windows the trees were standing motionless in the summer heat, and in the room itself there was no sound save the occasional turning of pages.

Humphrey Peterson sat at his desk, with a pile of books before and around him. Each one lay open at some particular page, or contained a slip of paper, evidently as a marker of some special passage. He took up, apparently at random, one volume after another,

reading a line here and a paragraph there, with an expression of the most intent interest on his keenly intellectual old face.

These were a few of the passages that held his attention:

Hermes is a generic name, like Manu and Buddha. It means, at the same time, a man, a caste, and a God. As man, Hermes is the first, the mighty Initiator of Egypt; as caste, it is the priesthood, guardian of occult traditions; whilst as God, it is the planet Mercury, assimilated to a whole category of Spirits, divine Initiators; in a word, Hermes presides over the supraterrrestrial region of the celestial Initiation. In the spiritual economy of the world, all these things are bound together by secret affinities as by an invisible thread. The name of Hermes is a talisman which sums them all up, a magic sound evoking them into existence. Hence the prestige it possessed. The doctrine of the Fire-Principle and of the Word-Light, contained in the *Vision of Hermes*, will remain the summit and centre of Egyptian Initiation.¹

He turned over the pages to a later part of the book and read again:

The seven spheres attached to the seven planets symbolise seven principles, seven different states of matter and spirit, seven different worlds which each man and each humanity are forced to pass through in their evolution across a solar system. The seven Genii or the seven cosmogonic Gods signify the superior, directing Spirits of all spheres, the offspring themselves of inevitable evolution. The great septenary which enfolds the universe does not vibrate in the seven colours of the rainbow and the seven notes of the scale, only; it also manifests itself in the constitution of man, which is triple in essence, but sevenfold in its evolution.²

Another was taken up:

The grandiose conception of Thoth as the inspirer of all sacred writings and the teacher of all religion and philosophy was Egyptian and not Greek; and it was but a sorry equivalent that the Greeks could find in their own pantheon when, in the change of God-names, they were forced to translate 'Thoth' by 'Hermes'. Thoth was thus the Oversoul of all priests; and when some of the Greeks came to know better what the inner discipline of the true priestly mysteries connoted, they so felt the inadequacy of plain

¹ *Hermes and Plato*, by Edouard Schure.

² *Ibid.*

Hermes as a suitable equivalent for the Egyptian name which designated this great ideal, that they qualified 'Egyptian Hermes' with the honorific epithet 'Thrice-greatest'.¹

He next read the passage which is printed at the beginning of this story, and another from the same source :

I behold thee, Hermes, Son of God, slayer of Argus, Archangel, who bearest the rod of knowledge, by which all things in heaven or on earth are measured.

Double serpents entwine it, because as serpents they must be wise who desire God.

And upon thy feet are living wings, bearing thee fearless through space and over the abyss of darkness ; because they must be without dread to dare the void and the deep, who desire to attain and to achieve.

Upon thy side thou wearest a sword of a single stone, two-edged, whose temper resisteth all things.

For they who would slay or save must be armed with a strong and perfect will, defying and penetrating with no uncertain force. . . . Nor is this all thy equipment, Son of God ; the covering of darkness is upon thine head, and none is able to strike thee.

This is the magic hat, brought from Hades, the region of silence, where they are who speak not.

He who bears the world on his shoulders shall give it to thee, lest the world fall on thee, and thou be ground into powder.

For he who has perfect wisdom and knowledge, he whose steps are without fear, and whose will is single and all-pervading ;

Even he must also know how to keep the divine secret, and not to expose the holy mysteries of God to the sense of the wicked.

He turned rapidly to the appendix at the end of the book, and read :

As is well-known to students of occult science, the name of Hermes has from pre-historic times been for the western world the synonym at once for profound problems and for interpretative insight, his claim to have possessed "the three parts of the knowledge of the whole cosmos"—science, philosophy, and religion—having always been recognised. . . . It is sufficient to know, as an indubitable historical fact, that some of the profoundest of the sages of old claimed Hermes *the Divinity* as the source of their knowledge. . . . It was as the

¹ *The Hymns of Hermes*, by G. R. S. Mead.

Divine Principle itself of Understanding that he was recognised by the Hermetists in the saying : "Est in Mercurio quicquid quaerunt sapientes," as also by the famous Neoplatonist, Proklos, when he thus wrote : "Hermes, as the Messenger of God, reveals to us His paternal Will, and—developing in us the intuition—imparts to us knowledge. The knowledge which descends into the soul from above excels any that can be attained by the mere exercise of the intellect. Intuition is the operation of the soul. The knowledge received through it from above, descending into the soul, fills it with the perception of the interior causes of things. The Gods announce it by their presence, and by illumination, and enable us to discern the universal order."

For "in the Celestial, all things are Persons"; and it is as Persons that the Divine Principles manifest themselves in and to the soul, being seen and heard of it, when duly receptive and percipient. . . . Now of all those who have been enlightened by Hermes, the doctrine is identical, and it is the basic doctrine of all sacred scriptures.

"Truly a deeper and more sublime conception than that of the Greeks," murmured the old man, and taking up another volume he read :

In the myths of the wind, Mercury (or Hermes) was one of the principal personifications. According to the ancients, he was born of the sky (Jupiter) and the plains (Maia), and after a very few hours' existence assumed gigantic proportions, stole away the cattle of the Sun (the clouds) and, after fanning up a great fire in which he consumed some of the herd, glided back into his cradle at dawn. With a low, mocking chuckle at the recollection of the pranks he had played, he sank finally into rest. His name, derived from the Sanskrit *Sarameias*, means "the breeze of a summer morning"; and it is in his capacity of God of the Wind that he is supposed to waft away the souls of the dead ; for "the ancients held that in the wind were the souls of the dead". Mercury is the "lying, tricksome Wind-God who invented music," for his music is but "the melody of the winds, which can awaken feelings of joy and sorrow, of regret and yearning, of fear and hope, of vehement gladness and utter despair".¹

And another :

In the Assyrian religion, Nebo, the last of the five planetary deities, presided over Mercury. It was his special function to have under his charge learning and knowledge. He is called "the God who possesses intelligence," "he who hears from afar," "he who teaches and instructs". The tablets

¹ *The Myths of Greece and Rome*, by H. A. Guerber.

of the royal library at Nineveh are said to contain the "wisdom of Nebo". He is also, like Mercury, the minister of the Gods, but scarcely their messenger. . . . He has a number of general titles, implying divine power. . . . 'the sustainer,' 'the supporter,' 'the ever-ready,' 'the guardian of heaven and earth,' 'the lord of the constellations,' etc.¹

The Mithraic Christians actually continued to celebrate Christmas Day as the birthday of the Sun, despite the censures of the Pope. When they listened to the Roman litany of the holy name of Jesus, they knew they were listening to the very epithets of the Sun-God—God of the skies, Purity of the eternal light, King of glory, Sun of justice, strong God, Father of the ages to come, Angel of great counsel. . . . They knew that the Good Shepherd was a name of Apollo; that Mithra, like Hermes and Jesus, carried the lamb on his shoulders; that both were mediators, both creators, both judges of the dead; that the chief mysteries of the two cults were the same. . . . It is now generally admitted that the Christian figure of the lamb-bearing Good Shepherd is taken from the statue of Hermes Kriophorus, the Ram-bearer (*Pausanias*, vi, 33).²

Peterson laid down the book, and stood for a few moments in deep thought.

"How far back the belief stretches!" he said aloud. "And under how many different names does it appear! Mithra, Nebo, Sarameias, Thoth, Hermes, Mercury, Raphael. . . . ah! may it not be possible that this thrice-greatest One—he who can be traced back into the dimmest ages of the world's religions, he who has been known by all races and in all lands in different forms—is it not possible that even in these modern days he may bring into closer touch with himself a few rare, outstanding souls, here and there existing, who have been subjected to his influence in some intense degree throughout their earthly evolution, and are thus especially fitted to receive from him some portion of that eternal and secret Wisdom whose guardian and interpreter he is? If it be true, as the Occultists say, that his planet, the

¹ *Religious Systems of the World.* (Swan, Sonnenschein)

² *Ibid.*

planet Mercury, is to be the next scene of humanity's progress when, long hence, all the earth-lessons have been learned, all the more reason why he—or Pan and he, the God of this planet and the God of the next—should be the only two of all the old Greek hierarchy of whose presence the souls of men are sometimes still aware. The 'pipes of Pan' have been heard by many, even in these latter days. I could name at random a dozen books—and more than a dozen poems—in which there figures that great Nature-God, glad-eyed and simple-hearted, yet wrapped in some mysterious awfulness so great that to see him is to die. Indeed, all the present-day 'nature-books,' books on gardening, the 'Simple Life,' the 'Call of the Wild,' the 'Back to the Land' movement, and all that ilk, are obvious survivals—possibly revivals—of the influence of the God Pan. What is it Blackwood says in *The Centaur*, that last extraordinary book of his? Ah, here it is!

Worship, he now understood, of course invited 'the Gods,' and was the channel through which their manifestation became possible to the soul. All the Gods, then, were accessible in this interior way, but Pan especially—in desolate places and secret corners of a wood. . . . He remembered dimly the Greek idea of worship in the Mysteries: that the worshipper knew actual temporary union with his deity in ecstasy, and at death went permanently into his sphere of being.

"And yet I do not fancy that man will ever again come into touch with the Earth-Spirit as in the early days, though much of what he learnt then has been forgotten, and must be—is being, I believe—revived. Nevertheless, that lesson, that experience, is of the past. There are new influences at work now, and it seems not unreasonable to suppose that one of the most powerful is the influence of Mercury, or Hermes. Not the old Hermes, as pictured by the Greeks, for that God

was only a dim reflection, a mere shadow of the reality—but a new and vaster Hermes, a Being greater than the mind of man as yet can conceive . . .”

He picked up Lord Lytton's *Zanoni* and read :

Life is the one pervading principle, and even the thing that seems to die and putrify, but engenders new life, and changes to fresh forms of matter. Reasoning then by evident analogy—if not a leaf, if not a drop of water, but is no less than yonder star, a habitable and breathing world . . . common sense would suffice to teach that the circumfluent Infinite, which you call space—the boundless Impalpable which divides the earth from the moon and stars—is filled also with its correspondent and appropriate life.

“ And William James makes the same suggestion. Where's that passage in which Blackwood quotes him? What an extraordinary unity of thought there is on these subjects, when one comes to look into them ! ”

The old man's eyes were shining with excitement, and he seized the other book again with the zest of an ardent hunter following a trail.

Every element has its own living denizens. Ether, then, also has hers—the globes. “ The ocean of ether, whose waves are light, has also her denizens—higher by as much as their element is higher, swimming without fins, flying without wings, moving, immense and tranquil, as by a half-spiritual force through the half-spiritual sea which they inhabit ”—sensitive to the slightest pull of one another's attraction: beings in every way superior to us.

“ Life everywhere ! ” Peterson murmured. “ Spirit everywhere ! ‘ God is seen : God in the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, in the clod. ’ Browning knew it—and Wordsworth, and Shelley, who saw ‘ the one Spirit's plastic stress sweep through the dull, dense world, ’ and Emerson—who spoke of ‘ the primal mind, that flows in streams, that breathes in wind ’. All the poets knew it ! Carpenter knows it, too—that modern poet the boy is so fond of quoting :

And a voice came to me, saying :

In every creature, in forest and ocean, in leaf and tree and bird and beast and man, there moves a spirit other than its mortal own,

Pure, fluid, as air—intense as fire,
Which looks abroad and passes along the spirits of all
other creatures, drawing them close to itself,
Nor dreams of other law than that of perfect equality ;
And this is the spirit of immortality and peace.
And whatsoever creature hath this spirit, to it no harm
may befall :

No harm can befall, for wherever it goes it has its nested
home, and to it every loss comes charged with an equal gain :
It gives—but to receive a thousand-fold ;
It yields its life—but at the hands of love ;
And death is the law of its eternal growth
And it seemed to me, as I looked, that it penetrated all
things, suffusing them.

And wherever it penetrated, behold ! there was nothing left down to the smallest atom which was not a winged spirit instinct with life.

“ William Blake, poet and mystic, gives the same identical teaching—he who could see a small bright spirit sitting in every blossom of a cherry tree ! And Shakspeare knew all about it as well as any of them :

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

He began to pace up and down the room, still lost in deep thought.

“ And the seven spheres—the seven planets. . . Magnificent indeed is that conception of the guardian Angel of each planet, ‘ the seven great Spirits before the throne ’—Raphael, the angel of Mercury, Zadkiel, the angel of Jupiter, Azrael, the angel of Venus, and all the rest. And between us and them a hierarchy of lesser Spirits, leading upwards step by step, rank by rank, to those great Ones, beyond whom remains only the triple Manifestation—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

in terms of Christianity—of the Logos Himself. Each planet, as it were, the body of the Spirit that animates it, even as our bodies are animated by our Spirits—but the nature of that Spirit differing from and transcending ours even as our bodies differ from the planetary bodies. What a task has the New Astrology taken upon itself in endeavouring to interpret these influences upon the souls of men—not upon their outward lives, as the old Astrology did, but upon the inner Spirit, that which is the man himself!

“To grasp the scheme at all—this enormous scheme of the development of human souls along the seven planetary rays—one has to think of it in symbols. First to picture the still, clear, central Light, existing, pure and alive, ‘before all worlds’—and floating in it untold millions of colourless motes—sparks of divinity—monads—potential human beings—potential souls. One has to see this central Light enclosed in a vast transparent lamp, through each of whose windows flows forth a great ray, carrying with it a vast stream of these as yet undeveloped monads. And each window is of a different colour, so that the ray passing through each vibrates at a different rate and corresponds to a different note in the cosmic scale of harmony. So it comes that every monad which is carried out into manifestation by those great Light-streams is dyed once and for all by the colour of the window through which it passes, responds evermore to that particular vibration, to that particular note. The other notes will be sounded in its subsequent development; it will be tinged by the other colours, moulded by the other vibrations; but the first primary impress will never be lost, will always be the key-note of that particular individual soul. And

back through the window by means of which it came forth will the soul, perfected and full-grown, return finally to unity with the One who is the Upholder and Creator of souls and planets alike—the central Life-source of the whole vast system. One has only to change the metaphor, to think of the seven windows as the seven planets, and the central Light as the life-giving sun, and there one has an explanation of the planetary influences as revealed by Astrology, and of the different types of men evolving on earth to-day. Complex beings though men are, moulded by many influences counteracting and overlapping one another, yet each is in his deepest essence an expression of one planetary ‘type,’ an expression of the one ‘ray’ along which he first came forth into manifested being.”

He picked up a sheet of paper upon which a circular figure was drawn.

“The boy’s horoscope bears it all out. Mercury in the mid-heaven, lord of the ascendant, sextile with Neptune in the House of Dreams and of the Higher Mind, and in close conjunction with Venus—Mercury, the Thinker, ‘transforming the essence of all thought into Memory’ . . . Mercury, the Bird of God, interpreter and mediator betwixt the inner and the outer. . . . ‘Raphael, the physician of souls’ . . . And then Uranus rising, and in trine aspect to Neptune—the two planets of Mysticism in close harmony! Uranus, they tell us, is the octave, so to speak, of Mercury, and few souls are as yet capable of answering to his vibrations—none indeed, save those whose Spirits have forged ahead, and who are not bound and limited by conventional ways of thought. It is an influence that brings strange things into the life—sudden events, uncommon interests, and

strange, difficult tasks. But the strong position of Mercury is the most interesting point. Elevated in Gemini, its own airy positive sign, it gives much mental strength, power of clear thinking, love of fun and humour, and above all, desire for knowledge! As some old writer has said: 'Mercury in the heavens representeth the subtle vital Spirit, and is therefore seldom separated from the Sun any great distance, keeping always in his beams, even as the vital Spirit accompanieth the soul.' And with regard to the conjunction with Venus, we are told that this shows 'the heaven-born mind,' and is indeed 'the only aspect or position of Mercury which leaves it absolutely free to rise into the heaven-world—the Deva-kingdom, the land of the Shining Ones.'... It has been so in the boy's case—absolutely free, in spite of every earthly obstacle."

He laid down the sheet of paper, and once more began to pace the room, following out his train of thought.

"In the far distant future when mankind migrates to the planet Mercury, there to continue under new conditions that æonian progress whose first stages only are begun on earth, those who even here and now have been in touch (consciously or unconsciously) with that mighty planetary influence will doubtless be the leaders and the teachers of the race in its new home. They will be able to point the way to the rest. Like their great prototype, they, in their turn, will be guides, messengers, interpreters. Having long known and worshipped the God Mercury in their hearts, they will at last have passed permanently 'into his sphere of being,' and through him will be brought into ever closer touch with the One God who

is the God of all the planets, whose Body and Symbol is the Sun. Mercury, the Angel-messenger, will bring them close to Him in the Spirit, even as Mercury the planet brings them close to the Sun in the physical universe. They will 'dwell in' the Spirit of Mercury, and be one with him, just as in primæval days men were one with the Earth-Spirit, loved her, worshipped her, and trusted her—that great Spirit whose body is this physical globe on and by which we live, whose consciousness was partially manifested in the old Nature-Gods, the Gods of the sea, the sky, the winds, the trees, and the fountains—all now forgotten, all withdrawn from the knowledge of sceptical, civilised man It seems that Mercury, in his earth-manifestation, becomes an Earth-God, the God of wind and rain. Otherwise he could, perhaps, never have touched the hearts of those old-time Nature-worshippers. By means of their Nature-love he influenced them, expressing himself, for the time being, through a part of the great Earth-consciousness. For no doubt the planetary Beings merge into one another, even as we humans meet and merge and express ourselves through one another . . . *when our love is great enough.* But when the old understanding of Nature and her secrets withered and died in the hearts of men, Mercury perforce must try new and subtler ways of influencing them—ways in which he could touch as before, but more deeply, more intimately and more successfully the souls of those who are evolving along the Ray of Spiritual Knowledge, Memory, and Sight—the Ray of Hermes."

The old man stood still in the centre of the room, lost to all things save the mental worlds that he so eagerly explored.

"Am I mad? or dreaming?" he asked himself with a grim little smile. "Or can it really be possible that this boy Lucien has actually known close companionship with one of those stupendously great and wonderful Beings? Not actually, indeed, with the Angel Raphael himself, but with a manifestation of some fragment of that vast Personality—a fragment which has been in touch with our earth ever since the earliest days, under different names, of which Hermes and Mercury are the best known. That fragment perhaps expresses the real Raphael, the real Spirit of the planet Mercury, in about the same degree as the Earth-Spirit was expressed by the God Pan; sometimes in a lesser degree, as the Earth-Spirit was expressed by the fauns and dryads; and sometimes, I verily believe, in a degree infinitely greater than any of these. The full revelation, of course, has not been given—in this life probably can never be given—but in some distant future that full and complete revelation will be made, and the soul of Lucien, I cannot but believe, is one of the first of those destined to receive it."

As he stood there, enthralled, and yet almost aghast at the blaze of his thoughts, the sound of a boy's clear, soft singing approached the window. It came nearer and nearer, under the trees, a strange, old-world song of worship and praise, sung to a slow melody of indescribable freshness and beauty. It broke in upon the old man's mind, cooling his mental fire, like a gentle influx of pellucid, crystal air.

VII

I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth.

Wordsworth

For several minutes Peterson stood with raised head, listening intently. The song drew nearer, and then ceased, and Lucien appeared at the window. He vaulted on to the sill, and as he sat there Peterson was struck anew by the vivid beauty of his face, outlined against a dark group of trees not far away.

"I have been lying under the trees," said Lucien, "remembering. And at last I remembered one of the old, old tunes that we used to sing in the white temple. I remembered it all as I lay there, and even some of the words, but most of it slipped back again, and I have only been able to keep a little part of the whole. Did you hear it?"

"I heard," said the old man, gravely. "It sounded very beautiful." Then, taking a step forward, he broke out enthusiastically: "Ah Lucien, I have seen light this afternoon! I begin now to realise—not only to believe—some of the things that you have told me, to fit them into their places in the universal scheme. See, I have been looking up references to the God Mercury. I want to collate them all, and to make a full and complete list, and, though I have scarcely started

yet, I am amazed—amazed!—at the widespread, ancient belief in him. Far, far back he figures, in many different religions, under varying names, but possessing always the same attributes. Students have frequently and firmly insisted on the fact that such beliefs as this were not borrowed, but sprang up spontaneously in different lands and among different peoples; but somehow, until now, the reality of it, the true meaning, never came home to me. Lucien, you have put life into these dry bones of learning. All my knowledge, before you came, was as dust, which the breath of your living experience has vivified.”

The boy smiled, and listened with a kind of detached interest. All this studying of books, searching for references, comparing, criticising, and analysing, seemed to him a vain and unreal way of trying to show forth truths which he, in his deepest heart, *knew* to be unassailable. For him no such proofs as these were needed, because he knew. Yet, since coming to live with this eager, ardent scholar, young in mind and heart though old in body, he began to understand that for others who lacked his own close, personal knowledge, these things must be a help in pointing out the way.

The constant intercourse with so keen and penetrating a mind as Peterson's had developed the boy's own faculties to an astonishing extent. He was now able to carry on with ease conversations and arguments which some months back would have been utterly beyond him. For all practical purposes, his mental powers had been let lie fallow during his life at the Red Farm; now they were responding to stimulus in a way that showed them to be full of vitality, and of no mean order.

“How strange it seems”, the old man went on, “—and yet how fated!—that in these last years my thoughts should have turned so much in the direction of the occult sciences and the esoteric teachings of religion. These studies have not, so far, much influenced my published writings, for they were merely tentative and experimental; but more and more have I been fascinated and overwhelmed by the immense amount of research which remains to be done in these regions—and especially by the vast field of revelation and suggestion opened up by the study of Astrology. Ah, if only I could recapture some of the knowledge possessed by those old priests of Egypt and Chaldæa! If only I could unearth some of those ancient secrets! But with your help, Lucien, I shall accomplish something. My time on earth cannot be long now, but it is never too late to begin. In a year, even in six months, much can be done towards opening up the way for others, at least. Yet how tantalising it is to think that perhaps even I, long ago, actually dwelt in the body of one of those ancient priests, actually was taught those star-secrets, those deep religious mysteries, that I now so long to understand! But I have no power of remembering. I have lost the faculty, if ever I had it, of bridging over the mysterious gaps which separate one earth-life from another.”

“I think your horoscope suggests that it has only been lost for a time,” said the boy, gently. “You know we found that Saturn had been your ruling influence throughout this life—wise old Saturn, who gives, before all things, the knowledge that is concrete, profound, and scientific. Mercury, although well-placed, was retrograde, and afflicted from the ninth House. May not

that explain the delay, and the long years that passed before you began to feel any interest in the inner things, in the true Wisdom that Mercury guards?"

"I believe you are right! The desire for true knowledge has been always there, but there have been many hindrances and limitations. Now at last the higher influence is beginning to make itself felt! Mercury, the divine mediator, the 'angel of the two-fold states,' is reconciling the intellect with the intuition, so that the two may work together in harmony."

"And when that is done, the power of memory may return," said Lucien. "I mean the individual, not the personal, memory—the memory of that immortal, reincarnating part of us which Mercury symbolises. That memory is one of his special gifts—that and the power of inner sight. It does not come easily to me yet to remember or to see the past—generally when I am out-of-doors, very quiet and alone . . . or in music . . . or sometimes a line of poetry may bring it . . . but so often some of it is lost before my earth-brain has had time to grasp it. The brain is such a slow old machine!"

He laughed, and sang again, half to himself, a few bars of the old Greek melody.

"But generally it comes out-of-doors?" questioned Peterson, eagerly. "Ah Lucien, I believe that is half the secret! If only we could get back into closer touch with the Earth, the great Mother of men, that wider knowledge would reach us far, far more easily than in our present separated state. Long ago men lived in close communion with the Earth-Spirit, and that communion has left a deep impress upon men's hearts, one that can never be effaced; but though I

think we are not meant to return to that early state in all its fulness, it seems that we have lost much of the beauty and vitality of the experience, and before we go much further we shall have to recover it. Some are recovering it already, rapidly, easily, as a child re-learns a lesson that has only been temporarily forgotten, and they are the ones who are ready for the next great step in evolution. In fact, I believe that some few have already succeeded in taking it, far in advance of the rest of mankind."

Lucien's face grew thoughtful.

"I wonder if that was what my mother meant," he said. "I remember so well her telling me never to be afraid of outside things, of dark or lonely places, or of anything that was a part of the Earth-Spirit. Perhaps she knew that if I loved the Earth, it would make it easier for Hermes to be my friend—for he himself comes sometimes in part of the Earth-Spirit's dress, the dress of the wind and the rain—so he must love her, too."

"Your mother knew that 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her,'" quoted Peterson, softly. "What else did she tell you? Can you remember much?"

The boy shook his head.

"I was so little," he said. "I remembered many things she had told me when I heard them again from Hermes afterwards—but best of all I remember her telling me never to be afraid."

"A fearless spirit she had," the old man murmured. "I shall never forget my first sight of her in a crowded London drawing-room. Someone was singing—a song about larks and the sunrise, I remember vaguely—and,

as she listened, her face shone with a most gracious radiance, and all around her there seemed to be the faint fragrance of wide meadows and cowslip-scented winds. I was not imaginative in those days—books and old dead languages meant more to me than anything else in the world—but there must have been some germ in me even then that could feebly respond to and appreciate so fresh and joyful an influence as hers. We talked together for a little time, and I brought away with me an ineffaceable impression of a radiant, fearless spirit, eager, ardent, aflame, one might almost say, with love of Beauty and with desire for Truth. Nothing would have daunted her, no task would have been too hard, no danger too appalling, in her quest for the Truth and Beauty that her Spirit craved . . . When I saw her again, she had found both. Her quest was ended. Her eyes shone with the light of a great satisfaction. That was after her marriage—indeed, soon after you were born—and her husband died a few months later. But her satisfaction lay in no earthly things, and within no material boundaries. No worldly experiences could add to it, or take away from it, and I am quite sure that no loss or sorrow could shake its foundations. To look into her face was enough to tell one that: so glorious a certainty! so bright a joy! O Lucien, you are very like her sometimes!”

The boy's gaze was fixed far away, where the leafy tree-tops merged into the burning blueness of the August sky.

“And my father?” he asked, half under his breath.

“Him I never saw. He was a distant cousin, as you know, of the people at the Red Farm, and in much the same rank of life. He held the position of head

gardener at a big country place where your mother often stayed. They met, fell in love, and married—all within a few weeks. Scandal, of course, gossip, talk of all kinds! But what would she care? From the little I have heard of your father, I gather that he was one of Nature's gentlemen, as the saying is, and remarkably handsome; also that he had a great fund of nature-lore, an extraordinarily intimate knowledge of plants and birds, and of all the things in close contact with which his life was lived. No doubt that formed a bond between them, and there may have been other things, too. I know no more, but I am very sure that to no ordinary man, plain or handsome, rough or cultured, would the love of such a woman as your mother have been given.”

“She spoke of him sometimes,” said Lucien, “but not often. I remember very well one day when a robin, which had come close to us in the garden, flew away because I made a sudden movement, and I cried, she told me I must learn to be like my father, because all wild things loved him, and were never afraid.”

Peterson nodded.

“I remember hearing that he could get rare flowers and plants to grow that would flourish in no other part of England. Roses blossomed under his care in a way that was said to be almost uncanny. I think the powers who arranged your heredity managed it very cleverly, Lucien,” he added, half mischievously, “very cleverly indeed! . . . But whether those two were happy, in the ordinary sense of the word, is a problem I have often wished to solve. Not that it really matters, for your mother had that fundamental happiness of soul which no external forces can stir, or even ruffle. She aroused an extraordinary interest in me.”

Lucien did not reply for a moment. He appeared to be meditating deeply, and scarcely to have heard his friend's last words.

"I think they were happy in more than the ordinary sense of the word," he said at length. "They loved each other . . . they loved the same things. But my mother knew more . . . saw further . . . and deeper. In spite of all my father's nature-knowledge, in spite of all his nature-love, her eyes were opened more than his."

"And her child's more than either," murmured the old man to himself.

No more was said, and as the golden splendour of the evening slowly invaded the quiet room, they still sat silent, old heart and young wrapped in a mystical cloud of memories and dreams.

(To be concluded)

Eva M. Martin

CHRISTMAS EVE, ADYAR

By M.

SOFTLY the silvery haze of the moonlight enwraps
silent forms.

It is the mysterious night of Christmas when Nature pauses in wonder, because the Divine Birth is at hand. In many a clime I have seen the Christmas Night. Always, everywhere, it has had this same solemnity, this same pathetic stillness that fills my heart with awe and my eyes with tears.

I do not know what is the mystic Presence that spreads this sweetness o'er the world.

I felt it on the plains of heather of my land, whilst in far distant villages, church-bells were chiming, and under my feet the frosty earth was white. There the plain was as wide as the sea, and the starlit sky above was vast and deep. In the immensity around me the winds were hushed and all stood still.

I have felt it in the country in England, where the moon shone on quiet hills and trees full of damp fragrance. In the distance rang children's voices singing carols. The same silence, the same pathetic beauty.

I felt it in a big city. This time the moonlight shone on bustling crowds, hurrying to unholy pleasures. But for the soul that only lingered for a while listening to the Voices of the Sacred Night, there again was the same solemnity that reigned on the lonely plains. 'Venite Adoremus'—that anthem, breathed from the recesses of cathedrals and chapels, seemed to swell in the Night outside in spite of the restless crowds.

This year the moon shines once more on the Christmas Eve. Not on frosty plains of heather but on still drooping palm-leaves, not on bustling crowds but on the desolate billows of the Ocean. No church-bells are heard, no voices of children, no cathedral organs; and yet, stronger than ever the anthem, 'Venite Adoremus,' fills the dim scented magic Night. The tropical silence whispers it as did the northern plains, and the breezes here are hushed as they were there. Here too the trees stand motionless and light grey mists rest on the quiet earth. Once more the wondrous glory of the Christmas Night causes all nature to pause in silence, because the Divine Birth is at hand.

O Human Children—yet Divine—could you but see the true scene of Christmas Night? The painters who, above the cradle of the Child, figured angels dancing and embracing each other, had a glimpse of it. The composer of the 'Gloria in Excelsis' heard faint echoes of its music.

Human Souls—yet Divine—it is in your depths that reigns, serene, the Christmas Night. There, the winds are hushed and in the dusk all stands motionless. Glorious stars watch over your slumbers and the cry, 'Venite Adoremus,' rises up. Angels embrace each other singing 'Gloria in Excelsis'. The pathos that fills you here below is the echo of their song in your own Heaven, and the wonder in your eyes, the faint vision of their love.

Human Soul! watch and listen,
The Divine Voice speaks unto you.
It breathes the simple words that, in ancient days,
the Master breathed to one of His disciples:
"Lovest thou Me?"
In this night of wondrous Peace, canst thou
answer: "I love Thee"?
Then silently bow down, because in thee the
Divine Birth is at hand.

M.

REVIEWS

The Hidden Side of Things, by C. W. Leadbeater, Two volumes. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar Madras, India. Price Rs. 9 or 12s. or \$3.)

In a very brief foreword the author tells us that this book has been in preparation for the last twelve years; some of it has been published in periodicals in the form of articles, but even these have been revised and additions made.

The volumes are of the deepest interest, unveiling those invisible things which are so much more real to the author than the visible things around him, the invisible things which make the visible world an unreal dream, and leave him unaffected by the thoughts and opinions of this dream-world that men call real.

The First Section is introductory, and explains the nature of the limitations amid which men live, and sketches the plan of the book—"how we are influenced, how we influence ourselves, and how we influence others". Then a man must realise that there is a wider world around him, a higher world above him, than the visible, and that life has a purpose, that there is a Divine Plan.

After this introduction, comes the Second Section, which deals with 'How We are Influenced'. We are influenced by the planets, the sun, by our natural surroundings, by nature-spirits, by centres of magnetism such as cathedrals and temples, by ceremonies, sounds, public opinion, occasional events, and unseen beings. All these are dealt with from their hidden side. Thus, under the influence of the sun, we have a description of the 'vitality globule' which renders at once intelligible H. P. B.'s 'fiery lives'—the puzzle of many a student of *The Secret Doctrine*. Under natural surroundings, taking water, we have "the life of the water itself, the elemental essence pervading it, and the type of nature-spirits associated

with it". Nature-spirits form a most fascinating subject—fascinating first the author, it is evident, and then the reader. The effect of the devotion of the old craftsman on the cathedrals he built or decorated is very beautifully put, but justice is not done to the feeling which lay behind the destruction wrought by the Puritans.

The second volume contains the third, fourth and fifth Sections. The ways in which we influence ourselves by our habits, our physical surroundings, our mental conditions and our amusements are all dealt with in Section III. The chapter on physical environment is particularly good, and deals with the furnishing and adornment of houses, the choice of books, jewellery, talismans, clothing, and the like. Students should consider earnestly all that is said of thought, especially in its influence on others, in the fourth Section.

Needless to say that we heartily commend these valuable volumes to our readers, and we congratulate them and ourselves that we have such a writer and teacher in our midst.

A. B.

Gitanjali, by Rabindra Nath Tagore. (The Chiswick Press, London, for the India Society. Price 10s. 6d. net.)

This short collection of exquisite prose poems is pure worship. A single quotation will illustrate the daring simplicity of these 'song offerings' better than any words of ours, but even then it is hard to choose from so wide a range of exalted thought. Listen to this :

You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door.

I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear.
You came down and stood at my cottage door.

Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours.
But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

Here and there a sterner call is heard, but never a discord or cry of despair. To this poet mystic there is music in the lightning flash as in the stars of an eastern sky.

It quivers like the one last response of life in ecstasy of pain at the final stroke of death; it shines like the pure flame of being burning up earthly sense with one fierce flash.

Beautiful is thy wristlet, decked with starry gems; but thy sword,
O lord of thunder, is wrought with uttermost beauty, terrible to behold or to think of.

One leaves such pages under the spell of a soul at one with nature and near to her lord. A characteristic introduction has been written by W. B. Yeats. Our one regret is that the present price must debar many from a source of great joy.

W. D. S. B.

Myths and Legends of Japan, by F. Hadland Davis. (George Harrap & Co. London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

In this delightful book, Mr. Davis has collected together a number of Japanese myths and legends, representative of the folk-lore of the country. They are accompanied by a series of most enchanting coloured illustrations by Evelyn Paul—so enchanting are they, that one hesitates to say how much the original MSS. may owe to their charm. The Kojiki and the Nihongi are the sources from which the early legends and myths of Japan are drawn, and their stories show a curious mixture of the poetical and the quaint, with the grotesque and the horrible. Early heroes and warriors are regarded as minor Divinities, and to them many a fascinating legend owes its source. The Japanese hero is refined by an innate love of poetry and of the beautiful, and his strength is combined with gentleness; all this is shown forth in the folk-tales of the country. What could exceed the tenderness of Benkei, when his master's wife gave birth to a child? What surpass the heroism of his death, standing before the bodies of the loved master and mistress, upright, yet pierced with a thousand arrows? Devils and goblins play a great part in these legends of the Far East, as does also Nature and her attendant sprites. Other nations have deified the Sun, the Moon, the Stars, and the greatest works of the Universal Mother: it is left for Japan to describe the red blossoms of the azaleas, as the 'fires of God,' and the white snows of Fuji as the garments of Divine Beings. The smallest of insects are made the subjects of ghostly tales; nothing is too insignificant to have a poetical explanation attached to it. We find ourselves laughing in one story over the antics of a kettle; in another, almost moved to tears when we read about a little Japanese quilt, that murmured: "Elder Brother probably is cold? Nay, thou probably art cold?" It is a truly delightful collection of fairy lore, and brings the sunshine and child-likeness of the Far East

before the eyes of the reader. And again, a word of high praise must be given to the coloured plates adorning it, which display such an artistic combination of rich eastern colouring with the daintiness and delicacy of the West. It is difficult to applaud sufficiently such illustrations as 'The Moon-Folk and the Lady Kaguya' or 'Hoori, and the Sea-God's Daughter'—and why should two only be selected, when all are of almost equal distinction? The final chapter of 'Myths and Legends of Japan' deals with the poetry of the nation. The 'tanka' a poem of five lines or phrases and thirty-one syllables, seems most typical of the charm of Japan's Muse. Though even more limited than the English Sonnet, the Japanese artist frequently succeeds in suggesting in the brief fragment that the poem has no end, and the imagination seizes it and turns it into a thousand, thousand lines. A play upon words is often indulged in, and this is practised not with the idea of provoking laughter, but of winning admiration for a clever and subtle verbal ornament. Charming as are many of the love poems, with their delicacy and absence of all sensuous feeling, it is the Nature poems of the country that are most supremely beautiful, and two or three exquisite examples by Chomei are given.

A book to be read by all those to whom the beauty, charm and subtlety of Far-Eastern Lands appeal.

K.

The Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel, by Ramsden Balmforth. (George Allen and Co., Ltd. London.)

"The various chapters in this little book were originally given as Sunday evening discourses to my congregation in Cape Town," begins the author in his preface. We congratulate this particular church on the happiness of possessing a minister of so wide and sympathetic an outlook on life. With Mr. Balmforth, as with a steadily increasing number of modern clergymen, the spiritual needs of man are no longer divorced from the needs of our common life. To him belongs that sane and true sight which ever sees "sermons in stones and good in everything". The book is a series of fascinating studies in some great novels of our age. "The novelist," says Mr. Balmforth, "is a critic and interpreter of life." He shows that

the aim, unconscious or otherwise, of the great novelists is fundamentally the same as that of the preacher—"to give us deeper insight, and with deeper insight, greater courage and strength of will and more abundant life". The great story-teller mirrors the minds and hearts of men, and by sympathy and imagination lifts us into a larger world than that wherein run the little grooves of the daily round of life. He is inclined to the opinion that the novel, being more universal in effect, exercises a wider influence than the sermons delivered in our churches, and proceeds with much insight and a most attractive lucidity of style, to 'point the moral' in a very real sense in such works as George Eliot's *Adam Bede*, Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*, Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, and others. Perhaps the quotation of the title of a single chapter or so will show the plan of this charming book better than anything else. Thus the first chapter deals with George Eliot's *Adam Bede* and the Supreme Moral Law, and the last with James Lane Allen's *The Increasing Purpose* and the Law of Development. Scattered through the book are many sayings of deep and tender wisdom; as when the author says: "Every nurse and every teacher of the young ought to pass an examination, not only of the head, but of the heart." And again: "Retribution itself is part of the law of Love—it is the means of purification."

C. M. C.

Star Lore of all Ages, by William Tyler Olcott. (G. P. Putnam & Sons, London.)

A most interesting collection of legends and traditions regarding the Constellations, and of great value to the student of stellar lore. We know of no other book which contains so much information on the subject. It deals with what is perhaps the most popularly interesting branch of Astronomy, not only in an interesting way, but in a way that must infallibly lead the reader on to a desire for further knowledge of this most fascinating science. It is well illustrated both with diagrams and with photographs of many famous pictures and statues illustrating ancient legends, and whoever reads it will never lack for interesting companions on a star-lit night.

A. M.

A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil, by Jane Addams, Hull House, Chicago. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

This interesting book should prove most useful in spreading knowledge on a subject so painful that many otherwise conscientious women shrink from its closer acquaintance, fearing the emotional consequences. It can also be recommended for study to those who are engaged in combating the social evil of which it treats. The disclosure the book makes of the widespread business organisation which is the foundation of much modern evil is appalling—for no attempt is made by either art of words or emotional colouring to heighten the sense of the horrors it records. With the plain disclosure of facts and methods of social amelioration Miss Addams contents herself, and her style of dealing with her material is simple and restrained almost to austerity. She divides her subject under various headings very systematically. It is a common saying that you cannot make a nation moral by Act of Parliament; but you can make by Act of Parliament the way of the evil-doer more difficult. The result produced by the State of Illinois, which "passed the first pandering law in this country, changing the offence from disorderly conduct to a misdemeanour and greatly increasing the penalty," is encouraging to all social reformers. For the result was that "the white slave traders in Chicago have become so frightened that the foreign importation of girls to Chicago has markedly declined. It is stated that since 1909 about 1,000 white slave traders, of whom some thirty or forty were importers of foreign girls have been driven from the city." This is at least something to the good, and Miss Addams is right when she remarks: "If political rights were once given to women, one cannot imagine that the existence of the social evil would remain unchallenged in its semi-legal position." The desire to save humanity from hideous lives of suffering, disease and vice, to make the world a purer and a safer place to live in, is at the root of that fiery spirit of self-sacrifice to the cause of Women's Suffrage which is its distinguishing mark. The book ends with a note of hope. A new conscience, slowly, very slowly, with regard to this and other evils of the past and present is coming to the birth amongst us, as facts related in this book show and recent Acts of legislation testify. May that 'gallant correction' which

Miss Addams predicts soon blossom into strong maturity and full power!
E. S.

Individuality and Art, by Hubert E. A. Furst. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net).

The thesis maintained by the author of this essay is that the individuality of Turner was the least important factor in the production of his Art. Outside influences, ranging from artistic forerunners, down to Charles I and the peculiar character of his mother's insanity, are cited as more potent in the matter than the artist himself. Mr. Furst writes with great gusto, if little grace, but whether his arguments will interest his readers to an equal extent must depend on the further question whether their minds are attuned to 19th century or 20th century thought. The student of the Ancient Wisdom will find his reasoning unconvincing.

Incidentally one finds interesting information about a number of painters, while a suggestion of considerable value is thrown out as to the probable connection between the discoveries of Galileo and the rise of the *Chiaroscuro* School of Painting. While the whole of intellectual Europe was engaged on the question of the heliocentric as opposed to the geocentric theory of our universe, the Painters, it is suggested, were led, as a direct result, to turn their attention to the solution of problems of Light and Shade, and we have Caravaggio and his group of *Tenebrosi* working in Rome, leading up at a later day to Rembrandt van Rhyn. On the whole, however, we cannot consider this little book as a very serious contribution to Art criticism.
H. R.

Darneley Place, by Richard Bagot. (Methuen & Co., Ltd. London.)

This is an interesting novel with an occult setting. Mr. Bagot writes with his customary familiarity and charm of Italian life and character. He should, however, guard against a growing tendency to redundancy in words and repetition of matter. The incidents of the plot are rather scanty in comparison with the bulk of the book, which would have gained by compression. The main thought of the book is that the living can be influenced in their thoughts and actions by the dead.
E. S.

The Times and the Teaching of Jesus the Christ, by the Author of *The Great Law*. (Longmans Green & Co., London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

The author's previous volume, *The Great Law*, will be familiar to most of our readers as a valuable contribution to the literature of religion. The present volume is a worthy successor. It is an attempt to portray the life and teaching of Jesus in the light of the results of critical investigation up to date—its ultimate purpose, however, being not merely scholarly but religious, viz., "to trace the relationship between God and man, and to indicate the path by which He is to be reached".

The book is divided into three distinct parts. Using the work of some of the best authorities, the author sketches in Part I the 'Historical and Political Background,' giving a very condensed summary of contemporary Jewish history. In Part II, he wisely adds to his historico-political background an outline of the social and religious situation of the period, treating not only of the 'three great sects,' the Pharisees, Sadducees and Essenes (with a chapter on 'The Messianic Hope'), but also of the Therapeutae, the Neoplatonists, and, above all, the Gnostics. Then in Part III he enters upon the subject proper—the life and teaching.

The sketch of the actual life of Jesus—though claiming no occult origin—very closely corresponds with that which our readers have long had before them in Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*. This is followed by a capable summary of the mystical interpretation of the Gospel story, the life-record being explained as representing "the progress of the Initiate . . . from the grade of the neophyte to that of an Adept".

In considering the recorded teachings of the Christ, a long chapter is devoted to the 'Words and Acts,' giving "in parallel columns where parallels exist, and as isolated texts where this is not the case, such extracts from the four Gospels as would appear, not only from the internal evidence of their probability, but partly also from the results of recent Biblical research, to have been some, at least, of the real Words and Acts". The author then discusses the teachings that are merely hinted at in the Gospels, and the resulting chapter is entitled—"The Doctrine of Re-birth"—for he regards reincarnation as

occupying the most important place among such teachings; he not only claims to find traces of it in the Gospels, but proceeds to vindicate the doctrine by appeal to modern scholarship; he then points out its "necessary complement and corollary"—the doctrine of the immanence of God, which he considers the very kernel of Christ's teaching. The book concludes with a fine chapter on 'Union with God,' in which an endeavour is made to suggest the nature of the teachings delivered by Jesus to chosen disciples, between the times of the Resurrection and the Ascension—teachings which, though unrecorded, the author estimates as the most important of all. With the help of mystics of many different lands and different ages, he treats here of "the path of initiation which leads at first to temporary, and finally to absolute, union with God".

Very striking is the catholicity of the author's selection of quotations: they range, as regards date, from the Upanishads to Sir Oliver Lodge, and, as regards the temperament of their writers, from the Christian Fathers to the poet Swinburne. Theosophical literature is well represented.

The volume is unindexed. A book so full of information and containing so many valuable quotations is worthy of a copious index, and we hope that in a later edition the deficiency will be remedied.

It is especially to the thoughtful among the adherents of conventional Christianity, now in the midst of tumults which threaten to wreck the very bases of exoteric faith, that we commend *The Times and the Teaching of Jesus the Christ*. May many find in it a guide that shall conduct them, by paths not uncongenial to the modern mind, out of the strife of "things seen and temporal" into the peace of "things unseen and eternal"!

R. W. E.

Spiritism and Psychology, by Theodore Flournoy, translated, abridged and with an introduction by Hereward Carrington. (Harper Bros., London. Price 7s. 6d. net).

As a valuable contribution to modern psychological literature, we welcome the appearance of *Spiritism and Psychology*, and commend it to the attention of those of our readers who

hold, with the present writer, that no one is entitled to an opinion upon a disputed point until he has mastered all that can be said on the other side. Professor Flournoy, widely known not only as an author and public lecturer, but also as a psychic investigator, remains strongly of opinion that adequate explanations of all the phenomena of Spiritism—automatic writing, trance utterance, and even a materialisation, the bones of which could be handled by an investigator—do not necessarily involve the presence of the discarnate entity, but may be satisfactorily accounted for by the mysterious activities of the several subliminal consciousnesses of the sitters taking part in the sitting. Thus in Chapter VI on 'Spirits and Mediums,' we find him making the uncompromising statement:

The facts of mediumship, either mental or physical, have not furnished me with any certain proof of the intervention of the discarnate, they have always appeared to me explicable by ordinary psychological processes within ourselves.

The author's position is however, not that of the materialist, for, as he is careful to explain, "while disputing the fact that any communication with a spirit world has been yet established," he believes that such a spiritual world does exist, and that "we live after the dissolution of the body, and apparent destruction of the human spirit at Death". This passage may be taken as indicating the general purport of *Spiritism and Psychology*, and, although we do not at all agree with the author's conclusions, we are ready to admit that by means of such working hypotheses as 'latent incubation,' 'cryptomnesia,' and 'telepathy a trois,' he has succeeded in making out a strong case. In an interesting passage in support of this view he points out that mediums are not in the habit of telling their sitters what occupies their minds at the moment, but rather that which lies hidden in the recesses of their sub-consciousness; hence it is not to the umbra but to "the penumbra of consciousness, that we must look for the power of radiation to other brains".

This has frequently been observed by the present writer with regard to attempted telepathic communications, the message received not being that consciously projected by the transmitter, but some stray fragment of thought from a lower stratum of his mental consciousness.

With regard to the objection of the author that spirit messages are often trivial and even absurdly foolish, there is

nothing in mere death to transform all the departed into saints and sages. It would indeed be rather remarkable if that species of shallow and talkative individual we characterise here as a 'bore' were never to be encountered in the Beyond.

In this connection too the appalling difficulties of communication should never be overlooked. The author himself admits this, and tells us: "Hodgson compared the communications that he held with the deceased (Myers), through the channel of the medium (Mrs. Piper), to the conversation that might take place in this world between two persons, widely separated from each other, who were compelled to exchange their messages by means of two messengers, both of them drunk."

The translator in a note explains the drunken persons in this analogy to be the medium on this side and the intermediary on the other—both presumably in a trance-like condition. But if this be so, comments our Author, "in the case of the most powerful medium of our generation and of a deceased person, who had given his life to the solution of this problem, and had resolved to do everything after his death to manifest himself to us, what must be the difficulties in the ordinary case?"

Most of our readers will be familiar with that interesting development of modern Spiritism the cross-correspondences.

"On April 8, 1907, in London Mrs. Piper pronounced in trance the words 'Light in the West', the same day three hours later, Mrs. Verrall at Cambridge, wrote automatically a message containing these words: 'Rosy is the East, and so on. You will find that you have written a message for Mr. Piddington, which you did not understand but he did.' The same day, a little later Mrs. Holland then in Calcutta, received through her pencil a communication: 'Do you remember that exquisite sky, when the afterglow made the East as beautiful and as richly coloured as the West—Martha became as Mary, Leah as Rachel?'"

No thoughtful person can deny that these cross-correspondences constitute an important factor in the problem that remains to be solved. But whether this unknown factor be indeed the activities of the late F. W. Myers, or whether

according to Professor Flournoy it be the collective product of the sub-consciousnesses of all the mediums or the special creation of one of them cannot yet be clearly demonstrated, however much it may be affirmed.

It must therefore be left to the individual reader to determine whether the canopy of Professor Flournoy's theory is sufficiently extensive to cover the frame-work of his well authenticated facts, or whether indeed as the present writer cannot help suspecting, there are more things in Heaven and Earth, than are dreamed of in his philosophy.

K. F. S.

The Troubadours, by Rev. H. J. Chaytor, M. A. (Cambridge University Press, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is one of the series of handbooks of literature and science issued by the Cambridge University Press. The author scrupulously avoids all the fascinating by-paths of romance and mysticism which the mere name of troubadour suggests, and confines himself within the strict boundaries of historical facts and literary criticism. From its origin in Provence he follows the history of this poetic impulse as it spreads over the whole of France, over Spain, Italy, Germany and England, and finds its inspiration lasting in our own times. Short biographical sketches are given of the more distinguished of these lyric poets, and differences of style are commented upon. Due attention is given to their position as recorders of the customs and manners of their times, as well as to the influence they exerted as social critics and religious reformers.

Bibliography and notes complete this small volume which will prove a useful addition to the library of those who are especially interested in this subject.

A. E. A.

Omens and Superstitions of Southern India, by Edgar Thurston, C.I.E. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

Very few, if any, are better fitted than Edgar Thurston to write on the customs, omens, etc., of Southern India, and his most recent work is a valuable addition to his *Castes and Tribes of Southern India*, showing, as it does, the similarity in many instances between the practices of the people of Southern India

and those of Voodooism, etc., as formerly carried out in America and the islands of the Pacific Ocean. Undoubtedly many of the rites and practices described by Mr. Thurston are extinct: one, however, as shown in the illustration facing p. 119, is frequently to be seen in the villages of the Madras Presidency and Ceylon, while the cruder figures of elephants, pigs, etc., shown on p. 162, are to be found, beautifully reproduced in gold, in the jewellers' shops of Regent Street and the Avenue de l'Opera, the society women who wear them as 'lucky' little dreaming that they are copying an ancient custom of the 'poor ignorant heathen'. The student of Occultism will find much of interest in the symbols on p. 124; in fact the whole work is well worth perusing, filling in, as it does, many of the missing links in the study of symbolism, omens and superstitions.

H. R. M. M.

The Jewel of Seven Stars, by Bram Stoker. (William Rider and Son, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is rather a disappointing story, when read by one who has made previous acquaintance with the same author's *Dracula*. Starting, in thrilling fashion, with an attack on an elderly collector of antiquities by an Egyptian mummy—or by its Familiar, the book gradually loses in interest, and at the close the reader is left in a pleasing state of uncertainty as to whether Queen Tera has succeeded in her attempt at resurrection, or if not—as to what fate has overtaken her! After indulging in several expeditions in her 'astral body' she attempts to unlock a safe, so that she may see and remove, an article that is inside it. There is a suggestion of an effort to obsess the heroine of the tale, a Miss Trelawny, who goes about in a 'dazed and dreamy' condition for some days; but nothing apparently comes of it, and at the end, a little heap of ashes is left for one to speculate upon—and nothing else. Nevertheless, to one reading in uncritical fashion, and who enjoys what is popularly known as 'having one's flesh creep,' the book may be recommended for passing quite pleasantly a couple of hours, for it is exciting, and written with a considerable sense of the uncanny.

K.

A Layman's Philosophy, by Alexander Davis. (Kegan, Paul Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

This work is claimed to be "one of practical and philosophic communings on the two forces, Religion and Ethics, as they affect or manifest themselves in the ego". The standpoint proves a decidedly materialistic one, the ground taken being that "religion, as it is presented to us in outward form, dogma or creed, merely seems to veil the importance and value of Ethics, and that Ethics might be preached and practised in all purity without a spiritual framing or by medium of priestcraft". Granted, theoretically; but unfortunately theory and practice have a habit of not squaring. Experience shows that for the average man, and still more for the great mass of mankind below the average, "a spiritual framing and the mediumship of priestcraft"—which generally means the introduction of the personal element—are necessary adjuncts to enforce Ethics and to give moral considerations any inspiring power. A Layman forgets that mankind stands on many different moral and spiritual levels, and also varies in temperament, and that to many a 'spiritual framing' for their souls' nourishment is an imperative necessity.

His philosophy seems to be neither original nor profound nor in accordance with the facts of nature, of life, and of man, as viewed from the idealistic standpoint. He seems almost ignorant of the vast literature of Spiritualism, Theosophy and Psychical Research, which throws light on the subjects of the immortality of the soul, and the after-death life which, he says, are unknowable. All philosophers are not of A Layman's mind, for in ancient India, in Greece and in the more recent days of Eucken, James and Bergson, many of them have, as a dry matter of fact, thought it profitable to discuss the subjects of man's immortality and the conditions of his life after death. All religions have also their philosophical presentment, and all religions teach the immortality of the soul, and give some information as to its future after death, and the teachers and vast masses of believers in these religions are not all fools. But it is only fair to say that if the author had come across the theory of reincarnation and some of the other Theosophical teachings some of his difficulties, with regard to the equality of soul, for example, might have been removed. One can only hope that a more extended scope of study and deeper thought

will in time bring to our author a philosophy of a more helpful and therefore truer nature. E. S.

Personal Power, by Keith J. Thomas. (Cassell & Co., Ltd. London. Price 6s.)

This is a decidedly interesting book, written in a pleasantly simple and concise style, full of pithy sayings and of most practical hints and suggestions. It represents the author's own philosophy of life, so is not written in the interests of any particular school of thought, with the welcome result that we are spared the repetition of certain catchwords, usually employed on this and kindred subjects. The mental power, the result of concentration and determination, of which the book treats, is mainly, not entirely, to be employed on success in the affairs of life. "The force which drives a man to any goal he has before him is personal power. It is the Divine part of man that gives him dominion over the earth and over himself." The doctrine in brief is: "I believe in myself"; and it is dealt with in three parts: Power in the Making; Power in Use; and Pleasures of Power. It may be objected that the result, mental merely, of gaining and using this power may make the selfish man more selfish, and better able to exploit his neighbour; and that it would develop individualism to a dangerous extent. But "if you live for the perfecting of yourself you live for all others," and the weak are almost helpless to aid the world, whereas the strong man is an asset of enormous importance to any righteous cause. The Theosophist who believes that in time all men will weary of self-seeking, will welcome the teaching that develops self-reliance, strength, ability. This book has, underlying its practical insistence on the necessity of self-culture for success in occupation, a strongly moral tone, and its spirit of optimistic sturdy common-sense is a valuable agent in promoting that human evolution in which Mr. Thomas is an ardent believer. Most people would probably gain if they acted on the author's sane and sensible credo: "I claim the right to think for myself and act for myself, in accordance with those laws which I feel to be true. If I misuse my gifts, if I fail in my duty, if I make mistakes, I will accept the consequences; but being here and alive, I will be thankful that I am alive, and I will enjoy my life within the limits which my mind prescribes." E. S.

CHRISTMAS AMONG OUR PARIAH CHILDREN

By HENRY HOTCHNER

How bright were their upturned faces, and how joy and hope, too, gleamed out as our beloved President went with food and toys to each one of them—these four hundred children, outcastes in India. All students of the Panchama Schools, one of Colonel Olcott's many benefactions, which, under the guidance of Mrs. Besant, has continued and enlarged its usefulness, the children were gathered under the great banyan-tree where, only a few days before, thousands of people had listened to the President's inspiring Convention lectures.

It was quite dark when the children came and sat in several long rows to await the gifts which were to come. The great tree was brilliantly illumined by hundreds of tiny carbide jets, cleverly arranged by Mr. G. Soobhiah Chetty, and here and there the letters "T. S." also shone out.

The President then went among the children and gave to each of them three kinds of food and three toys, which they took with the utmost glee. Each had previously received a cloth, and each seemed overflowing with happiness. All of these gifts had been provided by our ever-generous donor, Mr. C. R. Harvey.

What a curious study in contrasts this scene—these several hundred outcastes, learning the rudiments of life, and the surrounding Theosophical delegates from all over the world, representing the highest hopes and ideals of the new race to come!

When the work of distribution was over, the children gave three rousing cheers for the King, then for the Viceroy, then for Mr. Harvey, then for the President, then for Mr. Leadbeater, then for Mr. G. Soobhiah Chetty, and finally for Miss Kofel, the Superintendent of their Schools.



VOL. XXXIV

No. 6

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

INFORMATION as to the most important event of February, 1913, has only reached me by cable, and the cable is not from an official source. It is to the effect that the German Section in Convention assembled expelled the members of the Order of the Star in the East, thus confirming the unconstitutional action of their Executive; that my letter to Dr. Steiner—published in the Supplement of the present issue of THE THEOSOPHIST—was read; and that the Section seceded from the T. S. I shall, of course, wait for some official notice up to the end of February, *i.e.*, giving a fortnight after the return post from the date of the arrival of my letter in Germany. On receipt of the notice, or at the expiration of the period of grace, I shall transfer the Charter of the National Society to the fourteen loyal Lodges in Germany, according to Rule 44 of the 'Rules and Regulations' of the incorporated T. S.; this Rule was drafted by the late President-Founder, in the light of the secession of the American Section under Mr. Judge.



Moung Aung Baw, the remarkable Burman child.

Foreseeing the likelihood of this action on the part of the German Section, I wrote some weeks ago to Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, our oldest member in Germany, notifying him that, if the German Section seceded, I should, under Rule 18, appoint him temporarily as General Secretary for Germany, to call as quickly as possible a Convention of the loyal German Lodges—to whom the Charter would be transferred—to elect a General Secretary. I further told him that I should cable him as soon as such action became necessary. There will therefore be no break in the existence of the T. S. in Germany, and all will go quietly on in regular order.

* * *

I presume that Dr. Steiner's followers are now the Anthroposophical—the Human Wisdom—Society, and that this organisation will carry on the 'Rosicrucian-Christianity' propaganda as an international body. Doubtless the new Society will do good work on its own lines, and will give to Dr. Rudolf Steiner the necessary platform for the utterance of his very interesting ideas. It is far better for all of us that the Theosophical Society should not be compromised by unconstitutional action on the part of one of its Sections, but that those who wish to have a sectarian organisation should have it openly and honourably, like any other association holding definite opinions. The T. S. in Germany will now again be an open body, as is the T. S. in every other country in the world, into which can come men and women of all religions or of none, as students of the WISDOM, of Ātmavidyā, of Theosophy, pledged to nothing but to form a nucleus of Universal Brotherhood, and absolutely free to accept, or to reject, any view, any opinion. The Society, represented by

its President and its General Council, was bound to uphold its absolute liberty of opinion. But it can have nothing but good-will for a sister-organisation, seeking knowledge along a more restricted path.

* * *

One very earnest request I make to all my friends. The love and devotion felt towards Dr. Steiner by his followers are worthy of all respect. Their abuse of myself and their use of insulting language is the expression of their love to him, showing as hatred of myself. It is not, of course, desirable that love should be thus inverted, and that we should see the black shadow of hate as the representative of the white body of love; but this inversion should be met with compassion, not with anger. Do not, I pray you who love me, pollute your love with hatred. Do not return railing for railing, nor reviling for reviling. Show to these intolerant ones the tolerance which is one of the 'Six Jewels' of the 'Qualifications'. If they hate, do you send out more love. If they insult, do you pardon. If they revile, do you bless.

* * *

Many of you, like myself, are not Christians, but we all bow the knee before the Christ, the Bodhisattva, and—far-off, most imperfectly and feebly—we strive to follow in His holy steps. Of Him it is written: "When He was reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not; but committed Himself to Him who judgeth righteously." Let us try to imitate Him. And this is the more necessary because I, as your President, am striving to defend Theosophy and the Theosophical Society against the imputations made in Madras. Because here I must fight in defence of our cause, the greater the obligation that I should not fight

to defend myself. You who are my friends may, of course, correct misstatements made publicly or privately; my letters to Dr. Steiner and the T. S. Council may be circulated everywhere; but in such generous defence of me, do not attack those who have assailed me. Speak truth, but speak it in love, and give to those who strike at me full credit for good motive in ill deed.

* *

The T. S. in America is going forward with unexampled energy. The enlarged form of its magazine, *The American Theosophist*, is worthy of the highest praise; the cover bears the portrait of our beloved Alcyone, and there is a charming article on him by Mr. I. S. Cooper. *Theosophy in India* comes out in a much improved form; it is rather a Convention number, so has more of me in it than will, I hope, generally be the case! A good staff of writers has been secured, and, from the literary standpoint, it promises to take a very high place this year among sectional magazines. *The Vāhan* is also becoming a quite important magazine. The Order of the Star in the East is blossoming into many magazines; the Danish one, just received from Miss Diderichsen (the Danish sculptor), the National Representative in Denmark, is a very handsome production; unfortunately for me, I cannot read it. The new magazine for young folk, *The Young Citizen*, is going well, and I bespeak for it subscribers among all English-knowing people. The *C. H. C. Magazine* is issuing a series of most beautiful pictures of the 'Holy Places of the Hindūs,' and, as this series is unique, it is likely that very many people outside our ranks would be glad to secure it, if they knew of its existence.

* *

Speaking of magazines, I should like to draw the attention of friends to the new features in *The Adyar Bulletin*. It will contain a series of lectures by myself, commenced in the February number with one on 'Psychic and Spiritual Development'. Next comes a series of articles, 'From Twilight to Dawn,' written by various people, each telling the way in which he found Theosophy. 'When Friends Meet' is the title of conversations, a symposium for discussion. 'Students in Council' consists of questions and answers, and any one may contribute either. The answerers in the February number are Mr. Leadbeater and myself. There will be other articles—as in the February number we have 'Sight and Insight,' by K. F. Stuart, and 'Saint Laldas,' by C. L. M.—and, on the whole, I think that *The Adyar Bulletin* should rise largely in circulation during 1913.

* *

A good deal has been said by our critics as to the dangers of what is invidiously called 'person-cult'—hero-worship—in the C. H. C., Benares. It may be interesting, in this connection, to quote the following from an article by Lord Haldane on 'The Civic University' in *The Hibbert Journal* for January, 1913.

A University is a place where the most valuable advantage a student has is contact with an inspiring personality. That is why nothing short of the best level among the professors is enough for success. The professor must inspire. His labour must be one of love if he is to succeed. And if he is a great teacher he will have moulded the lives and tastes of the best of his students for the rest of their existence.

Here we have the secret of the success of Mr. Arundale and his splendid band of voluntary workers. We have all recognised the above truth, and from the very beginning of the C. H. C. we have all tried to

inspire the students with great ideals *embodied in persons*. The heart of the young cannot be touched in any other way. Now an attempt is being made by a few influential members of the governing bodies to destroy this spirit, and to substitute for it dry metaphysical ideas and the cult of the Impersonal, which may suit Sages, but not boys. The situation is imperilling the stability of this much loved Institution, and my own difficult position, owing to the suit brought against me in the High Court, Madras, makes it impossible for me to be much in Benares; were I there, none of these difficulties would arise. Still, I hope to arrange matters before I leave, so that Mr. Arundale's relinquishment of the Principalship may cause the least possible disturbance in the College. But it will be very difficult to find any one to replace him who will not be conspicuously his inferior, and the grief of the staff and the students over his departure will be difficult to soothe. He is emphatically a 'great teacher,' as described by Mr. Haldane.

* *

Lieut.-Colonel Kinell, General Secretary of the Scandinavian Section, has resigned office, and we have again as General Secretary Mr. Kños, the strong, quiet, balanced man who guided the Section before. This is most satisfactory, and secures the success of the International Congress at Stockholm. It could not be in better hands.

* *

Here is an admirable suggestion, clipped from *The Daily Mail* of January 11, 1913.

The Bishop of Southwell, addressing 900 teachers at Nottingham, said it would be an excellent idea if preachers gave out a text and then said: "Dear people, we will sit perfectly still for a quarter of an hour and think about that text." He

thought many would feel "they had drunk in a tremendous amount of knowledge".

That is a true word. Knowledge comes in the silence more than in the most eloquent speech.

* *

In the issue of *The Hibbert Journal* mentioned above there is an interesting article on 'Marriage and Divorce' by the Lord Bishop of Carlisle; the Bishop is the Mr. Diggle who was Chairman of the London School Board when I represented East London on that hard-working body, and he much disapproved of my efforts to gain free meals for the unhappy children, on whose brains, in those days, we forced education while leaving their poor little stomachs empty; the Rev. Mr. Stewart Headlam and myself fought hard for our tiny clients—a battle long since ended in their favour. I find myself much in sympathy with the Bishop in the ideal of marriage which he upholds: he calls it, naturally, 'Christian marriage,' but it is held far more generally by Hindūs than by Christians. The Bishop says:

Ideas of marriage and of the duties attached to those ideas supply a very true and clear standard by which to gauge the moral level of any people at any time. The thermometer is not a more accurate measure of the heat, or the barometer of the weight of the surrounding atmosphere, than marriage is of the lowness or the height of the contemporary moral condition both of individuals and communities. As a man's view of marriage is, and a woman's, so also is their general moral condition. Where low views of marriage are prevalent, the collective state of morals is low and tends to fall; where high views prevail, morals are high and tend to mount.

The generalisation as to communities is, I think, true, but it seems to me too sweeping as regards individuals. Many individuals to-day, of spotless personal character, regard marriage as a civil contract, voidable for various causes. Those who look at it from

a religious standpoint cannot thus regard it, but it is not just to ascribe *moral* obliquity to those who see marriage as a matter for the State rather than for Religion. It is for religious communities to uphold the high ideal of indissoluble marriage; we ought not to stigmatise as *immoral* those who consider it as a civil contract only. The Bishop says that the Jews had "a most ennobling ideal of marriage; an ideal unknown to savage tribes, or any other early civilisations besides themselves"! Surely this is a little preposterous, when we remember Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, and many more; where is the ideal? On the other hand, the Hindūs really had such an ideal, and their great Law-giver laid down the ideal of marriage: "Let there be faithfulness to each other until death; this, in short, should be known as the highest duty of husband and wife." Listen to the ancient marriage service, the words addressed to the bride: "Go to the house as the house's mistress; as ruler speak thou to the household folk. Here be thou beloved with thy children; in this house be vigilant to rule thy household. With this man, thy husband, be productive; speak ye to your household-folk full of years." The bridegroom speaks: "I take thy hand for good fortune; mayst thou grow old with me, thy husband." She prays: "May my husband live long; may my kinsfolk increase." As they go home: "Here dwell ye, be not parted; enjoy full age. Play and rejoice with sons and grandsons in your own house." Where can that be matched in the Hebrew Scriptures? And that which is striking is that, among the Hindūs, there is no divorce, down to the present day. But the subject is too large for a Watch-Tower note.



MAN'S WAKING CONSCIOUSNESS

By G. S. ARUNDALE, M.A., LL.B., F.T.S.

A Lecture in a Course on Consciousness

IF I were to endeavour to trace in detail all the stages through which the evolving life of the LOGOS moves onwards to its destiny, I should not only need many more lectures than the one allotted to me, but also a keener vision than that which at present I possess. Within the limits of one short hour the survey must necessarily be broad, and much knowledge must already be assumed. I shall, however, try to put my subject as simply as possible—confining myself to broad statements which I believe to be of general application,

though often requiring modification as regards details and special conditions.

To recapitulate briefly the processes by which man acquires what is known as his waking consciousness, let us think for a moment of the LOGOS as an immense Flame of light, one great all-embracing Consciousness, existing, perhaps, as a spark in some still more vivid light, but in itself complete, cognising its own perfection on its own plane. Living in itself as an undivided whole, this Flame wills to live consciously in all its innumerable parts; for there is no ultimate perfection of a whole until each smallest part attains the stature of the whole of which it has been a part. And so this Flame—existing in its own Divinity, or dwelling (as Theosophists might say) on the divine plane of nature—begins to throw out its consciousness, to evolve from itself the planes of its nature, on each of which its constituent parts shall evolve as the Flame itself has evolved in the dim and distant past. The Flame reproduces the conditions of its own evolution, conditions which it has built up into its own nature, and spreads them outwards—through an act of will spoken of in Theosophical literature as the Third Life-Wave—as the various planes of nature, in some of which we are living consciously. Out rushes the life of the Flame, joyous in the task it is destined to accomplish; and the busy activity, sending out the parts on this journey towards self-conscious Divinity, is seen in the myriad sparks scintillating and shining in their unconscious splendour. These sparks, Monads, consciousnesses individualised from the one divine Consciousness, are the future Flames destined to bring forth future universes; and you and I, sparks of our own Divinity,

are travelling on the path which, leading to our own perfection, shall bring forth many perfections in all the life which has gathered round us on our upward climb.

The Flame itself, living on the plane of Flame, in that region of nature where Divinity alone may dwell, sends down its life on to the plane of sparks—the monadic, separates itself into its constituent parts, each of which is a reflection at a lower level of itself on the higher. Just as the Flame itself has within it the three-fold aspect of its own development, the period of its creation, the period of its growth, the period of its accomplishment—Sat, Chit, Ānanda—so the Monads, parts growing into the semblance of the whole from which they come, not only receive from the LOGOS the conditions of their growth, but reflect from Him His three-fold aspect as Manas, Buddhi and Ātmā, reflections which manifest as life on the mānasic, buddhic and ātmic, planes of nature. Thus consciousness, residing as to the part unconsciously on the plane of Divinity, feels its way outwards, first to the plane of nature in which the Divine is seen in its individualised aspect—the monadic—then ever onwards through the ātmic, buddhic and higher mānasic planes, the planes of pure Spirit (Will), Wisdom, or Intuition, in its highest form, and Mind in its aspect of Creative Activity. We must remember that all the while the divine Flame is behind the monadic spark, just as the Monad is behind the vestures of these three planes which it has assumed on its road towards the outermost circumference of manifestation drawn by its Divinity. The combined vesture of the ātmic, buddhic and higher mānasic planes is generally spoken of as the *jīvātmā*, or ego, for the life enshrouded in the matter of these three planes is the only reflection of the ultimate

Divinity which consciousness in the densest planes shall know for ages upon ages of slow though steady growth.

But the outpouring of life does not stop when the higher mānasic plane has been reached, for the divine Flame has made other manifestations of itself in which its consciousness is to function, that it may know of the entirety of its nature. And so the jīvātmā, working through the Second Life-Wave of the LOGOS, sends its consciousness outwards through the second division of the mānasic plane—the lower—through the astral, finally reaching the physical, which is the densest plane of nature, the outermost circle of the life of the LOGOS.

Thus the Flame, which is Divinity unmanifested, becomes Divinity in manifestation, stretching its consciousness to the extreme limits which its force can reach. But the consciousness living in the planes builded by one Life-Wave, and growing through the instrumentality of another, is not *self*-conscious save on the plane of its own Divinity, and then only as the undivided whole. Thus we might say that this Flame, or LOGOS, is Self-conscious in His own Divine Nature, and that His evolution consists in His becoming, in His aspect of separated units of consciousness (Monads), Self-conscious in each portion of His Being, so that the part may become as the whole already is, and may, in the fulness of its own time, send out its Life-Waves to multiply itself into many.

It would take too long, and would indeed be beyond my power, to trace the Life as it proceeds downwards, or rather outwards, in its descent into matter. Let us take it at its turning-point in the mineral kingdom, from which it proceeds upwards through the vegetable, into

the animal, and thence into the human, gaining self-consciousness on each plane as it ascends, or as it turns inwards reaping the harvest which the Third Life-Wave has provided for its garnering, finally meeting the last outpouring from the LOGOS, "Heaven kissing Earth," which welcomes back the wanderer to its newly-gained self-conscious Divinity. I have called the mineral kingdom the turning-point, because, while consciousness still sleeps in the bosom of its own infinity while living in its coarsest sheath, there is the faintest sign of the dawning of that self-consciousness for which it has made its long and weary pilgrimage. It sleeps, but it stirs uneasily, as a man may stir uneasily in some vivid, strange and fearful dream; and Professor Bose of Calcutta has shown in the mineral these stirrings, faint preludes as they are to the mighty stirrings of God awakened in man.

The earthquake, the storm, the rumblings of the volcano—these are the life-signs of the mineral, by which the Monads, in "the silence and the darkness" of their existence on their own plane, first hear of the approach of the messengers they have sent out to bring them knowledge of their surroundings. Busy indeed is the life as it feels itself in the kingdom of which it is the king, and as the forms heave and roll and clash, are rent asunder or crash together, consciousness stirs, little thrills begin to send their wavelets inwards, and the varieties of experiences begin to mark out consciousness, so that the Monads, silently watching the life as it grows, gradually feel their self-conscious way into separated forms. In this way does the consciousness within respond to the impacts upon its vehicles, and as the response begins to grow more articulate, more coherent, the mineral form breaks up, so that the wanderer from his divine home

may gain more experience than the fetters of the mineral kingdom permit—having experienced the fetters, having lived self-consciously within their narrow limits.

A very poor self-consciousness, you will say. Yes, but it was the beginning without which the physical consciousness Professor Trilokekar described to you, in the first lecture of this course, could not have come; without which the circulation of our blood, the beatings of the heart, the automatic birth and decay of cells—now all sub-conscious, but, under other conditions, within what may be called the then 'waking' consciousness—would claim an attention which now we may concentrate on an inner plane of consciousness. In the mineral kingdom physical consciousness reigns supreme, and there are only the very slightest evidences that the consciousness is being pushed inwards to the astral plane and coming thence as a reflection into the physical. But even these slightest tremors imperatively demand a finer vehicle, and the call of the life, which is the master of its mineral form, is for some more separated existence than the mineral kingdom affords.

Then it is that the life flows into the vegetable world on its upward path, and the consciousness, hitherto sleeping, begins to dream the dreams that precede waking, and the stirring of the consciousness on the astral plane, while unconscious in its own plane, sends out small pleasure-pain judgments to which the finer matter of the vegetable forms more readily responds. But the seat of consciousness, the dwelling-place of its waking state, is still the physical plane and the physical plane alone, and indeed its waking condition is rather that of an awareness, a growing awareness, than that of the perception of the animal and of the human being.

Passing through the experiences appropriate to the vegetable kingdom, the life presses itself still more self-consciously to the inner plane—the astral—receiving, as a result of its increased pressure, more decided impacts on its physical form, more definite repulsions and attractions. Then comes a further step upwards into the animal kingdom, in which the channels, open between the astral and the physical worlds, give the animals not merely astral counterparts to their physical bodies, but astral bodies, in some of which, as regards the highest animals, self-consciousness has at last found its dwelling-place. Here in the animal world memory is the stirring of the mental permanent atom, around which a body is gradually being built as the life presses ever inwards.

Memory below the animal need not be considered from the standpoint of our present subject, but in the animal it begins to provide the mental consciousness which man will need to use. In the case of the animal world the waking consciousness, while in the physical brain, is made up not only of the ordinary physical-plane impacts, but also of the workings of the life on the astral plane in its physical manifestation. We shall not speak of the animal being self-conscious on the astral plane, for that would mean that it is as conscious of the astral world as it is of the physical world. But it may safely be said that in its waking physical state, it lives to a large extent under the sway of the impacts of its astral body translated into physical terms, such impacts being either from the surrounding astral world or reactions from physical-plane conditions.

The same remarks apply to any mental impressions to which it may be able to respond. Still less has it any

self-consciousness on the mental plane of the mental world around it, but it has faint stirrings in the mental permanent atom, due either to impacts from its own sphere or to those from the plane next below. In the case of the animal, the earthquakes and the shocks which were referred to in connection with the mineral kingdom, are represented in the passions and emotions which come from the awakening of its astral consciousness. And some day, when a portion of the consciousness which has been sent down into manifestation has gained sufficient experience, has become strong and comparatively self-conscious, it reaches upwards through some great and unexampled stirring to the Third Great Force, or Life-Wave, on which the Monad comes to assume more definite and complete control of its lower vehicles through itself as the *jīvātmā*, in its manifestation on the three higher planes of nature—the higher *mānasic*, the *buddhic*, and the *ātmic*. On the plane of *Mānas* does this great meeting take place, the individualisation of consciousness, so that the Monad, through its ego, abides in its own separated form, the first clear image which has up to this time existed of its future vehicle. The Monad assumes charge of its own separated portion of consciousness, and evolves through it into a Flame which is the likeness of the whole from which it sprang.

Thus does the animal become man, and thus do we see that man's waking consciousness is composed of his astral and mental consciousness working in the physical brain, leaving in a sub-conscious condition that physical consciousness which only emerges above the line of unconsciousness when its harmony is disturbed—with the result that it ceases to function automatically—or

when through certain practices of Yoga it is deliberately brought within the region of the waking consciousness.

I have already suggested that it is necessary to discriminate between consciousness functioning self-consciously on any plane, and the reflection of the stirrings of consciousness from the higher to the lower, or from the lower to the higher. Each plane of nature, as we have already been told in previous lectures, consists of seven sub-planes, each sub-plane increasing in density and coarseness as there is approach to the plane below. The result is that the upward-pressing life has first to make its way through the denser regions of a plane before it may reach the finer levels. So the primeval man, the savage, receives the impacts which give him the astral portion of his own individual waking consciousness from the lower divisions of the astral plane; for the life, though it has just penetrated into the mental world above, has not yet made the channels which shall convey the conscious message from the higher regions of the astral. When living in the physical body, when the seat of consciousness is normally in the physical brain, the ordinary savage is hardly awake at all in his astral vehicle, even during the sleep condition; and it is not until death comes that he may be said to live, and then only for a short time, self-consciously on the astral plane. The man who is more highly evolved, however, has represented in his normal waking consciousness not only the higher regions of the astral plane, but also the lower regions of the mental plane. And as he gains mastery over these lower regions, through asserting the dominance of the higher, his waking consciousness gradually begins to

include a knowledge of the world of these two planes, as he already has a knowledge of the world of the physical plane.

In the ordinary waking consciousness of the average man, he *is* his feelings, he *is* his thoughts, for the Self in these regions has not yet been distinguished from the Not-Self; but as the consciousness retires inwards it is seen apart from its vehicles, and so man becomes the master of his mind, the master of his desires; for he sees that these are but his bodies which, in the infinite future, when themselves ideal and perfect, he will use as planes of nature, in which will function his unity in its separated aspects—his divinity in its resultant sparks.

The activity, the stirring, of the astral and mental consciousness depends ultimately, of course, upon the great upward sweep towards the goal of unity. But the struggle of the stirring is of interest, in that we clearly see how, as Professor Wodehouse said, the qualities of the downward stretching into matter differ in quality from those appropriate to the tending upwards towards Spirit. The astral constituents, for example, emotions of all kinds—moral, æsthetic, personal—work through the nervous system, into the brain-cells of the physical vehicle; and their effect is either to press the life backwards (at least to keep the life from flowing upwards) or to push it upwards until it reaches Buddhi. Thus the mind, which works through the astral on to the physical brain, is, if the emotions are good, pressed forward so that it touches the buddhic level of consciousness through the causal plane (the higher mānasic), while, if the emotions are of what we call the passionate variety, the mind is drawn

downwards and becomes entangled with the body, thus producing a condition which is often dangerous.

It must also be noticed that the activities of the mental body especially, caused by changes in the mental-plane consciousness, depend for their reproduction in the physical brain upon the actual physical development of the brain itself. Before the age of seven years, for example, there is comparatively little inter-communication between the large nucleated cells of the brain; and though the activities of the mental body may be quite considerable, they will not enter what is called the waking consciousness, which has its seat in the physical brain, because the brain has not yet grown so as to provide a vehicle of sufficient delicacy. Hence there is little in the way of reasoning before the age of seven, so far as the waking consciousness is concerned, though the power of observation will be well-marked and the senses of considerable acuteness.

We see, therefore, that the waking consciousness depends to a very considerable extent, I might almost say entirely, upon the development and condition of the physical brain. The astral constituents are those first brought clearly through, because these have been longer under control, or at least within the waking consciousness; and it is for this reason that the education of a child begins with observation and perception, and with training the sense of pleasure-pain, along the line of education, before the faculty of reasoning is sought to be established. As the child grows older, more and more constituents enter into the waking consciousness, as the brain learns to respond more clearly and gains in complexity in order to meet the ever-increasing demands of the stirrings of consciousness in the inner planes.

The physical brain, in fact, is like a musical instrument on which the *jīvātmā* plays, and the music he is able to make depends to a considerable degree upon the power of the instrument to respond accurately to his intentions. Thus, within the waking consciousness, a disordered brain may distort the impressions from the inner planes, just as a piano which is out of tune will distort the music which it is desired to produce. The disorder of the brain may work in either of two ways. It may produce unrecognisable travesties of the realities beneath, or it may for the time—especially if overstrained—bring through visions of the inner glories which shall be a revelation to the outer world. But the disorder remains, and the risk of madness in either case is great, *i.e.*, the risk of the brain being to so great an extent disordered that the waking consciousness consists only of distorted impressions from within and from without.

Let us now turn to the consideration of the abnormal conditions of the waking consciousness which are classified, in the programme of the present lecture, under the heading 'Genius'. We may roughly distinguish three very distinct types of genius, each having its own special source of manifestation, but all depending upon some special upward stirring, calling down from some finer plane of matter a response in terms of an infinitely wider consciousness. The genius proper, for example, he who from time to time possesses sudden and far-reaching ideas, or who receives inspirations in the shape of creative forces showing themselves in invention, obtains his illumination from the higher *mānasic* plane, and is reproducing the activity of the ego on the plane of its activity—the causal. A

flash of the causal-body consciousness comes down and vivifies the whole mental process in a most extraordinary way, and we call this vivification or illumination genius.

It must be noticed, however, that a very highly organised brain is an indispensable preliminary to genius, for there must be the strong upward striving ere the downward response will be possible. And the fact that at our present stage of evolution the various brain-processes are by no means so completely developed as to provide a normal means of communication with the finer planes, has the effect of causing genius to be unstable, because the brain itself is in a state of unstable equilibrium—now making its connection with the inner worlds, now losing it. The preliminary sparks and flashes, before the two poles of an electric magnet are carefully adjusted, will give us an idea of the way in which genius acts.

If the brain be very delicately organised, the pressure from within, while producing flashes of genius, may at times cause the vagaries of genius which are so familiar to us, and may give rise to certain aberrations or fixed ideas, which often seem so incongruous in the man of genius. The brain has not as yet become the perfect mechanism which will afford a perfect means of communication between the higher and the lower, and the aberrations, vagaries and flashes of genius are the signs of the struggle of the soul towards a self-consciousness wider than those it has hitherto known. Perhaps we may even think that they are the counterparts on the higher levels of the violent physical upheavals of which I spoke in connection with the mineral kingdom.

The second aspect of genius to which I would draw attention is that of the saint, he who lives from time to time in those raptures and ecstasies described in Professor James' *Varieties of Religious Experience*. In this case, it is not the causal consciousness which is brought down, but the consciousness working on the buddhic plane. The higher emotions working in the higher levels of the astral plane send out their call to the consciousness stirring on the buddhic plane, and the result is an outpouring of buddhic consciousness, which still further stimulates the highest sub-planes of the astral and causes a rapture, the reflection of that aspect of the unity which is the dominating influence of buddhic plane life. Here, as in the former case, the delicately balanced brain will not permit of the communication being complete and continuous, and so in this case also there are the same aberrations and vagaries referred to in the former condition of genius.

The third aspect is that of the hero, he who appeals to the ātmic consciousness, with the result that a flash of ātmic consciousness enters the physical brain itself and causes the heroic action. Here also the brain must have considerable development, the result of action of a noble character in past lives. In this way the brain becomes specially sensitive to vibrations from the ātmic plane, and, in times of stress and of emergency, the appeal, ringing out with the force of many lives of action behind it, imperatively commands the flash of Ātmā to direct into what the world calls heroism the action which has to be performed. It is obvious in this case also that the aberrations referred to above must similarly be present, and the hero of the moment is by no means necessarily the hero in his every-day life. At his existing stage of

evolution the appeal cannot be made continuously, and so the heroic stage can be reached but fitfully. With the seat of physical action, the brain proper, so inadequately developed, we must not imagine that the astral or mental consciousnesses themselves are deficient. These too must have reached a certain level, or the action could not be heroic, for astral and mental constituents enter into heroism, just as astral and mental constituents enter into the being of the saint. But the dominant factor in each case determines the mode of the expression of the genius, of that higher condition of the waking consciousness which with us can be but fitful and spasmodic.

It now becomes increasingly apparent why, from one standpoint, the jīvātmā, the ego, the representation of the Monad, contains within itself the triple aspect of Ātmā, Buddhi, Manas. Each of these vehicles will respond, when the time comes, to the special direction given by the spark of the divine Flame to its growing self-consciousness, and each vehicle is itself a reflection of that triple aspect of the great Flame itself—Sat, Chit, Ānanda, or whatever other designations may be appropriate, under varying conditions of manifestation. We see, therefore, that the triplicity of manifested consciousness enters into the life-stream flowing upwards to bring self-consciousness to its own Divinity, and that the triplicity, with one special branch dominant, is within the waking consciousness of the growing spark in an ever-increasing degree. From this we may conclude that, even at its earliest outpouring or manifestation, each Monad was born under some special aspect of the Divinity, as a man is born under a special star; and we may expect that

the full glory of the Flame in all its Self-conscious Divinity contains within itself a dominant sound, the sound of its own birth-aspects.

It is not within my province to deal with the waking consciousness of man beyond the mortal bodies. Others will speak of the beauties of that waking consciousness which is the glorious possession of the soul which is nearing its perfection, of the waking consciousness which embraces the causal, or the buddhic, or the ātmic planes. These are of the immortal Individual, and we of this first portion of the series are confined within the limits of the mortal person.

Let me, therefore, in conclusion, endeavour to begin the bridge which shall span the gulf between the mortal person and the immortal Individual, by making a few suggestions as to the control and preliminary development of that part of the waking consciousness which includes the astral and the mental consciousness.

We are concerned with three great departments in our ordinary waking consciousness: the mind, the emotions, the physical body. Most people, as I have already said, *are* their minds, *are* their emotions, *are* their bodies. But, as has been said in *At the Feet of the Master*, the body is our horse; and we may imagine ourselves as driving a team of three—the horse of the body, the horse of the emotions, and the horse of the mind. The ‘we’ is each individual jīvātmā or ego, which is the reflection of the divine Flame, the ‘will’ to manifest and to multiply. But *we* must drive, or we shall be dragged; and the science of growing life consists in the making of deliberate effort to hold and to control the forces of Nature, for such holding and controlling is the acquiring of self-consciousness. This effort is

the science of Yoga, Hatha Yoga when begun from below, Rāja Yoga when begun from above, and in ordinary English we may speak of it as meditation.

Meditation may be said to consist in growing accustomed to the instrument in connection with which the meditation takes place, in gradually learning how to draw out from the instrument its various capacities and possibilities. And meditation therefore means deliberately and intelligently exercised attention from the higher to the lower. Creative attention is that which renders the various vehicles more sensitive to the finer vibrations from the less dense planes of nature; and it is this kind of attention through which our will must work, rather than through that form of attention which seeks to retard the process of self-consciousness by maintaining the coarser, denser forms of manifestation. It is our business, therefore, to direct the waking consciousness towards the higher, and not towards the lower, by being alert in all our daily occupations whatever they may be, and in spending a certain amount of time each day in arousing the mind and the emotions at the command of the will. We do this by *directing* the thought and the feeling towards certain definite objects, through certain definite channels, and in this way the waking consciousness grows more alert, more *self-conscious*, and in its growth expands.

Meditation affects the mind by gradually endowing it with (i) one pointedness, (ii) flexibility, (iii) obedience. Meditation affects the emotions by endowing them with serenity, by cultivating the higher emotions and by *eradicating* the lower. And the result of such a meditation, *sedulously* performed, is to give an alertness to the

physical brain, and consequently a promptitude of action which is ever the mark of growing self-consciousness.

Thus does consciousness work its way through sheath after sheath, first of matter of ever-increasing density, then of matter of ever-decreasing density, from the unconscious to the increasingly self-conscious. And as the Self becomes conscious on the various planes of manifestation, he withdraws inwards, leaving below the level of waking consciousness all that he has learned to master and to control. Inwards he retires, realising himself in plane after plane of finer and finer matter, until the spark has become a Flame, which finally shines in all its glory on its own plane, as did the Flame from which it came. Then comes its turn to send out its waves of growth and power, that all the life within its nature, all the life below the level of its waking consciousness (which is the plane of its Divinity) may grow as the Flame itself has grown. So does the unconscious part, without whose presence the whole would not have become a whole, receive the reward of its service, blossoming out into a self-sufficient unity as the bud expands into the full-blown flower.

G. S. Arundale

AND EVER SHALL BE

By A. J. WILLSON, F. T. S.

As it was in the beginning,
Is now, and ever shall be,
World without end. *Amen*

PEOPLE who belong to the Church of England well know the above phrase. Thus are they assured many times each Sunday, and on any other day when they are able to go and listen to the service. It would seem that the declaration concisely puts the position of general thought at the time the Theosophical Society came into existence in the seventies of last century; indeed the Society itself adopted as its symbol of the world-process a serpent with its tail in its mouth.

A month or two ago we noticed that, on the cover of one of the leading and oldest of Theosophical journals, the serpent had removed its tail from its mouth and was distinctly moving onwards; the circle now being merely a fold of its active body. The change seemed to us significant of the present day position of thought within the band of students who form our advance-guard. And what the Society thinks to-day the world will think to-morrow.

Men have thought hard and fast during the last decades. They have not merely repeated the words parrot-wise, as we did quite comfortably in our youth,

but they have tried in some measure, however slight, to understand their meaning and to find out what is really signified by the symbol of the closed serpent and of "ever shall be". The parts that make up the circle and its contents have been roughly tabulated, and ideas are clarifying about much that used to be vague, thanks to the illuminative ideas gained from the pupils of Those who represent the fruitage of our humanity.

What is the origin of all things? Why are we here? What is the ultimate end of existence? How can we prove a thing to be true?

It has not been merely one person here and there of great learning and intellect who has probed into these questions; but men and women like ourselves have puzzled over them and have tried to realise their beliefs—or non-beliefs—about that shadowy future which includes the shadowy past, and the present of man and of all around him.

When we first begin to think of these deep things our utter ignorance appals us, and for a time we often make ourselves a nuisance—nay, perchance even a butt for the jokes of our friends who are not yet troubled by such constant questionings. 'Darum,' is an easy answer to 'warum?' and usually satisfies. Further questioning seems senseless, or at any rate out of place and wearying to those who are in the full rush and enjoyment of delightful existence itself, full of youth and love and health and hope. It is only those who over and over again have found the end of such things, who have tasted equally the opposites and who are now beginning to put in order the accumulated mental results of sensation, who cannot escape such questionings and have to face them fully before they can settle down to

profitable work. The haunting of such questions unfaced leads to madness.

Different kinds of people face these questions in different ways. Men who have not come across Theosophical explanations dub themselves agnostic or gnostic, theist or atheist, or employ the name of one of the numerous schools of philosophy to label their mental position. If they prefer to take a sweeping bird's eye view, they call themselves metaphysicians; if they incline to detail, they express themselves through terms of science. The same vital questions engage the attention of all, and most of them, pushed to their ultimate conclusions, however subtly enwrapped in high-sounding phrases, express various stages of hope or of hopelessness about the future of man. "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be" tolls its note of solemn finality over all.

It was the fashion last century to declare quite frankly that man in the flesh cannot know the things of the Spirit, that only God knows all and it is waste of time, and impious besides, to try, like Satan, to equal God in that knowledge which is power. The oldest religion, Hindūism, deep in its touch with human nature, gives images to the unevolved mind to play with and adore; while to the full-grown man it offers the profound conceptions and intricate reasonings of its Sacred Books—equally to play with, though the man may realise it not—until body and emotions are so trained and rightly directed as to be ready for wider conceptions of things—new dimensions of thought, so to say.

Some of us still definitely take the same position with all these and declare that man with his present brain and language is incapable of realising and

expressing what evolution ultimately points to, and the truth about the final 'how' and 'why' of things; but we add that it is our duty to try to know, because only by mastering all within our grasp do we grow. Hence we are deeply grateful to all trained pupils of our Masters who explore parts of the unknown, and report to us their observations in the best symbols at their command. Is not Truth the Will of the Ultimate, and does not that Will manifest here only through Laws of Nature and the will of man? Do we not see that the man with the strongest will imposes his aspect of truth upon those who are weaker, and that becomes truth for them until they grow beyond it? Do we not daily see how one man's truth is the untruth of another, so that only those on the same step of evolution see the same truth? Verily we must dive beneath the deep well-waters of illusion before we can test even one small portion of the truth.

Since 1875 people of a certain class have been studying and investigating and thinking along the lines indicated by H. P. Blavatsky and her successor, Annie Besant. They have begun to examine the content of the circle which typified the 'ring-pass-not' of our system, and have made bold analogies regarding larger circles composed of many smaller ones—whole universes in fact. They have followed the Hindū as he referred the all-including Brahm back to Para-Brahm and further still to Mahā-Para-Brahm, with still definite ideas—false or true—about the meaning of the words they used. And the result, as we have said, of these long years of patient thought, and daily practice of thought, is that the students are beginning to be no longer content to speak of a closed circle, but they

write of and imagine a spiral; though conscious that the spiral, like the circle, is quite inadequate to express what we shall some day be and know.

As it is by research and examination and strenuous living that we evolve and grow, we would ever deprecate a laugh at the honest enquirer, however far-fetched and senseless his queries are, for at any rate they show that he is not stagnant; and who can tell into what new realms of thought his questions may lead us?

On the other side we would not venture to criticise those minds, often far above our own in book-learning, which find satisfaction in the contemplation of mokṣha attained but to re-become of the earth, earthy; of breath out-breathed only to be inhaled, with small hint of that still deep-breathing which is a doorway to so much; of expansion only to contract; of sainthood won to reappear in after cycles as sinner once again.

We grant that all things may appear to return into themselves, but we hold that the appearance is but one more illusion—although an illusion that very readily flatters our vanity, and makes us feel that the human intellect can grasp the be-all and end-all of life. The great fallacy upon which such ideas are built is that the human brain, as it now is in man, is capable of comprehending things beyond a certain point—that the human can comprehend the divine. Can my dog understand why I leave him at home on certain days and take him out on others? Can he get into touch with the workings of my brain when I listen to a scientific lecture that throws vivid side-lights on certain problems that have confronted me in the machine I am constructing—problems that threatened to make void and null years of patient labour? To Ponto I am merely sitting

still in a place where he may not enter, and all the hopes and fears, and the intricate pieces of machinery I have put together to do certain work do not exist for him. Let us not forget that equally—nay far more—non-conceivable by our present brain are the workings of the laws that rule the Universe; whatever the idea of laws may imply behind the maze of illusion which we have woven around them. The oft-quoted comparison between a beetle and ourselves, and ourselves and a higher intelligence, is feeble, we believe, we hope, when placed beside the immensities, the inconceivable heights and breadths, which the future will reveal to us in the All which is the Self—that Darkness which is Light too brilliant for our weak eyes of to-day to respond to.

For this is the hope of some of us. We hope, with all the earnestness of which we are capable, that we cannot in this our present physical brain understand the workings even of this earth. Could we begin to feel sure that we *could* do this—so conscious of and dissatisfied with our present limitation are we—extinction would be the one boon to crave after; and utter despair might unite us with the desperate, who obey no law because they know the law-maker to be no wiser than themselves. Those of us who hold such views are doubtless often looked upon as unable to comprehend metaphysical ideas and therefore are not regarded as deep thinkers. This may be true, but it is certain that we have had to meet and do our best to solve that ever recurrent question of the ultimate truth, until it threatened to become a nightmare of despair and to undermine our whole nervous system. No solution seemed possible. The answer

to one question only led to a deeper question still, for “veil after veil uplifts” only to show “veil after veil behind”.

If, at last, day by day the ground seems firmer under our feet and hope walks beside us, it is because our struggles led us to review our physical and emotional and mental make-up in order to realise how far we are capable of expanding. How far can we comprehend the work of great thinkers, artists, architects, inventors, poets, and mathematicians? If we find ourselves capable of seizing the broad outlines of such men's work by turning our careful attention upon it, we may presumably take it for granted that their details also can be mastered, given sufficient time and care. And this brings us to recognise that one life has only enough force for us to master one subject in its fulness; and we can provisionally accept the hypothesis (if inner conviction does not proclaim it true to us) of the many re-births of the same ever-continuing entity as a good one to work upon. Good enough in fact for us to risk one life in the attempt to prove its truth.

With this resolve, we review the teachings of Theosophy and trace, link after link, the expanding chain of consciousness as therein described. From the possible attraction of one metal for another, up to all we are told of the One that embraces the all, the vision, whether revealed by the “still small voice” or in the all-containing imagery of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, extends as far as our thought can now reach. In all the words used we see that the seers are using the limited to describe the indescribable and limitless, for their words are but weariness or bathos when taken literally; and we begin to realise the limitations of language, even in

those most skilled in word-combinations. It is only by 'not this,' 'not this,' that we can arrive at some idea of what higher conditions are *not*—never at what they are. To know things as they are we must become them is an axiom which we find literally applies. Analogies are helpful, but must not be carried too far. "As above, so below" is probably true, but our conception of what the phrase means changes as we evolve.

We all at times find it easy to grasp deep teachings and to know them true. It is in the everyday life that their reality vanishes; and, as we are in earnest about finding an answer to our 'whys,' we have seized a moment of inspiration to dedicate our lives to the search, fully conscious that we risk nothing, because all is valueless without that answer.

So we decide, and turn our will to know—to follow the path pointed out as leading to the next stage, that of conscious co-operation with the pioneers and leaders of our race. At first we spend our time in jumping. We think so much about our goal that we miss the step nearest to us and make futile efforts to pass, by one bound, from the depths to the heights of thought. But many falls and severe bruises and a growing conviction that we are involving others in our tumbles gradually steadies us down, and we begin to search for the next step. It is so lowly and so covered with the common-place, it has so often been pointed out to us, that we are apt to overlook it as unworthy the attention of one who aims so high. We have heard of it at our mother's knee, from masters and pastors, in books, in talks: "Be good." First come the homely virtues, then the heroic ones, and after them flock the clevernesses and powers. And he who scorns the first,

finds in the end that the knowledge he desires will have nothing to do with him.

And then begins the slow descent into the valley of humiliation. For we have first to make acquaintance with our faults, before we can learn how to transform them and make of them our virtues. And such demoniacal and clever imps are our dear vices and pet failings that we become a horror to ourselves and a scarecrow to those about us. So dark is this valley that only the Ariadne-clue of our fixed will guides us finally to where one ray can break the gloom. But light once glimpsed, all gradually becomes clearer. We cease in time to fear our faults and learn to dodge them; and finally to overcome them by their opposite virtues, and our weaknesses are found to be stepping-stones to strengths.

And so, year after year, ever more and more does our understanding of the magnitude of the work increase. Lifetimes are now seen as possibly required, where we thought of years when we began our task. The work becomes more difficult, but the growing comprehension compensates for that; and new vistas constantly open before us of possibilities in nature and in man undreamed of hitherto. We perceive that literally we have to *be* the 'why' in order to understand it, and at times we begin to sense the 'why' in the present. Those who have solved more problems than ourselves become our guides and helpers; those who are still at the initial 'why' become those whom we can help, whose way we may perchance lighten through the dark valley. And so on, and on. . . .

A. J. Willson

THE PLACE OF BEAUTY IN HUMAN LIFE

By LILY NIGHTINGALE DUDDINGTON, F. T. S.

Beauty : the Vision whereunto,
 In joy, with pantings, from afar,
 Through sound and odour, form and hue,
 And mind and clay, and worm and star—
 Now touching goal, now backward hurled—
 Toils the indomitable world.

William Watson

THE apex of materialism has been reached. Materialists themselves, weary of earth subdued, fawning at their feet, sigh for new worlds to conquer, and turn to the air. An aerial 'reign of terror' now threatens man. Metamorphosis of the Motor. As we gaze, it becomes Pegasus. Transmutation in the world of Mechanical Force, the steel and iron of commerce crying out. Yet, as in all transition times, a new impetus makes itself felt, another impulse stirs cosmic and national pulses.

Man turns again to Nature, in the hope that, resting against her mighty heart, he may feel once more the beating of his own. Garden cities and villages, the new civic art of town-planning, all point in the same direction. Once again, history repeats itself, and we stand on the threshold of a new Renaissance: Beauty shall be re-incarnated in daily life—a hope and a prophecy. Beauty, a spiritual dynamic force. Personified in the soul of

the people, a necessity, neither an 'extra' nor a luxury, if the nation is to be composed of human beings, not machines—this, and nothing less, is the place of Beauty in human life. Mrs. Besant says: "Ugliness is not natural to us; it is artificial. Beauty is the natural expression when you live near to Nature. . . Human life needs beauty in order that it may be great."¹ What is this but the exaltation of Beauty as a spiritual force?

Beauty is beyond all pairs of opposites; the vehicle of Perfection, the last stage on the form-side of evolution, sharing with Religion the divine re-creative faculty of man the thinker—symbol and shadow of the holiest, in the height and in the abysmal depth.

It follows, then, that the typical artist is Beauty's high-priest. To him who elevates the Host of Beauty, it were desecration to exalt any elements save that bread of thought, that wine of love, which, mingled, make the mystic communion of transubstantiation. And yet how often, still, do we hear such phrases as "O yes! Very beautiful, no doubt, for those who have time for such things, but I must give my attention to what is necessary," thus degrading Beauty to the level of an 'accomplishment'. In the life of the Cosmos—whose Breath is that Being whose artistry is Creation, whose craft is Manifestation—Beauty is the typical law, the vital necessity. We see splendour in the Cosmos viewed as a whole, perfection in the "separate delight" of the part. "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork"; there is "one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon," yet are they not different glories, but the same Glory. The

¹ *Buddhist Popular Lectures.*

perfection of titan and fairy are both unique, according to their own genus, and we have no right to limit or confine perfection within petty bounds of mere personal predilection. But, on the other hand, Beauty-lovers may (indeed, must) raise protestant voice against all that is ugly, that is false, pretentious, shallow and aimless, in life; for the warrior-artist "goes forth to war" against the destructive forces of Philistia; for sincerity, depth, expression, are among the immortal canons of Beauty.

Auguste Rodin, sculptor-philosopher, one of the few great living artists, speaks with no uncertain voice on the subject. He declares that whatsoever has true individual character, reality and sincerity of being, constitutes Beauty, when seen through the artist's eye, envisaged by his consciousness. Indeed, Rodin's definition of an artist as "he who sees" with eyes, heart and brain, is a definition at once mystical and intellectual. No vision less than this three-fold beholding is pure artistic vision; therefore is the vocation of an artist a votive life—life dedicated to the service of Beauty; and there is room for the warrior-priest within her ranks—one who not only feeds his own fire of inspiration with the transmuted essence of every power and faculty, but who also goes forth to war against the foes of ugliness, falseness and impurity. The bounds of Beauty are catholic and universal, they are no "narrowing nunnery walls" of particular forms, styles, and cliques. There is no mode in Beauty but the universal manner, no conventions save the ancient codes of harmony and proportion. Whoever seeks to limit and constrain Beauty is no true artist. Yet there are certain structural limitations, wide and universal;

according to these measures the cosmic architecture is formed and framed: is, because though they are ever-ancient, yet they are of perpetual recurrence. The pride of the past, the glory of the future, are written in the same runic tongue; it is only that we are thrown upon an age of analysis and dissection, the era of the engineer. Yet, amid the crowd of desert-wanderers, some there are who have climbed the mountain of promise, whose eyes shine with prophetic fire, who know that earth shall once again enshrine the King in His Beauty. Listen once more to the master-sculptor:

To the artist, nothing is ugly except that which is false and artificial, which seeks prettiness instead of expression, which is mincing or affected, smiles without meaning, struts and preens itself aimlessly, all that has neither soul nor truth, every empty appearance and parade of beauty and grace—in short, all that lies.¹

This gift of true vision can be cultivated by all who will take the trouble to think for themselves, instead of feeding their mental bodies on stale remnants of other people's thoughts. Nothing original can draw nourishment from by-products: yet what is there, among a world of men, rarer than the man who sees, thinks, feels, from his own centre of the wheel of life? For the exercise of creative power, the creator must arouse and energise those hidden fires whose furnaces abide within the depths of being.

No man wins immortality until he becomes a creator. "In the Image of God made He man," and not until man reflects that Image does he realise his true birthright—man, son of God, with feet to spurn the mire and tread the fire, wings to raise himself to the clear air of thought. First he learns to

¹ Auguste Rodin. *Discourses on Art*.

walk, and then (when his feet have taken him as far as feet can go) is the psychological moment for the discovery that he has wings. Beauty gives this power of flight: the most perfect beauty is that which 'stirs' or 'moves' the beholder or the hearer. When we perceive beauty we draw nigh to those occult currents which emanate from the vortices of the Creative Mind. Plato says somewhere: "When we approach Beauty we become conscious of shuddering vibrations within." They do but convulse these mortal frames in response to that divine anguish of travail which is at the heart of all birth-processes. Beauty exalts man, by reason of this motive-power. He is "taken out of the *selves* into the Self," which is the occult significance of the phrase 'taken out of himself'. Beauty is thus the Way of Ecstasy, yet she has her Stations of the Cross, and all the paths are One.

Where many ways meet and part, bends down the consecration-star, whose beams are illumined with a ray of "the All-Radiant," whose Face is veiled from mortality, lest Its Light should blind; that star whose beams take the form of a cross. This is another of Urania's mysteries; she holds in her hand a crown of roses, and hidden beneath their colour-fragrance lurk thorns, which shall bring rose-red blood, "roses of blood," to whomsoever shall be found worthy to wear her crimson coronet. Roses and Thorns—Crosses and Star-beams, Gethsemane and Parnassus—Valley of Shadows, Summit of Heart's Desire. Who shall say that Beauty is not Muse and Mother to the pilgrims of light and night, the Beloved of both votaries? For, behold the beauty of earth! Beauty's essence hides within the wine pressed from the wild grapes on the hill-side, and in the chalice

wherefrom the Master of the Feast bade His disciples drink the "new wine of the Kingdom". The fairest earthly beauty is that which sets the soul on fire. Her priests know the full meaning of that state known as 'divine discontent'. For, as in the spiritual myth of Dionysos, wherever the God drew nigh "laughing, with fire, spear, and flowers" in his wake, there life re-awakened, spiritual life, which brings so-called death and destruction in its train; so wherever Beauty calls to the spirit, mortal life will be more of a tragedy than a comedy. A joyous tragedy, and let none question the truth of this phrase 'a joyous tragedy,' for all Dionysian Spirits are witnesses and living instances thereto. If the dross be not burnt away, how shall the gold shine forth? Gold is the mystic alchemical element of all Dionysian Spirits, votaries of Beauty.

To the over-fed (in every department of life) Urania makes no appeal—to him who is stuffed with the upholsteries of life, gorged with sumptuous viands. These have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. Neither does Beauty's call reach those whose hearing is dulled, whose eyes are shadowed by blinkers. Most people wear blinkers, though only a few know that they wear them. How few dare to live! Life, unexpurgated, unadulterated, is too formidable for the majority. They prefer blinkers, disguises, pretences, or, at the worst, anæsthetics. Existence takes the place of Life, and is spent on the banks of its river. There is much talk, in certain circles, of "killing out emotion". Few persons now-a-days are capable of one great emotion; lust and selfishness stalk rampant, as ever, but love, great and pure, with the greatness of fire and the purity of dew, is conspicuous by its absence from the world to-day. A

great love means a great life, and to-day is, above all, an epoch of little lives and myriad undertakings. Men do so much, there is no time for thought or love—haste is inimical to both. How many among us respond to one pulse-thrill of that Cosmic Being who holds the keys of spiritual passion, that ardour to whose threshold a great passion alone can lead man? Men go, blind, halt and lame, through many a life. Fear is the tyrant who cripples the Soul.

He who has not been on fire with Beauty has never lived, he has only existed. It matters not into what form may flow the divine passion of the finite for infinity, it is a ray from the Rapture of the Whole. It may shine forth in the beauty of an idea, or an ideal—a human being, or the love of humanity as one great Soul to be redeemed by the power of love; or it may be the passionate adoration of that Being whom we invoke as the Spirit of Nature; or of Love Universal both cosmic and human.

A thousand shrines in every temple burn,
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.¹

But until the agony of that burning has been undergone, 'the ordeal by fire,' no worshipper of Urania is received into the Temple, even as humblest Server. There is the whiteness of fire, and the whiteness of snow: Beauty's votary must *become* both.

Occultism tells us that, from the fiery triplicity of the Zodiac, all life on every plane is lit, fed, sustained, and ultimately undergoes the life-metamorphosis known as death. Fire is the source of all—the three, seven, and forty-nine fires.

Fire of the Mind. The sacred illumination of Wisdom, born of the passion to know; the fire of the Gnostic.

¹ W. S. Lander.

Fire of the Heart. The ever-burning white flame of spiritual ardour; the life of the Bhakṭa, Devotee.

Fire of Motive-Power. The flame of the Server and Warrior; that which makes of life's 'great adventurers' torches, flashing through the dim shadow-land of earth, crying in answer to the call to high emprise, "Here am I, send me."

Astrological students will readily correlate these fires with the currents flowing from the æthers of Jupiter, the Sun, and Mars respectively. The arcanum shrines of Life are thus ringed round with fire-circles, flames of inhibition to all who shun those barriers between seen and unseen that can only be burned away. The seer of old came down from the Sacred Mount, his face aglow with the reflection of that fire which seers, poets and lovers behold and feel unscathed—the Glory of the Lord.

The Fire of Beauty follows the law of all fire—the "fiercest heat is born of whitest flame". Bhakṭa-flames burn on many an altar, in varying degrees of heat and purity, yet how often is lukewarmness, falsely called temperance, exalted as the beginning and end of virtue and wisdom. Great minds have thought otherwise. Leonardo Da Vinci, who in his devouring passion for knowledge gave himself, his whole life, as an offering on its altar; Dante in the divine descent of his votive passion for Beatrice, symbol of Heavenly Beauty Giordano Bruno, who gave his body to be burned for the truth of his vision of that Unity of All Things which was vouchsafed to his great mind—these three men yet live, though they died many deaths for love.

Beauty, then, is both the Sun of Life, the Law of Manifestation, and a two-edged sword, whether its light

be that described in the phrase, "our God is a Consuming Fire," or that ever-burning splendour whose outer name is Beauty of Woman—set within such symbol-vessels as Helen of Troy :

The face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt whole kingdoms.

The fire-potency of Beauty burns faintly in these latter days, though soon to be re-kindled by the breath of a Renaissance already at its dawn. Self-Righteousness, the creed of all smug pharisees and self-contented prigs, is one of the curses of our land, and one of Beauty's direst foes. The parable of hypocrisy and humility is as relevant to-day as in those far-off times wherein the Master Jesus used for two of his sublimest spiritual poems the mediums of a man who was a publican, and a woman who was a sinner. On the Cross, one of his sublimest promises was to an outcast: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." It may be that to-day the Master shall reveal Himself to many a branded shape of shame. "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

Let man, then, never waste force in fearing lest he should love too well, for that were an impossibility. Wisely he may love, for wisdom will not quench the torch of inspiration, nor cool the ardour of pure poetic passion. From Love's diamond-soul shine forth prismatic rays of selflessness, fidelity and purity. In the privations and profanations of Urania lurk selfishness, satiety, impurity, mocking apes simulating her holy image. No word is more profaned, disdained to-day than this of Love.

Disciples of Truth, Holiness, Beauty—by them is known the cipher-language whose key is *Selflessness*.

True Love doth traffic not, nor barter for return,
It doth but shine and burn.

The shapes and forms of Love are multitudinous as the various types of men; each has its corresponding discipline. There is the love of Pan, of Prometheus, of Psyche and of Urania, respectively, with ritual graduated in steps that shall lead the learners onward from the pastoral forms of shepherd-worship, to the adoration of the Magi. Yet both shepherds and Magi alike adored the Christ. The same potencies are at work in the world to-day, sleepless ministers of Urania, Apollo, Dionysos, Aphrodite:

Needs only mystic eye and ear, to see and hear.

These are some of the fiery paths which wind through and out of the world: *Service-Love*—human torches, whose fire ignites the sanctuary-lamps; *Votive-Love*, that keeps the fire on the altar of life ever-burning; *Sacrificial Love*—the rite of the Redeemer, who descends to perform the most sacred ceremonial act, the Communion of Mingling, wherein the greater makes himself one with the lesser, the Feast of Union.

So, from these forms and modes of Love, proceed those potencies of Beauty, whose "light perpetual" illumines the Eye of the Universe.

In the water of human passion, bitter and turbid though it may be, on some calm eve is mirrored the form of Apollo, sweet-sleeping on that dark breast. Thus the Divine Incarnation is enacted in perpetual recurrence of the masque of the elements, and in the cosmic symbolism are written the Poetry of the Universe and the Music of the Spheres.

What is man, then, that he should draw a dividing line between sacred and profane? Yet he must pierce

through the crusts and skins of dissection and analysis, ere he is permitted to approach the art of arts, the science of sciences—constructive synthesis, the co-ordination of the whole through organisation of the parts. “Through the grave and gate of death” winds the ascent of Life Immortal: in the humiliation of failure, in the swamp of despair, in the mire of foul experience, amid wreckage of defeat and the blinding fog of fear—from each of these springs a power born from weakness subdued, temptation overcome, a strength invulnerable, a force impregnable because its “towers of dread foundation” are “laid under the grave of things”. By the lightnings that fall from heaven and strike all that is mortal, by the fire of that glance, the immortal wakes to birth, the Son of God awakes and shouts for joy: the individual is “saved so as by fire”.

This, then, is the place of Beauty in human life—its sublimation, the hope of its calling, the promise and prophecy of fulfilment.

“On earth the broken arc”—struggle, failure, defeat. “In heaven the perfect round”—the world of aspiration, and true reality: in that kingdom shines and glows, entire, the Orb of Beauty.

Lily Nightingale Duddington

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

By SUSAN E. GAY, F. T. S.

IN that ancient story preserved in the Christian Gospels, the drama of the brief life-work of Jesus of Nazareth, called the Christ, aspects of human nature are given as in a mirror—a picture of life as it is rather than as it should be; and, sad and regrettable as that must always be, it is powerful in its truth. Doubtless those books present a drama of Initiation; doubtless at some period of our planetary life One appears who lives out the immemorial legend of the Sun-God; doubtless there are passages which can only be interpreted by the illumined eye, and, without doubt also, is given a series of incidents which might have happened, and which did and do occur in human life, wherever a great cause is in the balance, and human beings are drawn within its influence. Hence the value of these books: the instructed recognise the eternal truths; others may grasp the human realities which may be met with here and now.

One of the most striking episodes—perhaps the most striking of all, since it occurs at the tragic close of a life which had been one long battle with ignorance, pride, bigotry, and exclusive sacerdotal authority—is the story of the attitude of the immediate followers of Jesus of Nazareth at His trial. Those few had seemed to understand Him, to be willing to share His outward life

and to range themselves on His side. But their eyes were fixed, not on the intervening sorrows but on the remote triumph which it seemed to them that they would share. In other words, they forgot that the true worker counts on *no* personal triumph, but is content to work for one thing only, sure that this being a blessed thing shall prevail—the Truth. That hours of agony, of utmost hatred, would assail their beloved Teacher, and involve them also in the deepest sorrow, seemed as naught.

But the hour came ; and, as it drew near, it brought such severe and personal searching to each of them, that not one of those called and apparently devoted disciples could stand the test. He whom they thought was indeed the Messiah—who had spoken as had no other man ; who was to found a kingdom wherein truth and righteousness should dwell, and into which they should enter—was arrested as a common criminal, a breaker of the law, a man whose varying tides of popularity with the multitude had receded into universal condemnation. On His pure head was hurled the accusation of guilt. They could not face it ; they could not share the disgrace of being followers of a man so discredited ; they could not pass the test ; and they did what human nature generally does in such circumstances—they “forsook Him and fled”. Probably nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand readers of that story—who go to church to commemorate the crucifixion, and hear devout sermons upon it, sitting comfortably in cushioned seats the while—would have done just the same. Persons have small pity when their own reputations for respectability are at stake, and it is no easy thing to avow oneself a friend of ‘the accused’.

One indeed, called Peter, followed the Master afar off, loath to withdraw entirely from Him after declaring that he would die with Him. But he, too, was overcome by the power of the terrible scene ; and when he heard one and another accuse him of having been one of the associates of ‘the Nazarene’—one of the same sort, and just as guilty—he burst into a passionate denial, and with all his force uttered the lie : “I know not the man !” That denial, thrice repeated, had been foretold by the Master, and there is the record that He turned and looked upon Peter. What a look must those eyes have held—no need for words—when they spoke in a silent glance that which was beyond all speech ! Overcome with sorrow and remorse, Peter “went out,” it is said, “and wept bitterly”.

I the Inheritor of Holiness,

The Knighted Guardian of the Mystic Grail,

Lo ! I am lost in deep and dire distress

For I have loved the best, and yet could fail !

He had lost not only the beloved Master—for He was doomed—but his own self-respect. His was the lost opportunity. Never might such a one come to him again, for it was no common episode. Rarely do the great Teachers, the Messiahs, appear, and to him had been given the power to help through constancy. It had come—that opportunity for fidelity, for heroism, for sacrifice, for self utterly laid at the feet of Him who was facing the world’s scorn to redeem it—and it had gone out of his reach for evermore during the ages, beyond his power to change or to withdraw. To be born at such periods, to welcome them, to prepare for them—what a privilege ! And if called upon to sacrifice something on behalf of one of those great events, what an opportunity ! “Weighed in the balances and found

wanting" is all that can be said or thought concerning that pathetic and most human story. Whether this man wrote one or other of the Gospels, whether the closing scene was a tumult or a solemn trial as penned, I care not; for ever do they convey deep lessons to those who understand, for ever are they true.

Let us turn now to these days of ours, and ask ourselves whether out of the long past we have won intuition enough, experience enough, to grasp the opportunities that are ours to-day. There are pathways before us that are being missed, and missed by many whose eyes might have been open to see more clearly. The signs are all around us that a great and marked change is imminent, that our world is ripe for the coming of One who shall so appeal to the heart, instruct the mind, and fill the soul, that help and comfort will be held out to all. To "save to the uttermost" needs that the heart shall feel, as well as that the soul shall be uplifted. Small wonder is it that the blessed Messenger, the Christ, is about to return to finish that all too brief work of the past; to explain it as no other can; and to link it to those other great religions that all may become a harmonious whole, and that which divides may be changed into that which unites, as all true religion should. Surely it is the one thing of all others that the Founder of the last great religion would do, the conditions having become in every respect ripe for such a manifestation. And not alone this time does He come. A great Society, a special Order, certain disciples, all have been and are being prepared beforehand, and a wonderful silent power is going forth influencing all who are receptive among many peoples and in many lands. Lack of observation, of intuition,

alone will shut this out; a lack of the discernment which perceives the plan. The world-wide intercourse of land with land; the knowledge that has been so fully gathered on the outer plane; the partial and partly ignorant acquaintance with psychic conditions; the failure of the current religious teachings; the ignorance of those laws of life which are vital to further progress: all these have created a crisis which asks for an enlightening voice, to which in the future there can be no reply, which can never again be misunderstood or wrested to evil ends.

Surely the opportunity to help forward this great work is one which none should cast away. Those who are satisfied with the aspect of truth which suits themselves forget the multitude. One with the power of love in him must reach it. And the foundation-stone of the Coming Era is Love. Happy are we who have the privilege of doing anything, however small, to prepare for this coming of Him who is called the Lord Christ. To stand aside in cold indifference when it is ours to welcome and to help, surely this would again be a lost opportunity, and one which may never return. Especially is it sad to reflect that those special messages which have been sent to that great Society—which in itself was a preparation—from the Masters who know, through H. P. B. who gave us *The Secret Doctrine*, through Mrs. Besant who perceives, awaken no response in some of us. We shall not be called twice.

True—only the few possess that assurance before which all doubt dies. The certainty of those who know, however, makes it hard for them when the wondrous joy of the Seer is met with coldness—believed in so many things, distrusted only in this!

Oh could I tell ye surely would believe it!
 Oh could I only say what I have seen!
 How should I tell or how can ye receive it,
 How, till He bringeth you where I have been?

To turn, then, to events within our Society, that is and has been destined to train for understanding and strength, and calls also for reflection. Trials come, inevitably, since the occult law that darkness is arrayed against light is true now as it was of yore. But they are all tests—tests, which no mere cold logic and intellectual ability can hope to stand, to be faced only by the strong intuition, the spirit of love and brotherhood and the unshaken strength of inmost conviction, which knows, and cannot fail. If the spirit of love is violated for no just cause, for no cause that penetrates beyond the surface, then the burden on those who lead becomes a heavy one; and those are made sorrowful, who see and know more than others possibly can, who carry the flag.

Here again are lost opportunities, which pass down the tide of time and never return.

To pass on: an opportunity now faces those who lead in the Church of Rome, Church of many saints, of prayers for the departed, of experiences of spiritual presences, the still half-conscious guardian of some occult teaching, all of which of late have been more understood, more appreciated by a sister Church and many outside. Now is her hour, if she but knew it. She strives to 'convert' and to hold to her past, but that is not the way. Useless the weak apologies for the 'holy' Inquisition, the *autos-da-fé*, the massacres, the persecutions of centuries, all begun under her auspices, by her initiated in the search for power, during that fatal because unripe union of Church and State. They will influence none who

remember unbiassed history, and know the records existing yet, which tell the tale. The facts are damning. What, then, is the one thing to be done to win that stern and restricted Protestantism—through which nevertheless liberty of thought, in repudiation and fierce reprisal, was so dearly bought—to the understanding which will make concord? To cast out for ever the cursings of the past, the idea of heresy and the desire to slay the 'heretic'; to acknowledge that the love of power and force and cruelty *were* blunders and crimes such as no true religion can endorse; to realise that even if karma brought some to the dungeon and to the stake, the last to have been the agent of it should have been any religious institution which called itself the Church of God. Nor can we forget that there were countless martyrs, those whose consciences were among the holiest things they possessed, who suffered because they would not acknowledge aught that to them was false or wrong, who stood for freedom, for larger truth, for purity, or for the facts of science. Surely they followed the footsteps of the Master, and wrung by their untimely fate that heart of Love which so few seemed to understand! Of many of these it was sublimely true:

These were Thy Church, Thine inmost shrine,
 Thy saints, Thy sacrament,
 Because they shared Thy cross, and knew
 The glory that it meant.

Useless the belief which is forced; futile the creed which is a chain.

Greater than creeds, greater than rites, greater than inspirations, than seership, is the spirit of Love. It is the divine quality. Without it not an atom could exist, not a world be built, not a Saviour could appear to teach

Cæsars may rise and Cæsars fall,
Imperial Rome herself decay—
But while the Road endures, not all
The work of Rome shall pass away.

The armies of the after-days
Must march along the roads we made ;
Who would another Empire raise
Must build upon the stones we laid.

On Baiae's shore the greybeards fight
About the cause and end of things ;
But which is wrong and which is right
Is naught to him who builds and sings.

He knows that, whether right or wrong,
No thought can ripen into deed,
Or help the rough, untutored throng,
Without *some* Road to serve its need.

Therefore I take the ruder task,
Nor seek for the Eternal "Why,"
And for my recompense I ask
The wide dawn and the wind-swept sky.

So may I pass from ridge to ridge,
Until I reach that silent stream,
Which even Romans cannot bridge,
Which gives *no* torch an answering gleam.

And when that stream, by Charon stirred,
Shall bear me to the shades' abode ;
Write on a milestone just the word :
"Penatius—builder of the Road."

H. J. Gillespie

Within this Cakkavāla¹ these are pearls,
 Gems, cats'-eyes, Singi gold, Kancana² gold,
 Kātaka and Jāta gold—yet all of these
 One quarter of a quarter are not worth
 Of merit gained, resulting from the Fast
 With the observance of the Precepts Eight,
 Just as the light of multitudes of stars
 One quarter of a quarter is not worth
 Of all the light shed by the moon alone.
 Therefore the man of virtue and the woman
 Who keep the Fast and keep the Precepts Eight,
 Performing merit fruitful of results,
 In the heaven-world are born without reproach.

While such thoughts as these have been passing through our mind, we have already climbed the long flight of steps and reached the sand-strewn court whose central figure is the skyward-tapering dāgaba, the dome-shaped relic shrine, whose blue-white graceful cupola pierces the dark green of the surrounding jak trees, and the sacred bo-tree, where already the squirrels are busy at their morning meal. Here, awaiting the coming of the officiating monk, stand in little groups some fifty men and women, white-robed and silent, each carrying on his arm a white cloth or towel, which will be used to spread upon the sandy ground during the act of worship. A subdued but joyous crowd. Glancing over the faces, one finds no trace of that pessimistic resignation which the ignorant always attribute to the followers of the Buddha. Sorrow there may be in the world. True, this is the note of all religions; but to meet it with joyful hearts, with confidence of ultimate success, because the lives are many, to be as merry as one may, that is the keynote of the Buddhist life. Here is not ignorant idolatry, but devotion to One who has attained; and on this day we mean to tune up the strings of our whole being, if

¹ World-system.

² *Id. loc.*

only for this single day, and we purpose to be Buddha-puttā, sons of the Buddha, and like unto Him and His perfected monks. That is enough, not to fail or come short for this brief space, from now till to-morrow's dawn, this brings peace for the now, and merit, we think, which shall support our footsteps in troublous times, and lead us along the Path of Him who hath thus come and gone, *Tathāgato*, to the lotus feet of the Lord Metteyya, who is yet to come.

First we must take sil. This means asking the monk, who has just come out of his vihāra, or dwelling, in the temple-court, to say for us the Pāli ritual, which we repeat after him, phrase by phrase. We gather round the big dāgaba or relic-chamber, against which stands the monk, facing outwards; spread our cloths and kneel, thrice bowing with the five-fold prostration of head and folded hands, body, knees and feet. There is a moment's silence. Then all repeat the triple invocation, words of power, the nāmaskāra to the Buddha.

Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the All-enlightened One.

Now the clear tones of the monk sound forth the Tisaranam, the Three-fold Refuge, which is repeated by the prostrate throng.

To the Buddha for refuge I go.

To the Law for refuge I go.

To the Brotherhood for refuge I go.

This three times. Then follow the vows, repeated as before alternately.

From killing to abstain—the vow I take.

From stealing to abstain—the vow I take.

From lustful deeds to abstain—the vow I take.

From lying to abstain—the vow I take.

From drink and sloth-producing drugs to abstain—the vow I take.

From food at times unseasonable to abstain—the vow I take.

From dancing, singing, music, worldly shows,
 From flowers, scents and unguents, and from wearing
 Adornments and from beautifying this body,
 From all these to abstain—the vow I take.
 From couches high and broad to abstain—the vow I
 take.

Then follows silence. The devotees remain prostrate, meditating on the vows and repeating in a low voice certain stanzas composed by the Buddha Himself, in praise of the Triple Gem—the Master, the Teaching, the Brethren—commencing: “*Iti pi so bhagava, sammāsambuddho*”. After some moments, one by one we rise and turn to the huge stone slab, now a mass of flowers. We fill our hands with these, first holding them out while a brother pours water, first on them, then on the flowers. Then with folded palms containing the flowers we offer some at each of the four little shrines surrounding the *dāgaba*, walking clockwise, till the circuit is complete. Then to the Buddha-ge or image-house, where the huge stone *Rūpa* sits cross-legged in the silence, with downcast meditative eyes and lips of compassion. A flower or two yet remains, and these we offer to the bo-tree, in honour of the sacred tree sitting under which the Lord attained enlightenment. And now that we have retired, other relays of aspirants are arriving, and the same ceremony is gone through, and continues at intervals throughout the early morning.

It is now past six o'clock, and we proceed to the great hall close by, where the early morning meal is served to the devotees, who, for this one day, be it remembered, are as *bhikkhus* and are venerated by the other laymen who have taken only the five ordinary vows, and by them waited on with great respect. Mats and cushions are spread all along three sides of

the hall, and the preaching platform occupies the upper end. Here we sit while the attendants bring us cups of tea or coffee, rice-cakes and plantains. This done we sit cross-legged upon the floor and meditate upon the vows and duties of the day, or on the Dhamma; no thought of business or the outside world should intrude. Some chant stanzas quietly, others read the sacred books, and this goes on till perhaps eight o'clock, when a monk arrives and silently takes his place upon the preaching chair. He delivers us a sermon on the merits to be acquired by this day's devotion. This is done in the Sinhalese tongue, the points of doctrine being driven home by quotations from the Pāli canon. From time to time a layman puts a question on some knotty point, to which the monk replies by quoting the Buddha's words. There is no speculation. The canon is final. It is enough. You must not venture to add your *ditṭhi*, (view), to swell the sacred texts. It is this intense conservatism that has kept the Pāli text so well these two thousand years: but it must be admitted that often a solver of the knot is to be desired. No mere quotation of authority will satisfy this age of swelling knowledge, and very aptly does Mrs. C. Rhys Davids, one of the ablest of our western Buddhist scholars, remark:

And when we watch the way in which Gotāma Buddha and his followers met the errors and the problems of their own day, recasting, it may be, a yet more ancient body of doctrine to cope with present needs, can we doubt that, if a *Metteyya* Buddha arose here and now, he would recast their Dhamma, and, instead of making 'converts' to a Norm adapted to bygone conditions, would evolve, with travail of soul, a gospel and a philosophy built out of the knowledge and the needs of to-day?¹

So may it be.

¹ *Buddhism*, p. 247. Home University Library.

This preaching and discussion may continue till about eleven o'clock. Meanwhile the women and boys are bringing in the single meal. Each one is given a plate, as he sits upon the floor, and on it are heaped rice and curries of different sorts, and then sweetmeats and fruit. All this must be finished before the hour of noon, for to eat after the shadow has moved beyond the dial-plate's centre is a breach of the sixth precept. There will be no more solid food after this till to-morrow's breakfast. Now all is cleared away and baskets of betel-leaves and areca-nut and condiments are brought for the customary chew so dear to the Sinhalese. Meanwhile an elder delivers a short speech on behalf of the rest, returning thanks to those who have supplied the food and maintenance this day, and waited on us so carefully, for we are this day as beggars, and dependent on other's help, even for a glass of water. All must be given. After this comes the slack hour of the day. Some take a turn up and down the hall or corridor, others peacefully ruminate or snatch forty winks, nature and age compelling. Then, as the afternoon draws on, someone will read aloud an article on Dhamma, or a passage from the sacred books, or discuss with the rest some point of difficulty. And so through the long afternoon till tea is served, tea without milk, for milk is animal food, or coriander water. So to our reading and thinking or discussion again, while some few meditate, and "so fleets the time as in the golden age".

Now it is drawing towards sunset, and, as the sun drops behind the trees, we are again to gather at the temple for the evening offerings of flowers, and to renew our morning's vows. Sometimes it is customary to visit a neighbouring temple, if not too far away, and

swell the crowd already gathering there. So off we go, each one carrying a lighted candle in his hand, and, as the long procession winds along the village path, lighting up the trees with flickering points of fire, at intervals we raise the cry of "Sāḍhu! Sāḍhu! Buddha-parihāra!" "Glory! Glory! a Buddha-procession!" The whole temple is lit up with tiny lamps, oil-bowls with floating wicks, outlining the dome of the dāgaba, while paper lanterns cast a subdued glow upon the walls and trees. Circling thrice clockwise round the stupa, we finally fix our candles on the cornice, and await the monk who will administer once more the eightfold vow, after which the 'five-fold' devotees in relays take their vows as in the morning; such are the labours of the day. So numerous are those requiring the help of the monks, that the youthful novices take their place, and their shrill voices ring out in the still air, followed by the bass rumble of the men, and women's high-pitched tones. After once more offering flowers and countless sticks of incense, till the whole court and shrine-room smoke again, we gather in a body and sit cross-legged while the aged high priest comes forth to give us a special address on this solemn occasion. He unfolds the course of life leading to the Noble Eightfold Path, and points out how the keeping of these vows now will be to us as stepping-stones across saṃsāra's stream, on the other side of which is the amaṭapāḍam, the immortal state of Nibbāna.

It is a beautiful scene that meets the eye. The ancient trees, hung with coloured lamps, the soft outline of the dome thrown against the velvet blackness of the star-spangled sky, the wreathing incense-smoke, the flickering candles, the hushed silence of the pauses in

the monk's address, and, now and again, a quick patter of bo-leaves overhead, as a breeze arises and dies away again, the white-robed crowd covering the sandy court, while on the ear falls the ceaseless trill of crickets from all sides—all makes an impression of peace and beauty that will never fade from the memory.

Leaving the illuminated temple-grounds, we return to our preaching-hall, and prepare for the third act of our drama, the passing of the night in listening to Bana, or preaching of the Law. The lamps have been lit, and one is placed on the preacher's table, where he will sit till sunrise, expounding the Law. Towards eight o'clock the monk who has been selected to preach, generally a scholar of some attainments, enters the hall and takes his seat. The 'musicians' now enter to do their service to the Buddha-Dhamma-Saṅgha, and commence a terrific salvo of tom-toms and ear-splitting pipes. To stand this needs all our stock of *vairāgya*, indifference. After this 'voluntary,' the audience, who have been silently gathering, prepare themselves for a full night's exposition of the Law. The monk, after a preliminary clearing of the throat, commences his adoration to the Buddha, in high-toned nasal Pāli verse, then gives out his text, "Evam me suṭam," "thus have I heard," the commencement of a section of the canon. At the preacher's right hand, seated on the floor, is an elder who acts as 'parish-clerk,' responding to each pause of the preacher with "Ehe, svāmi!" "'Tis so, your reverence!" and it is to this temporary official that the monk's remarks are really addressed. It sometimes happens that, as it draws towards the still small hours of the morning, this good man is caught nodding, and is reprimanded for his negligence.

And now the preacher is fully launched upon his discourse. A pariah dog strolls in, sniffs round the room and sits calmly in the midst, assiduously attending to his skin. Now and again, a child's shrill voice arises, and his mother takes him out. The audience rise and go in and out at will, for a large part only intend 'keeping up' till midnight, when the first discourse will end. Those who have taken the eight-fold vow will carry on till dawn. The preacher's theme is the familiar one of the evolutionary scheme of the universe, as set forth by the Buddha. It is the *Paṭiccasamuppādo*, the origination of cause from cause, the fundamentals of Buddhist doctrine. He tells how from ignorance, *avijjā* (unconsciousness, rather), arise aggregations, *saṅkhārā*, the first vibrations in *ākāsa*; from *saṅkhārā* comes consciousness of externals, *vinnāna*; and from this is formed *nāmarūpa*, name and form, subject and object, and this develops the six centres of sense, *salāyaṭana*; then comes contact with externals, *phasso*, resulting in sensation, *vedanā*. Sensation causes desire for more violent sensation, *taṇhā*, longing; thus arises *upādāna*, clinging to existence, and this gives *bhava*, conception in the womb. Then follows *jāti*, birth into the outer world, with all its attendant sorrows, *dukkha*, pain, mental pain caused by the impermanence of all things, *jarā-maranam*, decay and death, *soka-pariḍeva-dukkha-domanassa-upāyāsā*, lamentation, woe, grief and despair. And so the wheel rolls on.

One by one, the audience begin to nod. Here and there a lamp has flickered out. It is nearly midnight, for our discourse has taken long expounding. Outside, utter silence reigns. A few of the faithful remain alert and attentive, but many have succumbed and lie in blissful

slumbers, buddhi, lulled to rest. The sermon closes and attendants bring water, or coffee to rouse the attention of the devotees, and nerve them for a second-spell of preaching.

The new preacher has a hard task, for he has to wrestle with the powers of sleep, and by hook or by crook so fix the attention of his hearers that they may watch with him until the dawn. His text is the story of the Great Decease, the passing of the Buddha, from *Mahā-parinibbānam Sutta*, and he teaches how, though the Buddha has passed away, He has left us the Dhamma as our Comforter, and the promise of a Great One to come. Then quoting the sonorous Pāli, he describes the kindly words of the great Teacher, His last utterance to His beloved disciple Ānanda. One passage will suffice for our quotation.

Then said the Blessed One to Saint Ananda, sitting by his side: "Hush! Ananda! Let not your heart be troubled. Weep not. Have I not ere now told you that all dear, delightful things have the nature of differentiation, separation, otherness (*nānabhāvo vinābhāvo annatābhāvo*)? How can it be then, Ananda, that what is born, brought forth and composite, of nature to dissolve, can fail to be dissolved? It cannot be. Long, indeed, Ananda, hast thou waited on the Tathagato with kindly acts, pleasant and sweet, invariable, unstinted; long hast thou waited on me with kindly words, pleasant and sweet, invariable, unstinted: long hast thou served me with loving thoughts, pleasant and sweet, invariably kind, immeasurable. Right well hast thou done, Ananda. Persevere with earnestness, and thou shalt attain to utter purity!"¹

This sermon has lasted some four or five hours. The lamps are fading in the strengthening light of dawn. The chill clean-scented air that marks the coming day blows in through the open windows. An elder rises and with folded palms offers to the preacher a cloth or shawl, or coverlet for rainy nights, as a small return for

¹ MPS. § 14.

his careful exposition of the Law, and as a means, too, of acquiring merit. The audience now prostrate themselves, as a mark of reverence to the Order, as the monk leaves the preaching-hall. The sluggards awake, and we all go out to bathe face, hands and feet, and brace ourselves for the completion of our long spell of duties, 'lowering the lodge' from the state of eightfold-precept-devotees to that of fivefold-precept-laymen. This done, once more we gather round the dāgaba, whose sandy court one of us has already swept before the dawn; once more the aged high-priest blesses us, this time with the fivefold precept, and for the last time we offer flowers to the relics, the Buddha-image and the tree. Yet one more thing remains, the mutual bestowal, one on another, of the fruits of merit gained by the day's devotion. "Brother! may you share in the merit I have acquired, by taking sil, by offering flowers, by listening to the Dhamma, by meditation and by perseverance." "Brother! I thank you and accept."

"What means all this idolatrous ceremony?" the ignorant may ask. "This is not Buddhism!" "Pure Devotion" we make reply. "Love for the Brother of mankind, whose strong presence, like the subtle fragrance of a long-closed jar of scent, now opened, suffuses the world, after so many hundred years, a presence that still may help in need whosoever thirsteth, 'yo koci sikkhākāmo hoti,' though He has for ever passed away." "Brothers! (His dying words) I leave you the Dhamma. In it shall I live with you for ever!" Enough! This day has marked another mile-stone on our long pilgrimage, and it may be that here and there, by one or two, the Path is nearly reached and knowledge has come in the twinkling of an eye; just as

when, after long pondering on some deep problem, hard, profound, not to be solved by mere intellect, suddenly, the changing views of the kaleidoscopic brain crystallise into one-pointedness, and the long-sought clue is found, and the kernel of the matter is displayed; so now in a flash comes vipassanā, insight, the goal is nearly won, and all life henceforth takes on a meaning that before was shrouded from our eyes.

F. L. Woodward

Distrust that man who tells you to distrust;
He takes the measure of his own small soul,
And thinks the world no larger. He who prates
Of human nature's baseness and deceit
Looks in the mirror of his heart, and sees
His kind therein reflected.

* * * * *

Look through true eyes—you will discover truth;
Suspect suspicion, and doubt only doubt.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

LEO TOLSTOI

IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By HELENE PISSAREFF, F.T.S.

Tolstoi's greatness consists in his ideals not being enshrined in the material outward life, but having their source in the human soul.

Dr. Rudolph Steiner

IN order to consider the work of Leo Tolstoi, it is indispensable to define the epoch we are living in from the point of view of the Science of the Soul—as Theosophy may in full justice be termed—which deals with the inner side of outward phenomena. From this point of view the process of human evolution advances slowly, but infallibly, towards perfection, towards the divine state of man; and the means to reach this hidden goal—of which the soul has but rare fore-shadowings—is the gradual awakening of consciousness. The whole historical process may be defined as a gradual passing of human consciousness from the lowest state to the highest, the development of all its numerous facets, beginning with the consciousness of primitive man and ending with the divine consciousness of the far-off future, to which humanity is tending. The development of a clear individual consciousness carried to its full perfection—there lies the hidden meaning of human experiences, of all the tragedies of life, of individuals, as well as of whole nations. Consciousness grows and develops from collision

with the outer world, from the impacts which our conscious I receives from the world outside us.

If it were not for this outward world and its phenomena; if it were not for this constant friction between the 'I' and the 'not-I'; there would be no activity, no consciousness, and consequently no life. But the purpose and goal of life are not in this friction, not in this resistance, not in the play of all the numerous forces which, by their different effects upon our consciousness, foster its growth and rouse its different properties and abilities. If this were so, and all this 'play of life' were an aimless, objectless kaleidoscope, turned by a blind force, the life of a conscious being would indeed be a frightful tragedy, senseless and cruel. But this is not and cannot be. It cannot be, because in every living soul there exists an aspiration towards order, beauty and harmony; and this aspiration arouses an entire confidence in the Source of the world's life, and the certainty that all is leading us to the great aim, which, though hidden from us, is doubtless worth all the heavy trials through which generations upon generations pass upon our earth.

Spiritual science, which seemingly tears us away from reality by raising our consciousness into the world of ideas, can alone bring us nearer to the essence of all phenomena. The historian who is only interested in outward events will see nothing but movement in the historical process; but *why* the movement is thus and not otherwise, and whither it leads, that will be hidden from him. But if we try to penetrate into the history of humanity with the intention of discovering whither it is leading us, it is possible—even from the fragment revealed in historical documents—to catch its general meaning.

If we cast a general glance over the past history of the Aryan race from its very beginning to our days, we can perceive the gradual evolution of different states of consciousness, perfectly analogous to the different states of consciousness of a separate human being in the course of his normal development. In detail these degrees naturally blend with each other, as does the *leit-motiv* in a large and complex orchestra; those who remember separate fragments will have an impression of the variety and complexity of sounds, and will not be able to catch the fundamental musical thought of the author. The same can be said concerning the historical symphony, if I may use this expression. To catch its fundamental idea and understand it is of most vital importance; because it alone can give the proof of the *unity* of all humanity, the proof that the whole of it, in its completeness, is working towards one and the same end—is accomplishing one and the same wise plan of life. It is important to remember that the life of every man is not an 'accidental gift,' but a participation in the general creative activity, which will be the more perfect, the better each small part of this activity is fulfilled. We do not live for ourselves alone, but for all the world.

It must be remembered that the different states of consciousness disclose themselves in immense historical periods, and that the development of our complicated human nature proceeds gradually, those sides of it for which the greater part of humanity is fitted at any given time appearing one after the other. The order in which they proceed corresponds to ordinary human growth; because all humanity is an indivisible whole, and each human soul bears in itself its entire completeness in embryo.

But 'consciousness' must here be understood in its widest sense, including intellect, abstract mind and moral consciousness which manifest through the heart, the conscience and the will. When we observe the development of a separate person, we know that in his childhood his impressions are vague, his conscience speaks indistinctly, his will is not at all developed; that in his youth his critical mind and his self-assertion are the most developed; that in his maturity his moral consciousness and will become his dominant quality; and that, towards the end of his life—if only the man has not lived it in vain—all life's experience is summed up and the man shows tolerance and sympathy to all that lives.

The same way is trodden by the whole of humanity and what we term its civilisations serve to express the degree of consciousness evolved at the time. The nations in which the qualities of this new degree are the most vividly expressed are put at the head of the historical process and take the leadership in the world.

The most ancient civilisation of the Āryan race was distinguished by its intuitional character; its consciousness was directed to the 'great Whole,' it blended with the universe and God. The religious conception of the ancient Hindūs had *unity* as the highest law of the world, for its foundation. The link uniting the Hindūs, Egyptians and Persians with the new era were the Semites, who brought a distinctly expressed *personal principle* into the world. The next degree, which can be termed the blossoming youth of humanity, is brilliantly represented by the Greek and Latin nations. This is the epoch of rich arts, when all the freshness and all the enthusiasm of humanity's young

vigour incarnated in its earthly creations. The worship of beauty by the Greeks; their titanic battles with the Gods, in which the awakening daring of personal will is expressed; and, later on, the development of civil law among the ancient Romans, which aimed at the protection of personality in the new conditions of governmental life—all raise the *personal principle*, preparing the nations for the Christian era. "Christ revealed the value of each separate human soul, and nobody can any more destroy the importance of this discovery." These words of Harnack (*Wesen des Christentums*) give a very good definition of the essential meaning of the Christian culture in which we are now living.

Its problem—worked out by the nations of western Europe—is to make personality, individual development, the central point. From the vast but undefined consciousness, which encompasses the entire 'great Whole,' possessed by the Āryan nations at the dawn of their life, consciousness—defining itself more and more—passes on to lucidity, to subtle analysis, to precise scientific methods; its chief work is to bring the whole of humanity's spiritual riches into a material culture. All the attention of the European nations is directed towards all that is earthly—towards technology, towards trade; it is the epoch of machinery, and spirituality sinks deeply into physical matter.

Men of genius are always the bearers of the ideas which are due at a given moment; they give their epoch the precise impulse which is needed.

If we unite all the activities of western Europe into one whole, we shall see that the pioneers of civilisation who gave a definite colouring to their epoch

all accomplished the same mission : the rooting of man's consciousness in the entirely earthly, the tearing it away from the unseen worlds, the incarnating of abstract ideas in the most concrete forms. Kant effects a decisive rupture between the Spirit and the intellect, by declaring that the *essence of things is unknowable*, and he allots it to the region of faith. The rupture between science and religion, life and form, physical and super-physical, becomes complete. Humanity enters into maturity. What are the new problems that lie before it? What will be the new state of consciousness into which it will pass? Only by penetrating into the general import of the historical process can we hope to be able to understand the true problem of our epoch, and the part played in it by contemporary nations ; thus only shall we be able to give the proper answer to this question. All the effort of the west-European civilisation was directed towards the bringing of the materialistic consciousness and the personal elements to their fullest expression, in order to bring them to the inner necessity of turning towards the ascending line, on which the personal has to unfold into the *super-personal*, as Dr. Steiner says in one of his lectures.

At the present moment, western culture has reached its culminating point ; there is no further progress possible along its present lines. These words must not be taken as an accusation. This culture was indispensable in order that man might pass into a higher state of inner freedom and moral consciousness ; and it has acted its part to perfection, having developed the analytical intellect, refined the nervous system, assured mental independence, and enriched human life with the great discoveries and important victories gained in the regions

of nature. Without this training, the onward movement of humanity would have been impossible ; and, without the eager diversity of west-European physical activity with all its trials and tossings, we could not have hoped to gain so soon that maturity of Spirit which is indispensable for the realisation of the higher laws of life. And yet, if the former tendency of western activity persists longer than is necessary for development, if efforts are made to detain the upward movement of life on its former level, the very culture which helped our evolution will become a drag upon it.

Human life is like a torrent : it must flow on freely, and if it be artificially checked, the result will inevitably be stagnation and consequent corruption.

The foremost wave of humanity, whose consciousness is always in advance of that of all the rest, feels this very definitely ; and we can see the new breath everywhere—in literature, in the drama, in science, in art, and especially in the anxious seeking for new foundations for life. This anxiety is the herald of a new state of consciousness which will replace that which belonged to the now dying materialistic culture. This new stage will be a *spiritual consciousness* guided by the law of love ; it will bring spiritual teaching into science, freedom into religion, mutual help and brotherhood into social life, universal disarmament and a union of nations. The time for its coming does not depend on outward events, but on the consciousness of those who create earthly life ; and the nation which will walk at the head of all the other nations will be the one in which this spiritual consciousness shall awaken first.

At an epoch of inner crisis, such as ours, when the state in which we are has outlasted its time and no longer

satisfies the public conscience, there always appears a man of genius, who incarnates in himself, as in a glowing focus, the still dim but germinating ideas of contemporary humanity. For our epoch, Leo Tolstoi is that man. The festivities held in honour of his birthday proved that he does not belong exclusively to us, but to all the world. There is no land in all the world where he is not known, and where his words are not listened to.

What is the reason of the charm he exercises over the best people of all lands and all nations?

Humanity has had many men of genius; they glowed as bright stars on the public horizon, some of them uniting into a harmonious system all the scientific work of their century, others giving a vigorous touch to human consciousness, and yet others bringing new elements into science and art. The genius of Leo Tolstoi is of a quite different character; from it is drawn all the strength of his spiritual activity; in it lay the source of his extraordinary life and his unprecedented influence upon the world. We might call him 'the genius of conscience,' defining by one word the influence which his work has effected upon the consciousness of his contemporaries. He unceasingly worked at the awakening of conscience with a startling sincerity, consenting to no compromises, never giving up a single iota of his faith, never stopping before the possibility of any consequences. The extraordinary influence of Leo Tolstoi proceeds from his having centred all the life of his Spirit in pure faith, disregarding the questions and currents of his time, leaving aside conventional truths to appeal to Eternal Truth; his faith in Eternal Truth was so intense, that this intensity

stirred up all those who listened to him, raising them above the darkness and sin of our current life. His words sound as a mighty ringing of the bells of faith in the undying beauty of man. "If people only acted as heart and mind require, all the misfortunes which cause so much suffering to humanity all over the world would find their ending." This capacity—even amid darkness—to look unwaveringly at the light shining before him, and relentlessly calling others to this light, this absorption of his entire soul by the one great idea is precisely what gives him such a power over the soul of man.

It does not matter that this completeness renders him indifferent to the Spirit of the Age, though from the point of view of the ordinary man this is a deficiency.

But a master of life, a clairvoyant of the new state of consciousness, has his own psychology, and he cannot be measured according to the common measure. He must be taken as a whole, as a collective spiritual phenomenon; and it must not be forgotten that a great faith of this kind gives such a vivid light that all temporary phenomena turn pale before it, however acute may be the suffering which they cause. In this lay the reason of his being so uncompromising towards the Spirit of the Age, and of his composure before the clouds of misunderstanding which seemed to be rushing upon him. When he spoke of "the religious consciousness," people began to recall the religion which brought the Inquisition, the fettering of thought and conscience; or when he said: "Do not resist evil," the perplexed mind conjured up phantoms of weak compliance and submission, notwithstanding the fact that all his life was

an unceasing battle against the ruling evil, a courageous and indefatigable battle. If people will persist in measuring moral phenomena by logic only, then an insurmountable gulf must yawn between the great conscience of Leo Tolstoi and his contemporaries. But man does not comprehend with his limited mind alone, but also with his higher mind and his heart; and this is the understanding which makes Leo Tolstoi dear and indispensable to us, and makes the whole world love and revere this untiring awakener of conscience.

He cannot stand on a level with contemporary ideas for the simple reason that *his* consciousness is above that of the world and all his attention is drawn to that which is still invisible to others. He already sees that "the new idea of life consists in the submission of everyone to the one higher Law of Love, which gives the highest good to each separate person, as well as to the whole of humanity. Only as people recognise in themselves their higher spiritual origin and the true human dignity which derives from it, does it become possible for them to liberate themselves from the subjection of the one by the other. And this consciousness is already growing in humanity, and is ready to manifest itself at every minute."

During a time like ours, when what is old is already outlived, and what is forthcoming is not yet clearly visible, we need an entire faith, an unflickering light the pure strength of which will kindle the very best that is already lit in the depth of human conscience, and which will raise men's consciousness to a higher level.

H. Pissareff

NOTES ON THE PHYSICAL ATOM

By CAPTAIN A. E. POWELL, R. E., F. T. S.

A STUDY of the physical atom, as described in *Occult Chemistry*, gives rise to many interesting thoughts and speculations. Readers of the work mentioned will recollect that what is termed the ultimate physical atom is the unit out of which all matter on the physical plane is constructed, the unit which cannot be split up or divided without ceasing to be what we call physical; if a physical atom is disintegrated, the parts of which it is composed re-form themselves as other combinations, and *ipso facto* pass out of the physical plane altogether and become astral. Our readers will further recollect that clairvoyant vision of a magnificatory character discloses the fact that the physical atom is in shape not unlike a heart, the wall of the atom being formed of convolutions or lines known as spirals, of which there are ten in number. Of these ten spirals, three appear to form one group and seven a second group, the former being somewhat larger than the latter and differing slightly also in other respects. The difference between these two sets of spirals is comparatively so small that in the following remarks the ten spirals will be considered as identical for our present purposes.

Further magnification discloses the fact that each spiral itself consists of another and smaller spiral known as a spirilla of the first order: in each of the ten spirals

there are 1680 turns of the first order spirillæ. Higher magnificatory power shows that the first order spirillæ are also composed of still finer spirillæ, known as spirillæ of the second order: this process is repeated until we eventually arrive at the smallest and last spirillæ, of the seventh order. This spirilla is made up of bubbles in koilon, for an explanation of which term the reader must be referred to *Occult Chemistry*, Appendix. In each turn of the seventh order spirillæ there are seven bubbles in koilon.

We may now tabulate the results we have so far arrived at as follows:

1 atom has 10 spirals.

1 spiral has 1680 turns of spirillæ of the first order

or $1680 \times 7 = 11,760$	„	„	second „
or $1680 \times 7^2 = 82,320$	„	„	third „
or $1680 \times 7^3 = 576,240$	„	„	fourth „
or $1680 \times 7^4 = 4,033,680$	„	„	fifth „
or $1680 \times 7^5 = 28,235,760$	„	„	sixth „
or $1680 \times 7^6 = 197,650,320$	„	„	seventh „

Therefore one atom has $10 \times 1680 \times 7^6 = 1,976,503,200$ or approximately two thousand million turns of spirillæ of the seventh order. Also one atom has $10 \times 1680 \times 7^6 = 13,835,522,400$ or approximately fourteen thousand million bubbles.

These large figures do not, unfortunately, convey much meaning to the average mind; there are, however, methods of aiding the imagination in its attempts to grasp their magnitude; and, this being so, it is as well to use such means in order to enable us to appreciate in some sense, if only dimly, the beauty which resides in numbers the size of which appears to our limited comprehension as colossal. The following are a few suggestions to this end.

If the bubbles, fourteen thousand million in number, contained in one single ultimate physical atom were laid in a row, packed so closely that in one inch there were a million of them, then they would extend for nearly 400 yards, or rather more than a fifth of a mile. If we spaced them at only 1000 to the inch, then the row would reach to about 220 miles. The earth's circumference is 24,875, or nearly 25,000 miles; if, therefore, we travelled right round the earth, and dropped the bubbles of one atom as we went, we should have sufficient of them to place 9 in every inch of our journey.

Suppose that we wished to count the bubbles in an atom, one by one, that we could count at the rate of 2 per second, or 120 per minute—a rate of counting which is a very reasonable one—and further that we could devote the whole of our time to the counting process, requiring none for rest, sleep, eating, and so forth. Counting at this rate, day and night without ceasing, the task would occupy us for two hundred and twenty-two years, or nearly two and a quarter centuries.

Once again, if the bubbles of one atom were seeds, and if we wished to plant them on the whole of the 263 acres of the Adyar estate, we should have to sow about 9 bubbles to every square inch in order to utilise the full number.

The suggestion has sometimes been made of constructing a model of the physical atom, representing the spirals and spirillæ by means of wire. We believe that those who have made such suggestions have sometimes scarcely appreciated the magnitude of the task. Thus suppose that D represents the diameter of the finest or seventh spirillæ; for practical reasons we could

scarcely make our wire model with the diameter of the next larger or sixth order spirillæ less than 4D, the remaining spirillæ larger again in the same proportion. The first order spirillæ would thus have a diameter of 4⁶D or 4096D. Now we could scarcely make the smallest or seventh order spirillæ much less than say $\frac{1}{50}$ th of an inch in diameter; but to be on the safe side let us put it at half this, at say $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch. The diameter of our largest or first order spirillæ would thus need to be 41 inches or nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter; that is to say, referring to the drawing of the atom facing p. 5 of *Occult Chemistry*, the lines which indicate the spirals would be nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick in our wire model. A consideration of the drawing further shows us that we ought to leave in the clear spacing between two adjacent spirals, where they are nearest together, *i.e.*, in the coils up the centre of the atom, at least say 3 diameters of the largest spirillæ; the spacing between the spirals on the outer wall of the atom would therefore be, centre to centre, probably at least double this, *i.e.*, at least six diameters of the largest spirillæ. The height of our atom would again, from a consideration of the drawing, be about 25 times the spacing between the spirals on the outer wall, or $25 \times 6 = 150$ times the diameter of the largest spirillæ, or about 525, or say in round numbers 500 feet. That is to say that if one set about to construct a model of a physical atom, employing wires of various thicknesses to represent the spirals and the seven orders of spirillæ, the model would need to be at the very least 500 feet high and about as much in diameter. The length of wire which would be required, the time necessary to wind the spirillæ, we leave to our readers to calculate. We would suggest that the time would be more profitably

employed in setting about to develop the powers necessary to see clairvoyantly the physical atom as it is in nature for oneself.

We do not, however, mean to imply that all models of the atom are out of the question. On the contrary, the structure of the atom can be understood and taught much more easily with the help of partial models than without them. Thus, for example, a figure with plain wires, or with perhaps one or two orders of spirillæ only, similar to the drawing facing p. 5 of *Occult Chemistry*, would not be very difficult to construct, and would prove most useful for instructional purposes; while small models of wire of various thicknesses, showing 3, 4, or possibly 5 sets of spirillæ are again quite easy to make.

There are many questions which a study of the structure of the physical atom will suggest to the student: but unfortunately there does not appear at present to be any means of answering such questions unless and until further clairvoyant investigations are set on foot. Thus, to mention a few queries which have suggested themselves to the present writer: What are the bubbles in the atom doing? Are they spinning, revolving, vibrating, or moving in any way, and if so in what way? How are the currents of electricity, prâṇa, etc., transmitted in the various parts of the atom, and what is their *modus operandi* generally? If koilon is such an exceedingly 'dense' substance, how can bubbles or holes in it be moved through it? How are the atoms of the astral, mental and other planes constructed? Of what nature are the vibratory powers which are said to be stored up in a human permanent atom, and in what way are they stored in the atom?

It is a familiar saying that the infinitely small is as wonderful as the infinitely large, and it is a pleasing mental exercise to transfer the mind, from a consideration of the exceeding minuteness and enormous numbers of the atom and its component parts, to the vastnesses of space, with their equally colossal numbers. In measuring astronomical space it will be recollected that the unit of measurement is the light-year, or the distance which light, travelling at the speed of 186,000 miles a second, traverses in one of our years. Between the minuteness of the kailon bubble and the vastness of the light-year there is a great gulf fixed, at least according to our conceptions of that most elusive abstraction, space; and it is almost past the mind of man to form any picture of the variety, number and complexity of materials and combinations which exist between these two distant extremes.

The physical atom is only the unit out of which physical matter is constructed; a single chemist's atom of, say, aluminium contains nearly 500 of these units. This chemist's atom again is only a minute fragment of matter, almost certainly far beyond the power of any microscope; and in a small piece of gold such as a ring there are probably many millions of such fragments. There are probably few, if any, human minds which can carry the figures further than this point, and conceive the numbers of atoms or of bubbles which there must be in a continent or in a planet. How much more inconceivable still is the thought of the mind which conceived all this, and of the law and order which our studies of science show us underlie and permeate the whole!

Arthur E. Powell



HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

STUDENTS who have not yet experienced what used to be called the buddhic consciousness—consciousness in the intuitional world—frequently ask us to describe it. Efforts have been made in this direction, and many references to this consciousness and its characteristics are to be found scattered through our literature; yet the seeker after knowledge finds these unsatisfactory, and we cannot wonder at it.

The truth is that all description is necessarily and essentially defective; it is impossible in physical words to give more than the merest hint of what this higher consciousness is, for the physical brain is incapable of grasping the reality. Those who have read Mr. Hinton's remarkable books on the fourth dimension will remember how he tries to explain to us our own limitations with regard to higher dimensions, by picturing for us with much careful detail the position of an entity whose senses could work in two dimensions only. He proves that to such a being the simplest actions of our world must be incomprehensible. A creature who has no sense of what we call depth or thickness could never see any terrestrial object as it really is; he could observe only a section of it, and would therefore obtain absolutely wrong impressions about even the commonest objects of every-day life, while our powers of motion and of action would be utterly incomprehensible to him.

The difficulties which we encounter in trying to understand the phenomena even of the astral world are precisely similar to those which Mr. Hinton supposes to be experienced by his two-dimensional entity; but when we try to raise our thoughts to the intuitional world we have to face a state of existence which is lived in no less than six dimensions, if we are to continue at that level to employ the same nomenclature. So I fear we must admit from the outset that any attempt to comprehend this higher consciousness is foredoomed to failure; yet, as is but natural, the desire to try again and again to grasp something of it arises perennially in the mind of the student. I do not venture to think that I can say anything to satisfy this

craving; the utmost that one can hope is to suggest a few new considerations, and perhaps to approach the subject from a somewhat different point of view.

The Monad in its own world is practically without limitations, at least as far as our solar system is concerned. But at every stage of its descent into matter it not only veils itself more and more deeply in illusion, but it actually loses its powers. If in the beginning of its evolution it may be supposed to be able to move and to see in an infinite number of these directions in space which we call dimensions, at each downward step it cuts off one of these, until for the consciousness of the physical brain only three of them are left. It will thus be seen that by this involution into matter we are cut off from the knowledge of all but a minute part of the worlds which surround us; and furthermore, even what is left to us is but imperfectly seen. Let us make an effort to realise what the higher consciousness may be by gradually supposing away some of our limitations; and although we are labouring under them even while we are thus supposing, the effort may possibly suggest to us some faint adumbration of the reality.

Let us begin with the physical world. The first thing that strikes us is that our consciousness even of that world is curiously imperfect. The student need feel no surprise at this, for he knows that we are at present only just beyond the middle of the fourth round, and that the perfection of consciousness of any plane will not be attained by normal humanity until the seventh round. The truth is that our whole life is imprisoned within limitations which we do not realise only because we have always endured them, and because the ordinary man has no conception of a

condition in which they do not exist. Let us take three examples ; let us see how we are limited in our senses, our powers and our intellect respectively.

First, as to our senses. Let us take the sense of sight for an example, and see how remarkably imperfect it is. Our physical world consists of seven sub-planes or degrees of density of matter, but our sight enables us to perceive only two of these with anything approaching perfection. We can usually see solid matter, if it is not too finely subdivided ; we can see a liquid that is not absolutely clear ; but we cannot see gaseous matter at all under ordinary conditions, except in the rare instances in which it has an especially brilliant colour (as in the case of chlorine) or when it happens to be dense, to be much compressed, and to be moving in a particular way—as in the case of the air which may sometimes be seen rising from a heated road. Of the four etheric subdivisions of physical matter we remain absolutely unconscious so far as sight is concerned, although it is by means of the vibration of some of these ethers that what we call light is conveyed to the eye.

Let us then commence the imaginary process of removing our limitations by considering what would be the effect if we really possessed fully the sight of the physical world. I am not taking into consideration the possibility of any increase in the *power* of our sight, though no doubt that also will come in due course, so that we shall be able so to alter the focus of the eye as to make it practically a telescope or a microscope at will. I am thinking for the moment only of the additional objects that would come into our view if our sight were perfected.

Nothing would any longer be opaque to us, so that we could see through a wall almost as though it were not there, and could examine the contents of a closed room or of a locked box with the greatest ease. I do not mean that by etheric sight a man could see through a mountain, or look straight through the earth to the other side of it ; but he could see a good way into the rock, and he could see down to a considerable depth in the earth, much as we can now see through many feet of water to the bottom of a clear pool.

One can readily see a score of ways in which the possession of such a faculty would be practically valuable, and it would manifestly add to our knowledge in many directions. All surgical work could be performed with an ease and certainty of which at present we have no conception, and there would be fewer cases of inaccurate diagnosis. We could see the etheric bodies of our friends, and so we should be able to indicate unfailingly the source and cause of any nervous affection. A whole fresh world would come under the observation of the chemist, for he would then be able to deal with ethers as he now deals with gases. Our sight would instantly inform us as to the healthiness or otherwise of our surroundings, just as even now our noses warn us of the presence of certain forms of putrefaction. We could see at once when we were in the presence of undesirable germs or impurities of any kind, and could take our precautions accordingly. We could study the great hosts of the fairies, of the gnomes and the water-spirits, as readily as now we can study natural history or entomology ; the world would be far fuller and far more interesting with even this slight augmentation of our sense.

But remember that even this would not take us beyond the physical world; it would simply enable us to see that world more fully. We should still be liable to deception, we should still be capable of error with regard to the thoughts and feelings of others. We should still be blind to all the most beautiful part of the life which surrounds us, even though we should see so much more of it than we do now. But even with the fullest physical sight we could see nothing as it really is, but only, at most, what corresponds to a looking-glass reflection of it. The two-dimensional entity could never see a cube; he would be quite incapable of imagining such a thing as a cube, and the nearest he could come to its comprehension would be to see a section of it as a square. However difficult it may be for us to grasp such an idea, we are at the present moment seeing only a section of everything that surrounds us; and because that is so, we think many things to be alike which are in reality quite different—just as to the two-dimensional creature the thinnest sheet of metal would appear precisely the same as a heavy block of it, the base of which had the same shape and area.

Then as to our powers. Here also we are strangely limited. However strong a man may be, however clever he may be at his speciality, whether that speciality be physical or mental, he can never work at it beyond a certain strictly limited extent without beginning to suffer from fatigue. Most people do not realise that this fatigue is always and entirely a physical disability. We speak of the mind as tired; but the mind cannot be tired; it is only the physical brain through which that mind has to express itself, that,

is capable of fatigue. And even when the man is fresh and strong, how great are the difficulties in the way of a full expression of his thought! He has to try to put it into words; but words are feeble things at best, and can never really convey what the man feels or thinks; they are often misinterpreted, and the impression that they give is generally not at all what the speaker or writer originally intended.

The physical body is a serious obstacle in the way of rapid locomotion. Wherever we wish to go we have to carry with us this dense vehicle, this heavy lump of clay, that weighs the man down and checks his progress. At great expense and discomfort we must convey it by train or by steamer; and even with all our latest inventions, and with the wonderful progress that has been made with regard to all means of transportation, what a difficulty is this question of physical distance! How it stands in the way of the acquisition of knowledge; how it troubles the heart and lacerates the feelings of separated friends! The moment that we are able to raise our consciousness into a higher world all these difficulties are transcended.

Then as to our intellect. We are in the habit of boasting of it as some great thing. We speak of the march of intellect, of its great development, and generally speaking regard it as something of which we may reasonably be proud. Yet the truth is that it is nothing but a ridiculous fragment of what it presently will be—a fact which is abundantly clear to those of us who have had the privilege of coming into contact with some of the Masters of the Wisdom, and seeing in Them what a fully developed intellect really is. Here again our studies ought to save us from the common error,

for we know that it is the fifth round in each chain which is specially devoted to the development of the intellectual faculties; and as we are still in the fourth we naturally cannot expect that they should as yet be at all fully unfolded. In fact, at this stage they would be scarcely unfolded at all, if it were not for the stupendous stimulus that was given to the evolution of humanity by the descent of the Lords of the Flame from Venus in the middle of the Third Root Race.

All this is true; the physical consciousness is sadly limited; but how are we to transcend it? It might seem that in the ordinary process of evolution we ought to perfect the physical senses before we acquire those of the astral world; but our powers do not unfold themselves exactly in that way. In order that the man shall be able to function in his physical body at all, there must be an uninterrupted connection between the ego and that vehicle; and this involves the existence of the mental and astral bodies. At first they are employed chiefly as bridges across which communication passes; and it is only as our development progresses that they come into use as separate vehicles. But inevitably while the consciousness is sending down messages through them, and receiving in return impressions through them, they become to a certain small extent awakened; so that even in a savage, who cannot be said to have any consciousness worth speaking of outside of the physical vehicle, there is yet a faint dawning of intellect and often a considerable amount of emotion. At the stage where the ordinary man of civilised countries stands at the present moment, his consciousness is on the whole more centred in his astral body than in the physical, even though it is true that the powers of the

physical are as yet by no means fully unfolded. Their stage of unfoldment corresponds to the round in which we are now engaged; at this period only a partial development can be expected, but that partial development shows itself to some extent in the mental and astral bodies as well as in the purely physical.

A good deal can be done even with the physical body by careful training, but much more can be done in proportion with the astral and mental bodies, the reason being that they are built of finer matter and so are much more readily amenable to the action of thought. Even the physical body may be greatly affected by that action, as is shown by the remarkable performances of faith-healers and Christian scientists, and also by the well-authenticated examples of the appearance of the stigmata upon the bodies of some of those who have meditated strongly upon the alleged crucifixion of the Christ. But while only the few by determined exercise of thought-power can succeed in thus moulding the physical vehicle, anyone may learn how to control both the astral and the mental bodies by this power.

This is one of the objects which we seek to gain by the practice of meditation, which is the easiest and safest method of unfolding the higher consciousness. A man works steadily at his meditation year in and year out, and for a long time it seems to him that he is making no headway; yet all the while in his steady upward striving he is wearing the veil between the planes thinner and thinner, and at last one day there comes the moment when he breaks through and finds himself in another world. So wondrous, so transcendent, is that experience that he exclaims with startled delight:

"Now for the first time I really live ; now at last I know what life means ! I have thought before that life on the physical plane could sometimes be fairly keen and brilliant—yes, even vivid and full of bliss ; but now I realise that all that was the merest child's play—that even in my most exalted moments I had no comprehension, no faintest suspicion of the glorious reality."

And yet all this, which the man feels so intensely when for the first time he touches the astral world, will be repeated with still stronger force of contrast when he transcends that world in turn and opens himself out to the influences of the mental level. Then again he will feel that this is his first glimpse of actuality, and that even the most wonderful incidents of his astral life were to this but "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine". Again and again this happens to him as he climbs the ladder of evolution and comes nearer and nearer to reality ; for verily it is true, as the old books have said, that "Brahman is bliss," and ever as one approaches the realisation of Him that bliss increases.

But the higher the joy the greater the contrast between that inner life and the life of the physical world ; so that to return from that to this seems like sinking into a profound abyss of darkness and despair. The contrast is indeed great ; so great that one cannot wonder that many of the saints of old, having once tasted this higher bliss, forsook all in order to follow it, and retired to cave or to jungle that there they might devote themselves to this higher life, in comparison with which all else that men hold valuable seems but as dust before the wind. I remember how in the early days of this Society we were told in one of the letters which came

through Madame Blavatsky that when an adept had spent a long time in the nirvāṇic consciousness, leaving his body in a trance for weeks together—when he came back again into physical life he found the contrast so severe that he fell into a black depression which lasted for many days. Our terms were used very loosely in those days, and in this case the word adept must have referred to someone in the early stages of occult development—an adept merely in the sense that he was sufficiently accustomed to occult gymnastics to be able to leave his body and reside for a time upon a somewhat higher level—not what we now mean by nirvāṇa, for only a real Adept (in the sense in which we *now* use the word) could repose long upon the nirvāṇic level, and He is far too highly evolved and far too unselfish to allow Himself to indulge in depression, however intensely He may feel the change when He returns to this grey, dull earth from worlds of unimagined splendour. Nevertheless the contrast is severe, and one who has found his true home in those higher worlds cannot but feel something of nostalgia while his duty compels him to dwell at the lower levels of ordinary life.

This has been spoken of as the great renunciation, and no doubt it is so ; it would indeed be infinitely great if one who has reached that point did not retain the powers of the higher consciousness even while still functioning in the physical body. One who has reached the Asekha stage habitually carries His consciousness on the nirvāṇic level, even though He still possesses a physical body. I do not mean that He can be fully conscious on both the planes simultaneously. When He is actually writing a letter or conducting a conversation on the physical plane, His consciousness is centred

there, just like that of the ordinary man, though the spiritual splendour is still present in the background; but the moment that His physical work is over, the consciousness naturally springs back again to its accustomed condition, and though He still sits in the same physical chair, though He is fully alive and alert to all that is going on around Him, He is in reality living on that higher level, and earthly objects, though still present to Him, are slightly out of focus. This being His condition, the retaining of the physical body is only a modified sacrifice, although it involves a good deal of annoyance in the way of waste of time in eating, dressing, and so on.

When a man definitely attains the astral consciousness he finds himself much less hampered along all the three lines which we have instanced. In the astral body he has no longer sense-organs, but he does not need them, for what in that world corresponds to our senses works without needing a specialised organ. Strictly speaking, the word sight is hardly applicable to the perception of things in the astral world; but that knowledge of surrounding objects which we gain by seeing them is as readily and much more perfectly acquired in that higher vehicle. Every particle of the astral body is responsive, though only to vibrations of its own sub-level; thus in that higher life we get the effect of seeing all round us simultaneously, instead of only in one direction.

Since, as has frequently been explained, all solid physical objects have counterparts of that lowest type of astral matter which corresponds on that plane to a solid, we see practically the same world around us when utilising the astral senses. But it is a far more

populous world, for now we are able to see the millions of the sylphs or air-spirits, and also the hosts of the dead who have not yet risen above the astral level. Higher beings also are now within our purview, for we can see that lowest order of the angel evolution which we have frequently called the desire-angels. All our friends who still have physical bodies remain just as visible to us as before, although we see only their astral vehicles; but now all their emotions and passions lie open before us, and it is no longer possible for the conventionalist to deceive us as to the real state of his feelings on any point. His thoughts, however, are still veiled, except in so far as they affect his feelings, and so show themselves through them.

The limitation of space has not yet disappeared, but its inconveniences are reduced to a minimum. We no longer need the clumsy methods of transportation with which we are familiar down here; the finer matter of this higher world responds so readily to the action of thought that merely to wish to be at any place is at once to begin to journey towards it. The journey still takes an appreciable time, even though the amount is small and we can reach the other side of the world in a few minutes. But the few minutes are necessary, and we still have the sensation of passing through space, and can check ourselves at any moment of our journey, so as to visit the intermediate countries.

The intellect is far freer here than in the lower world, as it has no longer to exhaust most of its strength in setting in motion the heavy and sluggish particles of the physical brain. We gain greatly also from the fact that fatigue has disappeared, so that we are able to work steadily and continuously. Another advantage is

that we are far less hampered at this level by pain and suffering. I do not mean that there is no suffering in the astral world; on the contrary, it may be in many ways more acute than it can be down here, but on the other hand it can much more readily be controlled. The astral world is the very home of passion and emotion, and therefore those who yield themselves to an emotion can experience it with a vigour and a keenness mercifully unknown on earth. Just as we have said that most of the strength of thought is spent in setting in motion the brain-particles, so most of the efficiency of any emotion is exhausted in transmission to the physical plane, so that all that we ever see down here is the remnant which is left of the real feeling, after all this work has been done by it. The whole of that force is available in its own world, and so it is possible there to feel a far more intense affection or devotion than we can ever gain amid the mists of earth. Naturally, the same thing is true with regard to the less pleasant emotions; accessions of hatred and envy, or waves of misery or fear, are a hundred times more formidable on that plane than on this. So that the man who has no self-control is liable to experience an intensity of suffering which is unimaginable amidst the benignantly-imposed restrictions of common life.

The advantage is that, little as most people realise it, in the astral world all pain and suffering is in reality voluntary and absolutely under control, and that is why life at that level is so much easier for the man who understands. No doubt the power of mind over matter is wonderful in all the worlds, and even down here it frequently produces marvellous and unexpected results. But it is exceedingly difficult to control by the mind

acute physical pain. I know that it can often be done from outside by mesmerism, or even by determined exertion along the lines of Christian Science, and that it is frequently done in India and elsewhere by yogis who have made a speciality of it; but the power so to control severe pain is not yet in the hands of most people, and even where it is possible, such an effort absorbs so much of the energy of the man as to leave him capable of little else for the time but holding the pain at bay.

The reason of this difficulty lies in the density of the matter; it is so far removed in level from the controlling forces that their hold on it is by no means secure, and great practice is required before definite results can be produced. The far finer astral matter responds immediately to an exertion of the will, so that while only the few can perfectly and instantly banish severe physical pain, everyone can in a moment drive away the suffering caused by a strong emotion. The man has only to exert his will, and the passion straightway disappears. This assertion will sound startling to many; but a little thought will show that no man *need* be angry or jealous or envious; no man *need* allow himself to feel depression or fear; all these emotions are invariably the result of ignorance, and any man who chooses to make the effort can forthwith put them to flight.

In the physical world fear may sometimes have a certain amount of excuse, for it is undoubtedly possible for one who is more powerful than we to injure our physical bodies. But on the astral plane no one can do hurt to another, except indeed by employing methods congruous to the plane, which are always gradual in their operation and easy to be avoided. In this world a

sudden blow may actually injure the texture of the physical body; but in the astral world all vehicles are fluidic, and a blow, a cut, or a perforation can produce no effect whatever, since the vehicle would close up again immediately, precisely as does water when a sword has passed through it.

It is the world of passions and emotions, and only through his passions and emotions can man be injured. A man may be corrupted, and persuaded to harbour evil passions, unworthy emotions; but these after all can be induced only slowly, and any man who wishes to resist them can do so with perfect ease. Therefore there is no reason whatever for fear upon the astral plane, and where it exists it is only through ignorance—ignorance which can be dispelled by a few moments' instruction and a little practice. Also, most of the reasons which cause suffering amid terrestrial surroundings are quite unrepresented. When we lay aside this body, there is no longer hunger or thirst, cold or heat, fatigue or sickness, poverty or riches; what room is there then for pain and suffering? One sees at a glance that that less material world cannot but be a happier one, for in that, far more than even in this, a man makes his own surroundings and can vary them at his will.

One of the greatest causes of suffering in our present life is what we are in the habit of calling our separation from those whom we love, when they leave their physical bodies behind them. Having only his physical consciousness, the uninstructed man supposes himself to have 'lost' his departed friend; but this is really an illusion, for the departed friend stands beside him all the time, and watches the variations of feeling expressed in his astral body. It will at once be seen that it is

impossible for the departed friend to be under any delusion that he has 'lost' the loved ones who still retain physical vehicles, for since they must also possess astral bodies (or those physical vehicles could not live) the 'dead' man has the living fully in sight all the time, though the consciousness of his living friend is available for the interchange of thought and sentiment only during the sleep of that friend's physical body. But at least the 'dead' man has no sense of loneliness or separation, but has simply exchanged the day for the night as his time of companionship with those whom he loves who still belong to the lower world.

This most fertile source of sorrow is therefore entirely removed from one who possesses the astral consciousness. The man who has evolved to the point at which he is able to use fully both the astral and physical consciousness while still awake can naturally never be separated from his departed friend, but has him present and fully available until the end of the latter's astral life, when that body in turn is dropped, and he enters upon his sojourn in the heaven-world. Then indeed an apparent separation does take place, though even then it can never be at all the same thing as what we call loss down here; for a man who has already fully realised the existence of two of the planes has thoroughly convinced himself of the plan of Nature's arrangements, and has a certainty with regard to them and a confidence in them which puts him in an altogether different position from the ignorance of the man who knows only one plane and cannot imagine anything beyond it.

In addition to this, a man who possesses astral consciousness has broken through the first and densest

of the veils, and will find it no great effort to penetrate that which divides him from the mental world, so that it frequently happens that before the so-called 'dead' person is ready to leave the astral plane, his friend has already opened the door of a yet higher consciousness, and is therefore able to accompany his 'dead' associate in the next stage of his progress. Under any and all circumstances, and whether the man who is still in physical life is or is not conscious of what takes place, the apparent separation is never more than an illusion, for in the heaven-world the 'dead' man makes for himself a thought-image of his friend, which is instantly observed and utilised by the ego of that friend; and in that way they are closer together than ever before.

(To be concluded)

C. W. Leadbeater

O God within my breast,
Almighty ever-present Deity!
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee!

Though earth and man were gone
And suns and universes cease to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void;
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

Emily Bronte

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

II

IN Soul-culture, as in all other pursuits earnestly conducted, there come times when a departure on new lines becomes inevitable if further progress is to be made. By my inability to fulfil certain ever-growing obligations to a group of fellow-students in spiritual subjects, the fact was gradually forced upon my attention that if I was ever to be of any real help to others, my mind would have to pass through a course of training as drastic as the one I was endeavouring to carry out with regard to my character. Close observation revealed to me how very little I was capable of sustained thought, or indeed of reasoning on any subject. Finding that my efforts in this latter direction were less disappointing if I attempted to write them down, I gathered that the only course open to me was to inaugurate my mental discipline by selecting a sympathetic subject, requiring deep thought, and writing an article upon it. Such discipline does not sound very severe to most people of any literary training, but to me—whose school education had been trivial in the extreme, and whose ideal of life's duties was an untiring activity in response to calls of home and household—it meant almost a complete reversal of the training of a life-time.

For the first few days of this new departure, enthusiasm carried all before it; the thought-scheme for my article grew apace and filled me with the deepest interest. But gradually the sustained effort on such unusual lines began to slacken. I became possessed with the idea that the most perfect and complete fulfilment of my normal obligations had the prior claim upon my time and unselfishness. So the days flew by, and, sad to relate, little or no progress was made with my new undertaking. It seemed, indeed, as if my conscience would soon become unwillingly convinced that established duties forbade the carrying-out of my attempted efforts at mental training.

One morning, when matters had been in this stage for a week or so, I partially aroused myself from sleep, and in my consciousness seemed to be busily engaged in fulfilling an endless number of small unimportant duties. I was taking the most elaborate pains with these little tasks, but at the same time I was deeply impressed with the idea that I must hasten and get free to spend the evening with some intimate friend whose spiritual counsel I intensely desired. At last I thought everything was done; no one had any further service to ask of me, and I was free to follow my own inclinations.

Hurriedly dressing for my expedition, I found when I opened the outer door that it was far later than I had imagined. Dark night had descended and, moreover, it was blowing hard and raining heavily. I followed a narrow lane with high hedges on either hand which wound, spiral-fashion, up a very steep hill. The way seemed terribly long and exhausting. The rough and stony road hurt my feet cruelly, for my shoes were much too thin for such severe travelling. Nevertheless

I pressed on and on, indifferent to the pitiless wind and driving rain, only conscious of one all-absorbing fear that, in spite of all my efforts, I should be too late.

At last I reached the end of my journey. On the summit of the hill that I had climbed with such effort stood a house, at the door of which I knocked for admission. Even when my friend opened the door, it seemed to me as if the driving storm strove to prevent my entrance; but, once within the sheltering walls, the exquisite sense of peace and rest almost overwhelmed me. The friend whom I had come through such difficulties to visit I recognised as one who on several similar occasions had already filled the rôle of guide and intimate counsellor to me. She was always presented to my consciousness as robed and veiled in black after the style of a Sister of Mercy; the veil was always thrown back from the face, but where the face should have been portrayed was only a blank, or, rather, a void.

On the present occasion, she led me into a rather small but well-lit and well-furnished apartment, and assigned to me a place by the fire. As she did so, she expressed profound regret that I had arrived so late, for now we should have little or no opportunity for converse, because her mother was momentarily expected for their evening devotions. Even as she ceased speaking, the door opened full and wide, apparently of itself, and there appeared in the portal a radiant being robed in soft white translucent raiment. The face, of exquisite classic beauty, was fair and illuminated beyond all description. The hair, like spun gold, was parted in the middle, and fell like a glorious veil of fire, enveloping her figure and reaching down to the level of the knees. Poised in the air an inch or

two above her head, and directly over the centre of her forehead, was a star of vivid bright light. The right hand supported a crucifix of great size, so large that it reached from her shoulder to the ground, and she used it as a staff when moving rapidly forward into the room with a harmonious and rhythmic step. Observing that my faceless companion received the celestial visitor with a deep obeisance, I tried to do the same, but felt greatly oppressed with my ignorance. When the tones of their voices chanting the evening worship fell upon my ears, I perceived that they were using a language so totally unfamiliar to me that I was quite incapable of taking any part in their devotions other than that of adopting a reverent attitude. The orisons concluded, the door re-opened of itself and the radiant mother passed from my sight, again making use of the staff, and again walking with the same rhythmic step as she had used on her arrival.

During the whole scene my mind was deeply impressed and my heart perhaps a trifle chilled that this glorious being was so absolutely absorbed in her *one* purpose, that at no time did she take the very faintest notice of either my companion or myself. Except that due pause was made for the responses uttered by my guide and hostess, it was as if we were not there, so completely were we ignored.

My friend now approached and bade me a most tender farewell; and once more I found myself out in the buffeting storm, treading my painful path along the narrow roadway. Imperceptibly I passed into physical consciousness, and immediately exclaimed to myself: "Oh, what can be the meaning of that?" Instantly came a clear and decided answer to my question.

Uttered in a voice so stern and commanding that it filled me with dismay, I heard the following three strange words, "Cease your pottering!"

Though I promptly set myself to search honestly and carefully through all my recent mode of life for the necessity for such an uncompromising reproof, I was totally at a loss to discover anything 'pottering' in the behaviour of such an industrious and hardworking person as I knew myself to be. It was not until the hour approached that had been originally set apart for my mental training, that my mentor's meaning was made clear to me. The words "Cease your pottering!" rang out forcibly once again and made me realise how under the specious excuse of perfectly fulfilling my home duties I was travelling along the line of least resistance, pandering to my mental laziness, and, worse than all, practising a self-deception so complete that I was hoodwinked into believing that by shirking self-discipline I was being more dutiful and unselfish.

Though this little lesson was practically all that I was able thoroughly to assimilate at the time, a few years later, when some knowledge of Theosophy began to illuminate my understanding, this dream served me as an inspiration in countless ways.

Being told one day by our beloved President of the deep necessity of becoming one-pointed, her words vividly recalled to my mind the radiant star-lit being whom I had seen so completely absorbed in divine service, and who used a symbol of the Crucified Man as her staff.

"When I awake after Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it."

A Theosophist

" WORSHIP AND BREAKING OF
BREAD—11 A.M. "

By HOPE REA

In an unkempt lane, off the wide High Street,
At a garden's corner, poorly placed,
Stands an iron shed, unadorned, unmeet
For aught that were fit should be richly graced.

'Mong ancestral elms, and in honour set,
Rise the holy walls of the church of God,
With wealth of column, and window's fret,
And aisles that for ages hushed feet have trod.

Here daily is dressed the Lord's own meal,
With the solemn Spell Himself had taught;
While people and priest in order kneel,
And in hallowed speech array their thought.

By the iron shed stands a weathered board,
That a legend bears in letters dim;
An iron shed, for the Church's Lord?
Yet surely the legend speaks of Him!

By its bidding called, on Sunday's morn
A humble folk o'er its threshold tread,
With hearts uplift, from their homes forlorn,
Being bidden for "worship and breaking of bread".

For "worship and breaking of bread" they come,
To the iron room their pence have raised;
To rite and ritual wholly dumb,
Yet in way of their own the Lord is praised.

* * *

When the Christ shall come in the nearing Day,
And His feet shall enter house and fane,
Which of the folk will best homage pay?
To these, or those, be the Vision plain?

When He comes to His own, whose eyes will be holden?
We dream, and remember how it is said
Of two, by the way, in the parable olden,
That by them He was known in the breaking of bread.

THE SECRET OF A STAR

By EVA M. MARTIN, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 788)

VIII

From God
Down to the lowest spirit ministrant
Intelligence exists which casts our mind
Into immeasurable shade.

Browning

But come up, ye
Who adore in any way
Our God by His wide-honoured Name of YEA. . .
And on the ladder hierarchical
Have seen the order'd Angels to and fro
Descending with the pride of service sweet,
Ascending with the rapture of receipt!

Coventry Patmore

SWIFTLY and peacefully the days went by. The old scholar was absorbed by the thought of the great book by means of which he was going to convey his newly crystallised convictions, the ripe convictions of his serene old age, to the world at large. He talked much of it to Lucien, wandering out over vast stretches of philosophical speculation whither the boy could scarcely follow him.

"The Phallicists are wrong," he would often declare emphatically. "Completely and fatally wrong Oh, I mean to show them! You shall see, Lucien. I may.

be called a crank, and a deluded old madman, and anything else you like, but there are men who know me well, and who cannot deny that my brain is as keen now as ever it was, and my faculties as alert and as reliable as those of any younger man, even though I *am* white-haired and getting a bit stiff in the joints." But interesting and fascinating though Lucien found their long talks together—which sometimes took the form of discussion as between equals, and sometimes that of monologues on the part of Peterson—he enjoyed still more the pure mental atmosphere of the quiet old house, and the happy solitary hours spent in wandering through the woods that flanked it on two sides, or in exploring the broad, undulating downs not far away, whose green expanses lay ever gloriously open to the sunshine and the winds.

Sometimes grave learned men would come to the Manor, divines and scholars from all parts of the world, attracted by the fame of this thin old man who had lived so long alone with his books, and whose name was yet known far and wide as one of the greatest living authorities on the world-old history of religions. Then indeed the library resounded to a flow of words, words which seemed to Lucien to fill it from floor to ceiling, and to reverberate meaninglessly in its deepest and duskiest recesses. At such times as these he generally kept out of the way, for his presence was apt to lead to embarrassing questions, and he divined that the conversation flowed more easily when he was not there.

Now and then Peterson would let some glimmering of the new ideas which possessed him appear in his remarks to these strangers, and gloat in secret over the mystification they caused; although in some of his

visitors he rejoiced to find a spirit which met more than half-way the tentative hints he ventured to throw out. Still, on the whole, he was guarded and careful. He wanted the book to be a surprise, a totally unexpected revelation, and, in any case, his views were not yet sufficiently ordered and tabulated for coherent expression. So he discussed shades of meaning in syllables and words of languages scarcely known, even by name, to the ordinary intelligent mortal; likenesses and discrepancies in old-time mythological conceptions; doubtful dates in ancient historical records; possible motives for far-distant acts; origins of strange forms of ritual; and a thousand other details—all with that school-boy zest which was one of his most prominent and most attractive characteristics.

When there were none of these cosmopolitan visitors in the house—and their visits, as a rule, were short and unexpected—he and Lucien spent much time together, and under his guidance the boy's education progressed rapidly. He had the gift of languages in a remarkable degree, and after a time it delighted him to spell out for himself verses from the ancient sacred books, or directions for strange mystical ceremonials, such as were to be found in some of the rare volumes in Peterson's comprehensive library. But what delighted him most of all was when they read together accounts of what certain contemporaries were doing with regard to the occult investigation of ancient religious problems and beliefs. Here Peterson, from his extraordinary fund of erudition, could often adduce new proofs, or at any rate strong presumptions, in favour of the correctness of the results thus obtained; and it was a great joy to both of them to find that other minds were working,

methodically and steadily, although along lines unrecognised by the ordinary scholar, in the same direction as their own. The unity of all religions, the tremendous Divine Truths shadowed forth in the ancient mythologies, the vast hierarchy of spiritual Beings stretching between man and God, linking the microcosm—struggling, limited, suffering all the pains of growth—to its Source in the great creative Perfection which lies at the core of the Universe—these were some of the things they studied together, the old learned mind and the young intuitive one, helping and complementing one another in perfect sympathy and understanding.

The free open-air life which Lucien lived, side by side with this enthralling life of the mind, saved him from consequences which might otherwise have ensued from such sudden and tremendous mental stimulus. As he grew nearer to manhood his physical form increased in beauty and strength equally with the spiritual self within; and of the radiant growth of that, nobody who looked into his eyes could fail to be aware.

There were times when the child and the mystic in him took the upper hand, when nothing could keep him in the house or induce him to open a book. These moods generally culminated in some spiritual experience, some vision, of a wonder and beauty so surpassing that nothing but his deep and tender love for Peterson could have persuaded him to try to speak of it in words. Human speech was hopelessly inadequate for dealing with such things, but the old man's humble eager interest, his intense unsatisfied desire to participate consciously in some such experience himself, melted the boy's otherwise impenetrable reserve. So it came that there were evenings when that quiet room, lined

on all sides with the printed thoughts of men, heard a young, awed voice—now low and hesitating because of the limitations and shortcomings of the only possible medium of expression, now eloquent and impassioned, thrilled with the memory of an indescribable splendour—recounting things so pure, so vital, so simple and so great, that to Peterson there seemed to gather all around the walls bright, winged presences so thinly veiled from sight that he felt as if each word that fell from the boy's lips must draw some fold of the covering away, as if every moment they must break in visible beauty upon his longing eyes.

But he did not waste time in seeking this desired revelation which came not. There was other work for him to do.

"You are the seer," he sometimes said to Lucien; "I must be, as far as I can, the interpreter. The things you tell me all have a deep and vital influence upon the spirit of my book. They are a tremendous help to me in making my ideas clear. They throw light on the dark places, and the dark places grow steadily fewer, so that in the end I believe I shall be able to clear them all away. Then it will only remain for men to read with the seeing eye and with the understanding heart. To such my message will bring joy that all can share—Christian, Jew, Muhammadan, Buddhist, all alike. To the rest it will seem mere visionary ravings. But that there are some—perhaps even many—who will understand it and accept it, I have no doubt, no doubt at all."

Never had he thrown himself so whole-heartedly into the writing of any book before. His unequalled stores of deep and precious knowledge poured themselves

out into it with a lavishness and an ease that astonished even himself, while he brought to their expression the force of an ardent and poetic simplicity, a clarity of style, such as had indeed distinguished many of his former writings, but never to the same extent, or in the same rare quality. All his life long the history of *religions* had been the supreme, unchallenged interest that occupied his mind, almost to the complete exclusion of the ordinary interests of the world. But, as he now saw, largely because he knew so much about them, he had known, really . . . nothing! The mysterious story, unrivalled in its fascination, of the origin and meaning of *Religion* was what held him now. All his vast and detailed knowledge of separate religious systems, their creeds, dogmas and practices, seemed to have united into one magnificent whole in his mind, a whole which, since his association with Lucien, had become gloriously illuminated as by some light of splendid inspiration. With heart aflame and soul uplifted he flung himself into the work of expression, and when Lucien begged him to take longer pauses of rest and relaxation, the answer was always the same:

"There is no time to rest. That will come later. I am old, Lucien, but I know that I shall not die before the book is finished. Only, I must not waste time. I must go straight ahead, without pause or hesitation, while the desire for work is on me."

And to that the boy could say nothing, although his heart was often heavy within him.

Things came about much as he had feared. Scarcely was the last chapter brought to a close when the old man's frail body collapsed through the long strain of nearly a year's unceasing toil.

"It doesn't matter now," he said to Lucien. "The book is finished. It needs carefully reading through, a few passages amplifying, a few quotations verifying, but nothing that I cannot leave quite safely in your hands."

And then for days he lay in a state of peaceful lethargy, utterly satisfied and content, until, on one mellow summer evening when the sun was bathing all the landscape in a liquid flood of gold, the dim life-flame in him flickered and burnt up suddenly with a flash of its old brilliance.

He sat up in bed and talked with energy and animation, as had ever been his wont, of the matters his mind so loved to dwell upon.

"Death is far from being a wholly physical thing," he remarked suddenly, after a little while. "Every particle in the body is renewed every seven years. How then can it grow old? or how wear out? No, it is the Spirit that tires of its earthly habitation, that wearies of the cramping limitations of its house of flesh; and in proportion as it struggles to draw itself away, the vital forces of the body are weakened, the sub-consciousness that guides its myriad functions is affected and disturbed, until at last the final separation takes place, and the body is cast off, its purpose accomplished—even as the serpent casts his worn-out skin. My Spirit, Lucien, has long been weary of the prison-house, but until its work was finished it could not escape. Now, that is done at last, and the way of freedom opens rapidly. Your work yet remains to be begun, and I have felt of late as if the beginning were not far off."

A faint sigh escaped the boy.

"I have been so happy!" he exclaimed. "And in these years with you I have learnt so much. What a

friend you have been to me ! Indeed, I am sure that our friendship dates back into lives long before these present ones, and that it will be renewed again. But my heart is heavy at the thought of making a fresh start—without your help.”

“You will not need my help,” the old man said gently, “though doubtless the task before you is a great one. Not for nothing were you born of such parents. Not for nothing were you and I brought together just at the time when you needed the teaching that I could give you. All that you have learnt has been learnt, I feel sure, with some purpose, some great end in view. Your life was not meant all to be passed in the lonely isolation which has marked the greater part of your childhood. Spiritual loneliness you will ever know, as all pure Spirits caged in flesh must know it; but your outer life will be led among men and in crowded cities; and I feel, in some dim way, that you are destined to influence the world.”

Lucien’s young face grew very sad.

“I have been so happy!” he said again. “But I feel that you are right. There is some work waiting for me. I do not know yet what it is, but when the time comes I shall know. Hermes will tell me.”

“I have no doubt,” the old man answered gravely; and then his voice fell to a whisper.

“Do you think, Lucien, do you think, that I shall be able to see him now, before I die?”

“I think that he is very near to you,” said the boy, steadily. “I know that he is waiting to help and guide you, and to show you splendid things.”

“Would that he might unseal my eyes before I die!” the old man murmured. “Saturn’s restraining,

limiting power has lasted long enough. O Mercury, thou who holdest the gift of vision, grant it to me, I pray thee, in some measure, even before my spirit tasteth the liberty of those spiritual worlds wherein thou dwellest! Bestow upon me even one single ray of that Light and Beauty which are thine! All my knowledge, all my worldly learning, so hardly acquired, and at the sacrifice of much that other men find good and pleasant, all have I now dedicated to thee—all have I poured forth in the hope that through them other souls may be led to perceive some gleam of the dawning of thy Wisdom. Though these things are as nothing in thy sight, I offer them, O Messenger of Heaven! for they are all that I have to offer—and I ask nothing in return save the satisfaction of beholding thee once, once only, with these mortal eyes.”

“O, but you will, you will behold him!” cried Lucien, indescribably stirred and troubled. “He is very near. What matter if your bodily eyes see him not, when the eyes of the Spirit will so soon be opened? Oh, be not anxious or doubtful! Entreat him not, for it may be that he cannot come to you in visible form, even though he would. But you are his child—children of Mercury are we both; my Spirit knows it!—though for some reason, perhaps through some separating, disharmonising trend of thought or action in the past, he has not been able to come close to your waking consciousness in this life. Next time it will be different, for of late the old bond has been renewed and strengthened, and even now he is waiting for you somewhere, quite near by. He will take you close, close to himself, and through him you will be led ever closer to the One whose servant he is—and we—and all that lives. It is he

who points the way for us, and for all his many children. Others may travel along different roads and follow different leaders, but all will reach the same goal in the end. All will rest in the same Heart and dwell in the same Spirit. Oh, do not doubt him, even though you see him not now! When he can come, he comes—when he can help, he helps—there is no need to pray him. Entreat him no more; rather trust him. Trust him 'to the last point of vision and beyond!'"

He knelt down by the bed, looking into the old man's tired blue eyes.

"Listen to these lines," he said. "I read them only the other day, and took them straight to my heart:

"I am a tool in mighty hands;
Though of myself no strength have I
Yet, if He strike with me, the lands
Shall reel and the great mountains cry.

"And if He use me as His torch,
My heat shall drink the eternal waves,
And the hot tongue of flame shall scorch
The hidden depths of ocean caves.

"If as a lamp He make me shine,
My glow shall pale each fire afar,
Irradiate with light divine
The space beyond the utmost star.

"And if, when He His power has shown,
He lay me by, as is most meet,
I take the place that is my own
Among the dust beneath His feet."

He recited the words with a passion of humility in his voice; and as he finished, the old man sighed, and smiled.

"So be it! You and your poet are right, my wise-hearted little friend. I will demand nothing, nothing, of him. I give myself to him, happy if I have been,

even in some infinitesimal degree, his instrument. I will not again entreat him, Lucien, for I know that you have spoken the truth—'when he can come, he comes'. Let that suffice me."

The room grew dim and quiet after that. Outside, a happy thrush sang melodious farewells to the fading day. The roses breathed out all the sweetness of their hearts in the golden light that filled the garden. The trees stood with dark branches uplifted against the sky, as if in silent ecstasy of prayer and adoration.

And suddenly Lucien's heart gave a great leap, for he felt that, very gradually, the room was being swept by that cool, clean air, bearing its pure and unmistakable fragrance of downs and woodlands, that heralded the near approach of the one whom his Spirit loved.

The old man moved his head restlessly on the pillow.

"What is that, Lucien? What is that I feel? . . . Listen, Lucien!"

Even as he spoke a low chord of music sounded in the air. It seemed to be all around them, and its tone was soft and fairy-like as that of a wind-blown lyre. It hung there for an instant, delicately thrilling, and before it died away the boy's eyes were fixed adoringly upon the radiant vision of peace and beauty whose advent it had foretold. But the old man, though alert and listening, saw nothing.

"O Hermes! Hermes! if he might only see thee!" Lucien breathed in his inmost heart, for he knew that it was lawful to entreat for others, though not always for oneself. "Could I not lend him my sight for a little space? His soul hath such a longing. Let him see instead of me, this once!"

"There is no need for that, my son," said the lovely voice, always suggesting the musical rhythm of running waters and of blowing winds, "though it was well that thou shouldest offer. Lay thy hand upon his. His eyes are all but opened now, and with thy help he will see."

Lucien stretched out his hand, and clasped the thin, tired fingers of the dying man. Almost at once they closed upon his with a grip that spoke of astonishment and joy.

IX

If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time ; I press God's lamp
Close to my breast ; its splendour, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom : I shall emerge one day.

Browning

Ay, and when Prophecy her tale hath finished,
Knowledge hath withered from the trembling tongue,
Love shall survive and Love be undiminished,
Love be imperishable, Love be young.

F. W. H. Myers

"O most perfect Angel!" came in a low, sighing breath from the old man's lips. "Thou Bird of God! Thou brightest of the Sons of Heaven! I thank thee. Now am I ready to follow thee wheresoever thou wilt, O Psychopompus, guide and leader of souls!"

Lucien started at hearing almost the self-same words that his mother had spoken on that stormy May-night, years ago. Then he saw Hermes move forward with glorious recognition in his eyes, and a gladness on his

brow as of one who welcomes home a dear friend from a long and weary sojourn in a distant land.

A strong, sweet wind sang through the room, and on its fragrance-bearing wings two shadowy figures were uplifted and swept away in a whirl and glory of magnificent escape. So great was the speed, the rush, the sweep of their going, that Lucien himself, oblivious of all save this transcendent opportunity for freedom, seemed to be carried with them—literally swept along, as a man "in the flying wake of the luminous water-snake"—towards regions of spaciousness and wonder, towards lucid realms of blessedness and peace.

But very soon he became subtly aware that the others were outstripping him. Hasten as he might, they sped ever on in front and he could not overtake them.

Hand-in-hand across wide spaces they fled, and vanished like shooting stars down vistas of translucent glory whither he could not follow. Between him and them a veil fell. Their swift going was blotted out from him. Despairing and amazed, he found himself surrounded by nethermost darkness . . . and alone.

There came over him the sure and bitter conviction that he must return. Not yet for him that radiant and star-swift flight. Not yet those bright, ethereal worlds of joy that called his Spirit, and had almost held it. He must return . . . to earth . . . to his body . . . to life in the world of men. His being was swept by a flood of passionate rebellion and of fear. Fear of the old dim way of life, that in reality was worse than death. Fear of those blind, cruel souls of men that would bruise and crush his own, mocking at its brightness, hating it for its pure beauty which they vaguely sensed but could not see. Rebellion against the fate that drove him back to

them, shutting him out from that fair spiritual haven which he knew to be his rightful resting-place. He sent out a wild prayer for release from the bonds which held him and had called him back when freedom was so nearly won. But the shadows gathered more thickly around him, his fear increased, and the horror of his Spirit was intensified . . . until from very far away there came to him an echo of infinite sadness: "Never be afraid, Lucien. . . . Burn bright, my little lamp, burn bright."

And at that tears overcame him; the darkness lifted somewhat and it was borne in upon him that through this mad launching-forth in search of release from the bonds of matter, the light of his earthly life had been almost quenched. His desire had carried him so far away from earth that the flame of the lamp had sunk low and was like to be extinguished. But still he wandered, lost in this place of darkness and of terror, and could find no way by which he might return to his deserted body before it was too late to re-kindle the light within it. Once more he sent forth the voice of his Spirit in a passionate desire for guidance, and this time it was answered by the presence of him who was, he felt, the only one with the power to reach him in this dark and desolate wilderness which belonged neither to heaven nor to earth.

"My son, my son! How camest thou here? Thou shouldest not have followed me, for I called thee not."

"I was caught away. . . . I longed so to escape . . . and to be with thee, Hermes. But I have lost the way. I would return, ere the silver cord be broken. Show me the way, I pray thee, for now I see that it is too soon for my Spirit to win freedom. My work is not

yet done; my light is needed in the world. I long to stay, Hermes! My Spirit fears and loathes the moment of return. But it is time. I must go back."

"Thy right desire hath already guided thee towards the way of return, my son, but the choice is open to thee still. None can decide the issue but thyself. Even I cannot aid or counsel thee. Having escaped so far, wilt thou resume the way of joy and light, which leads, as thou well knowest, to the consummation of thy Spirit's dear desire, or wilt thou take the way of sacrifice, back to the world, back to thy bodily prison-house, and to the work which yet remains for thee to do? This is thy final choice, and from it there is no appeal."

Lucien was aware of a tense listening all around him.

"I will go back," he said, and immediately the words were spoken his whole being was rent with anguish, and he knew that he was enclosed once more in earthly limitations.

But he found to his amazement that Hermes now was spiritually nearer to him than had ever been the case before. They seemed both to be enveloped in some luminous radiancy of joy that flowed around them like a river of spiritual light.

"O well, well for thee, that thou hast chosen thus!" cried the God, and his voice seemed to echo the singing of the stars. "Now, O my son, thou hast indeed won freedom, for because of the great anguish of thy choice—thy soul having long since overcome the hot desires which draw souls forth to manifest in lower spheres—because of this, I say, thou shalt never again be driven to return to earth, never again be forced to suffer the

dark imprisonment of the flesh. Hadst thou chosen to complete thy escape for the sake of thine own immediate and temporary satisfaction, thou wouldst have had to return to earth later, and perhaps many times. But now the last debt is settled; no jot or tittle remains now to be paid; and when this earth-life is over, thou wilt indeed be free at last!—free to enjoy an age-long bliss before thou comest forth again, still under the shadow of my sheltering wing, to learn and grow, to work and help, in new forms, under new conditions, and in a new star-world.”

Lucien bowed his head in humility and awe.

“And the work that I have to do first? May I know now what it is?” Silence fell for a moment, and once again he was aware of invisible Spirits all around, who listened with a deep intentness.

“Yes, it is time for thee to know,” Hermes answered, and his voice held a new note, a note of exultation. “Thou art now very near to manhood, and thy whole youth has been a preparation for this great work which is awaiting thee. . . . Lucien, there is a Mighty Elder Brother of Humanity, One who has suffered all the pains and sorrows of the human race, but who has long since broken every link that bound Him and been made free of all the worlds. He is both God and Man, both Lord and Servant, and because of His great and tender love for men He returns from time to time to bless the earth with His presence. Because of His knowledge, because He Himself has long ago passed through the stream of human evolution, there is none other that can bring such help and comfort to the toiling souls of men, none other that has such power to teach, to uplift, and to inspire. The time draws near for

Him to return once more. The sorrows of the world call to Him. The mistakes, the darknesses, the vain wild efforts in which men lose and spend themselves make a song of entreaty in His ears, so that He cannot rest even in those realms of joy and peace which are His Spirit's Home. His infinite love and compassion draw Him irresistibly back to the world of men. In visible tangible human form He will come, not as a Spirit, not as a vision. For there are many things which men have forgotten and which must be learnt afresh; and there are many new and difficult things which they can only learn from one who comes in human form like unto their own. He will come, this time, to bring no sword, but a great peace. He will come, above all, as the Eternal Reconciler, as the Symbol and the Herald of the ultimate At-one-ment between God and Man, between Spirit and Matter, between Heaven and Earth. . . . And here, Lucien, is where thy help is needed. All thy knowledge, thy strength, thy conviction and thy love shalt thou pour forth in these next years to make smooth, if it may be, the way that this Great One must tread. For this reason has my Wisdom been revealed to thee. For this purpose has the power of my caduceus been shown thee—the power to reconcile conflicting elements and to bring harmony where discord reigns. To this end have I given thee the gift of speech, which enables thee to fit the thought to the word, the spirit to the form, and to interpret and make clear the things which, otherwise, could never be brought home to the dull minds of men. All this will be thy task. The book which has been left in thy care will help thee, but apart from this thou wilt have none to depend on but thyself. This thing thou must

do alone. Thou must go forth among men—ah, thy Spirit shrinks from that! but fear not, for well thou knowest that love makes all things easy. All the energy that thou hast, physical, mental and spiritual, must be spent in this mighty task of preparing men's minds to receive the great universal teaching which so soon will be vouchsafed to them. All thy singleness of aim, thy simplicity of heart, thy sincerity, thy courage, and above all thy loving compassion—give all in this great service, without thought and without stint! Spare not thyself, and it may be that the Master, when He comes, finding that thou hast been so faithful a servant, will call upon thee for a final sacrifice, the consummation of thine earthly progress. For this new Coming of His is of deeper and greater meaning than words can convey. It shadows forth a cosmic Mystery—one of the secret, innermost Mysteries of the Creation—and all who take part in it, even down to the least degree, are sharers in its transcendent glory Now, Lucien—thou Light-bearer—thou whose very name is a symbol of thine office—now thou knowest how thou art called upon to spend the life to which thou returnest. Hard will be the struggle, bitter the resistance, full of pain and weariness the task. But fear not; faint not; let thy lamp burn bright! Remember that I am near thee, even though thou must henceforth stand alone in the eyes of men. Thou art my son I have given thee of my power and of my wisdom . . . and the stars in their courses are fighting on thy side!”

All the winds of the world leapt out from their hiding-places, and in the stillness which lay at the heart of them, as the stillness lies in the heart of a flame,

Lucien came back, untouched, unstirred, by all their rushing, singing and blowing.

In low sweet cadences the sound of them faded away into some remote and airy distance, and Lucien opened his eyes once more upon the familiar room.

The worn-out shell which had veiled the eager Spirit of his friend lay in utter stillness on the bed, and through the open window he could see in the clear dawn-sky, just above the horizon, the bright swift-moving planet nearest to the sun.

With parted lips and straining eyes he watched, until its shining grew dim and it vanished from his sight, drowned and overwhelmed in the still brighter glory of the rising day.

Then Lucien fell upon his knees, and offered up the pure incense of his Spirit in humble sacrifice to Him Who is the God of stars and flowers and men alike.

Eva M. Martin

STRANGE CHILDREN

By ANNIE BESANT

OUR Burman General Secretary sends the following deeply interesting account of a marvellous child of five-and-a-half years old. Mounng Thain Mounng is a reliable gentleman, and his statements are capable of verification. We give them in his own words :

On 3rd December, 1912, I was told that a young boy, Mounng Aung Baw, a name which he fully deserves, five-and-a-half-years old, of marvellous memory, fair face, and smiling countenance, whose special characteristic is to look straight into everything that comes across his vision, came to Rangoon from Moulmein for the Pali Examination, commencing on December 1st.

On the 3rd December, I went over to see how this young lad would fare in his ordeal, and I was careful to occupy the front seat, quite close to the boy. He was examined in all the Pali Texts before an audience comprising from two to three thousand men, and all the High Priests and several monks were astounded at the boy's wonderful power of memory, with no hesitation whatsoever—a miracle for a boy of his tender age. I here give you a history of this young Brother, before I tell you what Buddhist Sacred Books he has studied. He was born to a Burmese mother and Chinese father, who both died within one year of the boy's birth. He was then adopted by U Po Toke and Mah Aye Me, Burman residents of Moulmein, who also shared the same fate within one year of adoption. Thirdly, this boy was again adopted by two Burmese parents, one of whom, the mother, died shortly. The father being afraid of keeping the boy under his protection, lest he also should breathe his last, made a present of the boy to Bhikkhu U Thatha Na, of Ye Kyoung Monastery, Mounng Gan Quarter, Moulmein. The boy was a little over two years of age at this time.

It is said that when once, in the Kyoung Monastery, a gramophone record gave the text of a Phongyi's preaching through the gramophone, the boy at once learnt it by heart and repeated it to his mates ; and the teacher, coming to know of

this incident, thought it best to use his memory in the right direction, and wanted to teach him all the Pali Texts, which he instantly began to do. The result of his doing so is what is above stated. Let me tell you his results in the examination that is now being conducted in Rangoon at Thayet-taw Kyoung Dike, Godwin Road. It is merely that he carried off the palm in every subject he took up. He was even tested by the Professor of Pali in the local College, who was astonished at the boy's marvellous power in reciting clearly all the Pali Texts. I also examined him, and found him to be one of those young Souls that are now born into this world for the good of humanity. Photographers are making money out of him, and several Burmans have come with offerings of gold and silver coins, not to speak of various sorts of eatables. The boy very carefully avoids all sorts of meat, the very sight of which is repulsive to him.

In the midst of the audience this young Brother was honoured with a seat on the Sangha's dais, with laymen offering homage to him, just like the incident that happened at Benares when our young Brother Alcyone presented us with diplomas of the Order of the Star in the East. No Buddhist will think it beneath his dignity to give due respect where respect is due ; for it is clearly shown in the 'Three Raṭanas' of our daily prayer that to do homage to a Soul advanced in Dhamma, though encased in a young body, is but the duty of every follower of the Buddha. Theosophists, therefore, should not consider it a strange idea to respect such Souls, simply because they are young as far as the physical body is concerned. For the outside world, of course, it will take a long time to understand the poetry contained in this affair.

The list of books the boy has by heart :

1. Pali Tri-Pitakas (still a portion to be finished).
2. Eight Volumes of Pali Grammar.
3. Nine Volumes of Compendium of Philosophy and Metaphysics by Arhat Anurudha.
4. Right Revd. Ledi Sayadaw's (Buddhist High Priest) rhythmical Poems on Metaphysics.
5. Right Revd. Ledi Sayadaw's rhythmical Poems on Pali Grammar.
6. Several other Pali Texts.

In the THEOSOPHIST for September, 1912, p. 929, I gave some particulars about a small boy, who had had a dream about the Order of the Star in the East. The boy was then twelve years old, and thirteen years before that, at a Spiritualistic sitting, the manifesting entity had advised the sitters to prepare for the coming of the Christ by showing charity, for the Christ would, ere long,

return to the earth. Madame T. remarked that such an idea was quite inadmissible—a not unnatural view. The entity answered: “If I tell you that He is returning, it is to give you this first proof; before a year I shall be your son, and you will be my mother, and before the Teacher comes a Society of the Star shall be founded to announce His coming, and shall spread all over the world; and the day that my father returns home with a silver star on his breast, you shall know that the time of His coming is near.” (The father joined the Order when he heard of it.)

Quite lately the boy surprised a visitor by explaining to him very clearly re-incarnation and evolution; and when asked: “From whom have you learned all this?” he answered: “From Krishnamurti.” It will be remembered that he recognised the portrait of Alcyone as that of “the beautiful boy I saw in my dream”. Our members, with the glad consent of his father, are doing all they can to help this child.

Annie Besant

H. P. B.'S OPINION OF H. S. O.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By DR. W. A. ENGLISH, F. T. S.

[This article is of perennial interest, and few of our present readers will have seen it—so we reprint.—Ed.]

AMONG the various unpublished writings of H. P. Blavatsky which are preserved at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society, Adyar, Madras, one that I had not previously read lately attracted my attention. It is her reply to a paper which had been drawn up by a couple of over-critical Theosophists in England, embodying many complaints relating to the management of the Theosophical Society. The earnestness and sincerity evinced in her reply to these accusations should carry great weight at present, and will be of special interest in America, where the many years of faithful labour for the Society by its executive Head have been so studiously ignored, and where such persistent and bitter attempts have been made by certain misguided people to traduce his character; also that of Mrs. Besant and others.

This, and many more writings of the sort, that fully vindicate the President-Founder's character and methods, have been left lying unused by him, in the archives at Headquarters—he disdaining to make any other defence than that which the growth, strength and prosperity of the Society furnish. There is among us no more absolute believer in karma than the President-Founder.

The following extracts are taken from H. P. B.'s reply:

“Truth does not depend on the show of hands; but in the case of the much abused President-Founder it must depend on the show of facts. Thorny and full of pitfalls was the steep path he had to climb up, alone and unaided, for the first years. Terrible was the opposition outside the Society which he had

to build; sickening and disheartening the treachery he often encountered within the Headquarters; enemies gnashing their teeth in his face around; those whom he regarded as his strongest friends and co-workers betraying him and the cause on the slightest provocation. Still, where hundreds in his place would have collapsed and given up the whole undertaking in despair, he, unmoved and unmovable, went on, climbing up and toiling as before, unrelenting and undismayed, supported by that one thought and conviction that he was doing his duty towards Those he had promised to serve to the end of his life. There was but one beacon for him—the hand that had first pointed to him his way up, the hand of the Master he loves and reveres so well, and serves so devotedly.

“President, elected for life, he has nevertheless offered more than once to resign, in favour of anyone found worthier than he, but was never permitted to do so by the majority—not of ‘show of hands’ but show of hearts, literally—as few are more beloved than he is, even by most of those who may criticise, occasionally, his actions. And this is only natural; for cleverer in administrative capacities, more learned in philosophy, subtler in casuistry, in metaphysics or daily-life policy, there may be many around him; but the whole globe may be searched through and through, and no one found stauncher to his friends, truer to his word, or more devoted to real, practical Theosophy, than the President-Founder; and these are the chief requisites in a leader of such a movement—one that aims to become a Brotherhood of men. The Society needs no Loyolas; it has to shun anything approaching casuistry; nor ought we to tolerate too subtle casuists. There, where every individual has to work out his own karma, the judgment of a casuist who takes upon himself the duty of pronouncing upon the state of a brother’s soul, or guiding his conscience, is of no use, and may become positively injurious. The Founder claims no more rights than every one else in the Society: the right of private judgment—which, whenever it is found to disagree with branches or individuals, is quietly set aside and ignored, as shown by the complainants themselves—this, then, is the sole crime of the culprit, and no worse than this can be laid at his door.

“And yet what is the reward of that kind man? He who has never refused a service—outside what he considers his

official duties—to any living being; he who has redeemed dozens of men, young souls, from dissipated, often immoral lives, and saved others from terrible scrapes by giving them a safe refuge in the Society; he who has placed others again on the pinnacle of saintship through their status in that Society, when otherwise they would have indeed found themselves now in the meshes of worldliness and perhaps worse; he, that true friend of every Theosophist, and verily ‘the readiest to serve and as unconscious of the service’; he is now taken to task—for what? For insignificant blunders, for useless ‘special orders’.”

After alluding to the insignificance of the complaints made, she says: “Since the Society is the child, the beloved creation of the Founder, he may well be forgiven for this too exaggerated love for that for which he has suffered and toiled more than all other Theosophists put together. He is called ‘worldly,’ ‘ambitious of power,’ and ‘untheosophical’ for it. Very well. Let, then, any impartial judge compare the life of the Founder¹ with those of most of his critics, and see which has been the most Theosophical ever since the society sprung into existence. If no better results have been achieved, it is not the President who ought to be taken to task for it, but the members themselves; as he has been ever trying to promote its growth, and the majority of the ‘fellows’ have either done nothing, or created obstacles in the way of its progress, through sins of omission as of commission. Better unwise activity than an overdose of too wise inactivity, apathy, or indifference, which are always the death of an undertaking.

“Nevertheless, it is these members who now seek to sit in Solomon’s seat; and they tell us that the Society is useless, its President positively mischievous, and that the Headquarters ought to be done away with, as the organisation called Theosophical presents many features seriously obstructive to the progress of Theosophy. Trees, however, have to be judged by their fruits. It was just shown that no ‘special orders’ issuing from the ‘centre of power’ called Adyar, could affect in any way whatever either a branch or individual; and therefore any Theosophist bent on self-culture, self-involution, or any

¹ It may interest a certain class in America to note who, in the opinion of H. P. B., was the real Founder of the Theosophical Society. See also, above, where she speaks of the ‘Founder’.

kind of selfishness, is at liberty so to act; and if, instead of using his rights, he will apply his brain-power to criticise other people's actions, then it is he who becomes the obstructionist, and not at all the organisation called Theosophical. For if Theosophy is anywhere practised on this globe, it is at Adyar, at the Headquarters."

H. P. B. next alludes to the quarrelsome spirit so apparent in England, France and America, the "backbiting, slandering, scandal-mongering"; and says members have "disgraced themselves and their Society by trying to disgrace others," and speaks in scathing terms of their actions, saying: "They have actually become more like hyænas than human beings, by digging into the graves of the past in the hope of bringing forward old forgotten slanders and scandals."

She then takes up the watchword of these would-be reformers, "Theosophy first and organisation after," and says: "Golden words these. But where would Theosophy be heard of now, had not its Society been first organised? And would Vedānta and other Hindū philosophies have ever been taught and studied in England, outside the walls of Oxford and Cambridge, had it not been for that organisation that fished them, like forgotten pearls, out of the ocean of oblivion and ignorance, and brought them forward before the profane world?"

She then alludes to the frequent use of the words 'untheosophical' and 'unbrotherly' by these Theosophical critics and reprovers, and says: "Yet truly Theosophical acts and words are not to be found in too unreasonable a superabundance among those who use the reproof oftenest. However insignificant and however limited the line of good deeds, the latter will always have more weight than empty and vain-glorious talk, and will be Theosophy; whereas theories, without any practical efforts at realisation, are at best but philosophy." Her views are evidently at one with those of the noted American author, who said there were two classes of people in the world: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and ask why it wasn't done some other way.

She next says: "Belief in the Masters was never made an article of faith in the T. S., but . . . the commands received from Them when it was established have ever been held sacred.

And this is what one of them wrote in a letter preserved to this day:

"Theosophy must not represent merely a collection of moral verities, a bundle of metaphysical ethics epitomised in theoretical dissertations. Theosophy must be more practical, and has, therefore, to be disencumbered of useless discussion. It has to find objective expression in an all-embracing code of life thoroughly impregnated with its spirit—the spirit of mutual tolerance, charity and love. Its followers have to set the example of a firmly outlined, and as firmly applied, morality, before they get the right to point out, even in a spirit of kindness, the absence of a like ethic unity and singleness of purpose in other associations and individuals. As said before, no Theosophist should blame a brother, whether within or outside of the association; throw a slur upon his actions or denounce him, lest he should himself lose the right of being considered a Theosophist. Ever turn away your gaze from the imperfections of your neighbour and centre rather your attentions upon your own shortcomings, in order to correct them and become wiser. Show not the disparity between claim and action in another man; but, whether he be brother or neighbour, rather help him in his arduous walk in life. The problem of true Theosophy and its great mission is the working out of clear, unequivocal conceptions of ethical ideas and duties, which would satisfy most and best the altruistic and right feeling in us, and the modelling of these conceptions for their adoption into such forms of daily life where they may be applied with most equitableness. Such is the common work in view for all who are willing to act on these principles. It is a laborious task, and will require strenuous and persevering exertion, but it must lead you insensibly to progress and leave no room for any selfish aspirations outside the limits traced.

"Do not indulge in unbrotherly comparisons between the task accomplished by yourself and the work left undone by your neighbour or brother in the field of Theosophy, as none is held to weed out a larger plot of ground than his strength and capacity will permit him. . . .

"Do not be too severe on the merits or demerits of one who seeks admission among your ranks, as the truth about the actual state of the inner man can only be known to, and dealt with justly by, karma alone. Even the simple presence amongst you of a well-intentioned and sympathising individual may help you magnetically . . . you are the free-workers on the domain of truth, and as such must leave no obstructions on the paths leading to it . . . (The letter closes with the following lines which have now become quite plain, as they give the key to the whole situation): No. 2. *The degrees of success or failure are the land-marks we shall have to follow, as they will constitute the barriers placed by your own hands between yourselves and Those whom you have asked to be your Teachers. The nearer your approach to the goal contemplated, the shorter the distance between the student and the Master.*

"A complete answer is thus found in the above lines to the papers framed by the two Theosophists. Those who are now inclined to repudiate the hand that traced it, and feel ready to turn their backs upon the whole past and the original programme of the T. S., are at liberty to do so. The Theosophical body is neither a church nor a sect, and every individual opinion is entitled to a hearing."

After further alluding to those who change their opinions so "diametrically," and shift their "devotional views from white to black," the letter closes by wishing "peace and fraternal good-will to all."

W. A. English

DOWN THE AGE

A London friend writes that she was present at a cinematograph performance at which a story was given under the above title. About seven hundred school-children were present in addition to the usual audience. The story was as follows:

A party, consisting of father and daughter, a German Count and a young Englishman, is sight-seeing in Egypt. The father is anxious that his daughter shall marry the Count, but she really loves the young Englishman, though she is to some extent attracted by the wealth and position of the Count.

The young Englishman is very unhappy at the turn of events, and rather keeps aloof; therefore he does not start out with the trio when they go to visit a famous temple, but follows later. While in the temple the girl begins to experience a strange feeling of familiarity with her surroundings—a feeling which intensifies when she seats herself on a particular stone. She asks her father and the Count to leave her for a time, and gradually the scene changes. Then one sees a poor beggar-girl seated at the door of a temple. She begs alms from a passing priest, but at first he pays no heed to her entreaties; the girl however continues to plead, and the priest, seeing how beautiful she is, offers to help her if she will come with him. The girl follows the priest, but when she finds he has only evil intentions she tries to escape, and is ultimately saved by a young priest who hears her cries for help.

It is the old, old story; the young priest and the beggar-maid fall in love; and the wicked priest, discovering their secret, tells the High Priest, who summons the young priest to his presence. Because, contrary to his vows, he loves a woman, the High Priest orders him to be banished for life to a lonely temple where he can atone for his sin. Before he sets out on his journey through the desert he meets the girl, who implores him to let her go also; but as they have no money, it is arranged that they shall find and remove a wonderful precious stone from the temple, and then go to a land where no one knows them. The wicked priest overhears this conversation; so the luckless pair are pursued, and just as they have found the stone the High Priest and the wicked priest rush in. The lovers are condemned to die, and the High Priest pronounces a curse upon them, that all down the ages love shall never come to them.

The English girl gradually comes back to the present time; she sees her father, the Count and the young Englishman standing beside her; and in a moment she knows that the young Englishman was her saviour of long ago, while the Count was the wicked priest; and she knows too that the curse is worked out, and that now she is free to pour out her soul in love.

REVIEWS

Man's Life in This and Other Worlds, by Annie Besant.
(THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.
Price Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This little book contains four lectures delivered by Mrs. Besant in Madras last year. The volume, though small, covers a wide field, and from man's life in the physical world we are led, stage by stage, to the consideration of the Spirit of man, and the spiritual life. Many of the thoughts will be familiar to Theosophists, but they are retold with that freshness which ever distinguishes Mrs. Besant's utterances and which makes the old seem ever new. The purpose of the lectures is to show the reality of the three worlds in which the soul lives; how these three worlds affect each other; what training is necessary to perfect our various vehicles; and, lastly, the power which lies in each one of us and enables us finally to overcome the lower part of our nature. Great stress is laid on the necessity of treating our bodies well; e.g., the physical body must not be used harshly, or injurious consequences will ensue: it must be gently led into the habits we would have it acquire. The condition of the soul after death, and its progress to the higher worlds, are described and explained. The doctrine of the 'Immanence of God' is treated in a passage of rare beauty, and the practical application of the doctrine forms the last few pages of the volume. Those who were privileged to hear the final lecture can never forget the wonderful beauty of the concluding portion; and the description of the ideal home life, and the plea for a better position for the women of India must ever live in their memory. It is impossible in these few lines to give any adequate idea of the enormous amount of information contained in the lectures, but the most learned will find something new in them, and all should catch something, a dim reflection, it may be, of the spirit which inspired the writing.

T. L. C.

In His Name, by C. Jinarajadasa. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

When one who knows the value of words dedicates his work "To the Master Koot Hoomi from His Loving Son," that work merits more than ordinary attention. It is also fully his due that the author of so exquisite a little volume as *Christ and Buddha* should meet with an eager wish on the part of his many readers for more of his thoughts and writings. Nor will anyone be disappointed in this, his last most valuable contribution to our more thoughtful literature. *In His Name* is one of those books that contain great truths and profound thoughts in the simplest of phrases. It is a book that reveals new beauties at each reading. All that is superfluous, all that is intermediate in reasoning has been eliminated, and only the basic statements, the ultimate residues of a quantity of deep and ripe thinking are left. Hence the apparent simplicity. All great things are really simple. And this, though of small dimensions, is a great book in its way; what one might call a 'bedside book'; one to keep by one, along with other favourites, to dream and ponder on and be helped by in moments of meditative and restful insight. The 'Foreword' states that the author felt he had a message to give; and the book is his message, or as he beautifully puts it: "Each human soul has some message to give to every other human soul, and what I write is my message to you just now. It is not mine in reality, for it came to me from other human souls, and I am giving to you as a brother what others as Brothers have given to me." The book consists of seven little chapters which logically develop one from the other, and on each of which, even in so limited a review of the book as this, it is necessary to pause. The author begins by giving what is the *leit-motiv* of the whole book—namely, that our world, our Universe "is one vast manifestation of the Logos," that, in one sense, there is "no such thing as the unreal; yet nevertheless the expressions of that Logos vary, and we pass from expression to expression as we grow". Phase succeeds phase, and, as new capacities develop, old forms are outgrown, new possibilities come into view. Thus "the real is this higher and the unreal that which we have outgrown". We ought to encourage idealism, for "idealism is the determination to identify yourself with the world above you and not with the world in which you

live". Ideas should become more important than 'facts'. For ideas "are units of Reality which connect the facts of a world in which we play out a drama of evolution". Again: "True ideas are not created out of 'facts'; they have an existence of their own, and possess their intrinsic standard of validity." Hence "while a fact is one expression of the Logos, the value you are to give to it belongs to a higher one; to you now a fact is of the unreal world, while its value is of the real". Then, after showing that every idealist "is a builder in the real world," and that imagination builds structures corresponding to realities, approaching the ideals, the archetypes, the whole thought is summed up in the phrase: "There is in the cosmos but One Person, and we live but to discover him."

The next chapter shows that the Master is he "who will guide you out of the unreal world into the real". Truly is it a comforting and a beautifully expressed thought that "Ages before you know your Master, he has known you, watched you, encouraged you. He has shone on you as the sun shines on flowers, and all unknown to you has helped you to grow." Ideals are first glimpses of the Master who guides you in your building and your climbing. He lives his larger life in the world of ideals, and to reach him and to "know him as he truly is you must rise to his world". The advice on this point given by the author's own Master was: "Do good works in his name and for the love of mankind." So it becomes the business of the aspirant to try "every day and every hour of the day" to "plan to make another's burden lighter for him to bear, and say softly to yourself 'In His Name'." It follows that to do this intelligently, to be of help, one must try to understand the work, the plan that is being followed; so "to co-operate with the Master you must know God's Plan."

This is the theme of the next chapter. "'God's Plan is Evolution'—thus spoke my Master." While science collects facts and details about evolution, its meaning depends on the recognition, according to the author, of three fundamental facts: "1. that life is everywhere; 2. that life never dies, and 3. that life evolves." Each of these three is considered in turn: There is one Life pervading all things not different in kind but in expression; Change and Death are inevitable wherever there is form, but this is only that life may live more fully than before; God reveals Himself more and more, unfolds ever more and

more of His Power, Beauty, Wisdom and Love through different stages in the growth of understanding and conscious realisation.

Then comes a chapter on 'Those Who Direct God's Plan,' which shows how God's Plan of evolution is effected, not mechanically but intelligently, at every grade and stage of the work. "At every step in the manifestation of life Intelligences are guiding the building of forms, to approximate them to the pattern before them." On this earth the Great White Brotherhood fulfils this function. "They work in ways visible and invisible," and as man treads the Path, the "road to Perfection, every soul passes through the stages of the savage, the civilised man, the idealist, the disciple of a Master, an Initiate of the Great White Brotherhood, to become a Master of the Wisdom". Under the supervision of the latter and their helpers and servants, the "world evolves, and humanity with it". By them are directed the laws of Nature, the rise and fall of civilisations and of continents, the destinies of individuals and of nations. Through them God's Will is worked. Who serves them, serves God.

The next chapter deals with the 'Plan of the Master'; and some well-chosen analogies render the nature of the Master's work as clear as we, down here, can grasp it. For, be it remembered, "The major part," as the author says, "of his (the Master's) work is in the invisible worlds". A Master inspires those down here, those who work for men, who help in the general plan. Moreover, not only in invisible ways: "In visible ways also the Master helps mankind. Sometimes, if it is next in the design woven on the loom, he moves as a man among men, giving them laws, teaching them and inspiring them. Thus did Manu and Buddha and Krishna in India; thus did Pythagoras in Greece and Christ in Palestine. Thus once more, in no long time, will many of the Masters of Wisdom, led by the Christ Himself, be with us to teach us and to guide us to salvation."

We next have a chapter on 'Discipleship', wherein are very clearly put the successive stages of definite discipleship to a Master, as described also in other books, such as *At the Feet of the Master*. One phrase, however, it is well for all of us to remember: "he has no special reason to select you as a disciple, unless you make the reason. That reason is the likelihood of your being of help to him in his work." And of that the Master is the best and the only judge.

In the last Chapter, entitled 'In His Name,' is summarised and moulded together all that has gone before. So the main theme is again reached, that the Universe consists and lives of the life of the LOGOS, and that all is in HIS vast being. The progress of the soul is spoken of as "the unending voyage of discovery which is the soul's existence". The earlier stages are beautifully touched upon, as when the "mainspring of life is a demand" when with outstretched hands men see Him "as through a glass, darkly". Then they enter on the later stage and then opens before them "the Narrow Way," which is "the path of the disciple. It leads to Salvation, or Liberation, or Fulfilment—call it what you will. It leads to Life Eternal, for it is only from the time a soul becomes a disciple that he discovers the true inwardness of life and sees fulfilment in sight. For the fulfilment of life is to bear the burden of others." The Lord Buddha taught cessation from evil as the first step to learning how to do good; so "To learn how to bear the burden of others, learn first how not to add to their burden"—truly a thing most of us might ponder and act upon. "Let harmlessness in thought and word and deed be ever your longing as you go your daily way"; that unvarying sign of world-helpers, the gentleness that cannot hurt, for then "through innocency of hands shall you come to integrity of heart".

By sharing with all, by sympathy, by the Spiritual Alchemy that transforms, wisely and with knowledge, all evil into good, can others be helped onwards. "Better that you should be sullied by trying to help those in the mire than that you should stand aloof and remain clean." And then: "Soon shall you find your power to love grow greater and your power to feel beauty grow keener; slowly too will come to you a greater power to bear. From the small circle of loved ones you shall widen out till some day you at-one through joy all humanity." One last phrase of great and striking suggestiveness embodying a profound truth: "For the past"—when you in your turn have achieved the Goal of Evolution—"will be clay in your hands as is now the future; the pain of the present is but to learn the alphabet of life to write therewith in all time."

W. H. K.

The Message of Zoroaster, by A. S. N. Wadia (J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., Price 5s.)

This is a somewhat unique production by a rising Pārsi author, who has a message to give, and frankly and vigorously gives it. The thoughtful among the educated Pārsis will recognise that the book is a herald and embodies what has been in the air. Orthodoxy permeated by superstition and bigotry, and the so-called spirit of reform engendered by shallow thought and limited knowledge, are the two currents which have been affecting the progress of the community in all directions for some time past. Its safe advancement lies in the guidance which will avoid these rocks and sand-banks and steer the ship to a haven of prosperity and success. A common-sense, rational, artistic and constructive presentation of Zoroastrianism has been essential for the future life of the community, and that the book has succeeded in giving. By temperament the author is poetic and artistic: he is a devotee of Ruskin, and therefore tries to understand and explain Zoroastrianism in the light of his master's teachings and ideals. The 'Epistle Dedicatory' is a human document of psychological interest, and brings us in touch with the personality of the writer. Three chapters follow: (1) Why do we hold Fire sacred? (2) The Philosophy of Zoroaster; (3) The Ethics of Zoroaster. In the first, a bold affirmation is made that Pārsis are Fire-worshippers, with which we wholly agree. A good and on the whole successful effort is made to explain rationally the true import and dignity of Fire-worship. Among the educated ardent lovers of the faith, Mr. Wadia is one of the earliest Pārsis who has shown the courage and good sense to uphold Fire-worship as a grand thing. The second chapter seems to be the weakest in the volume. A study of more modern philosophers would have enabled Mr. Wadia to interpret Zoroastrian philosophy in a better way. A sweeping examination of problems affecting human welfare and progress show the breadth of view of the author. The third chapter is very practical, and every Pārsi ought to study it. It is pleasant to note that the young author is familiar with our Theosophical literature, and in many places writes Theosophy in his own way. We wish him and his work all success, and recommend the book to our Pārsi readers and to all those who are interested in the community or the religion.

B. P. W.

Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages, by Wolff Paschelles translated by Claud Field. (Robert Scott, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

This entertaining book contains twelve legends illustrative of Jewish life and thought. The stories are well told and are full of human interest. They are distinctly religious in character: virtue is rewarded, wrong-doing meets with swift and somewhat crude retribution, and God is always the arbiter.

The entire absence of the gaiety and grace, the romance and colour which distinguish the legends of Japan, China, India and Mediæval Europe is very conspicuous. Most of them strike a minor chord and some are pure tragedy. In 'The Massacre at Prague' and 'The Prisoner of the Inquisition' we seem to plumb the depths and soar to the heights of human suffering and human achievement; for in them the supreme test of suffering is applied and love rises triumphant over pain and death. Amongst other stories the reader will discover the one which formed the framework of Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* and also a charming incident in the childhood of Maimonides, "after Moses the Lawgiver counted the greatest man among the Jews". A touch of things sub- or super-human is given in the quaint anecdote of a miser who is carried away by a spirit into a mysterious treasure house where he is shown the evil of his ways and thus admonished. "When a man orders a coffer, there are always two keys made: one is the man's, the other is God's. If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us, and then the man is not himself master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein. Remember this; and since thou hast gone through thy trial here, take God's key with thee, and try to make use of it, that thou mayest thyself be master of thy money." The book is well illustrated and should prove attractive to many people.

A. E. A.

Essentials of Psychology, by S. Radhakrishnan, M. A.

The student may find this handbook useful for reference, since the author has evidently made a scientific study of many theories, notably those of Professor James. It is intended as a text book for students, not as an addition to the large number of popular treatises on this subject found on our bookstalls.

K. F. S.

*The People's Books.*¹ (T. C. & E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. net.)

Eucken, by A. J. Jones, M.A., B.Sc, Ph.D.

Eucken has a message to give to our modern world. In the rough-and-tumble of life people have little time for fair philosophy and there is a continuous demand for 'philosophy in a nutshell'. Such a 'nutshell,' with very much of the nut and but little of the shell, is this booklet, which gives a very good idea of Eucken's teachings. Its one fault is that it prompts us to study more of this remarkable teacher!

B. P. W.

Inorganic Chemistry, by Prof. E. C. C. Baly, F. R. S.

This forms an excellent companion volume to that of the same series on *Organic Chemistry*, and explains the most important laws and methods with commendable simplicity and thoroughness. Being necessarily of the nature of an introduction, it is not overburdened with detailed descriptions, but deals mainly with typical examples and classifications. It is certain to find a wide sphere of usefulness.

W. D. S. B.

The Agate Lamp, by Eva Gore Booth. (Longmans, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Here is a poetess who can give great pleasure to our readers, since she has made good use of much travel and is possessed of a sense of melody and rhythm. She has here, among other things, some fine lines on 'The Everlasting Heretic'; and a 'A Reincarnation Fantasy' should be of special interest to Theosophists. It seems ungracious to be critical of such a charming authoress, but we venture to suggest that to test the power of the poet's song we must ask ourselves not "Do we listen?" but "Do we remember?" These lines are somewhat lacking in that haunting quality which makes a stanza, a line, or even a phrase live on in the mind of a man either as a perpetual joy or as a help in his hour of need. It seems to us that to create even a single line that, by reason of its truth or its tenderness, cannot be forgotten is to have fulfilled the destiny of the poet.

K. F. S.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Love and Ethics, by Ellen Key. (Putnam's Sons, London.)

Sex and Sanctity, by Lucy Re-Bartlett. (Longmans, Green & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

These two books treat of a similar theme, and may therefore be fitly placed together. They are essentially modern in tone, exhaling the atmosphere of the 'Futurist' in womanhood; and whilst we cannot fail to sympathise very deeply with the tremendous question which both essay to answer, we feel that a little more balance, not in thought but in feeling, would have made their appeal wider and more steadfast.

Books on this burning question of the day—the question of sincerity and fitness in the relations of the sexes—are ever-abounding. As all other questions at this crucial moment, it is in the throes of finding a newer and higher solution, and it is significant that the sex most pressingly touched by it should be coming to the front so bravely in the troublous hour of transition. Brave and true is the note sounded by both these writers; and whilst that spirit is overwhelmingly present, yet the reviewer cannot help (personally!) sighing a little with the thought that depth of feeling means sometimes loss in breadth. If only sex-consciousness could be put aside in all that concerns the world's work! If only this question could be solved not by a sex as such, but by humanity as such!

Of the two books under consideration, Ellen Key's seems to be mainly a refutation of erroneous conclusions drawn by some from her earlier book, *Love and Marriage*. She disclaims the argument that the happiness of the individual is subservient to the general good, stating that society should be so adjusted as to make the happiness of the individual subserve the betterment of the species. With insight she observes that ideals can never be *fixed*, but must be followed and died for if necessary by each for himself, and never forced on another for acceptance.

The writer of the second book is another famous Feminist author. Her charming and delicately intuitive style we have remarked upon in a former review of another of her works. For her—as also for Ellen Key—the great force which we need to bring into greater activity is the power of love; and she sees that woman—the freer and more spiritual woman of the future—will bring with her this divine gift to the world, won by the patience of her love-nature through the long past

of suffering and silence. "It is *Love* which parents require to teach their children, and much more definitely than in the vague moral way that it is taught to-day." Ellen Key also says: "The human race will become more closely welded together and ennobled in the degree in which the children inherit from their parents the great power to love."

The burden of both books is the same: a plea for the higher conception of the sex relation, and for the cultivation of love, love which sustains and permeates the world. Their principle is this; that the bodily function of the most solemn import to the race should again be universally regarded with the same reverence as it was in some noble and heroic ages gone by, an idea from which spring two laws:

1. That the sex-function should only be used for the sacred purpose of generation;

2. That this can only rightly and beautifully take place when love in its highest sense is present, that round the becoming of a man—divine in very truth in every child born of woman—should ever shine the glory of pure love, that his begetting may be holy and the child come blessed for the world's sake.

With the promulgation of principles so noble and so true, the Theosophical reviewer must needs be in full accord.

C. M. C.

The Transparent Jewel, by Mabel Collins. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 2s. net.)

Readers of eastern philosophy will recognise the quotation that is the title of this book, and know that its contents have to do with the science of the soul. It is of course the mind that is the transparent jewel. Patanjali, on whose aphorisms the book is based, explains Yoga to be "the suppression of the transformations of the thinking principle". The object of this suppression, as our author explains, is "so controlling the mind and gradually leading it to regard no object but the Supreme, that at last the transparent jewel is fixed in that which it perceives". The book consists of Patanjali's aphorisms with commentaries taken from the translation made by Dvivedi, and from the translation made by Tookaram Tatya. It

should fulfil a useful purpose, now that so much interest is being taken in the West in all the eastern philosophies. With the exception of Mrs. Besant's book on Yoga, dealing with the subject from an entirely different point of view, I know of no book by a European writer which presents a very difficult subject so clearly and concisely. It is an extremely difficult task to make Patanjali's philosophy at all intelligible to the average westerner. He has entirely to re-shape his views of life and his attitude towards it before he can at all comprehend the eastern sage; and very few people are earnest enough in their study to undertake this. The eastern commentators have not been able to clear up the situation; their commentaries but repeat the initial difficulties in different phrases. Mabel Collins has succeeded in presenting a coherent and interesting summary of a very large subject. But in spite of all that can be done to make Patanjali intelligible, it still remains true, as this author writes:

The aphorisms are written for those who are really students. Even one who has intellectually mastered their meaning finds himself unable to pass on that meaning to another. To the ordinary reader some of the aphorisms which describe the advanced states of Yoga must of necessity remain unintelligible. The obscurity is intentional, there is no doubt of that, and the translator struggles in vain with language intended to veil and not unveil.

The aphorisms are short texts forming the subject of long discourses and much teaching, as here suggested. "It is clear that Patanjali formulated them in answers to questions from disciples. The reader is in the position of one reading the answers only in a cross-examination." To veil instead of revealing, when the teaching takes a written form, is a traditional practice in the East and in occultism; and as the practice of Yoga leads to very definite results it is as well that, unless the mind of the student becomes more or less transparent so that intuition may come to his aid, the secret of Patanjali remains untold in its entirety.

E. S.

The Open Secret, by C. J. Whitby, M. D. (William Rider & Son, London. Price 2s. 6d.)

'Intuitions of Life and Reality' is the sub-title of this book—a good one since 'the things that matter,' as the author calls them, are here treated in a brief and positive way. Time and

space, the relation of consciousness to the external world, the meaning of pain and evil, on these and other time-honoured problems Dr. Whitby gives his views. The philosophy he puts forward is a hopeful one. The general trend of his ideas may be gathered from the fact that he claims for himself intellectual kinship with Henri Bergson, on the ground that both are 'absolute meliorists'. He opposes the doctrine that "in Reality there can be no such thing as growth or progress," a point he specially emphasises in connection with the question of human suffering and imperfection. "No suffering whatever is mere suffering, mere fundamental evil," he says; through it, "Reality is ameliorated and enriched" and something "not otherwise attainable is thereby contributed to existence once for all". Theosophists will be interested in the chapter on 'Solidarity' as an example of the way in which some of the teachings given in our literature on the superphysical worlds are influencing the thought of writers outside our ranks.

A. de L.

What is Health? by Grace Dawson. (William Rider & Son, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s.)

'Rider's Mind and Body Handbooks' is a popular series and the booklet under review is a worthy addition to it. The author's contention is that "health can only be realised in its entirety by the understanding and keeping of God's laws for body, mind and spirit: laws which are plainly written for all to read both in the Bible and in Nature". There is, however, an air of sentiment about this manual, and in questions of bodily health we prefer an altogether scientific attitude.

B. P. W.

John and Irene, by W. H. Beveridge. (Longmans & Co., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

This book consists of an introduction, a detailed table of contents, and three hundred odd pages devoted to quotations, from every age and language, on the subject of woman. The introduction must be read in order to find an explanation for the shower of quotations which will presently immerse the

reader. John and Irene appear to be a singularly modern couple with characters sufficiently complicated to suit the age in which they live. Their life and divergent points of view are briefly sketched; and the anthology which follows is supposed to act as an accompaniment, playing in their history the same part as did the chorus in Greek drama. The patient reader will probably find some sequence of ideas running through this mass of quotations, which are, in themselves, delightful. The printing is clear, but the spacing is sometimes eccentric (*vide* page 305). *John and Irene* may appeal to some as a brilliantly clever effort of a singularly modern mind, but the majority will probably give a different verdict, prejudiced with reason by the fact that the title of the volume led them to expect a romance, and gave them instead a 'book of quotations.'

T. L. C.

Triune Man. The message of Ka-Ra-Om. Recorded by Novus Homo. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 5s. net.)

Though this book is "sent forth in the devout belief that it will serve as a strong right hand, leading the honest inquirer into the path of mind-illuminating and soul-uplifting knowledge," it does not seem to the reviewer that the world would have lost much if the 'Brethren of the Order of the Sublime Silence,' who are responsible for its appearance, had preserved their sublime silence. Of the lithographic plates, produced by Spiritualistic methods, of which the illustrations are "faithful copies," from the standpoint of ordinary Art one can only wish that the psychic forces so engaged had been more usefully employed. The book discourses on various religious subjects with much dogmatism and little eloquence or wit. However, among much verbiage, occasional gleams of light appear, and it is at least satisfactory to find that Rabah, the Head of the Order, "whose transcendent virtues and stupendous psychical powers defy description," believes that "all men are brothers". The book is totally lacking in originality and dignity as the Revelation, or the "strong right hand", it claims to be. It cannot be taken seriously, from either the critical or literary standpoint, and will interest, perhaps, chiefly the few psychologists who have to include the idiosyncrasies of 'cranks' in their laborious researches.

E. S.

Ush : The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness, by Adelphos.
(John Ouseley, Ltd. Price 2s. net.)

This curious title is given to the story of the adventures of a young English officer who puts himself under the tutelage of a fakir, renouncing all worldly interests when the latter recognises him as one marked out for high attainments spiritually. Many remarkable experiences are undergone in his progress towards the culmination in his acquirement of power "to penetrate into the unseen," (astral vision apparently in this instance) and the dramatic exit of the fakir from the physical plane. Teachings of karma and reincarnation are introduced; but the idea that wrong-doing which is merely the result of ignorance can send the soul back into an animal form would not be entertained by a Theosophist. Short descriptive paragraphs are given of various religious sects in India. The author has good material and, though often hampered by his unfamiliarity with the subtleties of a language foreign to him, shows considerable powers of expression. Several mis-spellings and quite transparent grammatical errors, however, are blemishes which might have been removed with advantage by a more rigorous use of the blue pencil before publication.

A. E. A.

Spiritual Prayers from Many Shrines. (The Power Book Co., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

Certain temperaments derive their inspiration at the fount of simple but heartfelt prayers. Some express themselves individually, in language suitable to their peculiar environment and dictated by the circumstances of their daily life; but there are many who have not the gift of voicing in fitting words their inner and sacred sentiments, and often lack of adequate knowledge makes people turn to prayers of certain religious thinkers and writers, published by them for the use of their fellows. The book under review is an effort in that direction. The result is not fruitless, and there are many short prayers which will appeal to devotional hearts. They are tolerant in spirit and rhythmic in character.

B. P. W.

Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ.
Idylls from the Sanskrit.

By Ralph T. H. Griffith, M. A. (Pāṇini Office, Allahabad.)

In *Scenes from the Rāmāyaṇ* the well-known author endeavours to give to the public something like a connected story of the hero's adventures, from his birth to the loss of Sītā. The result is highly satisfactory; the life of Rāmā is rendered in simple yet melodious metre, and we rise from the perusal of the *Rāmāyaṇa* "with a loftier idea of all the virtues that can adorn man—of truth, of filial piety, of paternal love, of female chastity and devotion, of a husband's faithfulness and love, of fraternal affection, of meekness, of forgiveness, of fortitude, of universal benevolence".

The Idylls are beautiful, poetical translations of the best specimens of Samskr̥t poems, sacred and profane, epic and lyrical. To read a nation's literature and, above all, its poetry and folk-lore, in which is enshrined that which moves and inspires its heart and soul, with sympathy and an honest endeavour to understand and appreciate, inevitably brings men into closer relation with that nation's life and spirit and so helps to promote Brotherhood. This, one ventures to think, may have been one of the motives which prompted Mr. Griffith to devote so much of his valuable time to these translations—not the least of many services he rendered to India, causing friends and pupils to hold his memory in grateful veneration.

E. S.

The Sanctuary, by Maud Howard Peterson. (Lothrop Lee & Shepard Co., Boston. Price \$ 1. 25).

This novel has distinct charm, and the reader will peruse it from beginning to end with increasing satisfaction. *The Sanctuary* deals, first, with the bad conditions of labour which obtain even now-a-days, and the hero, a man of wealth and culture, works at the mills in order to have first-hand experience of the conditions under which his less fortunate brothers live. It is thus that the authoress introduces the theme of Brotherhood, which runs so markedly through the book. The religious element is also present. The hero draws his faith from both eastern and western creeds, and his conclusions will not be unfamiliar to Theosophical readers. A charming love story gives the strong touch of human interest

required. It seems rather ungenerous to find any fault with a book which has given the reader such pleasure, but a suggestion may be made that the writer has attempted too much. It is difficult to make out clearly which point, of the many she makes in her story, she wants the reader to take particularly to heart. One reader finds in it the record of the progress of two souls in their journey from the Unreal to the Real, and this is perhaps the mainspring of the book. A strangely mystic atmosphere surrounds the tale, and the character drawing is excellent.

T. L. C.

NOTICES

A Short Study of Ethics, by Charles F. D'Arcy, D. D. (Macmillan) has attested its popularity by reaching a second edition. It is well known as a scholarly production. An Index is an improvement on the first edition. *Panchadashi of Vidyaranya* (Sri Vāṇi Vilās Press, Srirangam) is a famous Samskr̥t book and in this volume its English translation with explanatory notes and summary of each chapter is given by M. S. Rau and K. A. Krishnaswami Aiyar. *Swedenborg: The Savant and the Seer*, by Prof. Sir W. F. Barrett is a reprint (Watkins) from the *Contemporary Review* and is full of interesting information. The January issue of *Orpheus* brings two very good illustrations, six charming poems, a dramatic piece entitled 'The Summit' and some excellent contributions including stories and reviews—an interesting number.

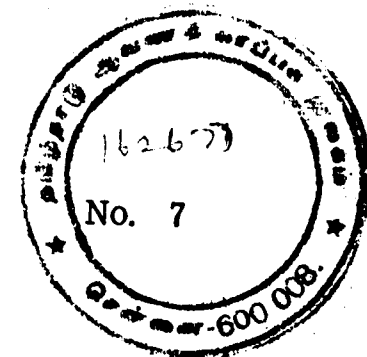
TRANSLATIONS

The Universal Text book of Religion and Morals, Part I, is translated into Tamil by our earnest friend Mr. P. Narayana Aiyer of Madura.



CROW'S NEST, BOMBAY.

Vol. XXXIV



THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

QUITE the most astounding discovery of recent times —astounding less for the fact than for the allowance of its discovery—is the penetration into the Great Sphinx and the opening of the Temples hidden within it. Professor Reisner of Harvard University is the revealer, and he has uncovered a small temple in the head of the Sphinx from which a tunnel runs downwards to a large temple, which occupies the interior of the huge body. Below this again is a pyramidal tomb, thought to be that of Menes, the great King of Upper and Lower Egypt. What secrets of the past will be uncovered when the Sphinx at last speaks of that which it has guarded for so long?

Another wonderful discovery—which will revolutionise the future, as the preceding will throw light upon the past—has been made in chemistry. The newspapers call it 'the birth of the atom,' and truly it seems nothing less. In these rough notes, I can only

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point to a subject that must be dealt with at length. Sir J. J. Thomson records the discovery of "very small particles, moving with prodigious velocity," very small compared with the mass of any known chemical atom, found everywhere, always identical, "the bricks of which the atom was built up". (See *Occult Chemistry*, published 1895.) Sir William Ramsay, Professor Collie and Mr. Patterson claim to have formed helium and neon from hydrogen, i.e., to have transmuted one element into two others—the old alchemical claim. The next step is that there is no 'matter,' but only electrical energy. Dr. C. W. Saleeby writes (*Daily Chronicle*, February 11, 1913):

Modern chemistry doubts whether there is any such thing as matter; it analyses the atom, and finds it to be a transient manifestation of energy, which has a birth, a 'life,' and a death, but a death which leaves no corpse to bury, for the energy that was the atom is restored to the general energy of the universe, as the melting iceberg is restored to the general waters of the ocean.

What is the energy? The Theosophists call it the Breath of the LOGOS, the Life which sustains the universe. (See THEOSOPHIST, June, 1908.) H. P. B. wrote in 1888:

Spirit is Matter on the seventh [highest] plane; Matter is Spirit at the lowest point of its cyclic activity. (*Secret Doctrine*, i, 693.)

Again:

In 1882, the President of the Theosophical Society, Colonel Olcott, was taken to task for asserting in one of his lectures that Electricity is matter. Such, nevertheless, is the teaching of the Occult Doctrine. (*Ibid*, 136.)

She goes on to say that it is atomic, and is therefore Matter. In truth Matter is only the lowest expression of the One Life. Lastly, it is stated that two new

elements have been found, one of them in the place where we have noted occultum (*Occult Chemistry*, 1908), and the other apparently our meta-neon. Certainly "the old order changeth, yielding place to new".

* *

Politics move slowly in comparison with science. The Women's Rights Library has just re-issued my *Political Status of Women*. The *Christian Commonwealth* comments:

Many years ago, when Mrs. Besant was unknown to the world, she determined that her first public lecture should be on behalf of her own sex. The lecture was afterwards printed, and ran through three editions. With Mrs. Besant's permission it is now added to the series of reprints of early literature advocating women's suffrage. There is a pathos in reading the familiar arguments for the enfranchisement of women, put so ably in a document that is now thirty-eight years old. So little have all the labour, all the meetings, all the speaking, all the writing of the years that have intervened availed women. "Many women now, educated more highly than they used to be—women with strong brains and loving hearts—are being driven into bitterness and into angry opposition, because their ambition is thwarted at every step, and their eager longings for a fuller life are forced back and crushed," runs the discourse, and it was delivered in 1874.

* *

A startling step forwards has been taken by a Russian Theosophist in the world of art. 'Theosophy in Music' is the head-line announcing it in the *London Daily Chronicle*. Sir Henry J. Wood, at one of his great Queen's Hall concerts, has introduced to the English public, Alexander Scriabine, through his *Prometheus*. It was performed twice at a single concert, and the musical world is up in arms, some extolling, some decrying, the new departure. Enough, for the moment, that it has been thought worth while to devote an elaborate programme to the analysis of the new music. It is interesting to note that the cover

of the score bears a striking design by a brother Theosophist, the great Belgian painter, M. Jean Delville. It is possible that M. Scriabine may come to spend some weeks at Adyar in the autumn of this year.

* *

An International Woman's Suffrage Congress is to be held at Budapest from the 15th—20th of June, 1913, and promises to be very largely attended. I have been obliged to refuse the invitation sent to me, as the International Theosophical Congress at Stockholm has been fixed for that date, and it has obviously the first claim. The welcome change in the occupant of the office of Scandinavian General Secretary assures the success of the Congress, and it will be pleasant to greet our old and well-tried friend and worker, Arvid Knös, in his old post. Captain Kuylenskiöld is appointed his Assistant for the Congress work.

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The Bishop of Durham spoke very well on the reflex value of prayer on the worshipper, and Theosophists will feel the truth of his statement. He advised his Church people :

Turn anxious thoughts into prayer, and the seriousness remains, but the poisonous 'worry' is exhaled into the Presence. Turn combative and contentious thoughts into prayer, and the convictions may be firm as ever, or firmer, but the soul will be calmer, sweeter, more able to allow and sympathise, more absolutely shy of the bad *spirit* of strife, less capable of the great sin of thinking and speaking evil. Turn devotion to the Church we love into prayer, and our loyalty will be lifted out of a partisanship which may be as secular in spirit as possible, and it will be inspired with the love of God and man. Turn political thoughts into prayer, and they too shall be changed and clarified into a large and Christian patriotism, with which the man can be as convinced and earnest as possible in favour of a policy, but always with an open outlook towards the will of God and the good of the whole realm. Turn fears for the world's imperilled peace into prayer, and the

powers of the world to come, whose mighty peace shall at last overwhelm the clamours of time, will come into the worshipper's soul, and his vision both for present and for future shall be all the clearer.

It is the opening of the windows of the soul to the gracious influences of love and strength which are ever playing upon it that permits the influx of the divine Presence. The sun is ever shining on us, but we shut it out and say that it is dark.

* *

In the many Germanic and Czech countries that the globe-trotter thinks of vaguely as 'Germany,' there are several bands of deeply pious Mystics who work by meditation for their own spiritual growth, and for the good of the world. Inheritors of German Mysticism, they follow silently the 'Way of the Cross,' and few know of the subtle power which spreads from these holy centres. From one of these was lately sent a prayer, with the following dedication :

To those who devote their whole life and time to the inner development of humanity and to truth, the undersigned permits himself to dedicate this prayer, with deepest respect and true and most hearty love as a token of remembrance.

I do not add the name, for these circles are of those who pray when "the door is shut". Suffice it to say that the prayer is for the sending of a Teacher to guide the nations, and it was sent to a representative of the Order of the Star in the East. The soft notes in the hush before the Dawn are growing more numerous.

* *

Dr. Horton, under missionary pressure in India, feels injured by the circulation of his sermon, which was published, with his permission, by the Order of the Star in the East. Dr. Rocke, to whom he gave the permission, has, of course, withdrawn the booklet. It

seems a pity that Dr. Horton could not summon up courage enough to speak the truth about his change of front, but he finds it easier to slander me! He says in an article in the London *Daily Chronicle* that I have "even induced the temples of Benares to prohibit non-Hindūs from entering them"! Why this gratuitous falsehood? The prohibition was in force before I ever went to Benares, and I have always been shut out under it myself. It was brought about by the ill-manners of globe-trotters, who treated the holy places of the Hindūs with rude contempt. He further says in a letter, but the statement has not, so far as I know, been published, that I support animal sacrifice! Everyone in India knows that I have spoken often and warmly against animal slaughter, both in the few Hindū temples now defiled with it, in the Pasteur Institutes, and in the numberless European slaughter-houses found all over India. It would be interesting to know whether Dr. Horton disapproves as much of the slaying of millions of creatures to gratify the palate of man as of the few thousands slain in mistaken devotion to God; also, if he disapproves in India of that which he regards as God-ordained in Palestine? Beef-eating by missionaries is, I may remark, one of the obstacles in the way of Christianity in India, and Dr. Horton would help it more by persuading his countrymen to give up this bad habit, than by telling falsehoods about myself. These are not even *ben trovato*. It is odd that an *orthodox* Christian should object to living creatures being offered as sacrifices to appease an angry God, when we think of the Jerusalem temple and the great "Sacrifice on Calvary".

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The very Rev. Monsignor Benson is always interesting and the *Christian Commonwealth* of Dec. 25, 1912, gives two notices of him. Speaking about the New Theology, he gave it credit for its great teaching "that God is infinitely close to us, 'the soul of the world'". But he thought that, while urging the truth of God's immanence, it forgot the equally important truth of God's transcendence. Hindūism has summed up the whole truth in words that cannot be bettered: "I established this universe with a fragment of myself, and I remain." The second reference relates to his article on haunted houses in the January issue of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Father Benson does not commit himself to any particular theory, but remarks that both laughter and accusations of fraud do not suffice to dispose of the phenomena he discusses. He mentions, as a possible explanation, the views held by many Theosophists:

These teach that human beings have in addition to soul and body a kind of semi-material envelope, which they name 'astral'. At death this 'astral body' is released; usually it corrupts and disintegrates; but in certain cases it retains, often for a considerable time, a kind of quasi-life. It is these astral bodies, therefore, operating under material conditions which, according to the Theosophists, form the substance of these apparitions, acting over and over again, until their energy is dissipated, the scene in which soul and body once took a part.

* * *

In the life of the great mystical painter George F. Watts by his wife, the following interesting passage occurs:

I found that to 'Signor' (the name given to the husband, by his intimate friends) the idea of the rebirth of the soul—even many times—through the ages was one very acceptable to his mind. He thought it consonant with the highest conception of omnipotence, and a theory into which retribution following upon sin might fall, without imputing to the Almighty qualities which to human wisdom seem incompatible with the title of the all-loving. When speaking of this theory of rebirth

he often said that he had a dim intuitive feeling that in some former existence he had been a Greek.

M. Maeterlinck, also, writing on Death, says that of all the theories of a future life, reincarnation seems to him to be the most plausible and the least irrational. He inclines somewhat to the hypothesis that the surviving consciousness is collective rather than individual. I have only seen a review of his book.

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Dr. Van Hook, in Chicago, is working very hard to spread among the masses of the American people a knowledge of this great doctrine, with its inevitable corollary, the law of karma. The good doctor has formed the Reincarnation and Karma Legion for the propaganda of these two important truths, and I earnestly hope that many will join it and strengthen his hands.

* * *

My daughter, Mrs. Besant-Scott, writes me from England that the Art Circle of the H. P. B. Lodge has now expanded into the 'Brotherhood of Arts,' and a very strong council has been formed to utilise the ever-increasing number of artists in the T. S. Her own young daughter is making great progress as a violinist, and promises to make her mark in that most difficult branch of music. Mr. Shapiro is becoming well-known both as a composer and an orchestral conductor. I may say that, at Adyar, our students give us quite brilliant concerts from time to time.



THE SPIRITUAL SIGNIFICANCE OF CREATIVE ART

By LILY NIGHTINGALE, F. T. S.

A BOLD subject of discourse! Hard to say whether Ajax defying the lightning were a feat more titanic than this attempt to discover, rather than defy, those alchemical processes of genius, whose methods are not of earth. However, if, as the Greek philosophy declares, man's greatness consists not so much in what he has done, as in that which he will do, i.e., the potency hidden in all great imagination, this is after all only to say that prophecy is a divine, retrospective human, attribute.

Yet went the declaration forth to man from his Maker: "In the image of God created He them"; and

again: "I said: 'Ye are Gods'." What a battleground is man! Sport of Gods, experimenter, and himself the great experiment: trinity in unity, manifestation, through multitudinous separation, through films of matter ever denser as Spirit descends, outbreathed from Eternity into time and space, inbreathed at the consummation into man's most ancient inheritance, "the glorious liberty of the children of God".

But what of the journey through the wilderness? Aye, what of that? It is not all rough ways and bleeding feet; 'the steep ascent' has its beacon-lights, its resting-places. Is there not, also, the pillar of cloud by day, the supreme lure of endeavour, with its immemorial radiance? And the pillar of fire by night, vision, prophecy, genius; man has given countless names to that quest which alone has made earth-life endurable to many a banished wanderer. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Eternal salutation of the finite to infinity! Thus has man the thinker ever raised himself beyond the valleys of thought to the mountains of aspiration. There are those who walk this earth proudly, yet with a lowliness profound as the humblest server's; robed, crowned, sceptred, theirs the divine right of Kings and priests, after the order of the nameless Star, under whose creative light they glow with fire that none can quench, for it is not of earth.

The symbols of cloud and fire pillars are of immemorial antiquity, as images of thought and inspiration. The joy of symbolism is that it knows no monotony, but changes with each rhythmic measure of the cosmic dance. Cloud and fire, thought and inspiration. Thought, the essentially human faculty, which changes its

fashion with the evolution of the brain (instrument of mind), that marvel of construction both in psychology and anatomy. Thought, the cloud veiling yet revealing the sun; cast into a thousand shapes of phantasmagoria, myriad semblances of ether, air, and water. Thought, slowly built up into forms which do their work, then disintegrate; yet from their disintegrated fragments a new world arises. Clouds of thought which go before us by day—each has his own pillar to form as he will, to break down, to build up, to unbuild again—"airy forms of flitting change". But ... there comes a time when the work of mind, even pure mind, ends; no further can it go: it has done all that can be performed by the human brain, instrument of mind. What then? darkness, nescience, or the pillar of fire by night? Fire, the potency of Deity, a spark from which ignites the heart of every human being; the spiritual centre in man, that which sets the starry seal of Godhead on the human brow. Fire, which works through alchemy on the materials hitherto subjected to the analytical processes in the laboratory of the brain, that which ignites the fuse of thought, which makes it creative rather than interpretive. Talent combines, compares, selects; then comes Genius, breathes upon it, and lo! it is one, one great Simplicity. Clouds close round the mountain's base; on the summit the sun strikes the dazzling snow into a thousand whirls of sparkling light. Thought is the prism, imagination the white light, broken up in the prism of thought.

Again we may take thought as the bridge from man to beyond man. Intuition and the treasures of self-revelation which we call Genius are not beneath, but beyond, thought. The Genius is more than the

scholar-savant; the latter builds up, acquires by knowledge, the thoughts and dreams of many generations. Splendid, as well as necessary, is his work. Comes a Genius, a wild meteor with the brow of a seraph and the heart of an inspired child. His gaze pierces beyond the world of thought, up to the heights of inspiration. He ascends the Mount, and comes down, his soul aflame with the glory of the Vision. Then comes the translation, in music, marble, or song. And we, who hearken or behold, on us also falls a ray of divine revelation, and we see, for however brief a space of time, not as men, but as Gods. Well does Rodin define the true artist as "one who sees".

For this vision there is only requisite the rarest quality, purity of heart. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Purity of heart, to a creator, means what the 'single eye' means in the mental world. The creator's heart is dedicated to the creative fire; the God of Genius brooks no rival, any more than did the jealous Jehovah. "Thou shalt have none other Gods but Me" is a necessary condition to artistic purity of heart. The seer looks for the vision—he must see nothing else and no less; for thus and thus only shall the light of creation burn perpetually in the sanctuary of the heart. This may seem strange doctrine to those who have not considered the votive aspect of the creative artist. "In the heart is the temple of Deity." In the head is the connecting link between God and man. This is a literal truth, none the less scientifically correct because of its occult meaning. H. P. Blavatsky has given us more than a hint in the direction of this intimate correspondence between heart and brain. "It is the usurpation of the function of the intellect that

paralyses spiritual perception—intellect is its handmaid, not its lord. It is here that the strife arises—the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil grows from the roots of the Tree of Life."¹

We may say, then, that the sign of intellect having overstepped the mark is when it desires power for itself, instead of accepting the function of light-bearer from the sun—an emissary of Apollo.

This brings us to the connection between Art and the ethics of the artist. We have no more right to demand of the artist, than of any other mortal as a man, a blameless moral life: but we have a right to demand that he be not a half-hearted artist. The light in the sanctuary must not burn dimly; the water of the emotional nature must not quench its flame, nor the earth—"contagion of the world's slow stain" choke it, nor the air of the mental plane with its gales of doubts and sad questionings blow so fiercely that the holy flame be starved; that indeed is true elemental morality for the artist.

To the great belong great passions, great vices if you will: their ratio in morality is more often that of the titan than of the saint; yet their code of ethics is strict and stern as any puritanical doctrine, and the rigours for transgression are sore and hard, as every artist knows. It is useless to expect a great creative spirit to be average in anything, morals, habits, etc. Nay, worse than useless, it is absurd. He may be more or less law-abiding than his contemporaries; average he will not be. All laws of average belong to the *avoiirdupois* scales of mediocrity. The great majority rise by this mechanical adjustment of laws of life and

¹ *The Secret Doctrine*, ii, 227.

conduct; for them are rules of thumb and ethics confined within bounds of red tape. But the Great have harder rules, sterner doctrines, and who are we to judge those who tower over us pigmies? "A lord may be judged only by his peers"—this was a canon of ancient English law. There is no more despicable and pernicious habit than that of peering into the frailties of the Great, of sitting in judgment on those whose horizons are those of the desert and the steppes, compared to ours of our neighbour's back garden, bounded by his bedroom window. It is as if we complained to the sun: "You burn"; to the frost: "You freeze"! When we see the spectacle of greatness becoming small and mean, descending to the level of vulgar vices, then indeed we may sorrow for its abasement; though even then, we may think of the parable of the prodigal son and conjecture that during the "ordeal by husks" the exile may catch manners and morals of his table-companions; but after the ordeal, what more bitter vengeance than the self-abasement of a great soul, when, the evil dream outworn, he awakens and finds himself one of a herd? The remorse of titans is out of all human power to conceive, far less to depict. But to reduce a principle to a formula: the moral standard of each artist is written on his heart; none but he knows the height of his ideals, the depth of his failures. We have no right to demand that he shall accept our standards, any more than to lay down laws for comets, meteors, and volcanoes, and complain because they do not conform to them. Giants can no more be measured against drawing-room doors, than the flight of a Spirit can be regulated by aviation conventions. The truth is too often ignored, that knowledge is

an analytic, wisdom a synthetic, process. Knowledge, the gradual apperception of wisdom. In the sanctuary of truth the only music is the voice of the Silence. "To see life steadily," the work of the mind—to reflect "the gathered rays which are reality". Then comes the realisation of Unity, "to see it whole".

Friedrich Nietzsche presents one of the most brilliant instances of a great mind so knit with complex strands of intellectuality that they actually got in the way of intuition, sometimes tripping it up and causing it to doubt its own vision of truth. Mark how the genius asserts its supremacy in such flashes as the definition of the faculty of logic as: "Our attempt at making the actual world more calculable and more susceptible to formulation, for our purposes".

One such definition as this is worth more than a thousand inverted and paradoxical declarations (though even these have their roots in abstract reality) such as of truth: "That kind of error without which a certain species of living being cannot exist" (from *the Will to Power*); or, again, as: "A form of faith which has become a condition of existence." On the whole the creative genius of the philosopher triumphed over all intellectual by-products in his conviction that the ultimate salvation, both for the race and the individual, lies in the strengthening of the *Will to live*. Nietzsche, the genius, grasped the profound and vital truth that all life-negating tendencies, on every plane, are so many proofs of decadence. Pessimism is shown to be a weakening of the life-instinct, and a symptom of degeneration—a wholesome, stimulating, and entirely desirable philosophical conclusion. Indeed, whereas Schopenhauer may leave the mind faint though pursuing, Nietzsche never

fails to stimulate, and his incongruities and mad sallies are easily decipherable from his priceless utterances by any one of average critical faculty. Nietzsche is both one of the greatest of modern rationalists (if the constructive working of the higher reason be accepted as a definition of rationalism) and one of the earliest of *modern* intuitive philosophers. It is probable that these two elements strove in him and ultimately produced that want of balance in the instrument of the mind, i.e., the brain, which is covered and explained (*sic*) by that word (almost as comforting as Mesopotamia) *Insanity*. The strife indeed was three-fold, God, dæmon, and precocious child. Many of his utterances were so far beyond the mental range of his own day that they are only now beginning to be understood. As a study of the spiritually significant in creative utterance and also an illustration of the processes of analytical thought, he is unique. He contradicts himself a thousand times with a Whitmanesque abandon. Consistency was so far from being a bane to his mind that he scorned relevancy. But what joy to decipher the arabesque symbolism! 'Mind the Gargoyles' is a useful sign-post when dealing with Nietzschean philosophy. The humour is that the creator thereof often mistakes his gargoyles for Greek Gods, and bids us admire them as ideal forms. Yet such sayings as: "There must be chaos within before the birth of a dancing star" repay us for thridding the mazes of a mixed sculpture gallery. Besides, there are some kinds of sense which can only be conveyed through the utterance of apparent nonsense. Lovers of intellectual beauty revel in the movements of a perfectly trained mental athlete, movements that escape all words but are a source of genuine delight.

Nietzsche is both prophet and gymnast; it is our own lack of critical ability that cannot disentangle the two; idle alike to deplore the combination or pronounce it impossible; there it is; here is the critical point between the mental process and the spiritual significance of creative Art. Spirituality has no direct connection with ethics *per se*. "Spiritual wickedness in high places" is a phrase that has puzzled pedagogues for long enough. Spirituality means the recognition of Unity, at once transcendent and immanent. This vision is beheld through the window of the mind, but with the eye of the soul. There are abundant evidences in our own western scriptures that a strict observance of the code of *current* ethics even was not indispensable for the favour of Jehovah—witness Noah and David. In the new dispensation we have Mary Magdalene—to whom much was forgiven because she loved much; to many minds a scarifyingly unjust and immoral remark, had it emanated from other lips.

Here is the great paradox of intellectual life. Art is one, and the arts many. The mind is complex, the synthesis one; the road to simplicity lies through a thousand complexities—not the simplicity of the ingénue but that of Apollo or Herakles. Genius is thus brought down from the empyrean to earth in spite of the Gods! Simplicity is a thing to be achieved by man, one of the lost arts; the last word in the spell which moves mountains, not an attribute of primitive man. Primitiveness is one end of the tunnel, simplicity the other. You must go through the tunnel, a labyrinth of sombre shadows and mysterious lights, colours, sounds, and all the paraphernalia of tunnels—*then*—out into the light again,

knowing more, but knowing it as one whole instead of in myriad scattered fragments. It is this passage through the tunnel of complexity which marks the intellectual man; the emergence therefrom is Genius. Only the Genius can know the horror of the process wherein the God sees, the man doubts, and the instrument vibrates with the tremors of the struggle. That is why the mortal lives of many Geniuses have been, and doubtless will be, infernos; for they live through many lives in one. The God trammelled by flesh, the man aspiring "up from the clay toward the seraphim". The fleshly dwelling, "our soul in its rose-mesh," pulling at the man; the Genius revolting from the sensual prison yet subjected to the discipline of the senses by necessity; the law which decrees that the God shall know the flesh ere the flesh know the God. Think of the cosmic struggles of the submergence and emergence of continents and oceans repeated in man, for we know that the laws of correspondence and reflection are infallible. What must this earth-life be to these banished Sons of God, exiles from a far country, votaries of Urania, to whom Aphrodite can never be more than a foster mother? This, then, the spiritual significance of creative Art. It brings us back again to the primordial. In the presence of a work of creative genius we dare not avow ourselves materialists, for the spiritual towers over us, enfolds us, and will not be denied. Thus great love is one of the greatest arts, the courage to live rather than die for love, the refusal to escape or quail when the wings of Eros closing round bruise the very soul with the ardour of the God. Every work of genius is a divine incarnation, for the supreme in all human achievement raises us out of ourselves; because in such a work, whatever

the medium, crucifixion, the waiting, the resurrection, have all been accomplished. The last great sacrifice has been made, two-fold in nature: the God descends, the man has emptied and cleansed the temple. "Bow the heavens, O Lord, and come down; touch the mountains and they shall smoke; cast forth Thy lightnings and tear them; shoot out Thine arrows and consume them." Creative workers know the inner meaning of this invocation. Art is the offering of the life of the artist on the altar of Beauty—the spirit of intellectual Beauty—that life of the mind which

Like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Lily Nightingale

PRALAYA

Into the deep abyss of years I pass
As century on century backward glides
On to that far dim distance that divides
Time from Eternity. The Age of Brass
Rolls back to gold; all fades; the world, a mass
Nebulous, glowing, for a longer space abides
Revolving thro' the heavens, then darkness hides
In blind forgetfulness the radiant gas.

The Earth's heart beats no more and Night again
Most ancient monarch has resumed his reign;
The music of the world has ceased; no sound
Rings thro' the æther to the ends of space.
The Spirit moves not on the water's face—
In lieu of the old order, rest profound.

Marguerite Pollard

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER I

The Need of the Age, and Its Supply

WE are told by those who study the starry heavens, that the relationship between the sun and its planets, and between one planet and another, is maintained by the operation of certain opposing forces. The planets, they tell us, in obedience to an incalculably remote and immeasurably powerful outgoing or centrifugal impulse, travel through space in what should be straight lines from the sun to infinity. But as the planets fly along their paths, they are drawn towards their centre; and the outward impulse, acted upon by the inward attraction, becomes an ellipse whose variations are due to forces exercised by its companion planets.

This statement of scientific inference with regard to the solar system, whether it be true or not, may well serve as a parable of the human system, whose origin, history and destiny are inextricably interwoven with it. To the eye close to any single life, it may appear that

that life is developing along its own straight line. But a wider view makes evident the fact that, whatever impulse may drive the life forward, whatever may be its own special character, its line of progress is subject to modifying impacts from other lives; and a still wider view—the view of the history of great masses of lives over great periods of time—discloses a concerted movement around some great centre of power which controls, directs and unifies that which, to the microscopic eye, may appear to be diverse and independent.

To understand the world on whose surface we physically dwell, it is necessary to take other worlds into account, and with them their central storehouse of life, the sun. By the aid of such knowledge men have bridged the abysses between continent and continent, and vastly increased the sum of human good. Through the observation of the phenomena of the heavens men built up theory upon theory, the ultimate effects of which are discoverable upon our breakfast tables and in the remotest details of our outer life. The theory of the rotundity of the earth drove Columbus westward against the continent of America in his search for the east of Asia, whence to bring gold for the pocket and spices for the palate.

So too in the endeavour to understand a single human life, we are compelled to give heed to all the ascertainable forces that have gone to its making; and, once entered upon, the pursuit of the knowledge of humanity will lead us to horizon beyond horizon. A single fact may turn our view of life to quite another view; and in the larger realm of thought, discovery after discovery in the dark places of human activity has led to numerous diverse efforts to construct a

view of life which will answer the greatest number of questions on the subject.

Under the influence of such systems of thought, idiosyncrasies have become customs, customs have become laws, and both in due time have become tyrannies, and later have been shattered by the impact of other systems. Thus the process goes on, and must go on; for as soon as one human consciousness comes in contact with another, the effort to explain their similarities and their divergencies results in some hypothesis, which is broken or altered when a third consciousness appears: and so *ad infinitum*.

To the extent that any body of human beings becomes possessed of a theory of the universe and humanity, it will seek, by virtue of a dim apprehension of the unity in which all things inhere, to make that theory applicable to all persons, in all places, at all times: hence the once widespread Buddhist missions to the West, and the equally widespread Christian missions to the East. But to the extent that masses of individuals are no less subject to the forward trend of things than are their units, the passing of years will witness the inevitable development of heresy and schism and the segregation of sects within the system, just as Christianity split into Catholicism and Protestantism, and each into a number of orders and sub-divisions. To oppose the missionary spirit is to swim against the stream: to pray against heresy and schism is to pray against the law of the universe.

The various systems by which mankind has sought to realise and explain itself may be grouped in three main classifications: religious, philosophical, scientific. We may, however, regard science as subsidiary to the

religious and philosophical, and included in the latter. Its field is the material universe; its stuff the things that are perceptible to sense; its objective is the discovery of the mechanics of the universe, as the object of philosophy is to apprehend the worker behind the machinery. It is with consciousness itself, rather than its vehicles, that we have to deal when we come to study humanity. Human hands groped towards the skies before the germ theory of disease was propounded: human minds sought for an explanation of life's anomalies before the discovery of radium blew the ultimate atom into still more ultimate atoms.

Two facts, therefore, stand in the front of all study of humanity: one, that it is an essential condition of human activity that mankind shall throw its ideas of itself and its surroundings into intelligible formulæ; the other, that it is an equally essential condition of human progress that such formulæ shall become insufficient to express what they were originally intended to express. The history of humanity is the history of these two processes. The rise and fall of religious creeds, the evolution and the decay of philosophical systems, are the commonplaces of the book of life, the testimony to the permanence of the religious instinct and the ratiocinative faculty in humanity, and to the transiency to their manifestations.

So far, our consideration of the conditions necessary to human activity and progress have touched only the horizontal or extensive phase of human life, the rise and fall of systems of thought in different places, at various times. Viewed thus, it might be taken for granted that the historical development of religion on the one hand and philosophy on the other will proceed

indefinitely, as the expression of humanity from two absolutely and eternally separate centres of its nature.

We are, however, compelled to take into account not merely the law of the continuity of life, but also the law of accumulation. The experiences of to-day are continued in the experiences of to-morrow; but the process is not one of simple addition. A added to B results not merely in A *plus* B, but in the influence which A exerts on B, and B on A, over and above their addition. The last link in the chain of human development hangs not only on the link to which it is immediately attached, but on all the preceding links: the view of the watcher on the loftiest peak of experience not only sweeps his own horizon, but encircles the horizon of every stage of the ascent. Our study of any phase of life must, therefore, if it is to be a true and efficient study, take into account the vertical or intensive tendency in human life, as well as the horizontal or extensive tendency.

It is in this intensive aspect of human activity that the secret of evolution is hidden. Development along the horizontal phase will add bit by bit to the sum of life's comfort; but it is in his vertical development that the human being realises himself. It is the altitude of his complex nature from which his consciousness operates that distinguishes the saint from the savage, whether they dwell in the African jungle or recline in a city hotel. In the savage there is the potentiality of sainthood; in the saint there is the reminiscence of savagery; they differ by virtue of the predominant characteristic which shines through their common humanity.

It is a fact noted by observers of human progress that, as humanity has developed and refined the material side of things, it has also, taken very generally, risen in consciousness *pari passu*. In the lowest degree of its life the expression of the Self was predominantly instinctive, and directed chiefly to the obtaining of the means of subsistence and continuity without regard to others. But the very exigencies of life led gradually to the development of associated activity, just as the rigours of winter throw beasts and birds into groups for mutual help. Then came the development of the affectional side of human nature, but still within the circle of self: the radiating point of the consciousness had risen from the loins and viscera to the heart: the horizon of its ray included an ever-widening circle of selves. Thus came the great nations. Thus came also the great national religions, embodying the family order, the family emotion, and the family exclusiveness.

But the Time-Spirit continued its work. The very exigencies which led to the primitive association of the units have slowly worn into national circumferences, and opened the way to the ultimate realisation of human unity. The radiating point has risen from the purely affectional degree to the intellectual; and the altruistic philosophy of human solidarity, based on the science of a common origin and a common evolution, begins to sway the mind of the western world.

We come therefore to the question as to how far we may look for the further historical and separate development of the two great divisions of human development, religion and philosophy. To-day they stand in mutual exclusiveness, if not in actual opposition, religion denying the operation of cold reason,

reason scorning the intrusion of emotion. From what has been already stated as to the gradual elevation of consciousness, it would appear that the tendency must be—as indeed it is even now observed to be—away from dogmatic theology. The human soul is finding refuge and expression in philosophy: the erudite and abstract thought of a few great minds is becoming common property: the man in the street is quoting Plato and Kant, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche.

The question as to whether a purely intellectual philosophy of life, be it ever so altruistic in its axioms and postulates, will satisfy humanity and find its ultimate justification in an enrichment of life will depend upon the extent to which one has looked into the realities of one's own nature, and found them paralleled in the mass of humanity. It appears to be quite certain that concentration on the bodily nature, to the exclusion of the mental, is not for the good of the whole man; neither is concentration on the mental side, to the exclusion of attention to the needs of the physical instrument. So will it be in the great generalisations of humanity. To the extent that dogmatic theology has separated itself from the practical business of life, from systematic and continuous and ardent labour for the body politic, it has failed. To the extent that it repels the exercise of free reason in respect of its dogma and ritual, it has severed the link between itself and the future, and has chosen to make itself a subject for antiquarian study rather than a means to soul-satisfaction.

And so with philosophy. If its objective is humanity as a whole, it must be the complete expression of a whole humanity; not of the brain of humanity only,

but also of the heart and of the body. The religious system which would live on into the intellectual era of human evolution, must find its basis in philosophy: it must be a philosophical religion. The philosophical system that would bear humanity onwards toward its unsearchable goal must be shot through with the colour and warmth of religion: it must be a religious philosophy. And either and both must find their test and realisation in a complete practical altruism.

To-day, perhaps more than at any other time in the history of western civilisation if not indeed of the world, we need to realise with utter fulness and clearness the necessity for the promulgation of a view of life which will fulfil the conditions of human progress. We stand in the presence of change. Scientific discovery has shaken the creeds to their foundation, though it has not and cannot shake the foundation itself, which is laid deep in the nature of humanity. Religious denominations, feeling blindly towards the justification of deeds, engage in a spasmodic, incoherent, and futile distribution of charities, and leave untouched the problems of social reform; and multitudes of inquisitive minds are turning away from crude anthropomorphism and unintelligent sentimentalism, in search of they know not what.

On the other hand, the widespread dissemination of an incomplete philosophic thought, based either on a purely materialistic conception of the universe or on a mechanical social morality, threatens a general fall in the tone of life, and a vulgarisation which is in many quarters erroneously confounded with the democratic ideal.

The need of the time, then, is a view of life which will be based on man's highest faculty of philosophical

reflection, inspired and sustained by his inherent religious necessity, and completed and justified in universal altruism. Nor shall these three essentials be only a temporary association of philosophy, religion and action: they must be inevitable and inseparable, the view of life compelling irresistibly to altruism, the altruistic effort being intelligible only in the light of the principles behind it.

It is evident at once that such a system, recognising the evolutionary necessity for crystallisation of thought in systematic form, and the equal necessity for the disruption of such form, cannot give its allegiance to any single creed, and cannot deny a place to any. It must, therefore, be less a system than an attitude. So much of its teaching as is explicit must be the outcome of wide experience, and must be, as far as is humanly possible, demonstrable. For the rest it will, with a wise eclecticism, gather out of all systems such teachings as will respond most fully to the highest requirements of the enlightened reason of mankind, and be capable of the widest and most beneficent application.

It is a manifest law of the universe that wherever a true necessity arises, the means to the fulfilment of such necessity will not be far to seek; and the present need for a new view of life, such as has been indicated, has brought forth a movement which, in its organisation and in its teachings, claims to provide the nearest approach to the fulfilment of the conditions which we have mentioned. That organisation is the Theosophical Society. Its teachings comprise the body of truths known as *Theo-sophia*, Theosophy, the Divine Wisdom.

The Theosophical Society—which was founded in New York in the year 1875 by Madame Helena Petrovna

Blavatsky and Colonel Henry Steele Olcott, and is at present, 1913, presided over by Mrs. Annie Besant, the elected successor to the President-Founder—is a body of persons held together by a single common bond for the purpose of attaining a common two-fold end. The bond is assent to the principle of Universal Brotherhood. The two-fold end is the elucidation of the fundamental and universal truth which lies at the root of all religion, philosophy and science, and the understanding and cultivation of the fullest powers of humanity.

The bond expresses the condition conceived by the founders of the Society to be absolutely essential to the attainment of the *Theo-sophia* which is the objective of the Society. The two-fold aim of the Society—the ascertainment and dissemination of wisdom *concerning the Divine*, and the development of humanity to the point of immediate *cognition of the Divine*—indicates a sagacious recognition of the dual aspects of human evolution to which we have referred: the historical, horizontal or extensive aspect, and the metaphysical, vertical or intensive aspect. And this tripartite constitution of the Society is based on a view of the universe which claims the sanction of antiquity and universality, and the corroboration of widespread contemporary experience.

What, then, are the main teachings denominated Theosophy?

James H. Cousins

(To be continued)

SOME REFLECTIONS, CORRESPONDENCES AND QUESTIONINGS

By MRS. HALLETT, F. T. S.

AT a time when a new sub-race is in process of formation and the polarity of the sexes is palpably reversing, students are naturally inclined to question how and why this reversal comes about.

Mrs. Besant has explained in her lectures that we are living in an age of transition; that old conditions are passing and new ones appearing. We understand that some of these changes have to do with the birth of the new sub-race, and that others seem to be a kind of preparation towards helping the approach of the next Root Race. These Races are said to correspond with and to develop certain qualities which represent the different principles in man. The fourth Race, for instance, corresponds with the fourth principle, *kāma*, which is a reflection of *buddhi*, the sixth; and so on. To explain some of these similarities we are given the symbol of a mountain reflected in water, the summit, *ātmā*, corresponding to the deepest reflection, *sthūla*, and *buddhi* corresponding to *kāma*. We realise that this is so, but there must be a reason for it; and I want to arrive at this reason—from the Theosophical standpoint indeed, but more from what perhaps we may

call the scientific side, although still through reflection and correspondence.

In *Occult Chemistry*, speaking of the ultimate physical atom, we are told by the authors that two types have been observed:

They are alike in everything save the direction of their whorls and of the force which pours through them. In the one case force pours in from the 'outside' (from fourth-dimensional space) and passing through the atom pours into the physical world. In the second it pours in from the physical world and out through the atom into the 'outside' again, i.e., vanishes from the physical world. The one is like a spring, from which water bubbles out; the other is like a hole, into which water disappears. We call the atoms from which force comes out, positive, or male; those through which it disappears, negative or female.

This being so, the natural conclusion is (at the same time what I say is quite tentative) that as this force from the female atom flows *into* the astral, the corresponding atom is there active and not passive; and that the male atoms which correspond to active-physical are on the astral plane negative, as the force flows *from* the astral. On the next plane higher (the mental) the polarity would in the same way again be reversed, and the male atom become active and the female negative. On the *buddhic* another reversal would take place, and the male atoms be there passive and the female active. So that the *buddhic* and astral planes and principles would represent female and the mental and physical male.

This reversal is rather like reflections in a mirror, and reflections of those reflections. We must, however, regard them from above, because Reality is the highest and all below that are reflections and sub-reflections; but we being consciously on the lowest plane find it more easy to see things from this point of view.

Speaking of this to a friend, when we were working together at some papers for the opening of our Lodge, I tried to illustrate the idea by a diagram (A). Later on, I received from this friend diagram B, which is really a far better method of showing how this polarity changes.

If this surmise be correct, it explains to a great extent some of the changes which we see around us at the present day, notably in the activity manifesting from the woman's side of life, and the apparent inertia

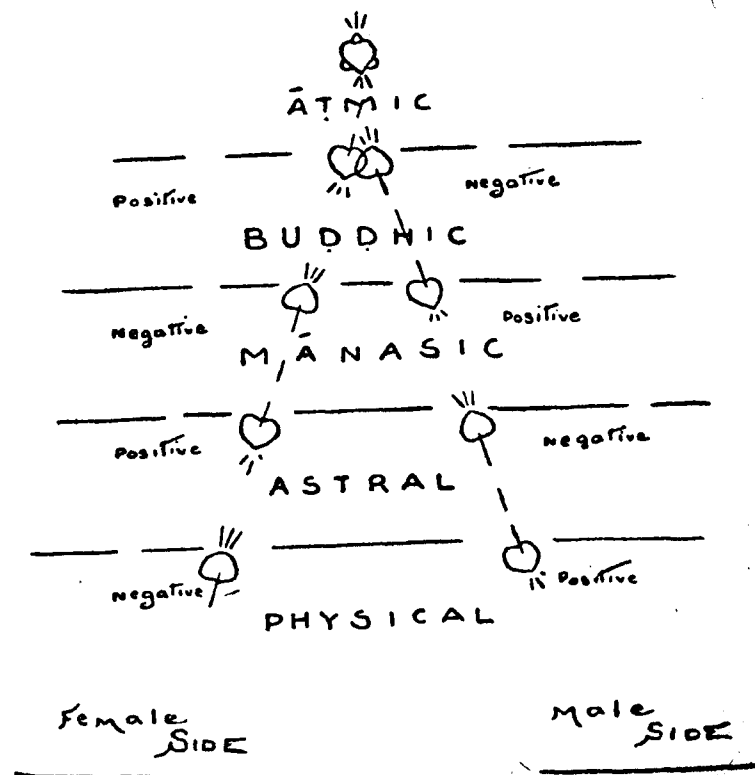


DIAGRAM A

of the men,¹ for with the birth of this new sub-race, which represents the feminine side, the forces are passing from the male into the female, and probably in a more marked degree than is usual, because out of this coming sub-race the future sixth Root Race is to be born.

The Atlantean, which typified the fourth principle in man, may be said to have been a female Root Race, and we read in Scott Elliot's *Atlantis* that the women were not regarded as inferiors, nor in the least oppressed.

Their position was quite equal to that of the men, while the aptitude many of them displayed in acquiring the vril-power made them fully the equals if not the superiors of the other sex . . . nor were women debarred from taking part in the government.

Surely something similar, but in a higher degree, will take place in the next Root Race, which is to represent a feminine principle in man two octaves higher. Sociologists tell us that in the early times before the man was recognised as having any part in reproduction, there existed a system called 'mother-right,' under which the mother was looked upon as the head of the family, and even the head of the clan. The family usually consisted of the mother, her female children and her children's children, the male having no place in this kinship. It was only when the father's part was recognised that the whole system was revolutionised and a system of 'father-right' sprang up. One wonders if this refers to a tribe of degraded descendants of an Atlantean sub-race, or whether it is a fallacious deduction on the part of the Sociologists.

¹ I say here *apparent*, because I think it is the women who are moving faster, rather than that there is a decline in the vitality of the men. If we are sitting in a train and moving parallel with but faster than another train, that other train will appear to us to stand still.

In diagram B the buddhic atoms are represented together in union, because the buddhic is said to be the plane of *union*, where the Paths of Love and Wisdom meet, the plane of man-woman; and so by correspondence when the buddhic sixth Root Race will have reached the height of its power and glory, we may expect to see the sexes equal, neither being considered either superior or inferior, but a true co-operation existing between them.

Ātmā is not represented on the diagram at all. It belongs to the plane of *Unity*—one, not two. The seventh Root Race should correspond to Ātmā, and H. P. B. tells us the great Adepts and initiated ascetics of that Race will produce mind-born immaculate sons.

The buddhic and ātmic planes stand apart from those below them, probably because the matter of which they are composed responds to that which is beyond the normal human (?). We might think of the buddhic plane, where the personal cannot enter, as 'Balance'. And the ātmic? It is sometimes called the plane of Stillness, Rest, perhaps because everything to that consciousness is expressed by I AM. Is the relation between the *taṭṭva* and *tanmātra* so close that there is hardly any veil between Spirit-consciousness and the relative matter of the plane?

Following up this idea of sex, or positive and negative in the principles and planes, we might carry up the correspondence to planetary Chains, if the figure represented by each one can be taken into account. We are at the present time in the fifth Root Race, but at every other point we belong to the fourth, our evolutionary scheme having arrived at the fourth Globe of the fourth Round of the fourth Chain;

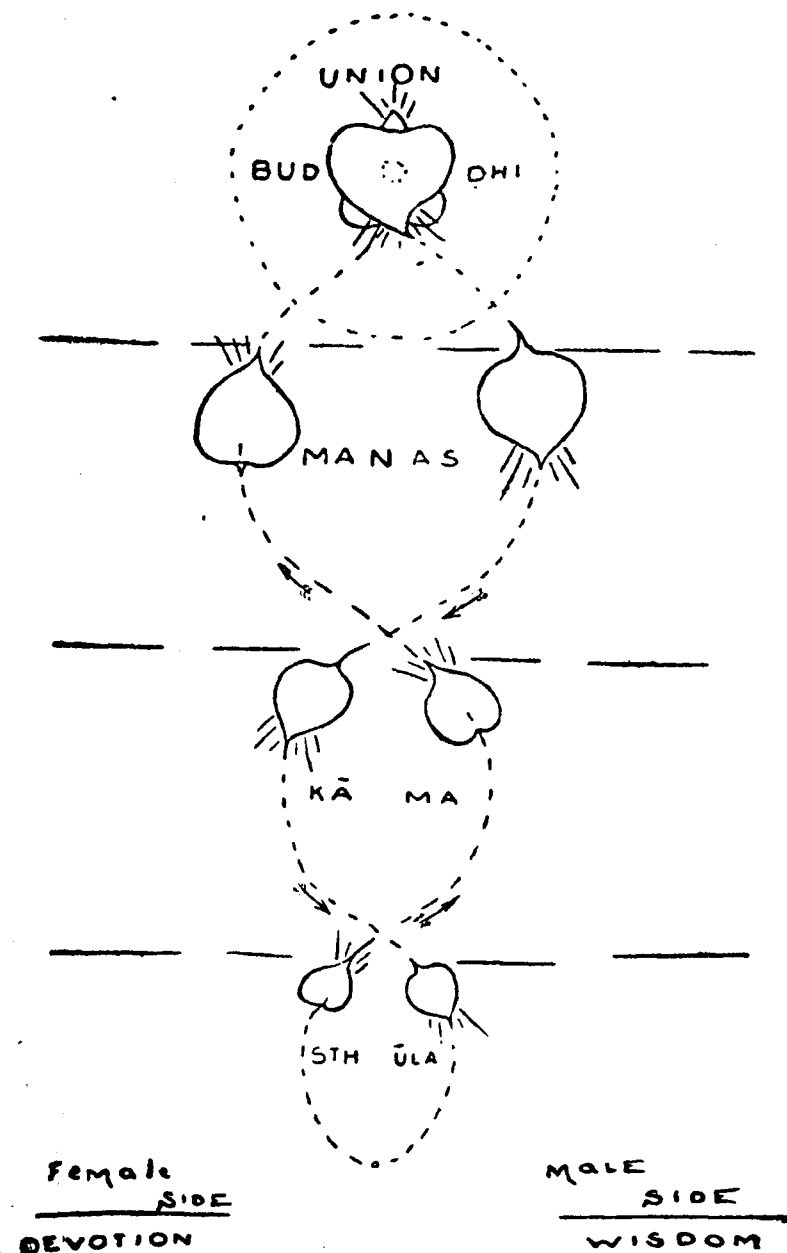


DIAGRAM B

and four represents kâma. We are told that "it was desire which first stirred the One when It willed to multiply". This is a feminine principle and represents the Path of Love, and so we say "God is Love". Is it irreverent to suggest that this fourth Round of our Chain might be thought of as negative or feminine, or rather as that which in the divine world would correspond to such an incarnation of the Planetary Logos? We are also in the fourth Chain of our Scheme; might this possibly in the same way represent a similar incarnation of the Logos? An atom is a planet in miniature; might a planetary scheme as a whole correspond with a single planet? In *The Pedigree of Man* we are told to think of the Rounds of a Chain as seven incarnations of the Planetary Logos, but the analogy is not carried as far as the Scheme as a whole, though apparently it might be. In fact I believe it might be carried very much further.

Perchance when this present Chain shall have passed away, and the fifth shall have come into being, the Planetary Logos of that Chain may in those millions of years hence be looked upon as WISDOM, rather than Love. The quality which represents five is Intellect only, but the Oversoul of Intellect is Wisdom, and towards this they would be striving in the lower but allied number: even as we now, in the lower number of Desire—four—are yet working, in desire of knowledge or desire of devotion, towards the great six—the Oversoul of Desire—Love.

F. Hallett



THE RUSSIAN IDEA

By ANNA KAMENSKY, F.T.S.

General Secretary for Russia

It is well for those of us who have realised that our duty towards the people consists in helping them to organise their future spiritual liberty.

'Following the Stars.'—*Ivanoff*

IN an ardent article, 'Following the Stars,' of V. Ivanoff, there are two thoughts which strike us particularly: the realisation of the importance of the

present moment and the realisation of the necessity of "undelayed synthesis". The author says:

Coming face to face at every turn of our history with our oldest and as it were essentially Russian questions of personality and society, of culture and nature, of the educated classes and the people, we solve successively the one question of our national destiny; *amid suffering we bear the final form of our national soul, the 'Russian idea'.*

All these sufferings are explained by the author to be caused by the "efforts to attain to self-assertion".

We recognise that in order to overcome the chaos of life, we need an "undelayed synthesis," which must bring us to a free and complete acceptance of Christ as the "only all-explaining origin of our spiritual and outward life". The author reminds us that any assertion of a national idea only becomes wrong when it is bound up with national egoism, or when the idea of nation and State are confounded. The true national idea is "the self-assertion of the collective national soul in connection with the universal process and *in the name of the fulfilment of universal self-assertion*, which establishes the historical realisations, and for that reason sets our energies in motion".

Imperial Rome, Holy Catholic Rome, and the "third Rome," the Rome of the Spirit, follow each other in the history of the world. This third Rome, as yet unborn but preparing for its appearance, is telling us: "You, Russians, remember one thing: *universal truth is your truth*; and if you want to save your soul, do not be afraid to lose it." "Godless culture is critical culture, the culture of Lucifer, of Cain—the culture of separateness. It must be replaced by religious culture, the culture of union, for both the educated classes and the people are longing for the New

Testament ideal; both the intellectual classes and the people are weary: the people are looking forward to resurrection, the intellectual classes are thirsting for unification. Unification is only to be attained by resurrection. We must seek God, but not among the people—as M. Gorki does—because the people themselves are in expectance of a new, a living New Testament, but God must be sought in our hearts."

In all historical epochs, social groups, when they attain to a privileged position, carefully defend their values and pride themselves upon them; but the Russian intellectual classes have always found it burdensome to be a privileged class, and have shown the exceptional example in all history of a desire for impoverishment, for self-annihilation, a desire to return to former simplicity, to descend. "We, a self-consuming nation, represent in history that living element, which, according to Goethe, like the butterfly Psyche, is longing for a death by combustion."

The author points out the danger of this passion, which leads to the annulling of values. The protest and the fear of everything which can give the impression of being artificial become "distrust of everything on which can have been imprinted some godliness in man, be it in the name of God or in nobody's name; it leads to all the suicidal tendencies of the intoxicated soul, to all the different aspects of theoretical and practical nihilism". The tendency to the lowering of oneself is the distinguishing particularity of our national psychology. This tendency is explained by the author as *the effect of love, and the sacrificial bringing down of divine light into the darkness of the lower sphere which is seeking illumination*. This disposition is caused by

the realisation of a duty towards those who have served us in our rising. It is so strong and awakens such a longing for union, that compassion with the fallen may even reach to the wish to be a sharer in the fall (*Darkness*, L. Andreeff); purity seems like treason towards our fallen brothers. This is the source of the thought of Ivan Karamazoff about the aristocratic teaching of the Christ, which is only calculated for the strength of the few.

"The law of the descent of light must be obeyed in harmony with the law of the preservation of light." We must first of all strengthen this light in ourselves, purify ourselves, enlighten ourselves, become strong (the mystical phases: purification, illumination, strength), and only after that can we act. The awakening of the mystical life of the individual is the first and indispensable basis in the religious process realising itself in the 'true descent,' the descent of the light which cannot be swallowed up by darkness.

This awakened New Testament consciousness hearkens with the impatience of love to the Apocalyptic promises of the One who is the First and the Last: "Behold, I come quickly and my reward is with me. . . Blessed are they . . . that they may have a right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gates into the city."

The subtle and deep analysis of the Russian soul, with all its rebellious impetuosity and its passion for devoted service, is a reminder of the prophetic word of Dostoevsky concerning the 'universal man'.

The Russian vagrant needs universal happiness to pacify him; he will not be appeased with less. . . . The Russian alone has acquired the capacity to become most Russian only when he is entirely a European; this is our most essential

distinction from all other nations. . . . To become a real Russian, to become entirely Russian, perhaps only means to become the brother of all, the universal man.

It may be said that this highest nationality, the Russian idea, has in these words received its loftiest expression. Such a super-personal capacity of synthesis can only take its source in the religious consciousness, which instinctively foresees the fundamental unity of all that lives. The Russian soul has been able to formulate the idea of the universal man, because the Russian is above all a Mystic, and out of the depths of his religious experiences is born his spiritual intuition. In this necessity of unity, in this wonderful capacity for synthesis, lies concealed the spiritual power which gives faith in the universal mission of Russia. The Russian cannot be satisfied with partial happiness and partial truth: his soul requires the *good of all* and *universal truth*.

V. Ivanoff has beautifully expressed this in his article about the Russian idea. He has realised that the Russian soul, with its love of unlimited space and boundless freedom, cannot be put into the bonds of conventional intellectual culture and conventional truth. It needs the pure mountain air, where breathing is easy, where light shines freely, and where is being joyfully prepared the union with humanity wrestling with darkness. That which V. Ivanoff calls "the process of descent" may more rightly be called "the process of unification," because he who is illuminated by the light of the higher knowledge must not descend to his brothers to share their darkness and sin, but must raise them to himself to share the light he has found. This way is familiar to the Mysticism of all times; it inevitably blends with the experiences of the

summits, and for this reason it is not right to give it such an exclusive place in Christianity. The famous "Ṭaṭ ṭwam asi" of the Vedāntin is a no less luminous expression of the same deep religious realisation. Perhaps no other nation has such an organic spiritual link with ancient India as the Russian: Russian Mysticism and the religious philosophy of India possess strong links of union, and who knows—perhaps out of this ardent contact may be born the culture of the future.

The depth of our religious seeking requires unlimited freedom, and that is why the conventional chasuble of dogma, striving to put the living Spirit into bonds, is too strange and rigid for the Russian soul. Dogma is but the form, the vesture, and, like every form, it must develop and improve; there can be no stagnation anywhere. As religion grows less dogmatic and more spiritual and mystical, conflict and strife must cease; for the problems of the Spirit come into the foreground, and their mark is unity. The Spirit unites that which the form separates.

The deep mystical understanding of Christianity inevitably leads to Theosophy, and for this reason it may be said that every Mystic is already a Theosophist in his heart. Consequently the opposing of Theosophy to Christianity is simply a misunderstanding.

If it be really Russia's fate to say a new word to humanity, this may be only because she is able to bring forth a new religious consciousness; in her lies hidden the strength to bear 'the Christ,' that mystical Christ about whom prays the Apostle Paul.

The Spirit of Christ brings unification and not separateness; it pacifies and does not sow enmity; it hopes and believes, because it ceaselessly feels the presence

of the divine grace of all-embracing love; and for this reason it never estranges itself from anybody, never opposes itself to anything, and never fears anything. It never disputes about the form, but creates a new life. It cares not for the intellectual expression of truth, but for the *truth itself*. And for this reason will risen Russia not quarrel about God, but will go to God; she will not dogmatically affirm the universal phenomenon of the Christ, but she will *walk in His steps*. Imbued with a Theosophical view of the world, she will not engage in rivalry with other nations, or other religions, but will realise the universal synthesis in religious realms, as she is striving to realise it in social realms. Throwing off all the fetters of dogmatism and all the fetters of separateness, she will joyfully and humbly go to Him, who said, "the truth shall make you free" (*S. John*, viii, 32).

Anna Kamensky

THE WONDER TREE OF KUMBUM

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

SINCE the Lord Buddha attained Nirvāṇa under the Bo-tree at Buddha Gāya this tree has become an object of worship to all Buddhists and "came to occupy much the same position among Buddhists as the cross among Christians".¹ The branch from the off-shoot of the original tree, brought in the middle of the third century B. C. to Anurādhapura in Ceylon and still growing there, participated in the honours paid to its parent. It is not strange that in the subsequent history of Buddhism this symbol should become an example leading to imitation, and we do indeed find another famous tree worshipped by and receiving homage from the Buddhists. This is the widely famed Wonder Tree of Kumbum, venerated and renowned all over Tibet, Mongolia and China, in fact all over the countries where so-called Northern Buddhism and Lamaism prevail. It is sacred to the memory, not of the Buddha himself, but of Tsong-kha-pa, the great Buddhist reformer of Tibet, who lived from about 1356 to about 1418. Kumbum, it may be added, is now a large Lamaist Monastery, on the Tibeto-Chinese frontier, about 92° W. and 37° N., not far from (the town) Hsi-ning-fu to the north and (lake) Koko Nor to the West.

¹ T. W. Rhys Davids, *Buddhism*, p. 39.

The worship paid to these two trees in the Buddhist religion has not necessarily any connection with the various forms of tree worship prevalent over nearly all the world. Two of the more prominent forms of this worship are traced to a belief in a sympathetic relation between the life of trees and human beings, and in the presence of spirits, demons or gods in the trees. On the other hand there is a direct analogy between Bo-worship and the worship in Christian times, at Samosata, of the sacred tree, honoured as the wood of Christ's cross. This growth of a new tradition to justify or at least to modify an old survival recurred also in Palestine, where holy trees are often connected with the names of saints or prophets, sometimes with appropriate traditions.²

In Jigs-med nam-kha's *History of Buddhism in Mongolia* we read³ that when Tsong-kha-pa was born many miraculous signs accompanied his birth, and further:

From the blood shed upon severing the umbilical cord a white sandal tree (tsan-dan kar-poi dong-po) sprung up and on each of its leaves the effigy of Jina Simhadhvani was found imprinted, one hundred thousand in all. With this phenomenon as a starting point the place was transformed into a chaitya and at present it is known as Kumbum (the 100,000 effigies).

This is, however, not the only version of the origin of the tree. Grünwedel³ simply says that the house in which Tsong-kha-pa was born was said to have stood under a beautiful white sandal tree. Huc tells us that when the boy Tsong-kha-pa entered the religious life and his mother, according to custom, shaved his head "and threw his fine long flowing hair outside the tent

² *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th Ed., xxvii., 235-238.

³ Huth, *Geschichte des Buddhismus in der Mongolei*, Text p. 112, Translation p. 176.

³ Grünwedel, *Mythologie des Buddhismus in Tibet und der Mongolei*, p. 70.

there forthwith sprung a tree, the wood of which dispensed an exquisite perfume around, and each leaf of which bore, engraved on its surface, a character in the ascred language of Tibet".¹ Przewalski and Wellby let the tree spring up in the place where Tsong-kha-pa's swaddling clothes were buried, and Potanin simply in the place where Tsong-kha-pa was born.²

The same discrepancies occur in the descriptions of the images, pictures, or letters seen on the leaves of the remarkable tree. Huc describes them as on each leaf "a character in the sacred language of Tibet," and, in another passage, says there are "upon each of the leaves well-formed Tibetan characters, all of a green colour, some darker, some lighter, than the leaf itself". Sarat Chandra Das³ records the information that svayambhu characters are observable on the leaves. Jigs-med nam-kha, as we have seen, spoke of effigies of Simha-dhvani (Seng-gei nga-ro) whereas Grünwedel mentions Buddha Simhanāda (Seng-ge sgra) as impressed on the leaves. In 1883 three Catholic missionaries saw characters on some young branches; they were of the colour of chicory-coffee.⁴ Rockhill⁵ reported in 1889 that at that time only images of Tsong-kha-pa were seen on the leaves, as was the case when Lieutenant Kreitner visited Kumbum ten years earlier. Count Bela Szechenyi writes⁶ that the image of the Buddha has long

¹ Huc, *Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Tibet and China*. English translation of 1852, ii., 84, but fuller in the Chicago edition (Open Court Pub. Co.), 1898, ii., 40. French edition (6th, 1878), ii., 107.

² Filchner, *Das Kloster Kumbum in Tibet*, Sixth chapter, p. 104, *passim*.

³ S. C. Das, *The Sacred and Ornamental Characters of Tibet*, J. A. S. B., 1888, p. 44.

⁴ *T'oung Pao*, iv., 118.

⁵ Rockhill, *The Land of the Lamas*, p. 68.

⁶ Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 112.

since ceased to appear on the foliage of the tree. The last occasion on which this happened was in the year 1869. At that time a great mandarin had visited the monastery and he had found a leaf of the tree with the image of the Buddha. Potanin¹ speaks of dispersed spots on a young twig, not unlike letters, yellow on a cerise background. Wellby² says that "a true believer" can distinctly trace the figure of Sākyamuni or His name in Tibetan characters. Some priests of Kumbum asserted the one, some the other, but the Head of the monastery affirmed that on some leaves the figure may be seen, on others the characters. [Lastly we may cite H. P. B. who writes³ "that the characters which appear upon the different portions of the Kounboun [Kumbum] are in the Sansar (or language of the Sun) characters (ancient Sanskrit); and that the sacred tree, in its various parts, contains *in extenso* the whole history of the creation, and in substance the sacred books of Buddhism. In this respect it bears the same relation to Buddhism as the pictures in the Temple of Dendera, in Egypt, do to the ancient faith of the Pharaohs." With all due respect and with all goodwill, we have not an inkling of an idea as to what she is here driving at.]

Now reports about botanical freaks of the kind here dealt with are not at all unknown. Rockhill and, after him, Filchner draw attention to a passage in the travels of Ibn Batatu, an Arabian of the fourteenth century, where he speaks⁴ of a tree he saw at Deh Fattan, on the Malabar Coast, in the courtyard of a mosque, and called

¹ Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 118.

² Wellby, *Through Unknown Tibet*, p. 288.

³ *Isis Unveiled*, i., 440.

⁴ *Ibn Batatu*; Defremery's translation, iv., 85.

'the tree of testimony'. Every year there was a leaf on it on which was written "by the pen of divine power" the formula: "There is no God but God; and Muhammad is the envoy of God." The inhabitants used it to cure disease.

Henri d'Orléans in an article in defence of Father Huc's veracity¹ quotes a personal experience. He relates how he visited the famous wild papyrus at Syracuse. His guide, explaining the manufacture of paper by the ancients, cut one of these plants lengthwise and to his astonishment M. d'Orléans observed across the fibres of the strips small markings in which, with a little goodwill, one might discover Turkish, Samskr̥t or Tibetan characters. This made him think of Kumbum and made him wonder if the Kumbum letters could not be similarly explained as a natural phenomenon, interpreted by honest though ignorant imagination.

G. Schlegel² found, in connection with the question under discussion, some curious references in Chinese literature with reference to the same point. From the work called *Red Pearls of Things and Objects* he extracted the following:

During the reign of *Chen-tsung* of the *Sung*-dynasty (A.D. 998—1022), a tree was cut down, whose veins looked like black varnish, continued from top to bottom, resembling in form Samskr̥t letters.

In another tree the veins formed (Chinese) characters. Some showed the form of the seven stars of the northern peck (*Ursa Major*); others had the form of a Buddha-hand and another had the form of a snake. Another tree had marks resembling dragons, fishes, phoenixes and cranes. Another again showed marks as if one had painted with ink clouds, peaks, men and animals, coats and bonnets. The pillars of

¹ *A propos du Pere Huc*. *T'oung Pao*, iv., 121.

² *T'oung Pao*, v., 459.

the monastery *Tsung-sien* showed marks in the form of a Taoist priest, and the figure of the seven stars of the Great Bear.

During the reign of *Tai-tsung* of the *Tang*-dynasty (A.D. 763-779), a man of *Ching-tu-fu* (in *Sze-chuen*) named *Kwo-yuen* got possession of an auspicious tree, marked with the characters *T'ien-hia t'ai-p'ing* (Universal peace in the Empire). He offered it to the Governor, who made the following report upon it to the throne: "The influence of extreme virtue first adorns plants and trees, and the charm of universal peace forthwith forms writing. Prostrated, I hope that it will be stored up in the Secret Cabinet and communicated and delivered to the office of the Historiographers."

We have only to look over the records of mediæval sympathetic magic to find further instances of similar vegetable phenomena and coincidences, and I myself remember having been told the story of a tree which, when cut down, showed on the surface of the remaining stump, a perfectly outlined picture of a child's head.

Nevertheless the mere existence of such freaks does not finally explain the Kumbum stories.

First of all it is very ominous that many travellers have seen the tree, have bought or received leaves, and have found neither pictures nor letter-like markings on them. This fact becomes only the more suspicious when we learn that on several occasions they were told that the visibility of the characters stood in direct relation to the measure of their faith.¹

Secondly there is a case on record where a lama is reported to have confessed to fraud and to have explained that the characters were secretly printed or engraved on the tree and leaves in the night. This would certainly account for the change in the inscriptions. Sven Hedin's Mongolian servant, Loppsen, gave the same explanation during the former's visit to Kumbum in 1896.²

¹ Filchner, *op. cit.*, Ch. 6.

² Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 125, and also *T'oung Pao*, iv., 389. See, however, also p. 458.

A further difficulty lies in the fact that there is more than one tree. Various travellers report the existence of two, three, four and five trees of the same kind, growing in various spots in or near the monastery. One of the claims connected with the Wonder Tree is, that it is the only one of its kind in the part of the world where it grows. This however is untrue: there are several specimens. European travellers have come to the conclusion that the Kumbum lamas, to whom the tree is a source of great income on account of the offerings deposited at its foot, and chiefly because of the sale of its miraculous leaves to the devout pilgrims coming from far and wide, who eat these leaves or drink decoctions from them as a medicine for various ailments—that these lamas grow a number of reserve specimens to replace at any time those at the actual offering places if by chance they should come to harm. The tree has been variously classified by different botanists of repute, and is now commonly thought to be *ligustrina amurensis* (more precisely, *syringa amurensis* Rupr.) or *syringa villosa*, and not a sandalwood tree as its Tibetan name would have it.

As a result of the existence of various trees growing in different places, much confusion has arisen in the descriptions of the tree by various travellers. Some describe one tree, others another, and the various reports often do not tally. It is often difficult to say whether the tree seen by one was identical with that seen by another, and the difficulty is still further enhanced by the fact that it is not even certain if the tree or trees (two only as a rule, amongst the several in the compound) which are shown to the pilgrims as the holy trees, are in reality the real Tsong-kha-pa

tree. Filchner¹ as well as Rockhill² mentions still another tree, standing in the courtyard of the Golden-roof Temple, which is the holiest of all trees. No European has as yet seen this tree, and it is suggested that this is the real Tsong-kha-pa tree.

We have thus seen that there is confusion everywhere. The legends about the genesis of the tree differ, the reports about the signs on bark or leaves differ. Some have seen pictures of Buddha, others of Tsong-kha-pa, or of some saint. Some have seen letters, others whole sentences, others, again, nothing at all, and different trees have been described. The only central fact that remains is the tradition about a holy miraculous tree, connected with a brisk trade in sacred leaves and a sustained receipt of offerings. No wonder that the explanations of the miracle are as different as the data they have to explain.

That the Chinese round about Kumbum firmly believe in the tree tradition points to the fact that, if there is fraud, it is a well-kept secret. The lamas most firmly deny any intervention and affirm the supernatural character of the phenomenon. A number of European observers, however, most emphatically deny the natural character of the phenomenon, and suggest that the characters and pictures are etched or painted on the bark and leaves with some kind of acid. "It seems there exists a miracle manufactory at Kumbum where in the night the relics, when dilapidated, are renovated."³ Others suggest the production of the marks by some heating process. The first explanation then is fraud.

¹ *Op. cit.*, p. 128.

² *Diary of a Journey through Mongolia and Tibet*, p. 69.

³ Filchner, *op. cit.* p. 111.

The second explanation is that of a *lusus naturae*, cases of which have been quoted above.

The third explanation is most ingenious and also leaves the possibility of natural action intact. The leaves of the various kinds of *syringa* are much subject to attack by borers which eat peculiar grooves into the tissue which dries up, leaving light spots which by some phantasy may be taken for Mongolian or Tibetan characters.¹ On this point Prof. Schlegel and Prof. Kern have contributed² some very interesting suggestions.

Prof. Kern writes on the Kumbum letters:

These characters are most probably only produced by a certain woodworm, which makes cuttings in wood, or in the leaves of a manuscript, accidentally resembling a letter. The Samskr̥t name for a letter produced by this well-known insect is Ghunākṣara from ghuna 'woodworm' and akṣara 'letter'. 'By way of a gunākṣara' is a proverbial locution for 'by mere chance, very accidentally.'

To this note Prof. Schlegel adds:

We take the liberty to add to Prof. Kern's note upon this subject, the following remarks drawn from natural history, which nearly always gives the clue to such apparent marvels, mentioned by simple, unscientific and unobservant travellers.

Insects whose ravages in leaves and bark of tree resemble writing-letters are by no means rare. We have them also in Europe. One of them belonging to the genus *Bostrichus*, has even obtained on that account the specific name of *Bostrichus*, or *Tomicus typographus*, called in Dutch the *letterzetter* (compositor). The larva of this beetle burrows, under the bark of fir-trees, grooves running into each other like a labyrinth and forming figures resembling more or less writing-letters. The complete insect has a length of about one-fourth or one-third of an inch, is hairy and jet black Another species, *Bostr. (Scolytus) destructor*, black, with red antennae and feet, lives especially under the bark of birch-trees, where each larva burrows separate grooves. In German this beetle is therefore called *Buchdrucker* (typographer, printer.)

¹ Dr. Diels in Filchner, *op. cit.*, p. 110; Bailey and Miller, *Cyclopedia of American Horticulture*, iv., 1759.

² T'oung Pao, iv., 457.

The third explanation then is that certain signs are produced by insects, which are exploited by the lamas, in profitable speculation on the credulity of the common people.

The fourth and last explanation, namely the occult one, as given by H. P. B., seems to me quite untenable, and therefore not to require detailed discussion.

Having now reviewed the whole question from several points of view, it is suitable to close my series of quotations with the remarks of B. Laufer¹ on this subject—remarks which show common sense and tend to bring back the subject of enquiry to its natural place amongst other phenomena in human life.

I should like to be here permitted to point out that this tree of Tsong-kha-pa is more than a merely artificial fabrication of the lamas, only intended as a source of revenue. This latter aim has to be regarded as only a secondary or tertiary development of its basic conception. It shows us rather the continuation of the primeval conception of tree-worship which we find elaborately manifested all over Eastern Asia, in India as well as in China. The feeling of veneration and admiration for old and majestic trees lives on in us also, and man in the incipient stages of religious experience met the majestic tree with holy awe and saw in it the seat of a divinity. In historical times exceptionally beautiful and honoured trees were dedicated to the memory of great personalities, were connected with their lives, and were made the centres of historical recollections and legendary traditions. This is the secondary element. Only very much later the third and last stage of development shows itself: the increasing social significance of these holy trees—as is the case with all centres of cults—their great influence on ever more numerous masses of the people who, full of faith, come on pilgrimages, and lastly the miraculous powers ascribed to these trees by priests, and the advertisement and the possibility of capitalisation connected with the business. Such a development is a universally human phenomenon, and is possible, and has in fact taken place everywhere, under similar given conditions; it is neither specifically Tibetan nor lamaic. The wall of my study is adorned with a simple pressed leaf of ivy on which in golden letters

¹ Introduction to Filchner, *op. cit.*

the verses "Alt-Heidelberg, du feine!" are impressed. It is a purchased souvenir of Heidelberg and is said to come from the ivy of the castle. What is the difference when the Kumbum lamas sell leaves from Tsong-kha-pa's tree, imprinted with pictures or sentences, to pious pilgrims? What is the difference, when photographs, albums or picture postcards are offered for sale at our great public monuments and do not cease to exercise an undiminishing attraction on the sight-seeking public? Have we not even to a certain extent laid an embargo on natural phenomena and put a tax on their enjoyment? Whoever wants to contemplate the Rhine-falls of Schaffhausen from the most advantageous point of view will have to consent willy-nilly to pay the entrance-fee demanded there from one and all. Far be it from me even to appear to blame the hospitable spot. I only mention it as an example of the fact that also in our civilisation, as well as in those of foreign nations, similar and analogous facts occur of which we are only too eager to emphasise the so-called darker sides without remaining conscious of the uniformity of human nature and the sameness of the development of psychic and historical processes. We have scarcely any ground to sit in judgment over the lamas on account of their commercial business in holy leaves, not perhaps, because we are not better, but because we recognise in this traffic the last stage of a process, lying beyond good and evil, independent of personal will, and the end of a long religio-socio-economic evolution.

Finally, if I were to put down what my private opinion is concerning the Wonder Tree and its leaves, I would say, that the simplest explanation, the one easiest to imagine and the one to account for the maximum number of elements of observation and tradition, would run somewhat as follows.

A child is born in a barbarous country and it becomes famous as a religious teacher when grown up; so its birthplace acquires a certain importance and in course of time becomes traditionally known with greater or lesser precision. At the same time it happens that at or near this birthplace there grows a specimen of the syringa tree, subject—according to its nature—to the attacks of a particular insect pest which marks its leaves in a peculiar way. The country is chiefly inhabited by

illiterate people. At some time someone discovers this tree and observes its strange markings. He consults a learned man, most likely a lama, a member of the only learned class—maybe a follower of Tsong-kha-pa—about these markings and asks whether they are inscriptions and what they say. The scholar not being a botanist or an entomologist, and only familiar with at most Samskr̥t, Tibetan, Mongolian and Chinese scripts, is not able satisfactorily to interpret the strange markings and finds in them—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*—a mysterious portent, written in a language unknown to him.¹ What can this portent mean? Evidently it is connected with the great event of the local Nativity. Certainly the tree stood near—and after a while exactly on—the spot where Tsong-kha-pa was born. For was not Lord Gautama Buddha born under a satin tree in the Lumbinī Gardens? Did He not attain Nirvāṇa under a Bo-tree; and did He not die under a sala-tree? Certainly, Tsong-kha-pa, second only to the Buddha, must also have been sheltered at birth by a tree, or at least He must have had a tree marking His birth into the world or into the Order.²

(It is not necessary to suppose that the tree was already worshipped before that time; there is no evidence that it was then already a 'majestic' tree in Laufer's sense—or, for all that, has been one ever since.)

It may be that a case of some freak arrangement of the nervation of the leaves—especially when eagerly looked for—gave rise at some time to an additional miracle: the picture tradition arose. At first the wonder was a genuine one: a naïve and ignorant interpretation,

¹ Compare Edgar Allen Poe: 'The murderers in the Rue Morgue.'

² Compare Grunwedel, *Veröffentl. aus dem kgl. Museum f. Volkerkunde*, V, 127.

by miracle-haunted religious imagination and piety, of an obscure and not understood natural phenomenon. But time added new considerations. The tree became the centre of a religious act, of a religious movement; it became a source of profit and a centre of new inspiration and faith. The tree now must be safeguarded and its loss or death averted for the sake of religion and self-interest alike. The calamity of the cessation of the tree's wonders is first speculated upon, then feared, lastly it becomes a menace. Everything rather than lose the tree: and accordingly cuttings are planted, reserve trees are grown. In the final stages commercialism, policy and cunning lead to deception. When the wonder does not come off clearly enough and abundantly enough by unaided means, when the insects do not do their work properly, a helping hand is secretly lent, and—as in so many a spiritualistic case—discreet assistance helps the halting miracle over the stile. At this stage the tradition is spread that only true faith opens sight for the beholding of these things, just as in the German fairy-tale about the Emperor's new clothes, which were seen by all until an innocent child gave the show away. And even further, when a specially 'great mandarin' comes, the tree appositely produces a picture, just as S. Januarius' blood conveniently bubbled before Championet when the dilemma was: miracle or bombardment. In the meantime some monks, perhaps an inner group, a secret society¹, formed for the purpose and restored to full strength at each death of a member, perhaps unknown to the rest of the monks or to many of them, by means of a cunning manipulation

¹ A name for the association may be easily imagined, i.e., 'Defenders of the Faith,' 'The Soldiers of Tsong-kha-pa,' 'The Knights of Kumbum,' or 'The Guardians of the Tree'.

of acids, periodically renew and keep up the wonder, as in some European place the patch of blood reminiscent of a mediæval murder may be painted up annually for the benefit of tourist and cicerone alike.

The conclusion: I hold that we have here a medley of elements based on a confused profusion of initial data and traditions in which it is difficult to determine a chief factor as characterising the whole process. Not wholly fraud, not wholly truth; not devoid of historical origins, yet unhistorical; rooted in natural phenomena, yet not free from artificial intervention—we need not recur to the supernatural to explain the Kumbum miracle; psychology, history and close observation will no doubt prove sufficient to furnish us some day with its perfectly natural and absolutely final explanation.

Johan van Manen

HINDU REALISM

(A REVIEW)

By F. OTTO SCHRÄDER, Ph.D., F. T. S.

Hindu Realism: Being an Introduction to the Metaphysics of the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika System of Philosophy,¹ by Jagadisha Chandra Chatterji, B.A., Vidyā-vāridhi, is one of those rare books of which it can be said with certainty that they fill a gap. Not that the metaphysics of Hindū Realism has never before been treated by western writers—Colebrooke and Max Müller have written on it; but their essays on this subject hardly enable the western student of philosophy to “form an idea as to the reason or reasons why the Hindū Realists held, and do hold even now, the metaphysical doctrines which are taught in their system” (p. iv); and the same holds good, so far as we can see, with a still more recent attempt, viz., the chapters on Vaiśeṣika and Nyāya in Deussen’s *Allgemeine Geschichte der Philosophie*, I, iii (1908). Moreover, all these essays are by no means exhaustive, but are based on very few sources only; while for the present book no less than twenty-three works on Vaiśeṣika and Nyāya have been used. And the book also differs from its above-mentioned predecessors in another remarkable point, namely, that it is written

¹ Obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras. Price Rs. 3 or 4s. or \$1.

by a Hindū, and by one who has not only an eminently philosophical mind, but has moreover been trained in England in the methods of western philosophy. The beneficial effect of this training is conspicuous in most parts of the book: it has enabled the author to keep within bounds; to control his imagination; and to utilise the whole of this copious material with a discrimination and sense of proportion not often to be found in India.

The author proposes to deal with the mere metaphysics of the two systems, and, in doing so, to leave out entirely “all the later ideas” as well as “all consideration of the ‘history’ of the system” (pp. i, vi).

We are afraid that this plan was not definite enough to prevent all inconsistencies. In the course of the book (see, e.g., notes 11 and 12) certain ideas are rejected as ‘late,’ though they are, in all probability, not later than the origin of the combined system (Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika) which is the subject of the book. Again, one or two words at least ought to have been said in order to show that the scheme of the Padārthas, which is the skeleton and starting-point of the system also in Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika works such as *Bhāṣya-pariccheda*, is irrelevant for its metaphysics. For this is by no means certain. We are of opinion, with Professor Deussen, that the Padārthas (*pada-artha*, ‘word-meaning’) are, or at least were originally, not merely logical but first of all metaphysical categories, Community (*sāmānya*), e.g., being imagined as a real occult force residing in things and making them appear as similar. Śaṅkarācārya says that, according to the Vaiśeṣikas, Entities, Qualities, etc., are as different as are a man, a horse, and a hare. That the Qualities are not mere products of the Entities, as the reader of *Hindu Realism* will

believe,¹ is also evident from *Vaish. Sū.* I, i, 9-10, teaching that Entities are originated by Entities, and Qualities by Qualities. This further shows that the old translation of *dravya* by 'substance' should not have been given up for 'entity'.

The introductory chapter (pp. 1-17), which is distinguished by its originality, contains in its first part a comparison of the Hindū idea of philosophy with that of the West. Never, so far as we are aware, has the fundamental difference between the two standpoints found such a precise expression as in this chapter, together with pages 140 and 141. "The object of philosophy—as understood by the ancient teachers of India—" is not "to *discover* metaphysical truths, is not the mere solution of an intellectual problem for its own sake On the contrary, the object of philosophy is to aid *suffering* man to understand truth which is put before him, so that, by understanding it, he may afterwards realise it; and by the realisation of truth may become free and thus end his sorrows and sufferings."

With this definition before one, it is easy to understand why most western professors of philosophy deny instinctively that the Hindū Darshanas are 'philosophy proper'. The ideal philosopher of the West is the one who doubts every and any thing; who wonders at those very things that are matters of course to others; while it is, as a rule, looked on as a sign of weakness, an abuse, a desecration, when philosophy is put into the service of the person. "Philosophy," says Eduard von Hartmann, "is hard, cold, and unfeeling like stone";

¹ See, e.g., p. 33: "They (the Paramāṇus) can be classified with reference to certain qualities which they produce."

it "seeks after truth recklessly, unconcerned whether that which it finds pleases or not the sentimental judgment labouring under the delusion of Desire".

After having confronted the western preconceptions (3) with those of the Hindūs (8), the author proceeds to classify and describe accordingly the well-known six orthodox systems, three of which, namely, the Karma-Mīmāṃsā, the Nyāya, and the Vaiśeṣhika, are said to belong to the first or Creationist (Realist) standard of philosophy; two, viz., the Sāṃkhya and the Yoga, to the second or Psycho-dynamic standard; and one, the Advaita-Vedānta, to the third or Polyonymic standard. The contention, then, is—and this is No. 7 of the Hindū preconceptions—that the three standards are "not contradictory to one another, but together form a single and gradually advancing series". This is a somewhat bold statement in the face of so many Hindū philosophical authors (commentators) waging war against all of these systems except the one they profess; and though it is true that the three classes of philosophies are long widely known as such in India, even to the heretics, yet the idea of their forming a gradation and being compatible with each other is naturally rejected by all except the Advaitins and not very common even among the latter. This idea cannot, therefore, in our opinion, be reckoned with the general preconceptions of the Hindū mind. As to the names of the standards, we would have much preferred simply to translate the Samskr̥t designations, not only of No. 1 ('Creationist Standard') but also of No. 2 ('Evolutionist Standard') and of No. 3 ('Illusionist Standard').

The body of the book is divided into two chapters, dealing respectively with (1) 'The Analytic Aspect,'

and (2) 'The Synthetic Aspect' of Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika metaphysics. Only with the first of these chapters we shall deal *in extenso* here, because only this chapter contains the doctrines peculiar to Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika.

The Analytic Part bears the sub-title 'The Nine Realities,' but it is not merely engaged with this first Padārtha of the system, but to some extent also with the others. We have already pointed out that the translation of *dravya* by Reality or Entity is not fortunate, because the other Padārthas (Quality, Action, Community Speciality, Inherence, Non-existence) are co-ordinated with *dravya*, not subordinated to it. *Dravya* is defined, in *Vaish. Sū.*, I, i, 15, as "that which has Action and Quality, and is Inherent Cause"; and since 'substance' means in itself nothing more nor less than 'substratum receptacle' (*āshraya*), there is really no reason for rejecting this word which expresses better than any other English word, so far as we can see, the difference between *dravya* and the other Padārthas. If it be objected that for instance Time (one of the Dravyas) cannot well be called a substance, we answer that Time in modern western philosophy is as surely no substance as the Time of Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika is one because of the Qualities inherent in it. The word substance does not necessarily mean something solid; never, for instance, when applied to the Absolute.

Of the 'nine Realities,' the 'four classes of minima' (Paramāṇus) and the Ātman are naturally described at greater length than the rest, some twenty-five pages being devoted to each of them.

On Paramāṇu we learn something altogether new, viz., that it is not an 'atom'—which is the usual rendering of the word in the West—but an *unspatial entity*.

This follows first of all from the idea that, destruction being dissolution into parts, all things having parts are destructible; while the minima are *ex hypothesi* indestructible. Then it follows from the consideration, that a thing having parts, i.e., being capable of dissolution into simpler elements, is for this very reason not an ultimate element as the minima are supposed to be. And finally: Ether could not be all-pervading, as it must be, "if the ultimate constituents of sensible things were composed of solid, hard and extended particles with magnitude, however small". According to this view, then, Paramāṇus are "things of no magnitude, i.e., of the nature of points"; these first "relate themselves together in twos" (*dvyanuka*), i.e., things "of the nature of a line," viz., "the shortest possible line"; and these latter "combine in numbers not less than three" (*trasareṇu*), and, by doing so, produce things having magnitude, i.e., length, breadth and thickness. Among the produced, i.e., compound forms of matter, are also the so-called four elements (*bhūta*) such as we perceive them.¹ They must by no means be confounded with the four classes of Paramāṇus (minima) by which they are produced. There exist these four classes, no more, of minima producing sensible matter—for Ether reckoned with the elements in other systems does not consist of minima—but a fifth class of minima is formed by Manas 'mind,' the inner organ, of which, however, there is one only in each individual (pp. 21-47).

¹ The very fact of their being called *bhūta*, "become, produced," is not in favour of the translation 'element'. It would seem that this term *bhūta* was introduced in order to contrast these secondary elements with the pure or uncombined elements called *tan-matra*, i.e., 'this alone,' in Sāṃkhya philosophy.

It would be interesting to know whether the above conception of the 'atom' as an unspatial entity, which is of course infinitely superior to Greek atomism, can be traced back to the early Vaisheshika literature. Unfortunately all of the passages referred to by our author are only from Nyāya sources. The *Vaisheshika Sūtras* on the whole strike one as rather crude. *Manas*, e.g., which is minimal like the *Paramāṇus*, is said to move extremely quickly, which cannot well refer to anything else but local movement. If, therefore, in *Vaish. Sū.*, VII, i, 10, the ultimate atom is called *parimaṇḍala*, 'all-round, globular,'¹ we cannot help believing that the *Paramāṇu* taught by Kaṇāda was not unspatial but had a minimum of extension, i.e., that it was thought of as an ultimate entity which is only theoretically but not practically reducible to still smaller elements. As a matter of fact, Vaisheshika and Nyāya-Vaisheshika texts speak of the minima not as having no extension at all, but they assert that "all substances whatever possess two Measures or Extensions"² (cf. *Vaish. Sū.*, VII, i, 16-17; *Prashasta*, p. 130; *Bhā. Pari.*, 109) in that they are either 'large' and 'long,' or 'small' and 'short'. "Largeness and length exist in substances from tertiary atomic aggregates upwards to composite wholes," while binary atomic aggregates are 'small' and 'short,' and "extreme smallness and extreme shortness exist in the ultimate atoms". The passage from which this is taken (*Upaskāra ad Vaish. Sū.*, VII, i, 8) concludes with a significant note, viz.: "Some maintain that length and

¹ The sphere is the perfect body also in Greek philosophy. However, the atoms of Demokritos are not spherical but of various sizes.

² *Upaskāra*. Here and in the following I quote from Nandalal Sinha's translation (*Sacred Books of the Hindus*, Vol. VI), the Sanskrit original being at present not available to me. Presumably the latter has *parimaṇ* for "measures and extensions".

shortness do not exist in the eternal substances," etc. Here, then, we have apparently the later and more advanced view which is opposed by Shankara Mishra with the words: "Wherever there is minuteness, there is shortness; where there is eternal minuteness, there is eternal shortness" (*ibid.*, ad VII, i, 17).

However this may be, it is an unproved contention that "the Hindū realists of all shades have always maintained" that the ultimate constituents of sensible things are without any magnitude (p. 24).

What is different in the different classes of *Paramāṇus*? Not, of course, their weight or measure, but only their *capacity* to produce that which affects our senses (p. 43); more precisely, only those 'eternal' Qualities in them which are the cause of the corresponding 'non-eternal' Qualities of compound bodies affecting our senses. There are, however, no sub-classes in *Paramāṇus*, because the varieties of a special quality do not differ *essentially* from one another (p. 44). *Paramāṇus* produce both the senses and their objects; for instance: smell and odour are both of them produced by Earth-*Paramāṇus*' (p. 45).

For *sparsha*, 'touch,' a new translation is introduced, viz., 'temperature,' and in conformity herewith our author speaks also of 'thermal matter' and the 'Temperature-Sense'. "Sparsha as a quality is distinctly stated to be only of three kinds, namely, hot, cold, and neither-hot-nor-cold. It is also added that 'hardness, softness' and the like are *not* forms of *sparsha* but are forms of contact (*Saṃyoga-viśeṣāḥ*). In these

¹ This theory is also found outside India. Empedokles, e.g., says that we recognise the earth, etc., outside ourselves by means of the earth, etc., within ourselves.

circumstances it is misleading to translate *sparsha* by touch" (p. 164).

It is, indeed, most probable that already in the *Vaisheshika-Sūtras* *sparsha* means only 'temperature,' for the commentaries always understand the word in this sense only. But that the rendering of *tvag-indriya* by Temperature-Sense is too narrow, apart from its being too free, may be gathered from the continuation of the passage referred to above of the *Kandali*.¹ There the reason for distinguishing the Temperature from the Tactile Impressions is given with the words: "because they (hardness, softness, etc.) are perceivable by both the senses"; which means: while Temperature is perceived by Touch only, Pressure may be perceived by either Touch or Sight, or by both of them. This reminds one of the theory of the General and the Special Qualities of matter: any Special Quality of matter, such as odour, flavour, etc., is present in certain things only and perceived by one sense only, while General Qualities, such as impenetrability, are present in everything sensible and can be perceived by more senses than one (p. 34, etc.). Pressure, then, as the object of Touch in its tactile application, is a General Quality of matter; it is a complex sensation, not a simple one.

Here we have the pleasure of stating that the *Vaisheshikas*, in distinguishing the Sensations of Temperature from those of Pressure and again those of Pain (the eighteenth Quality), have practically reached the standpoint of modern Psychology. Wundt, the greatest living psychologist, teaches that "the General Sense comprises four systems of sensation differing specifically

¹ Ed. p. 106 (not 102). Punctuate: . . . *samyoga-visheshah; na sparshan-taram, ubhavendriya-grahyatvat.*

from one another, viz., sensations of pressure, of cold, of warmth, and of pain".

Though there are five senses there are but four classes of *Paramāṇus*, because one class of sensations, viz., the sounds, does not inhere in *Paramāṇus* but in an all-pervading Entity called *Ether (ākāsha)*. Sound cannot inhere in some class of *Paramāṇus* because no form of matter is known to which sound is essential, i.e., from which sound is never absent. Yet sound, being a Quality, must inhere in some Entity. This Entity is the all-pervading continuum which serves also as a medium for the union of the *Paramāṇus*. It is absolutely motionless, because as a continuum it cannot consist of discrete parts. The sense of hearing is itself nothing but Ether "conditioned in particular ways" (pp. 47-53).

The next chapter, on *Kāla* and *Dik* (pp. 54-61), is specially valuable because it removes certain widely spread misconceptions. The word *kāla* means 'time'; but time in the usual sense is only a product of that cosmic Entity called also *Kāla*, which plays a part in *Hindū Realism* (and, we may add, in most Indian philosophical systems). *Kāla* is the general principle of movement, the power or force which urges things onward and, in doing so, gives rise to the notions of past, present, and future.—Things, though being operated on by *Kāla*, hold relative positions; it follows that there must be another power opposing *Kāla*, by which they are held together in these positions. This power is *Dik* ('direction, region, quarter'), and it produces the notions of far, near, east, west, etc., just as *Kāla* produces the temporal relations. *Dik* is not Space, though it produces the notions of spatial directions. Only Ether

might be called space, because it relates to Dik as, e.g., a wall relates to the pictures fastened on it. Still Dik is also all-pervading, and so is Kāla.

There follows the long chapter on the Ātman (pp. 61-87) most of which consists of a lucid refutation of materialism based on arguments from Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika, Sāṃkhya, and Vedānta. The latter two had been better dispensed with; then we might have learned, e.g., whether in Indian Realism too (and not only in the Bhāmatī) 'psychical phenomena' are adduced as proofs of Ātman.

The Realist view of the Ātman (p. 62) differs from that of the other standards in that it regards the Ātman not as consciousness itself, but as that in which consciousness inheres, as the substratum of consciousness. For it is taken for granted by the Realist that consciousness is a Quality, and consequently that there must be some Entity in which the Quality inheres. The Ātman, like all Entities, is unchangeable; but it is also omnipresent (like Ether, Kāla, and Dik), as is proved by its producing Adṛṣṭa, i.e., karmic relations to beings and places which may be far distant at that time from the body belonging to the Ātman concerned. There is, however, a plurality of Ātmans, not only one, because otherwise everybody would be conscious of the feelings and thoughts of everybody else. The picture is complete, if we add, from the later part of the book, that "the Ātman being infinite in nature" is "without any distinguishing features which may differentiate it from other Ātmans" (p. 153). That is to say: Ātmans in themselves are all alike (p. 136), but their relation to Matter differs according to the body with which they are connected.

Nothing more extraordinary for a western mind than this Nyāya-Vaiśeṣika doctrine of an infinite number of all-pervading souls, all of which are exactly alike and unchangeable! Classical Sāṃkhya, it is known, also holds this astounding view. Vijñānabhikṣu commenting on it (*ad Sūtram* I, 151) says that it is not contradictory because *avibhāga* is compatible with *anyonyābhāva*, i.e., things coinciding in space need not therefore be identical. He does not illustrate this, but an example at hand from Indian literature is that of the mixture of milk and water from which the clever flamingo is able to extract the milk; and another is the interpenetration of the several bodies of man. So the all-pervadingness of the Ātmans may perhaps be looked at as intelligible. But the remaining two features remain enigmatical. One feels inclined to believe that this whole description of the Ātman-in-itself means in reality nothing but that the souls are all of them beyond the realm of the imaginable (*noumena*).

The Realist's conception of the Ātman would, in all probability, have become more definite, had the idea of space-transcendence entered his mind. In the system as we have it, the Ātman is 'beyond place' (*desdṛīta*), i.e., not localised, merely in regard to its omnipresence (*vibhūta*); while the minima (Atoms and Mind), though perhaps not *occupying* any space, have yet each of them always their *position in* space (like the mathematical points).

The ninth and last Entity (or, as we prefer to say, Substance) is *Manas*, the Mind. The fact that we are sometimes 'absent-minded,' further, the succession in experience, and the recollection of things forgotten, prove the existence of a special organ used

by the Ātman as an instrument for experiencing thoughts and feelings. Manas mediates inner experience, just as the senses mediate outer experience. Manas not being conceivable as consisting of parts, it must be eternal. And everything eternal being either infinitely small or all-pervading, Manas must be the former because otherwise succession of perception, etc., could not take place. Succession of perception, etc., proves also that there is only one Manas in each sentient being (pp. 88-92).

There are, then, as many Manases as there are Ātmans, and all of these Manases are also exactly alike, just as are, e.g., all Earth-Paramāṇus. Yet the Manas is an important organ, because it connects the infinite Ātman with the finite world.

So far the Analytic Part of the book. As to the 'Synthetic Aspect' (pp. 95-154), we have said already that we do not propose to deal with it *in extenso*. The Synthetic Aspect, which is, according to our author, "exactly the same in all the three standards," deals with the impossibility of a first beginning, the sensible and super-sensible worlds, Saṃskāras (faculties, morally indifferent) and Adr̥ṣṭa (potentialities of moral worth), Reincarnation, Chaos and Kosmos, meaning of progress, eternality of the Veda, the three steps on the way to Liberation (Hearing, Reasoning, and Yoga), and Liberation itself. The whole of this part is a very good piece of work and in no way inferior to the 'Analytic Aspect'. One cannot help regretting that it has not become a book by itself (accessible to the public at large), namely, a general introduction to Hindū philosophy. This would have been better also for another reason, namely, because, in our opinion, the

Synthetic Aspect is not perhaps exactly the same in the three standards. It seems, e.g., that as to Adr̥ṣṭa the views are not altogether identical.

The 'List of Authorities and Sources' at the beginning of the book contains separately, and in historical order so far as possible, the literature used of the Vaiśeṣhika, the Nyāya, the Nyāya-Vaiśeṣhika, and other systems. This valuable list covers eight full pages. Of book No. 5 we know also an edition with commentary (*Nyāyamuktāvalī*), viz., the one published in the *Pandit* in 1900.

In the 'Key to the Pronunciation of Saṃskṛt Words' we are struck with the notice that ph (फ) should be pronounced "as in philosophy". The majority of Indian Paṇḍits are not likely to agree with this.

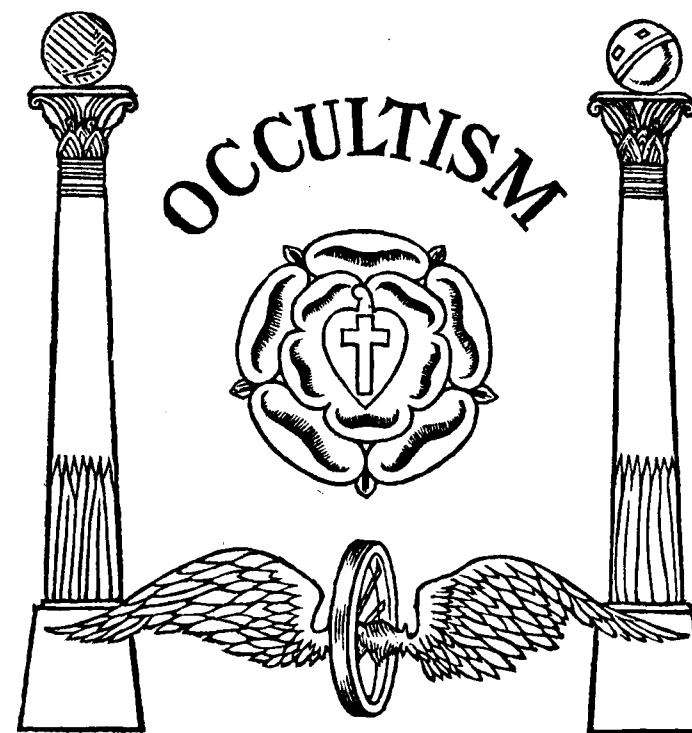
Mr. Chatterji's *Hindu Realism* is an instructive and stimulating work, which should not be overlooked by anybody interested in Indian philosophy.

Dr. F. Otto Schröder

A REVERIE

By R. W. BELL

Standing on the lonely shore
With the Veil of Night around me,
Listening to the muffled roar
Of the everlasting sea,
As I gazed out in the blackness,
Past that long, white, moaning line
Of restless breakers rolling inward,
It came to me that 'twas a sign
Of God's eternal Strength and Patience
Manifested in His creatures,
Shown in all the words around us—
Nature's beauty, and the grandeur
Of the starlit Heavens above us;
And I, too, though very feebly
Tried to praise Him for His mercy
Who had loved us into being
By the Uttering of a Word.



HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXIV, No. 6, p. 910)

LET us see what further advantages are gained by the man who has opened for himself the mental consciousness. Once again he passes through the experience already described, for he finds that this higher plane is thrilling with a glory and a bliss beside which even the wonderful vigour of the astral life pales its ineffectual fires. Once more he feels that now at

last he has reached the true life, of which before he had only an inefficient and inaccurate reflection. Again his horizon is widened, for now the vast world of the Form-Angels opens before his astonished eyes. He sees now the whole of humanity—the enormous hosts who are out of incarnation as well as the comparatively few who possess vehicles upon the lower planes. Every man who is in physical or astral life must necessarily possess a mental body, and it is that which now represents him to the sight of the student who has come thus far on his way; but, in addition to this, the great army of those who are resting in the heaven-world is now within his view—though as each is confined entirely within his own shell of thought, these men can hardly be regarded as in any sense of the word companions.

The visitor to their world can act upon them to the extent of flooding them with thoughts, say of affection. These thoughts cannot so far penetrate the shell of the men who are enjoying their heaven-life as to carry with them any feeling of definite affection from the sender which could make them conscious of him, or evoke in them a reply directed personally towards him; but the stream of affection can act upon the inhabitant of the heaven-world in precisely the same way as the warmth of the sun can operate upon the germ within the egg and hasten its fructification, or intensify whatever pleasurable sensations it may be supposed to have. Again, though these men in the heaven-world are not readily accessible to any influence from without, they are themselves pouring forth vibrations expressing the qualities most prominent in them; so the visitor to that world may bathe himself in such emanations as he chooses, and may go round selecting his type of emanation just

as a visitor to Harrogate selects the variety of mineral water which he will drink, testing first one spring and then another.

Between those who are fully conscious on the mental plane there is a far closer union than has been possible at any lower level. A man can no longer deceive another with regard to what he thinks, for all mental operations lie open for everyone to see. Opinions or impressions can now be exchanged not only with the quickness of thought but with perfect accuracy, for each now receives the exact idea of the other—clean, clear-cut, instantaneous—instead of having to try to puzzle his way to it through a jungle of inexpressive words. At this level a man may circle the world actually with the speed of thought; he is at the other side of it even as he formulates the wish to be there, for in this case the response of matter to thought is immediate, and the will can control it far more readily than on any lower level.

It has often been said in connection with meditation that there is much greater difficulty in governing thoughts than emotions, and that the mental elemental is less susceptible to control than the astral. For us down here this is usually so, but if we wish to understand the matter aright we must try to see why it is so. The physical body is along certain lines obedient to the action of the will, because we have carefully trained it to be so. If we desire to lift an arm, we can lift it; if we desire to walk to a certain place, if the physical body is in health, we can get up and walk to it with no more resistance on the part of the body than the expression of its ordinary indolence or love of ease. When, however, the physical body has set

up bad habits of any kind, it often proves exceedingly refractory and difficult to restrain. It is in such cases that the distance and difference in density between the controlling ego and its lowest vehicle become painfully evident. The management of the astral vehicle is in reality much easier, though many people find it difficult because they have never previously attempted it. The moment that one really thinks clearly of the matter this is obvious. It is not easy to banish by thought-power a raging toothache, though even that can be done under certain conditions; it is comparatively easy by thought-power to banish depression or anger or jealousy. The desire-elemental may be persistent in obtruding these feelings upon the man's notice; but at any rate they clearly are under his control, and by repeatedly throwing them off immunity from them can unquestionably be obtained.

Still more definitely is this true, and easier still ought to be our task, when we pass to the mental world. It seems to us more difficult to bridle thought than emotion because most of us have made at least some experiments in the direction of repressing emotion, and we have been taught from childhood that it is unseemly to allow it to display itself unchecked. On the other hand, we have been in the habit of allowing our thoughts to roam fancy-free, and it is probably only in connection with school lessons that we have reluctantly torn them back from their wanderings and tried to concentrate them on some definite task. To induce us to do even this much, exterior compulsion is usually required in the shape of constant exhortation from the teacher or the stimulus of emulation among our fellows in the class. It is because so little effort has been made

by the average man in the direction of the regulation of thought that he finds it so difficult, and indeed almost impossible, when he begins the practice of meditation. He finds himself in conflict with the habits of the mental elemental, who has been used to have things all his own way, and to drift from subject to subject at his own sweet will.

Our struggle with him is in some ways different from that which we have already waged against the desire-elemental; and the reason for this will be obvious if we remember his constitution. He represents the downward-pouring life of the Solar Deity at the earliest stage of its immeshing in matter—that which we usually call the First Elemental Kingdom. Consequently, he is less used to material confinement than is the desire-elemental, who belongs to a later kingdom, and is one whole stage lower down in the scale of matter. He is consequently more active than the desire-elemental—more restless, but less powerful and determined; he is in the nature of things easier to manage, but much less used to management; so that it takes far less actual exertion of strength to control a thought than a desire, but it needs a more persistent application of that strength. Remember that we are now at the level of thought, where literally thoughts are things; and this restive mental matter which we find so difficult to govern is the very home and definite vehicle of the mind with which we are to control it. That mind is here on its own ground and is dealing with its own matter, so that it is only a question of practice for it to learn to manage it perfectly; whereas, when we endeavour to rule the desire-elemental, we are bringing down the mind into a world which is foreign to it, and imposing an alien

ascendency from without, so that we are badly equipped for the struggle.

To sum up then: control of mind is in itself far easier than control of the emotions, but we have had a certain amount of practice in the latter, and as a rule almost no practice at all in the former; and it is for that reason only that the mental exercise seems so difficult to us. Both of them together constitute a far easier task than the perfect mastery of the physical body; but this latter we have been to some extent practising during a number of previous lives, though our achievements along that line are even yet notably imperfect. A thorough comprehension of this matter should be distinctly encouraging to the student; and the result of such comprehension is vividly to impress upon him the truth of the remark made in *The Voice of the Silence* that this earth is the only true hell which is known to the Occultist.

Let us now take one step farther, and turn our attention to the upper part of the mental plane, which is inhabited by the ego in his causal body. Now at last the veils have fallen away, and for the first time we meet man to man without possibility of misunderstanding. Even in the astral world the consciousness is already so different from that which we know down here that it is practically impossible to give any coherent idea of it, and this difficulty increases as we attempt to deal with higher planes. Here thoughts no longer take form and float about as they do at lower levels, but pass like lightning-flashes from one soul to another. Here we have no newly-acquired vehicles, gradually coming under control and learning by degrees more or less feebly to express the soul within; but we are face to

face with one body older than the hills, an actual expression of the Divine Glory which ever rests behind it, and shines through it more and more in the gradual unfolding of its powers. Here we deal no longer with outer forms, but we see the things in themselves—the reality which lies behind the imperfect expression. Here cause and effect are one, clearly visible in their unity, like two sides of the same coin. Here we have left the concrete for the abstract; we have no longer the multiplicity of forms, but the idea which lies behind all those forms.

Here the *essence* of everything is available; we no longer study details; we no longer talk round a subject or endeavour to explain it; we take up the essence or the idea of the subject and move it as a whole, as one moves a piece when playing chess. This is a world of realities, where not only is deception impossible but also unthinkable; we deal no longer with any emotions, ideas or conceptions, but with the thing in itself. It is impossible to express in words the ordinary traffic of ideas between men in fully-developed causal bodies. What down here would be a system of philosophy, needing many volumes to explain it, is there a single definite object—a thought which can be thrown down as one throws a card upon a table. An opera or an oratorio, which here would occupy a full orchestra for many hours in the rendering, is there a single mighty chord; the methods of a whole school of painting are condensed into one magnificent idea; and ideas such as these are the intellectual counters which are used by egos in their converse one with another.

There also we meet a higher order of Angels, more splendid but less comprehensible to our dull faculties.

There for the first time we have fully unrolled before us all the stories of all the lives which have been lived upon our globe, the actual living record of the past; for this is the lowest plane on which the Divine Memory reflects itself. Here for the first time we see our lives as one vast whole, of which our descents into incarnation have been but the passing days. Here the great scheme of evolution is unfolded before us, so that we can see clearly what is the Divine Will for us.

The ordinary man is as yet but little developed as an ego; he needs the grosser matter of far lower planes in order to be able to sense vibrations and respond to them. But an ego who is awakened and is truly alive upon his own plane is indeed a glorious object, and gives us for the first time some idea of what God means man to be. The egos are still separate, yet intellectually they fully realise their inner unity, for they see one another as they are and can no longer blunder or fail to comprehend.

Strange as even that must seem when looked at from below, and far removed as it is from our ordinary conceptions of life, our next step brings us into a region even less possible to be grasped by the lower mind; for when we follow the man into the intuitional world, developing what used to be called the buddhic consciousness, we are in the presence not only of an indefinite extension of various capacities, but also of an entire change of method. From the causal body we looked out upon everything, understanding, seeing everything exactly as it is and appraising it at its true value, yet still maintaining a distinction between subject and object, still conscious that we *looked upon* that which we so thoroughly comprehended. But now a change has

come; the comprehension is more perfect and not less, but it is from within instead of from without. We no longer *look upon* a person or upon an object, no matter with what degree of kindliness or of sympathy; we simply *are* that person or that object, and we know him or it as we know the thought of our own brain or the movement of our own hand.

It is not easy even to suggest the subtle change which this casts over everything—the curiously different value which it gives to all the actions and relations of life. It is not only that we understand another man still more intimately; it is that we feel ourselves to be acting through him, and we appreciate his motives as our own motives, even though we may perfectly understand that another part of ourselves, possessing more knowledge or a different view-point, might act quite differently. All through our previous evolution we have had our own private view-point and our own qualities, which were cherished because they were our own—which seemed to us in some subtle way different from the same qualities when manifested in others; but now we lose entirely that sense of personal property in qualities and in ideas, because we see that these things are truly common to all, because they are part of the great reality which lies equally behind all. So personal pride in individual development becomes an utter impossibility, for we see now that personal development is but as the growth of one leaf among the thousands of leaves upon a tree, and that the important fact is not the size or shape of that particular leaf, but its relation to the tree as a whole; for it is only of the tree as a whole that we can really predicate permanent growth.

Down here we meet people of different dispositions ; we study them, and we say to ourselves that under no conceivable circumstances could we ever act or think as they do, and though we sometimes talk of ' putting ourselves in the other man's place,' it is generally a feeble, half-hearted, insufficient substitution ; but in the intuitional world we see clearly and instantly the reason for those actions which here seem so incomprehensible and repugnant, and we readily understand that it is we ourselves in another form who are doing those very things which seem to us so reprehensible, and we recognise that to that facet of ourselves such action is quite right and natural. We find that we have ceased altogether to blame others for their differences from ourselves ; we simply note them as other manifestations of our own activity, for now we see reasons which before were hidden from us. Even the evil man is clearly seen to be part of ourselves—a weak part ; so our desire is not to blame him, but to help him by pouring strength into that weak part of ourselves, so that the whole body of humanity may be vigorous and healthy.

When in the causal body, we already recognised the Divine Consciousness in all ; when we looked upon another ego, that Consciousness leaped up in him to recognise the Divine within us. Now it no longer leaps to greet us from without, for it is already enshrined within our hearts. We *are* that consciousness and it is *our* consciousness. There is no longer the 'you' and the 'I,' for we both are one—both facets of something that transcends and yet includes us both.

Yet in all this strange advance there is no loss of the sense of individuality, even though there is an utter loss of the sense of separateness. That seems a paradox,

yet it is obviously true. The man remembers all that lies behind him. He is himself, the same man who did this action or that in the far-off past. He is in no way changed, except that now he is much more than he was then, and feels that he includes within himself many other manifestations as well. If here and now a hundred of us could simultaneously raise our consciousness into the intuitional world, we should all be one consciousness, but to each man that would seem to be his own, absolutely unchanged except that now it included all the others as well.

To each it would seem that it was *he* who had absorbed or included all those others ; so we are here manifestly in the presence of a kind of illusion, and a little further realisation makes it clear to us that we are all facets of a greater consciousness, and that what we have hitherto thought to be *our* qualities, *our* intellect, *our* energy, have all the time been His qualities, His intellect, His energy. We have arrived at the realisation in actual fact of the time-honoured formula : "Thou art That." It is one thing to talk about this down here and to grasp it, or think that we grasp it, intellectually ; but it is quite another to enter into that marvellous world and *know* it with a certainty that can never again be shaken.

Yet it must not be supposed that when a man enters upon the lowest subdivision of that world, he at once becomes fully conscious of his unity with all that lives. That perfection of sense comes only as the result of much toil and trouble, when he has reached the highest subdivision of this realm of unity. To enter that plane at all is to experience an enormous extension of consciousness, to realise himself as one

with many others; but before him then there opens a time of effort, a time of self-development, analogous at that level to what you do down here when by meditation you try to open your consciousness to the plane next above you. Step by step, sub-plane by sub-plane, the aspirant wins his way; for even at that level exertion is still necessary if progress is to be made.

A stage below this, while we were still in the higher mental plane, we learned to see things as they are, to get behind our preconceptions of them, and to reach the reality which lay behind what we had been able to see of them. Now we are able to see the reality which lay behind other people's divergent views of that same object; coming simultaneously up their lines as well as our own, we enter into that thing and we realise all its possibilities, because now it is ourselves, and its possibilities are possible also for us. Difficult to put into words; impossible fully to comprehend down here; and yet approaching and hinting at a truth which is more real than what we call reality in this world.

If you could instantly be transported to that level without passing slowly through the intermediate stages, most of what you found yourself able to see would mean but little to you. To change abruptly even into the astral consciousness gives one so different an outlook that many familiar objects are entirely unrecognisable. Such a thing, for example, as a book or a water-bottle presents to you a certain appearance with which you are familiar; but if you suddenly find yourself able to see that object from all sides at once, as well as from above and below, you will perhaps realise that it presents an appearance so different that you would require a considerable amount of mental adjustment before you could

name it with certainty. Add to that the further complication that the whole inside of the body is laid out before you as though every particle were separately placed upon a table, and you will again see that additional difficulties are introduced. Add to them again yet another fact—that while you look upon all these particles as described, you are yet at the same time within each of those particles and are looking out through it, and you will see that it becomes an absolute impossibility to trace any resemblance to the object which you knew in the physical world.

That is, of course, nothing but an illustration—a coarse and concrete example of what takes place; and in order really to understand, one must spiritualise it and add to it many other considerations—all of which, however, tend to make the recognition more difficult rather than less. Fortunately in nature no sudden leap of this kind is possible. The method of evolution is gradual unfoldment, so that we are led on little by little until we are able to face without flinching glories which would dazzle us if they burst unexpectedly upon our view.

At this level man still has a definite body, and yet his consciousness seems equally present in vast numbers of other bodies. The web of life (which, you know, is constructed of buddhic matter—matter of the intuitional world) is extended so that it includes these other people, so that instead of many small separate webs we get one vast web which enfolds them all in one common life. But remember that many of these others may be entirely unconscious of this change, and to them their own private little part of the web will still seem as much separated as ever—or *would* do so if they knew

anything at all about the web of life. So from this standpoint and at this level it seems that all mankind are bound together thus by golden threads, and make one complex unit, no longer *a* man, but man in the abstract.

What can we say of the next stage of consciousness, that which has often been called *nirvāṇa*? This noble word has been translated to mean annihilation, but nothing could be further from the truth than this, for it represents the most intense and vivid life of which we know anything. Perhaps it may not unfairly be described as annihilation of all that we on the physical plane know and think of as the man; for all his personality, all his lower qualities have long ago utterly disappeared. Yet the essence is there; the true man is there; the Divine Spark, descended from the Deity Himself, is still there, though now it has grown into a Flame—a Flame that is becoming consciously part of That from which it came; for here all consciousness merges into Him, even though it still retains all that was best in the feeling of individuality. The man still feels himself, just as he does now, but full of a delight, a vigour, a capacity for which we have simply no words down here. He has in no way lost his personal memories. He is just as much himself as ever, only it is a wider self. He still knows that “I am I”; but he also realises that “I am He”.

In the intuitional world his consciousness had widened so as to take in that of many other people. Now it seems to include the entire spiritual world, and the man feels that he is on the way to realising the divine attribute of omnipresence; for he exists not only in all those others, but also at every point of the intervening space, so that he can focus himself wherever he

will, thus realising exactly the well-known phrase that he is a circle whose centre is everywhere and its circumference nowhere. He has transcended intellect as we know it, yet he knows and understands far more fully than ever before. On lower planes (lower than this, yet to us high beyond all reaching) he has seen the great Angels and Archangels in all their glorious order. In this spiritual world he comes face to face with the powers that rule, with the great Administrators of Karma, with the great Leaders of the Occult Hierarchy, with Planetary Spirits of stupendous power and wondrous beauty.

It is hopeless to attempt to describe this life which transcends all life that we know, and yet is so utterly different from it as to seem almost a negation of it—a splendour of purposeful life as compared with a mere blind crawling along darkened ways. For this indeed is life and this is reality, as far as we can reach it at present; although we doubt not for a moment that beyond even this indescribable glory there extend yet greater glories which surpass it even as it surpasses this catacomb life of earth. There all is God, and all these august Beings are obviously great manifestations of Him; and so thoroughly is this conviction borne in upon a man's consciousness, so entirely does it become part of him, that when he descends once more to the physical globe of this sorrowful star he cannot forget it, but ever thereafter he sees the Divine Spark, even in the most unlikely surroundings. Down here it is often hard to recognise; we need to dig so deeply in order to find it. In that spiritual world it is self-evident, and we know, because we see it, that there is nothing but God—no life anywhere in all the worlds but the Divine Life.

For at that level the man himself has become as a god among gods, a lesser light among the greater lights, yet truly an orb of splendour, even though so much less than the Masters, than the Great Devas, than the Mighty Spirits who rule the destinies of men and worlds. There we see face to face all these great Beings of whom down here we hear and read, of whom sometimes we make faint images. There we see with open face the beauty of which down here we can but catch the faintest reflections. There we hear the glorious music of the spheres, of which only occasional echoes can reach us in this lower world.

Truly terrible as is the descent from that great world to this, yet one who has once touched that consciousness can never again be the same as he was before. He cannot wholly forget, even amidst the darkness and the storm, that his eyes have seen the King in His beauty, that he has beheld the land which is very far off, and yet at the same time is near, even at our doors, close about us all the while, if we will but lift up our eyes to see it, if we will but develop the God within us till He can respond to the God without.

"The land which is very far off," from the days of our childhood the phrase has been familiar to us, and it falls upon our ears with all the magic of holy associations; yet it is a mistranslation of the original Hebrew, and perhaps the real meaning of the text is even more beautiful and more appropriate, for the expression which Isaiah used is "the land of far distances," as though he were contrasting in his mind the splendid spaciousness of the star-strewn fields of heaven with the noisome narrowness of the cramped catacombs of earth. Yet even here and now, imprisoned in densest

matter, we may lift our thoughts to the sun, for when once we know the truth, the truth has made us free. When once we have realised our unity with God, no darkness can ever shade us again, for we know that He is Light of Light, and the Father of Lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning; and in Him is no darkness at all.

All this knowledge, all this glory is within your reach, and must inevitably come to every one of you in the course of your evolution, as surely as day follows night. It is beyond all words now, beyond all feelings—beyond your intuition even. But there will come a time when you will know even as now also you are known. All that will come to you in the course of nature (in the seventh round, as we have said) even though you drift along and make no exertion; but far earlier if you are willing to undertake the labour which earns it—hard work indeed, yet noble work and pleasant in the doing, even though at times it may bring with it much of suffering. Yet the way is the Way of Service, and each step that you take is taken not for yourself but for others, that through your realisation others may realise, that through your exertion others may find the Path, that through the blessing which comes to you the whole world may also be blessed.

C. W. Leadbeater

PHOTOGRAPHS OF PHANTOMS¹

By WILLIAM H. KIRBY, F.T.S.

IN a Society that has for its motto "There is no religion higher than truth," and whose third specific object of existence is "to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man," it cannot be other than appropriate to wander sometimes in those interesting fields of research where thinkers and scientists are collecting with methodic patience facts and data regarding the unseen worlds, and are endeavouring by oft-repeated 'experiment and experience' to gain some knowledge of the principles that regulate things and people 'behind the veil,' thus bringing those on this side of the boundary closer to those on that.

In our Society, though its genesis took place in the atmosphere of spiritualistic investigation, there is perhaps a greater tendency towards the study of subjects connected with the first two objects of its constitution than with the third object. Members on the whole are either not scientifically equipped or are satisfied to take at second-hand (from those in whom they have confidence or from books) statements and data regarding conditions of being of which they have

¹ *Fotografie di Fantasmi*, by Dottore Enrico Imoda: being a contribution to the verification of medianic phenomena by experimental means, with a Preface by Professor Charles Richet and numerous photographs from the original negatives. Published by Fratelli Bocca, Turin, 1912, in one volume, Lire 25.

little or no personal knowledge or experience. So it happens that, generally speaking, *not* indeed less interest is shown in studies connected with the third object of our Society, but a less amount of individual discrimination and research is expended upon those very branches of investigation that would consolidate more and more for ourselves as well as for others much that, failing personal experience, is not a matter of first-hand knowledge.

The field is so large, the choice so great and varied, that there is place for every opinion, for every sort and kind of investigator. Those who feel superior to spiritualistic phenomena, and the investigation of the rationale governing these, can plunge into occult chemistry and physics, and study the elements, their origin and interaction. Those who have no taste for this can lose themselves in the mazes of man's body or bodies, and investigate occult physiology with all its ramifications, leading into dream states and trances and beyond. Those who spurn these paths can wander afield and probe into the mysteries of Nature, the hidden side of natural forces and phenomena, the occult aspect of botany, geology, biology, seismology, the currents governing winds and tides, the rising and falling of continents and of nations, the harmony ruling spheres and universes. I would therefore plead for more recruits under the third object of the Society.

Yet in whatever branch of study their prepossession may lie, let it not be omitted to employ those same painstaking orderly methods in the various branches of study which all scientific investigation imposes—if it is to be dignified by that name; and let the value of all further research and deduction in the

light of Theosophy be capable of appreciation by all, by virtue of the fact that what is asserted shows at least both reading and knowledge of what has been done or is being done by the scientists of the day. Too often inductive generalisation, however intuitive and far-seeing, is rendered nugatory because it is not correlated appropriately with the deductive method of facts observed, or as they really are. So it is that in the region of the unseen, hypotheses, theories, opinions and statements are one thing, and depend on the observer's capacity and personal powers in determining their causality. On the other hand the facts observed, the phenomena, the results obtained, these are things in themselves, capable of being scientifically catalogued and registered; they are effects to be studied and unravelled, quite apart from the deductions which the theoretic side will then make from them. It is therefore essential that the Theosophist who would seek really to know and understand should not merely approach the study of these subjects from the theoretical and speculative side; but should also be fully and personally acquainted with the phenomenal and practical side of what scientists and investigators have done, and are currently doing, in the world at the present time.

With this preamble as an excuse for not reviewing it in the ordinary way, but considering it in rather more detail, I would call the attention of my readers to an extremely interesting book, written in Italian, the title of which is that of this paper. The author, Dr. Enrico Imoda, whose premature death before the completion of his work has deprived science of a level-headed and patient investigator, introduces his book in the Preface, as giving the "experimental

results of a long and laborious series of medianic séances carried on regularly over a period of more than two years with the precise and exclusive object of ascertaining by means of photography the real objectivity of phantoms". A phantom, though popularly supposed to mean a 'ghost,' is properly and according to its derivation anything that appears or that shows itself; in spiritualistic parlance, a materialisation. The author goes on to say that he is well aware of the work done in the past, even so long as thirty-six years ago, by Sir William Crookes, but that in spite of the indecisive results so far obtained, he hoped by specialising with his medium (a young woman he himself had discovered, called Linda Gazzera) and with improved methods, to obtain a long series of specific and positive results in photographs of phantoms, and to this end he was prepared to give three full years of experimental research.

The book, in fact, is more in the nature of a compilation of the conditions, circumstances and occurrences of the many sittings held, than the finished product which the author might have made it, had he lived to carry out his purpose and complete it himself. As evidential testimony, in a way, it is better so; for his friends have not dared to do more than publish as they stand what, to all intents and purposes, are the bare minutes of the sittings with but scanty comments or explanations.

Professor Charles Richet draws attention in his Preface to this absence of any drawing of conclusions on the part of the author. He says:

Here is a book that contains neither theories nor hypotheses—a rare merit for such a subject, encumbered as it is with puerile dissertations and vain strife of words. The author of this work has not had the extraordinary pretension,

too common in truth, of claiming to solve the enigmas of the universe. He tells us soberly—but in complete fashion—what he has seen, and he gives us his method of experimentation; nothing else. Nothing but facts and experiences. But it is very much, when the facts are so strange and the experiences so unusual.

Professor Richet goes on to confirm the fact already alluded to in the Foreword of the author, namely, that the branch of psychical, or as he terms it 'metapsychical' science to which the experimenter desired to confine himself was that of getting photographs of phantasmal materialisations. He says:

Although the phenomena of telekinesis¹ which took place from the very first sittings with Linda Gazzera were very marked, the experimenter did not wish to develop his medium along that line. He set before himself the distinct object from which he declined in any way to deviate: namely, the recording by photography of the forces liberated by the medium. We call these forces, when clothed in tangible and photographable form, *ektoplasms*.² It is a word which we already were in the habit of using with Sir Oliver Lodge in our experiments with Eusapia Palladino.

The many and excellent photographs this book contains render the text far more illuminative than it would be without these illustrations. It is a pity that they cannot here be reproduced; but though the book is in Italian and somewhat expensive, those at all interested in these subjects would do well to peruse the volume itself. The author explains that as no photo-mechanical process gave sufficiently accurate reproductive results, it was decided actually to print all the photographs on bromide paper from the original negatives for subsequent insertion in the book, thus greatly adding to the value of the work by this direct documentary evidence of the phenomena obtained.

¹ Movement of objects at a distance.

² From 'plasma,' formation; 'ekto,' outside of (the body of the medium).

A few words now as to the medium, those present, and the general conditions of the sittings. The sittings were held for the most part in the house of a lady of high social standing and reputation, whose name is given in the book as Marchesa di R., but whose identity is well known to me, among others, and with whom I have had the opportunity of frequently talking of these séances held in her house in Turin. Professor Charles Richet held, furthermore, another twelve sittings at his own house in Paris, and some other sittings again were held at another house in Turin. The medium is a Signorina Linda Gazzera, a girl of twenty-two years, moderately well educated, with a liking for drawing, impulsive, rather infantile in character, generally laughing and gay, but easily changing from one mood to another—in a word, a subjective, impressionable character, like nearly all mediums.

During trance, into which state this medium has the peculiarity of slipping very quickly, she behaves in very different ways according to her physiological and psychical condition at the time. Under the best conditions, her trance sleep is quiet, even, without incidents. She appears happy, does not get excited, replies courteously. Her voice is clear and calm, and she gives her directions with regard to the proceedings of the sittings—or rather they are given through her by her guide, Vincenzo—in an affable manner. But if, in the hours preceding a sitting, she has been annoyed or troubled, or has met someone she dislikes, or has eaten too much or too near to the sitting, or if during her trance state her subconsciousness is in any way disturbed by some passion or other abnormal feature—then the whole character of the sittings

changes. The whole medianic force liberated is more energetic, physically. Sledge-hammer blows are dealt, threatening to break the furniture; the medium pants, perspires, agitates herself, twists about. The manifesting personality changes character and becomes violent and brutal. "A table is broken and with it the objects upon it. A closed and locked cupboard has its shutters lifted bodily off the hinges and thrown noisily into the middle of the room; and the contents of the cupboard, consisting of little bottles full of chemicals, papers, apparatus, etc., are flung anyhow maliciously on to the floor and broken to pieces."

Sometimes on rare occasions, when she is not in good condition for a sitting, when the forces are weak, there appears to be a tendency to try to liberate one hand from the restraint of her neighbour's. The author points out how interesting this is, since the same thing used to happen occasionally with Eusapia Palladino, who, failing the necessary force, has been known to attempt to help things out by freeing one hand. It is not unnatural, as the author quite justly observes, that the manifesting personality, when the forces at his disposal in other ways are not sufficient, should attempt to utilise the medium's limbs, the next best means available to attain the required purpose, the medium herself being totally unconscious of doing anything of the sort.

The phenomena of telekinesis and of stereosis (movements at a distance and materialisation of limbs with touchings of those present at the sitting) happened frequently with Linda Gazzera directly the lights were put out, the medium not yet being fully unconscious. This would tend to confirm the theory that the trance state is concomitant with, but not absolutely necessary to,

medianic phenomena; and in fact Madame D'Espérance, in the latter period of her experiments, relates that she declined to become an unconscious part of the performance, and was able to experience outside the cabinet and in full consciousness many of the materialising phenomena which her presence at the sitting rendered possible. In the case of Eusapia Palladino I remember perfectly the phenomenon of the complete levitation, half a yard off the ground, of a heavy table in full gaslight, with the medium talking and standing by, before the sitting proper began.

Just as Eusapia Palladino has John King, so Linda Gazzera has her 'spirit guide,' called Vincenzo. This Vincenzo is the all-important manifesting personality present at the sittings. His word is law, his wishes must be obeyed; disobedience or contradiction means no further results, except possibly some violent outburst. It must be borne in mind that neither the author nor his companions were sitting primarily for instruction or improvement—hence the personality of the guide was not the principal consideration. What was wanted were materialisations that could be photographed. Vincenzo appears to have given himself out to be a cavalry officer who had died some years back. At first he was very reticent about himself and his past, but during the two years that the sittings lasted, his coarse, violent, autocratic temperament underwent a considerable change for the better, and his manners and mode of speech improved. Certainly every time the experimenter tried to oppose Vincenzo's orders or conditions, he had ample reason to repent.

At the beginning and for more than ten sittings, Vincenzo would decline to hold a séance unless another

medium were present, "to add force," as he said. Any objections resulted in no phenomena. As time went on, Vincenzo introduced the sitters to another personality, Carlotta, a friend of Vincenzo, by whom she had had a child who died at the age of four. Carlotta's manners and habits were entirely different from Vincenzo's; for she was affable, courteous, prone to delicacy in sentiment and expression. Contact with her hands was easily distinguishable from that with those of Vincenzo. The latter is described as having a big hand more like that of John King, which I myself remember having grasped at a sitting with Eusapia Palladino, standing a yard and a half from her or anyone else in the room, which was visibly lighted with a night-light: a strong-knuckled, large, sinewy hand, capable of great strength and anxious to show it. Such, too, was Vincenzo's, who moreover was frequently desirous to show by claps and thumps how strong he was. The author describes Carlotta as having a small hand with pointed fingers and sharp cutting nails, soft skin and tender flesh.

The room in which the sittings are held is a rectangular one of about twenty feet by fifteen, the arrangement being that usually adopted, of enclosing a corner free from windows or doors or furniture by a curtain hung across to form the 'cabinet'. Inside, a big chair is placed, whereon the medium can recline when in trance previous to materialisations. Immediately outside is the table, at which is placed the medium's chair, at the head, nearest the cabinet; and down the two sides are three seats on each side, for six sitters. Opposite the table is a stand on which are placed from three to five cameras, one of which is usually a stereoscopic one. To the left of the cameras is the magnesium

flashlight apparatus, connected by a rubber tube with the director of the sittings, in this case Doctor Imoda himself, who carefully and vigilantly arranges everything.

Meantime the lady of the house, Marchesa di R., causes the medium to undress in her presence, and put on a light, thin costume under which her form is clearly outlined, no corsets being allowed. She is then conducted to her place. When a sitting is over, the medium does not immediately leave the room, but remains in the light for some time, and is then conducted by the hostess to dress herself again in her presence. In the whole course of the very numerous sittings no suspicious circumstance occurred, no concealed article was found in the room or on the medium, no suggestion whatever of fraud or substitution arose. The immediate neighbours to the medium were usually the hostess, Marchesa di R., holding the medium's left hand, and Doctor Imoda, the author, holding the right.

The sitters at the table join hands, and one remains temporarily out of the ring to put the light out, and by the light of a red lantern to open the slides of the photographic apparatus, to remove the caps and examine the flashlight arrangement. Then he rejoins the others in the chain at the table, the lantern is put out and the sitting begins. Thus it is seen that, without the exaggerated forms of precaution resorted to by some other investigators (such as tying the medium, with practically no clothes on, by her hands and feet to a mattress, enclosing the medium in a net, placing him or her under seal on a weighing machine or in a cage), all reasonable and proper test conditions were observed and carefully supervised by the author, a scientist of the medical

profession—accustomed, therefore, to accuracy and precision, careful by nature and temperament as to his methods, unprejudiced and entirely one-pointed as to the object of his experiments.

One has but to glance through the book and its photographs to see the remarkable results which he obtained, but he himself does not attempt any explanation. With regard to them he says:

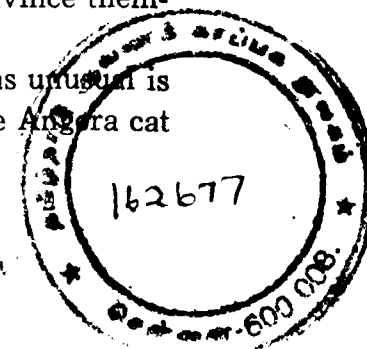
“I present them without comment; I do not think it advisable in this work to advance, and still less to discuss, hypotheses; here I am anxious only to ascertain the facts. On this account I have caused the description of each sitting to precede the photograph taken at it. For I am fully aware that all the importance, all the scientific value, all the philosophical deductions to be drawn from them, repose exclusively on the certainty that in the attaining of these results no trick, no deception, no error could have intervened which could even distantly render doubtful their perfect authenticity.”

I will now try as briefly as possible to pick out here and there some interesting features of these sittings, more as starting points for suggestive speculation and enquiry, than as a detailed narrative of the sittings, for which I must refer the reader to the book itself. The earlier sittings produced principally phenomena of telekinesis, stereosis and partial materialisations, such as a hand, a flower, a draped forehead with an eye appearing and incompletely formed limbs; photographs of these were successfully taken, Vincenzo giving the order through the medium when to flash the magnesium light, which thus automatically caused the scene to register itself on the various cameras already exposed in the darkness, as previously described. The later

sittings improved both in the quality and the completeness of materialisations, the photographs registering many quite charming faces of young women and children, though the latter indeed seemed sometimes almost doll-like in expression.

There is nothing in the earlier sittings with which anyone who has attended good séances with a powerful medium is not already familiar. Linda Gazzera reveals herself at once to be a medium of quite exceptional power. She is especially remarkable for the very short time occurring before manifestations begin to take place. Almost directly the light is out, phenomena begin: the objects placed in the cabinet move about or come on the table; the usual mandolin or musical box plays in the air over the heads of the sitters; hearty thumps are given on the backs of friends at the table; the table rocks or becomes instinct with life, breathes, pants or shakes with laughter; the characteristic scrapings and knocks inside the wood are heard; complete levitation of the table occurs; on one occasion a big iron box is placed on the table; blue lights appear, now on the table, now on people; invisible hands clap in the air, or touch the faces or pull the moustache or tweak the noses of those present; objects are taken from and restored to pockets; names are written on collars and shirt-fronts: all these and many other of the usual manifestations, with which everyone is familiar who has studied the subject, were constant features of the sittings with Linda Gazzera, in themselves a liberal education for sceptics who want to touch and see and convince themselves of the existence of these forces.

One interesting detail that I remark as unusual is the behaviour of Marchesa di R.'s big white Angora cat



at these sittings. The lady in question used sometimes to sit with this animal on her lap. The cat was not a particularly sociable specimen of its breed, and would certainly, under normal conditions, not have allowed itself to be pulled about by strangers without endeavouring to escape or retaliating with its claws. Yet on several occasions invisible hands took it from its mistress's lap and carried it over the heads of the sitters. They would feel its paws slack and limp, the pads being used gently to stroke the face of this or that one at the table without any claws protruding. So on another occasion the cat remained limp and lifeless on the table and lay down and got up at Vincenzo's command, seeming utterly apathetic to all this peculiar treatment; yet when restored to its mistress's lap, it would suddenly regain its customary independence of character and, as if frightened by its hypnotic performance, dash off into the farthest corner of the room and remain huddled up there. But as happened once, if taken from there and placed again on the table by invisible hands, it once more became absolutely docile and inert.

It was suggested at one of the meetings that the blue lights seen might originate in some ordinarily prepared phosphorescence. Vincenzo was prompt to show the difference by extracting a box of matches from the pocket of one of the sitters, and producing by friction the normal phosphorescence for comparison. This showed the latter to be quite different, much lighter and much less blue, there being no possibility really of any confusion between the two.

In photographs of materialised arms and hands, a curious feature—particularly noticeable at one of the sittings held in Professor Charles Richet's house in

Paris—is the appearance, below the fully materialised hand, of a semi-formed, shadowy arm or merely of a stick or wire-like support that might be said to be the bone or radius of an arm in course of formation. In the photograph the medium's hand is seen to be free, and Vincenzo explains that she held it up in a parallel position, so that the photograph should show the different appearance of the hand and arm of the materialisation and of the medium side by side. In another case in Paris, the medium's hands were absolutely controlled and held respectively by Professor Charles Richet and Monsieur G. de Fontenay; so that the stick-like arm is in all probability, as already said, an arm in course of formation, of which the supporting bone, or radius, is all that is necessary to hold up the stuff of the sleeve and the fully formed hand. At one of the sittings the whole of a body is felt by three of those present. One of the men is asked to stand up so as to feel the contact with the whole body. At that same sitting a canary bird in a cage is placed in the cabinet; a photograph is then taken showing the materialisation outside the cage of a duplicate bird of a dark colour with open beak and bright eye, lying in a handkerchief as in a sort of nest.

For the more important materialisations the medium is made to recline, perfectly free, in a comfortable basket chair placed inside the cabinet. It must be recollected that unnecessarily strict and rigorous conditions often hamper the object in view, namely the production of phenomena. The series of many and most interesting sittings at which photographs of Carlotta were taken, of Cecilia, of Cesarino P., of two sisters, one dark and one fair, and of other young and attractive faces, cannot here be severally described; no two

sittings were at all alike in detail, though the method was always the same. If during the first part of the sitting the conditions were favourable, then the medium would go into deep trance in the chair in the cabinet; the moment would then arrive to draw the curtains aside, and at Vincenzo's order the flash exposure would instantly be made, soon after which he would direct the medium to be awakened. The negatives resulting from the various machines would then be developed that same evening and compared.

Reference to the book itself can alone show how valuable a contribution these photographs are to psychical investigation; and how much the delicate combination of chemistry and physics can aid photography to put on record the existence of that which, in its fleeting subtlety, is not yet visible to the grosser and slower powers of the human eye. It is curious to note that in a few cases where Vincenzo's orders to fire off the flashlight were not promptly obeyed, either through bungling in drawing the curtain or through a miss-fire of the magnesium powder, in these cases where the flash was late, the materialisation had often to a great extent melted away, leaving only a portion of itself on record. This is interesting, as showing how matter is only momentarily held together in the built-up form. Another interesting point—and there are many but it would take too long to consider them here—is the necessity of some light material in the cabinet to form part of the gauzy stuff in which materialisations are usually enveloped. It is known that if the impression on 'plastiline' of the real spiritualistic 'stuff' or fabric be examined under a strong magnifying-glass side by side with the impression of the very finest of fine-woven handkerchiefs, the

latter is found to be infinitely coarser and larger of mesh than the medianic production.

A few words now concerning the possibilities of fraud. The author, Professor Charles Richet, and Monsieur G. de Fontenay, severally consider very fairly and reasonably the question of possible fraud. They raise the same objections; they are unanimous in acquitting the medium of any deception; and their verdict is similar: namely, that while they admit unexplained features, the precautions taken to exclude fraud were such that, to all intents and purposes, no fraudulent way of doing the things is thinkable which could not be disproved by other opposing circumstances. The author excludes fraud on the grounds that everything was personally controlled by himself. He had found the girl himself; he had experimented long with her before employing her specially for this work of photographing materialisations. His ambition, had he lived, was gradually to have emulated the experiences of Sir William Crookes and Katie King, and obtained the complete materialisation of the entities, with both medium and materialisation tangible and visible outside the cabinet, in sufficient light to be fairly seen as well as photographed. The group of people he selected to sit were always the same, and were people of honourable standing and reputation. The order of the sittings was unvaried each time. The examination of the medium and of the room itself was rigorous, as already described, both before and after each sitting. The photographic machines checked each other by their results, the plates being developed by the sitters themselves. In short, Doctor Imoda was free to exercise, and did exercise, every reasonable precaution; and while

he says he is not infallible, he equally asserts that he cannot see how any fraud could have taken place, and concludes with Pliny that "in Nature no phenomenon is so marvellous that it cannot be proved".

Yet a scrutiny of the photographs taken both in Turin and in Paris presents some disturbing features. The materialised hands sometimes appear stiff, as if made of plaster of Paris. Many of the faces of the children, though charming, look more doll-like than anything one has ever seen before in photographs of materialisations. Some of the women's heads in their enshrouding veils look quite flat, as if they had been drawn—quite admirably one admits—on paper, and had been in some way supported against the wall or from the back of the medium's chair when they were photographed; yet no sign of such support is visible. Also in one case in Paris the shadows on the face of the medium and those on the face of the materialisation immediately behind her do not correspond, the flashlight being in the same position for both, which might give rise to the suspicion that the materialisation was a flat drawing done previously, with the light falling from a different angle to that occurring at the séance.

With these and some other points, Professor Richet and Monsieur G. de Fontenay deal fully, and practically reach the same conclusion that, though certain things are unexplained, the care exercised and the absence of one shred of confirmatory evidence—such as finding anything suspicious on the medium or in the room before or after a sitting over so long a time or discovering any signs of folding in the supposed paper image (nearly life size and therefore difficult to conceal)—all tended to acquit the medium of being guilty of deception; and even had they

been materialised drawings, in principle this is scarcely less wonderful than the materialisation of human figures.

One is obliged to add the lifelong experience of the experimenters, and the fact that in Paris at least the hands of the medium were fully held even during the materialisations, and in Turin the medium was within half a yard of the sitters in a corner between two bare walls which was thoroughly searched before and after the sitting, in full light and before the medium left the room. Moreover what would explain one thing does not explain another. Supposing, and not admitting, that the medium *had* concealed some drawing or plaster doll to produce as a materialisation, how will this explain the touching and grasping by warm, living hands of different sizes and shapes, the contact with living ectoplasms? Supposing on the other hand the photographed figures (alleged to be plaster casts or drawn or painted) are what they really seem, how are they brought there, how arranged, how held in position under the surveillance of experienced investigators? We must agree with Professor Richet that:

This iconography constitutes a document of considerable value. It would not assuredly allow one (taken by itself and without knowledge of the experiments of Crookes, of Aksakoff, of those done at the Villa Carmen) to affirm definitely and irrevocably that phantoms appear and can be photographed; but it affords the extreme probability of this strange phenomenon, and opens up in any case a whole world of new facts.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to say that, if I have dealt somewhat lengthily with this book, it has been less with the intention of urging upon Theosophists a return to spiritualistic investigation, since that is so fully and scientifically done already in the world, than to put before them some of the more recent

experiments contained in a book not easily accessible to all, and presenting many new and interesting features. For is it not vital to the Theosophist, of all men, in his search for truth, to keep thoroughly abreast of all that is done, all that is built up in the world by patient, scientific plodders with the stones of experiment and knowledge, that he may one day be able to realise and show to others that the slow and steady growth in many directions rises up in course of time to become the Temple of Wisdom wherein the light of Truth can be perceived and known?

William H. Kirby

[This poem was quoted in the sermon, 'God's gift of Himself,' by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, M. A., printed in the *Christian Commonwealth* of Dec. 25, 1912. The name of the author was not given.—ED.]

I have come from Thee—when I know not—like mist from the ocean's breast;
 But the mist shall feed the river, and the river at last find rest.
 I wander afar in exile, a wave-born flake of foam;
 But the wheel must "come full circle," and the wanderer wander home.
 I have come from Thee—why I know not; but Thou art, O God! what Thou art;
 And the round of eternal being is the pulse of Thy beating heart.
 Thou hast need of Thy meanest creature; Thou hast need of what once was Thine;
 The thirst that consumes my Spirit is the thirst of Thy heart for mine.
 What though with will rebellious I thwart Thy omnipotent will,
 Through purgatorial æons Thy Spirit will draw me still:
 Draw me through shame and sorrow and pain and death and decay;
 Draw me from Hell to Heaven, draw me from night to-day;
 Draw me from self's abysses to the selfless azure above;
 Draw me to Thee, Life's Fountain, with patient passionate love.

IN THE TWILIGHT

"HERE is a question," said the Vagrant, "which opens up a very interesting subject. 'Two friends of mine came in contact with a young man from whom they received much valuable teaching on reincarnation, karma, and allied subjects, teaching which transformed their lives; it advocated great purity, love, and sacrifice for humanity. The teacher had various stupendous powers, could materialise and dematerialise objects, precipitate writings, and so on. His teaching was mostly given in trance. He was later found to be a man of immoral life, obtaining money on false pretences, drinking, and gambling. How could such a life consist with such powers?'" The Vagrant remarked: "It is not necessary that a man should be of noble character, in order to be able to do astral things in the way this man did. What are here called 'stupendous powers' are not what the Occultist would call stupendous. Many of the things mentioned could be done through a medium in the state of trance, and are constantly so done. Nor is it at all impossible that a man should have high aspirations, and yet be unable to live up to them. Here, we do not even seem to have the aspirations, for the man was merely spoken through when entranced, and such transmission of high teachings is no guarantee of nobility of life. If a man gave teaching coming direct, say, from the buddhic plane,

then the question of the purity of his life would certainly come in; for he could not reach that plane unless pure; but not so if he simply repeated ordinary Theosophical teachings. Apart from this, a certain amount of astral force and the capacity to manipulate it is not at all a proof of high spirituality. Even when you are dealing with the stronger type of the Black People, you will find them of very rigid life, quite as rigid as the White, partly because great control of the body is necessary if they are going to manipulate some of the subtler forces."

"The story," said the Shepherd, "reads exactly like a description of a spiritualistic séance. I have myself seen all these things done at séances, and I have heard the dead people talk in a most moral way, and propound all sorts of good ideas. If a man shows the possession of powers, that does not prove that he is a good man; one learns such things as one learns to play the piano. It does not mean that you are very noble; it is rather perhaps that you are persevering: that is all. If you endeavour to make progress on the Path of Holiness, then at once the question of your character comes in; but you must remember that all these powers come to a man on that Path of Holiness without special seeking—come much later. The possession of such powers does not prove anything whatever as to the presence of moral character; but the idea that they do has arisen from this other fact, that if you pursue the Path of Holiness they come to you because you have developed the whole nature; but it is possible to learn particular tricks without any particular character. It requires merely a strong will, which is not incompatible with a bad character."

"I do not see that any of these things prove holiness at all," said the Vagrant. "In fact, they have nothing at all to do with it; a good electrician or a good chemist may not be a good man."

"Just so," answered the Shepherd. "You should all try to understand the way in which knowledge is obtained and brought down to the brain, and then you will see where right conduct comes in. To use any faculties which involve the causal body, the man must not yield himself to the lower passions and to emotions that are generally condemned. It must also be remembered that however magnificent a man's faculties may be at higher levels or in the causal body, if what he sees is to be of any use to any one else on the physical plane, it will have to come down through, and be reported by, the physical brain. In order to do that it must obviously pass through first the mental body and then the astral body. All these bodies are capable of violent disturbance—of exceedingly rapid vibration. Disturbed thought or worry will utterly upset the mental body; and in just the same way, any kind of violent emotion will cause profound disturbance in the astral vehicle. If the mind is disturbed, it is impossible to think clearly or consecutively, so that even the mental body itself cannot be properly used to do its own regular work, when it is already in a condition of excitement and confusion. Far less can it receive and faithfully transmit the exceedingly delicate vibrations which come down to it from the causal body. What is seen in the causal body is seen under conditions utterly, fundamentally, different from anything that we can conceive down here—in more dimensions; so that it is of itself, in reality, indescribable, and it is exceedingly

difficult even under the best of conditions to make a coherent and comprehensible report down here of what is seen in that higher world. Therefore it will be easily understood that in order to bring through a clear and reliable record, the very best possible conditions must be provided, and that means that both the mental and the astral bodies must be absolutely still, so far as all their ordinary activities are concerned. Even the excitement occasioned by good emotions of wonder or reverence also causes the bodies to oscillate disproportionately, and thus prevents a clear recognition and record of facts. Absolutely still the particles of these higher vehicles can never be, because they are alive and very keenly and actively alive; therefore they have a regular vibration of their own which cannot be stilled without destroying them; but under all normal conditions, to that inherent vibration of the separate particles we add huge swinging vibrations caused by our thought or feeling respectively, so that the vehicles are in a condition of great activity. It is that activity which must be stilled. Be it remembered also that these vehicles are like the ocean, in that after being stirred up by a violent storm it takes them a considerable time to settle down again—a very much longer time than would ordinarily be supposed. A man may fall into a violent passion, which means a very terrible disturbance of his astral body. For the time, even his physical body is much disturbed; but the signs of his outburst of temper may all pass away in the course of an hour or so, and he may externally regain his good humour; but it would be a mistake to think that his astral body had returned to the condition in which it was before that spasm of rage. It may very well be quite twenty-four hours,

or even more, before that body is comparatively still, and during all that time it would distort very seriously any impressions which passed through it. So it will be seen that one who wishes to describe accurately anything that he has seen on higher planes must not only be in a peaceful condition as regards both his mind and his emotions at the time when he tries to see, but he must also have maintained that peaceful condition for a considerable time previously. In fact, in order to have any degree of certainty, he must be a person who is incapable of any serious upsetting of either of these intermediate vehicles. The same thing applies to the physical body also. If through ill-health, either the dense physical body or the etheric part of it is out of order, there will be a certainty of distortion for that reason. If the circulation of the blood be defective, if there be in the brain too much or too little of that fluid, or if on the other hand there be a lack of vitality, or if the flow of magnetism along the nerves be not regular or sufficient, the physical body will act as a barrier, even though the necessary vibrations may have passed safely through the mental and the astral. So we see that not only perfect physical, but perfect astral and mental health is necessary for clear seeing, and most especially the greatest calmness on all planes, the most balanced judgment and the most fully developed common-sense."

"These remarks," interjected the Vagrant, "apply also in a way to the case of ordinary science—drunkenness, and profligacy, carried to a point which injures the senses of a man, would interfere with his work; for instance, if his hand shakes while making an experiment, or his eye does not see clearly."

"Yes," replied the Shepherd, "it would interfere not because of a man's vices but because of their results."

"This man gives all his addresses in trance," proceeded the Vagrant, "and you often get such teachings in spiritualistic séances. Such addresses are often good and well-meant, though the person through whom they come may be a very undesirable person. You may find a medium drinking, and there at once is a vice which is very injurious, and yet that would not, for a time at least, prevent very good teaching from coming through him."

SONNET

A softer veil hath fallen over me,
 A sense of sweetness, all unguessed before,
 A kindliness undreamed in days of yore,
 Anticipation of some ecstasy;
 The dawning of a future that may be—
 Some purblind groping for some unknown shore,
 Strangely far off, meseems, yet, furthermore,
 So strangely near, had I but eyes to see.

Spirit, be patient—wait, yet poised for flight,
 Alert, yet resting; eager to take wing,
 Serene and confident one dawn will bring
 That Inner Vision which alone gives Light,
 And points the guerdon of the Path well trod,
 Conviction crowned with knowledge: *Thou art God.*

T. L. Crombie

THE CROW'S NEST, BOMBAY

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

EVERY Theosophist will look with eyes of affection on this little picture of the Crow's Nest, a bungalow taken by Bombay friends for the use of Mme. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott in 1880. It is situated on the slope of a hill, and from it may be seen part of the exquisite panorama of sea and land, offered by Bombay to the lover of the Beautiful.

Our Founders had been living in the somewhat crowded quarter of Girgaum Back Road, but when they returned from a northern tour, they found this pleasant residence ready for them, and Colonel Olcott writes: "We were charmed with its spacious, high-studded rooms, its large verandahs, and its extensive views of sea and land." The rent had dropped from Rs. 200 per mensem to Rs. 75, because it was thought to be haunted, but this was naturally of no account to the great Occultist and her comrade. Some playful spook did, one night, lift the corner of the Colonel's bed, but he uttered a "word of power," and the visitor "decamped and never troubled me more".

In this pleasant nest they lived for two years, until the Headquarters were established at Adyar. Here lived with them for a short time an Englishman who had turned Musalmān, had dabbled in black magic, wrote 'The Elixir of Life,' and came to a bad end. "His case," writes the Colonel, "has always seemed to me a dreadful instance of the danger one runs in dabbling with occult science while the animal passions are rampant."

In 1881 Damodar joined them. His father agreed to his taking up his abode with the Founders, to his renouncement of caste, and to his living as a Sannyāsī. He had been betrothed in childhood, but refused to take up the married life when the time came for his entrance into it. His father agreed, and Damodar assigned to him his share of the family property, some Rs. 50,000, on condition that the child-wife should be comfortably maintained. Needless to say that, later on, a persecution was begun against the Founders by scurrilous writings on this incident, but, fortunately, the lad was of age. He remained with his chosen friends till 1885, when he went to Tibet, where he still is.

It is interesting to note that the first idea of an Esoteric Section of the T. S. was suggested in a conversation between the Founders at the Crow's Nest, on February 25, 1881. It was determined that the T. S. should be reconstructed on a different basis, "putting the Brotherhood idea forward more prominently, and keeping the Occultism more in the background, in short, to have a secret section for it." Hence, when H. P. B. founded the E. S. in 1888, she spoke of it as a return to the original purpose of the T. S. The resolution of 1881, the Colonel writes, was: "the beginning of the adoption of the Universal Brotherhood idea in more definite form than previously".

On December 17, 1882, our Founders left their Bombay home, and went to Madras. Writes the Colonel of Adyar: "'Our beautiful home seemed a fairy-place to us. Happy days are in store for us here.' The bitter ones, alas! we did not foresee." Yet how may disciples hope to escape bitter days? Is not persecution now, as ever, the mark of the apostolate, and is not the crown of thorns ever changed into a diadem of glory?

Annie Besant

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

INDIA

The marked improvement in the Sectional Organ, *Theosophy in India*, meets with grateful appreciation on all sides; it is felt that through it our new General Secretary will presently touch his Section, exhorting it to engage itself in the practical work and active service which are his marked characteristics; through it also will come to its many readers the silent devotion and reverence, and the quiet and balanced intellectual capabilities which are his.

From far-off Sikkim in the North comes an interesting note about the first English lecture delivered there; it will interest our readers and so we print it in full:

On Sunday the 1st October a most interesting lecture—the first of its kind ever delivered here in the English language—was given by Kazi Dousandup, Headmaster of the Bhutia State Schools. H. H. the Mahārāj Kumār took the chair, and expressed his great pleasure that such a meeting had been arranged; he said he hoped it would be one of many such meetings. The simple, concise language of the lecturer made the leading features of Buddhism clear to all present and his lecture was greatly appreciated. It is not often that Europeans in India learn at first-hand anything of the religions of the people who surround them, and they have too often to depend upon western Orientalists and their books for information. At the close of the lecture H. H. the Mahārāj Kumār thanked those present for attending, and questions were invited. Mr. C. H. Dracott, State Engineer, remarked that the Universal Brotherhood so strongly urged in the teachings of the Lord Buddha appeared very closely to resemble the ties of brotherhood shared by the Masonic fraternity throughout the world.

Another very interesting document comes from Kumbhakonam in the south; we print it elsewhere under the heading: 'A Great Indian on Theosophy'. Theosophy is making good progress in that ancient town: our local Lodge has a fine building of its own with a fair library, and the earnestness of our members is marked.

Further south from Madura we have received the annual report for 1912 which speaks of good work and steady progress. Some of our best members are engaged in very useful Theosophical labour there—much Tamil publishing is done and a girls' school, where Hindūism is taught, is maintained. A very excellent library is already in existence, and the work of arranging and cataloguing the books is to be undertaken.

The Hon'ble Justice Dewan Bahādur T. Sadasiva Iyer presided over the Cuddapah District Theosophical Conference, which was held on the 15th and 16th of February in the Municipal Primary School Hall. There was a large gathering present, including Mr. J. F. Bryant, I. C. S., Dewan Bahādur V. Subramania Pantulu, Captain T. S. Ross, I. M. S., Mr. and Mrs. T. Ramachandra Rao, and Miss Codd. Various lectures were delivered and the chairman's eloquent remarks about the T. S. and its leaders closed the Conference.

The following week was held the Anantapur District Conference at Gooty, when members from Guntakal, Bellary, Anantapur, Madanapalle, and Cuddapah assembled. Mr. M. Subba Rao, Pleader, generously offered his plot of ground, about one acre, and promised to put up a building; so the foundation-stone was laid and we will soon have our own Theosophical home in Gooty.

Calicut is another of our strong centres and last year's work by some Adyar people is producing sweet fruits. A new Lodge is being formed, and our enthusiastic propagandist, Mr. Manjeri Rama Iyer, is to be congratulated on the result of his toils.

Excellent reports of solid work come from Bangalore and Mysore; Chittoor is stronger than ever; Bombay will receive fresh impetus through Mrs. Powell, who is now President of the Blavatsky Lodge; Karachi manifests greater activity and their Gujarati organ *Rāhe Pārsā* (The Path of Piety) comes out in a new and improved garb; Periyakulam and Tinnevely are gaining ground; in fact, there is new and greater enthusiasm prevalent everywhere. Increase of membership, more Theosophical enquiries, deeper zeal for our work, are the sure signs of the good that has come to us through the many attacks made on Theosophy in India during the last year.

B. P. W.

ENGLAND

We were glad to read, in the English *Vāhan*, a satisfactory report of the T. S. Order of Service from the pen of its unwearied Organising Secretary, Mrs. Herbert Whyte. Among several Leagues started during the year, one especially evokes our sympathy—the League of S. Christopher. We learn that, in less than a year, Major Adam, one of our own members, had been able to form a troop of twenty-five crippled or otherwise physically defective Boy Scouts, and that he himself had been appointed Assistant Commissioner for London by the authorities of the Boy Scout movement. The League of Redemption, again, founded at the instigation of our President last July, is one that must claim the sympathy of all who know anything of the terrible evils it is established to overcome. Various Societies and very many individuals are giving their lives to

this work, but members of the Theosophical Society can bring into this, as into all other forms of activity, a subtle quality and a power which will effectively help to hold up the hands of the veteran labourers, some of whom, we are proud to know, are to be found within our own ranks.

In the same issue of the *Vāhan* we read also the description of a Theosophical School of Music, founded by Mrs. Mann (nee MacCarthy), and of the formation of the Guild of the Mysteries of God by the Rev. C. W. Scott-Moncrieff and the Rev. F. W. Pigott. These movements both start with very high ideals and are, we believe, the beginnings of great things along their different but not separate lines.

We noted with pleasure that the Executive Committee of the T. S. in England and Wales had made itself responsible for five thousand copies of Mrs. Besant's Manual on *Theosophy* in the People's Books Series, published by Messrs. Jack of Edinburgh; these have been extensively sold throughout the propaganda-work of the autumn and winter. That work has continued with unabated energy and its results may be partially seen in a steadily increasing membership, as well as in additions to the roll of Lodges and Centres.

In November was held the first Conference of the re-organised London Federation. Mrs. Betts presided at its inaugural meeting, and in the evening the Vice-President of the T. S., Mr. Sinnett, lectured on 'The Beginning of the Theosophical Movement'. The two days allotted to the Conference were crowded with meetings of various kinds, and in all ways this new 'day' of the London Federation opened usefully and happily. In the same month was held, at Liverpool, the seventy-fourth Conference of the Northern Federation, especially notable for the fact that Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, released, for a time at least, from his most valuable work in America for work in England even more pressing, presided.

The work in England and Wales has been quite unaffected by the wars and rumours of wars both within the T. S. and outside it. Indeed, their result seems to be a stronger and stronger determination on the part of members all over the world that nothing shall be allowed to disturb the welfare of our Society, together with a continually growing power to apprise at its true value the hostility of a few.

As one of many evidences of the growing interest of the public in our work we may mention the very cordial invitation that the Bath Lodge received during this last year to affiliate with the Workers' Educational Association, a non-political and non-sectarian organisation, the object of which is to co-ordinate and assist the educational work of existing societies. It is a very strong national association, and the invitation was a tribute to the work of the Bath Lodge. That Lodge has just completed the

purchase of a fine old house in the best and most central part of the town as a permanent headquarters. It contains a lecture room capable of seating three hundred people and the Co-Masonic Lodge will hold its meetings in the same building. The Bath Lodge is to be congratulated on an acquisition which will do the Society credit, and on the enthusiasm and helpfulness of its members generally in carrying the transaction to so prompt and happy a conclusion.

Finally, we congratulate the editor of the *Vāhan* on the success of his efforts to secure a cover for the national journal, and still more do we send him our appreciation of the uniformly admirable nature of its contents. To have worked within a year this great improvement and to have raised the membership of his Section to a number it has never reached before, are achievements of which he may well be proud.

S. M. S.

FRANCE

We have good news from France. A South-East Federation has been founded in order to centralise the work in that part of the country as had been done already in the South.

The Municipality of Toulouse has kindly given the T. S. Lodge a chapel that had remained unused since the expulsion of the religious orders from France; to the chapel, the Municipality has added a gift of a hundred chairs.

Many new members, especially young ones, have joined the French T. S. during the year.

Mr. Pearce, of the League of Healers in London, lectured in Paris with great success, founding a nucleus for similar work there.

The Theosophical League of Moral Education has joined the 'Ligue Francaise d'Education Morale'. The Honorary Presidents of this league are MM. Henri Poincare, Alexandre Ribot, Ernest Lavisse, and L. Liard—that is to say some of the most competent men of France. The League was inaugurated in the large Amphitheatre of the Sorbonne before an audience of more than two thousand people. M. Henri Poincare, of the Academy of Sciences and of the French Academy, presided, assisted by MM. Liard and Ribot, in the presence of the Prefect of Police, and many representatives of the Parliament, the Institute, and the University. The speakers were MM. Ferd. Buisson, deputy of Paris, Paul Bureau, Professor at the Institut Catholique of Paris, Gabriel Seailles, Professor of the Faculte des Lettres of the Paris University, and Charles Wagner, the well known founder of the Eglise Reformee Libre, a most eloquent preacher and sympathetic writer.

The aim of the Ligue Francaise d'Education Morale is to unite people, whatever be their theories, round the one practical

reality of education. The Theosophical League, having by its noble work and its lucid writings obtained the consideration of many, has been asked to join this national movement.

The need for accommodation at the Headquarters in Paris is felt more and more; and the building of larger premises is progressing too slowly for the energy of the General Secretary, who would like it to have reached further than the digging stage. But a good beginning predicts a good ending.

M. d' A.

AMERICA

'Circuit Riding,' a method of economising energy in propaganda has lately been revived in the American Section. In Chicago and Kansas City the plan has already been proved a success. The idea is this. Several Halls are taken on the same night in different parts of the town, and a different lecture on some Theosophical subject is given in each. The next week the same halls are again taken and the same lecturers go, each delivering the same lecture as he did the previous week but in a different place, and so on until each man has spoken on his own subject in each hall. In this way many people are reached with the minimum strain on individual workers. Krotona Institute flourishes apace; another well-attended Winter Session is already half spent.

A. de L.

* * *

My work is becoming rather absorbing. Up to date we have supplied one hundred and twenty-three prisoners with Theosophical correspondents. Quite a number of the men have been released on parole, or discharged since we began corresponding with them, and the steadiness they are showing is quite remarkable. Two of the boys from Deer Lodge came to me early in November, and I have had to care for them. They have good jobs now and are happy and contented.

Mrs. Carr started her 'home' for discharged men on the 9th of October, and that has caused us considerable extra work. It is a rather difficult thing to finance, as we cannot appeal to T. S. members; most of them are overburdened as it is, and we must get all of our help from the outside. If we can demonstrate the value of our work for a year or two, I believe we shall get all the help necessary from outside the Society.

It will interest you to learn that more than fifty men in Deer Lodge prison are studying Theosophy. We are working in ten different prisons—mostly west of the Mississippi; eastern prisons are hard to get at, old-fashioned methods prevail. We need to reform prison officials quite as often as we need to reform prisoners. Efficiency is not always to be found in the higher-ups; this leads to or continues the present ignorant

and unbusinesslike methods. But "de sun do move," and the yeast of evolution, it works, and works, and works.

We have a pretty T. S. room now. It is not very large, but answers our purpose. Your Alcyone picture holds the place of honour and is greatly admired. We have public meetings every Sunday evening; they are well attended.

E. B. C.

SOUTH AMERICA

Signor Adrian Madril reports that Theosophy is making headway in S. America. In Bahia, Brazil, a new Lodge was constituted on October 1st under the name of the 'Alcyone' Lodge. The Lodge was founded purposely on the anniversary of the President's birthday; and the opportunity was utilised to put on record the Lodge's sense of respect and of gratitude to Mrs. Besant for her great work in the Theosophical Society. The same Lodge is contemplating the starting of a new Theosophical magazine, to be called *Love*. At Buenos Ayres it is also hoped, with the early months of the current year, to re-issue the once well known Theosophical review, *Philadelphine*, formerly regarded as one of the best Theosophical publications, but which for some years has ceased to appear.

E. S.

SCOTLAND

During the past few months Propaganda activities have been more or less confined to strengthening the Centres and Lodges formed during the previous year. This session our friends are again seeking 'pastures new,' and have given a series of meetings in the Albert Hall, Stirling. The next point of attack may be Musselburgh, where a Lodge had already been formed, which was torn to shreds by libellous literature upsetting the equanimity of the members. The Lodge was too quickly formed, and this time a very solid phalanx will be left behind when we leave it to fight for itself. Kirkcaldy is a very promising Centre, and though the members are anxious to form themselves into a Lodge, like canny Scots they have decided to hurry slowly, and to get a few more interested before moving in the matter. The Society in the Glasgow district is growing rapidly, fourteen applications for Fellowship being lately received. A series of Propaganda lectures is also being delivered to the Townhead Brotherhood, presided over by the Minister of the U. F. Church. A series of lectures on 'The Great Religions' is drawing good audiences at Headquarters, the public seeming only too glad to get a little knowledge as to the beliefs of people in other lands.

C. M. C.

IRELAND

The Irish Lodge opened its 1912-1913 Session by an address from Mrs. Despard on the 'Message of Theosophy to the Modern World,' at the home of Mr. Cousins, the Presidential Agent. Thirty turned up and many questions were asked. The Belfast Lodge joined hands with the Spiritualist Society to bring Mr. J. L. Macbeth Bain from England for a week-end. On the Saturday and Sunday, addresses were given by Mr. Bain and Mr. Cousins, and on Monday the former had a private meeting for instruction in spiritual healing.

Later, Mr. Cousins again visited the Belfast Lodge, and addressed the members on the 'Aims of the O. S. E.'. The Belfast Lodge possesses a lovely room, which makes it a pleasure to speak there. Few of our members, perhaps, realise what a difference is made to a lecturer by a clean and artistic room.

In Belfast, too, Mr. Cousins has been addressing the Society of Spiritualists, an earnest and liberal body. The text chosen by the lecturer was Krishna's utterance: "However men approach Me, even so do I welcome them". A ready response was given by the audience.

Much Theosophical work goes on in Ireland that is not connected, officially, with the Society. The quality of the literature produced shows a certain spirit abroad that is full of promise and inspiration. The members of the T. S. have a splendid opportunity in the country, for they possess the very knowledge men are asking for.

S. R.

BOHEMIA

The T. S. Headquarters in our ancient 'Golden' Prague is the centre of much activity. Sunday public lectures on topics of Occultism and Mysticism have been given every fortnight by Mrs. Moudra, Messrs Prochaska, Bedrnicek, Dr. Krkavec, Professor Vrtatko, Dr. Pertold and Ing. Rebata. A series of lectures on Karma was given by Mr. Tresnak on Tuesdays, and Friday lectures were also held. The subjects were: 'Man and his Life', by Mr. Sochurek; 'Apollonius of Tyana', by Mr. Prochaska; 'The Occultists of the Sixteenth Century', by Mr. Pechman; and 'Dharma', by Mrs. Friedlova. All through the lectures have been very well attended; as a rule they are given in Bohemian, as nearly all of our members belong to this Slavic race. Some former members of German nationality have started in Prague a Society of their own, which now belongs to the German 'Bund,' established in Munich. The first two Sunday lectures were given by our General Secretary, Mr. Bedrnicek, on 'The Coming of the World-Teacher'. The preparation work

for the coming of the Lord was thus introduced into our Section for the first time. We trust it will be a good start, as the Bohemian public shows an ever-increasing interest in our work.

O. B.

CUBA

Senor Raphael de Albear lately undertook a successful visiting tour to almost all the Branches. The building phase, now so noticeable a feature of Theosophical activity, has extended to Cuba, where two Lodges are erecting their own headquarters. Theosophical and O. S. E. pamphlets are being issued from time to time. The Order of the Star in the East has now over four hundred members distributed in Cuba, Mexico, Porto Rico, Central America, and Venezuela, and a further rapid growth of membership is confidently anticipated.

E. S.

AUSTRALASIA AND NEW ZEALAND

The Australian news preserves its usual cheerful tone. Theosophy is growing in all the States of the Commonwealth. In Melbourne a series of lectures, given in the suburban City of Camberwell, was very successful, drawing good audiences. Popular subjects were dealt with and the experiment fully justified its trial. The Lecturer, Mrs. Preston, LL. B., is the State Secretary for the O. S. E., and she at once established her reputation as an able speaker, the audience listening with close attention to the addresses. Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, speak of good work accomplished by many earnest members in their respective States. Membership is increasing. Meetings are well attended, and the minor activities are flourishing. Tasmania's report is optimistic; there also the work is progressing favourably.

Again the N. Z. Dominion comes out first in the comprehensive nature of its Report with well-mounted newspaper cuttings, ready for filing attached. After a cheerful summary of the general activity of the Section, special mention is made of the admirable work done by Mr. J. E. Thomson, Assistant General Secretary, and President of the largest Lodge in New Zealand, Editor of the Sectional Magazine, and the moving spirit in many minor activities for the good of all. Mr. Crawford, the General Treasurer, has been associated with him in the work for the last ten years. Miss C. Christie is busy lecturing throughout the Section, as is also Miss H. Horne. Judging by the number of cuttings sent, the Press evidently gives much space now to Theosophical items, some being original articles and letters written by people interested in T. S. topics, while others are reprints from Indian newspapers of matter, favourable and unfavourable, about the movement and some of its leaders.

S. W.

QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Man: Whence, How and Whither, A Record of Clairvoyant Investigation, by Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Rs. 9 or 12s. or \$ 3.)

At last the eagerly expected volume lies before us and the book, awaited ever since it became known that in the summer of 1910 a series of clairvoyant investigations was undertaken to gather material for its construction, must by this time be already in the hands of many of our readers. We will not speak of its careful typographical execution, and we only mention that its full index must prove very acceptable to any student's heart, nor can we review the full contents of its fully five hundred pages of print. Space will only permit us to give a few comments, to express a few remarks chosen from a fullness of consideration and thought provoked by the reading of the book. Indeed there is matter for many an article, for series of articles even, covering questions, discussions, and perhaps objections, contained in the pages of this bulky volume.

In the first place an expression of gratitude to the authors should certainly not be omitted—for three reasons.

To me it seems more and more evident that the chief walk of life followed by both Mr. Leadbeater and Mrs. Besant is the path of action. The Theosophical Society must be cared for, the Masters' plans must be carried out, the Theosophical Gospel must be preached, propaganda must be made, correspondence must be attended to, the daily routine must be achieved; that is what their life work seems to indicate. To take time and energy for patient investigations and for their laborious elaboration runs counter to the pressure of daily exigencies, and needs both courage and no small amount of self-abnegation.

Secondly, it needs courage to grapple at all with the matter here dealt with. To describe things which in their very nature baffle description—as life in former chains and former rounds, when vegetables are ‘dreams of vegetables’—is a task from attempting which anyone might have shrunk without blame. Our second cause for gratitude is that the authors have given us what they *could* give, without waiting to arrive at some theoretical but unattainable standard of perfection in the description.

Thirdly, we have to be thankful that the opinion of the ‘world’ had no weight with the writers and did not lead them to keep back their book. To the ‘world’ this work must be either madness, devilry, charlatanism, abnormal fancy, or—a totally incalculable quantity. Let us be content that the authors judged the Theosophical public great enough to justify the dealing out of strong meat.

The book is divided into twenty-seven chapters, which may be classified into four great parts of about equal length. The first part gives in about one hundred pages a rapid sketch of the evolution of our solar system through the previous chains till the middle of the Earth Chain, till its fourth round. The second part gives a somewhat fuller history of the fourth Root Race. The third part does the same for the fifth Root Race, and the last part gives us a peep into the future in describing the Californian ‘Community’ of nearly a thousand years hence. This latter part is a reprint of Mr. Leadbeater’s articles which appeared a few years ago in the pages of this magazine.

An admirable foreword¹ and introduction open the work. The fine temper of common-sense and modesty in these cannot be enough valued, and we thank the authors for reminding us themselves that the “treasure is in earthen vessels” and for acknowledging the possibility of errors. This note of caution is very important to sound in a book which must be, after all, largely a ‘book of revelation’ to most of us.

Most readers in the Theosophical Society will very much like the list of names of star-pseudonyms published in the foreword and will be glad that the general public is taken so far at least into confidence. The scoffer will find material for some quips in seeing Lao Tze and Julius Cæsar peacefully

¹ Called proem on p. 113.

jostling arms with others somewhat less famous in world history, but for the genuine student of Theosophy, who does not ask for new matter to believe, but for new data to judge and to draw conclusions from, this partial unveiling of intimate traditions must be extremely valuable.

The first part is difficult to characterise in its qualities. Is it a success or a failure as a description? That is not easy to say. I know that in reading this part myself I had to draw freely on my antecedent knowledge on the points dealt with in order to follow the argument. I should advise every student, before tackling this part, to study the subject of chains, rings, rounds, and globes in any or all of the following books:

1. The chapter in Mrs. Besant’s *Ancient Wisdom* on ‘Building a Kosmos’.
2. The chapter in Sinnett’s *Growth of the Soul* on ‘The System to which We belong’.
3. The chapter in Leadbeater’s *The Inner Life* on ‘The Worlds and the Races of Men’.
4. The chapter in Leadbeater’s *Text-book of Theosophy*, on ‘The Planetary Chains’ and also Chapters ii and iii of that book.

It would be a great pity if lack of familiarity with the Theosophical conception of the solar system put off intelligent readers from continuing the study of this book which so amply repays sympathetic perusal. On p. 2 a similar note of warning is sounded, but we should have liked it a little bit more definite, with references to chapter and verse.

For the rest, we can only admit that the authors are, in this first part, grappling with an almost ‘ungrappleable’ task, and that any definite result arrived at by their descriptions is a decided triumph and the reader’s gain.

One particular point in this part is very conspicuous and has evoked my enthusiasm entirely: that is a portion of its terminology. Things seen on higher planes are here named with honest English words, indicating direct descriptions of their appearances. Egos come from planet to planet in ‘boat-loads’; they are stored away in the inter-planetary nirvāṇa as ‘bulbs on shelves’; according to their development they are ‘lines’ or ‘basket-works’. This again is

a triumph: this is creation instead of imitation. Some of these words or the locutions in which they are mentioned may, perhaps, sound somewhat slangy at first hearing, but that is deceptive. The coining of these words is a great event in the history of Theosophical teachings. In a few hundred years they will be classical words, pregnant with meaning. I said they are honest words: they are of the nature of 'church-yard' as against 'cemetery,' the daily food of language as against its diurnal aliments. May we gain many other such happy acquisitions of Theosophical speech.

The other portion of the terminology of the book constitutes also an attempt at reform. The well-known series of planes is now given as physical, emotional, mental, intuitional and spiritual. This has the advantage of eliminating Samskr̥t words (MacDonnell's non-extensive Samskr̥t Dictionary gives fully twenty-five different translations for buddhi, here called intuition, which latter word he does not give) leading to ambiguity, as we practically never know whether the Indian and the modern Theosophical conceptions cover each other. But it also leads to at least one very unhappy phrase, namely 'spiritual matter' which seems a *contradictio in terminis*.

A point which struck me as interesting, and as containing matter for further explanation, is the following. The picture of the researches as reflected in the written record gives an impression as if the actual observations had their pivot in the doings of and happenings to what has been called 'the clan,' and on p. 3 of the foreword there is a statement seemingly substantiating this impression. Yet the results recorded deal with souls in millions: a single tribe is described, yet whole classifications of souls, of humanity in general, are arrived at. This is no sceptic *meffiance*, but only an attempt to indicate that the connecting threads between the actual observations as described, and the palpable results arrived at, are not clearly patent. I have a suspicion that various kinds of vision must have been used alternately: sometimes 'synthetic' or 'cosmic' clairvoyance more objective in nature, and sometimes 'individual,' more 'subjective' clairvoyance. I record the hope that the authors may some day enlighten us on the point. There is probably more behind this clairvoyance than is generally dreamed of in the philosophy of even the pious Theosophists. And so one might go on and on, for there

is indeed matter for thought and discussion galore in this most precious book. But this is only a review and not an article.

In Part II we find the reprints—and very welcome are they—of Mr. Leadbeater's two articles, now difficult to be found, on the civilisations of Peru and of Chaldæa.

In Part III there is dispersed in various places a history of the Aryan Race, its migrations and vicissitudes, of surpassing interest. It is perhaps to parts of this portion that Mrs. Besant's statement chiefly applies, that some help had been given by the Elder Brethren. It would be worth while carefully to scrutinise this section and carefully to try to locate the passages bearing such exalted authority. Though we have grown wise of late, very wise indeed, we may not yet have passed the stage at which such a hint can be quite profitably neglected.

In conclusion, let us thank the authors for their splendid gift to our Society and to the world, and let us hope that soon again they may find it feasible to 'go into retreat,' when such retreat results in such valuable fruit.

J. v. M.

Main Currents of Modern Thought, by Rudolph Eucken. Translated by Meyrick Booth. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

By the translation of Professor Eucken's *Geistige Strömungen der Gegenwart* (4th edition), the more seriously minded English reader is brought into closer touch with a brilliant representative of contemporary philosophy. In this volume are to be found most of the basic problems of life, viewed from a standpoint eminently practical and human, clearly formulated, and applied to the needs of our age. In every case the summing up is decidedly hopeful, but it is not the shallow optimism of minds that either cannot or will not recognise the difficulties involved. Seldom, if ever, before have the husks of partial truth been so scrupulously sifted.

The tangled threads of conflicting aims and concepts are traced in the light of history and recent experience until one is tempted to wonder if any satisfying synthesis is possible. Modern standards of life are fearlessly weighed in the balances and found wanting; in all directions human energy seems to be defeating its own ends. Happily against this masterful

indictment is set the confident affirmation that synthesis lies in the depths of spiritual life, which is independent of time or circumstance. With a strength of conviction that dares to be dogmatic, Eucken declares that only in so far as the individual seizes a fuller measure of spiritual life will civilisation approach reality. His philosophy is almost reminiscent of Nietzsche in its insistent demand for the super-human, for man's self-fulfilment as a cosmic being. He promises to enlarge on this more positive side of the picture in future writings, but in the present work leaves much for the student to grapple with.

Regarding the classification of subject matter, the method followed is convenient and systematic. After a brief introduction, the book opens with three chapters on 'The Fundamental Concept of Spiritual Life,' followed by an investigation of 'The Problem of Knowledge'. 'The World-Problem' forms the subject of the third section, where the argument reaches a climax in the impressive chapter on 'Evolution'. The succeeding section, which is the longest and quite the most interesting in the book, deals with 'The Problems of Human Life' under six headings which include 'Civilisation,' 'Personality and Character,' and 'The Freedom of the Will'. The concluding section is entitled 'Ultimate Problems,' and discusses 'The Value of Life' and 'The Religious Problem'; a page of 'Conclusion' and an index complete the publication.

Generally speaking the arrangement within the chapters takes a dual form; in fact several of the titles, such as 'Subjective—Objective,' 'Idealism—Realism,' 'Mechanical—Organic,' etc., at once suggest the expression, familiar to students of Indian philosophy, 'the pairs of opposites'. In this manner the power of contrast is fully utilised to illustrate the character and extent of the question at issue, for in each case the solution offered is not by way of compromise but by gaining a point of vantage from which both factors can be seen and directed. The following passage is a good example of the way in which this ancient injunction to be free from the pairs of opposites is constantly being brought out.

Thus there arise three quite distinct types of life: One of these is exclusively directed towards permanence, nay, towards a state of eternal rest, and seeks as far as possible to free human being from all movement; another is wholly taken up with movement and will know of nothing that escapes its influence; the third strives to get beyond the antithesis and aims at an inward superiority which shall do justice to both

sides. The first of these tendencies dominates the antique and the second the modern construction of life; the third has from the earliest times been operative in the world's spiritual work, but it has yet to be recognised in principle, and to be developed as a type of life into full power and clarity. This is the task of the future.

Or again:

Thus man stands at once *in time* and *above time*: his life possesses a two-fold character, since it has to realise a truth superior to time as a fact of experience and ground itself within this truth, and at the same time must strive, within the realm of time, for a clearer unfolding and more forceful application of this truth. Truth is therefore, here, both a possession and a problem—a possession in the innermost depth of our being, a problem in so far as we are called to transform existence into a life of full self-activity.

A noticeable feature is the care exercised in the use of terms, for instance the practice of introducing a fresh subject by a brief survey of the development of the terms employed clears the ground at the outset. To attempt an adequate summary of the author's treatment of particular subjects would be to burden the reader with preconceptions, but from all this mass of criticism and inference emerges one inevitable impression—that we are on the verge of a world-wide spiritual upheaval—where it is to come from or whither it is to lead, Eucken does not venture to prophecy.

To-day, inner re-arrangements, molecular transformations, if the expression be permitted, are in progress. What shaping of human conditions will result therefrom lies for the time being in profound obscurity.

But the stress he lays on the power of personality clearly reveals his anticipation of some dominant personality who will strike the key-note of the next movement of the evolutionary symphony. May it not also be that the ancient Indian ideal of spiritual life, somewhat hastily dismissed from the author's vigorous scrutiny, will prove to be the corner stone that western philosophical builders have too long rejected?

W. D. S. B.

Folk-Tales of Bengal, by the Rev. Lal Behari Day, with 32 illustrations in colour by Warwick Goble. (Macmillan & Co., London. Price 15s.)

The collection of folk-tales is an undertaking well worth doing by any one who has the opportunity to gather them at first hand and to record them, and Mr. Lal Behari Day has done useful work in bringing together the present series. India contains perhaps a greater wealth of such tales than any other country and unfortunately as yet only a comparatively small number of them have been made available to the general

reader. The stories contained in the present work are typical examples of the tales told to the children by the women of Bengal for countless generations, and they will doubtless prove equally attractive to many an English-speaking child. It is not to children alone, however, that these stories will appeal—older readers, and particularly those who are specially interested in India, will find in them much information as to the manners and customs of the country. The volume is enriched by a large number of beautiful illustrations in colour by Mr. Warwick Goble, which exhibit a quality of imagination entirely in keeping with the text. The harmonious tones of the colouring are decidedly pleasing. We are glad to observe that the figures are placed amid surroundings which are really Indian in character—a very unusual merit in illustrated books of this kind. It is regrettable that the binders have not bestowed a little more care on their portion of the production.

C. R. H.

A Primer of Hindūism,¹ by J. N. Farquhar. (Oxford University Press. Price Rs. 2-4).

The Renaissance of India, by C. F. Andrews.

The Outcastes' Hope, by Godfrey E. Phillips.
(Young People's Missionary Movement).

Of these three books the first is the most interesting. The other two are perhaps of value to the missionary. They are text-books for missionary work and present the subjects under discussion from an entirely partial, narrow, one-sided and therefore naturally defective point of view. They are not free from gross misstatements or carefully worded falsehoods of the priest-craft type. In both of them of course Theosophy and the T. S. are denounced; as any one acquainted with our work could not write thus, the inevitable deduction is that the writers do not know anything about Theosophy and its influence, or are deliberately in their attack using the foul weapon of misrepresentation.

Mr. Farquhar is a more impartial writer, not regardless of truth and facts, and though he has written against Theosophy, it seems to be the result of his study and reflection.

¹ Available at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

We might say that had he looked into the matter more deeply and come into contact with Theosophists he would have said his say differently. The primer is a careful piece of work based on a knowledge of history, which gives a solid basis, from the materialistic point of view, for the study of Hindūism; it lacks that inner sympathy which enables one to understand an alien faith in all its spiritual bearings. Because of its historicity, it gains a certain advantage over the Text Books of the C. H. College of Benares, but it fails in giving expression to the soul of Hindūism, as is done in both the Elementary and Advanced Text Books. It is richly illustrated, but is not suitable for school work; as a manual on the ancient faith of India it is an admirable production. Hindūs will do well to study this book, putting aside the author's Christian colouring wherever it is found. This second edition is revised and enlarged.

B. P. W.

Beauty and Ugliness, and Other Studies in Psychological Aesthetics, by Vernon Lee and A. Anstruther-Thomson. (John Lane, London. Price 12s. 6d. net.)

William Morris is reported to have said that he gauged the quality of a work of art by the intensity of the sensation produced by it in the pit of his stomach. From this rule-of-thumb observation to the aim of the book before us is a far cry, and yet it gives us a starting-point from which to enter into its argument. Its aim is to examine and in part to explain the many and varied physical sensations and mind processes which accompany æsthetic perception.

It is intended to familiarise students with the chief problems of psychological æsthetics, and even to introduce such æsthetics, its problems and hypotheses, to those who have approached Art from other sides. The central problem of æsthetics is the problem why some shapes (independent of what they represent) are liked and called beautiful, and other shapes are disliked and called ugly.

Proceeding, we are confronted by the further enquiry:

The psychological side of æsthetics and its interdependence with all other questions of mental science, begins with this question, of which the scientific statement would be as follows: what facts of consciousness in the first place, what physiological processes in the second, appear to underlie, or to accompany the satisfaction in certain forms as being beautiful, and the dissatisfaction in certain forms as being ugly?

Our authors give a weighty contribution towards the desired answer, and in so doing cover a wide field of investigation, undertaken both by themselves and others, and in this a

secondary interest of a biographical character is introduced by their laying open for our instruction their own mental and physiological processes during their researches and observations, an act of devotion to their object which cannot but command profound respect.

In the *Contemporary Review* of November, 1897, appeared an article from their joint pens bearing the title of this book, and it is here reprinted; it described the character of their minute and first-hand observation of the above-named processes. To give an example of their method, we quote the following. Having the Greek honeysuckle pattern under examination it is noted that

As the eyes move upwards along the pattern, the two lungs draw in a long breath, and there comes a slight sensation of the sides of the thorax being stretched; this sensation of width continues while the breath moves upwards, giving us simultaneously the sense of bi-lateral width and of height, the proportion between which being very pleasant to breathe accounts for the sense of well-being while looking at the pattern.

Similar pleasing sensations are experienced before symmetrical grouping in Architecture, but in this case the sum of sensation is increased, "for pattern has no bulk," while when the third dimension becomes a factor we have sensations of balance introduced, and we become conscious of the firm planting of our two feet on the ground, in sympathetic response to the perceived architectural balance. The object then comes to be judged by us as beautiful or ugly according to whether it arouses a pleasant or an unpleasant consciousness among the senses of respiration, equilibrium or other, to which it appeals, and the emotions excited by a work of Art are, according to this theory, dependent on the quality and character of those sense consciousnesses. Briefly: "The pattern of our senses of adjustment tallies most absolutely in every detail with the pattern of the object we are looking at," and when harmonious our vitality has a sense of expansion and increase.

This article brought its writers into the open field of controversy and investigation with other æstheticians and psychologists both in Europe and America, and in a number of subsequent essays, here bound up with that of 1897, we are introduced to the present position of recognised scientific thought on the matter of æsthetics; various theories are put forward and discussed, notably those of Professors Lipps and Groos. This historical survey of thought and

consequent hypotheses, including the writers' own conclusions, is of the greatest value.

Writ short, *Einfühlung*, translated as *Empathy*, the theory of Professor Lipps, is literally a "putting ourselves inside" or a "feeling ourselves into" the object observed, and is "analogous to that of moral sympathy"; that is, in effect, when we see a function performed or represented in a work of Art, as when a column or arch supports weight, we automatically reproduce in ourselves the corresponding sensation as though we participated in the performance of that function.

So when the attribution of our modes of life to visible shape and the revival of past experience is such as to be favourable to our existence and in so far pleasurable, we welcome this form thus animated by ourselves as 'beautiful,' and when all these processes of attribution or survival of our dynamic experiences are on the contrary unfavourable to us, we avoid that form as ugly.

Professor Groos' theory, which he calls *Innere Nachahmung*, or *Inner Imitation*, is explained in his own words thus:

In complete æsthetic enjoyment there are present motor phenomena of an imitative character, and that these show the sympathy in question (*Mit-leben*) to a bodily participation.

The final conclusions of our two authors, as modified by the study of these and other contemporary researches, and their own further introspective observation, which must be sought for in their own pages, is not one of perfect acceptance of, or concurrence with, these others, but one that carries the whole matter one stage further, and leaves the reader in that waiting mood which all vital thinking provokes.

Beauty and Ugliness achieves the aim which its writers set before them, but its methods will inevitably arouse in certain minds another question outside the field of their argument, namely: does it lie in the nature of things that the perambulation of the circle, be it never so complete, should result in the attainment of the centre? We are irresistibly reminded of an earlier treatise on this identical subject, that of Plotinus, *On the Beautiful*, and would suggest it as complementary to the work of our authors, not as in any way begging the question, or seeking to take it out of the realms of scientific investigation, but rather as widening the field of such investigation into profounder regions of consciousness.

H. R.

The Possession of Elizabeth, by Hope Rea. (The Theosophical Publishing Society, London. Price 1s. net.)

This poignant little drama of strange happenings is a psychological and character study of much ability. The story is told in the rather difficult literary form of letters, but it is here triumphantly surmounted, for the letters of Elizabeth herself, her fiance John, her two friends Barbara and Zara, clearly reveal their personal characteristics and develop the sequence of the narrative. Barbara, who is deeply religious, in whom orthodoxy is mingled with a dash of Mysticism, is well contrasted with the dancer Zara, a woman in whose blood many races are mingled, who had known all the great primeval experiences of life and many of its passions, and whose instinct or intuition saved the situation by, as she describes it, "playing the fool with all the wisdom that in me lay". From a physiological standpoint this case of possession, or rather of obsession, as the obtruding influence was evil, might be explained by the fact of Elizabeth's overwrought state of health. For weeks previously she, as a professional harpist, had been engaged in an Opera orchestra, helping to produce "that music of music, Wagner's". Sensitive, highly-strung, over-strained, as Elizabeth shows herself to be, perhaps it is not so very surprising that, under these circumstances, another entity should be able to take temporary possession of Elizabeth's body, and to use it in a manner productive of much ill and misery to her and others. How the possession of Elizabeth was effected by the malignant power of an old Irish woman, maddened by a sense of both personal and racial injury against the hated Saxon, and how the evil spirit was cast out of her, to use Biblical phraseology, we heartily recommend the reader to discover for himself. As serious students of "the unexplained forces in nature and of the powers latent in man," we welcome any thoughtful contribution to the subject either in fiction or in scientific form. That the good in man's nature finally triumphs over the evil elements, that even a hardened offender can be "convicted of sin and brought to repentance" by a good man's spiritual power—armed also with the authority of his priestly office—is the practical and helpful conclusion the story of the possession of Elizabeth finally indicates.

E. S.

A New Government for the British Empire, by F. W. Bussell, D. D. (Longmans Green & Co., London, Bombay, Calcutta, New York.)

The Great State: Essays in Construction. (Harper and Brothers, London and New York.)

Changes are in the air, and the earth is quivering; old systems are being reviewed, and new ones constructed. Things thought to be stable are found to be moving, and institutions that have been the boast of nations are being looked at askance. Dr. Bussell's letter of dedication, addressed to Lord Rosebery, speaks frankly of the difficulties confronting England: the House of Commons, he says, is moribund; the Monarchy is the tool of any faction in power; Government is practically carried on by the dictatorship of one or two able and determined men. What is to be done? Remodel the House of Peers, he answers, making it representative and responsible, but non-elective, and increase the power of the Throne. The Introduction analyses the present condition of affairs, and points to the dangers involved in a Government which only represents half the [male] people it rules, and is not therefore representative in any true sense. Hence there is ever a danger "of revolution from the faction for the moment aggrieved and left out in the cold". A partisan Government should not be trusted with large powers.

What then? Let the Sovereign return to his Council, and become, with his ministers chosen from all parties for imperial purposes, "the central and permanent brain of the realm". Let the Colonies, the Dominions, India and its feudatory States, all be represented by life members in the House of Lords. "No revolution ever swept away a King who knew his own mind and was not afraid to come to a decision." Local parliaments should carry on local affairs, while the central brain controlled imperial concerns. Then would the people really have a share in the Government, but they would deal with the things they knew, instead of electing a 'representative' by a bare majority to deal with things which they did not understand.

Such is the thesis worked out in the book. First the State and definitions of it are given, and it is noted that every equal State in the Empire must have a royal head. Canada

has one; India will have one; Ireland should have one. Spiritual and moral aims should have their place, but cannot be handed over to a competitive system. A governing class is found practically everywhere, and in modern days has become a bureaucracy. The delusive character of modern 'liberty' is caustically shown; "having won all the great causes, we are no better off For the bread of personal freedom and worth, he has received the stone of a suffrage." State omnipotence is now appealed to for social reform, but contending parties are not fit agents for such work. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that we must have local Parliaments—with presumably County and other Boards for smaller areas—and a King and Upper House for "the larger issues". Royalty has been steadily regaining power; "the expectant glances at royalty mark the critical temper of the age. The old belief is revived that 'if only the King could come by his own, all would once again be well'." Personally, the writer of this review hails the proposals made, since she thought she was but a voice crying in the wilderness, and she finds her own ideas in this book.

The book of essays called *The Great State* well deserves reading. It embodies the views of bright intelligences and good hearts, each writer speaking for himself while all are animated by the desire for human happiness. Mr. H. G. Wells begins with a brilliant essay on 'The Past and the Great State,' the Great State aimed at being that in which every one works, but freely and willingly, and every one has leisure; it will be "a system of great individual freedom with a universal understanding among its citizens of a collective thought and purpose". This is applied to the problems of the time, and we commend the discussion to our readers.

A. B.

Deussen's Metaphysics in Samskr̥t Verse, by A. Govinda Pillai, Dewān Bahādur. Trivandrum, 1912.¹

The Elements of Metaphysics, by Dr. Paul Deussen, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Kiel, first appeared in 1877. The book was not much noticed at that time, but since the second edition (in 1890) its popularity has become great in

¹ Obtainable through the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, S., or direct from G. Madhavan Pillai, Chalai Bazaar, Trivandrum. Price Rs. 3.

Germany and even beyond her borders, as is testified by the English, French, and Russian translations. But the book was also opposed, not only in Germany, but even in India, and it may be good, on this occasion, to call attention to the following reviews: by Kāshī, in *The Theosophist* for October 1894; by Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden, in *The Theosophist* for January 1895; by A. G. Hogg, M.A., in the *Madras Christian College Magazine* for November 1906; and by P. T. Shrinivasa Aiyengar, in *Theosophy in India* for November 1906.

The Samskr̥t paraphrase, based on the English translation, which has now appeared, is decidedly a very clever piece of work. Even such passages as are seemingly untranslatable have come out so clearly in the Samskr̥t shlokas that here we are not compelled to say, as we must with not a few western translations, that the translation is intelligible to none but those who can read it along with the original. No doubt, Deussen's style is very simple and clear, and it would have been much more difficult to deal in a similar way with Schopenhauer, for instance; but translating from a modern language into an ancient one, differing from it in innumerable ways, is never an easy task. It was a fortunate idea to choose for the translation the metrical form: the shloka is, indeed, the given form, in India, for a Shāstra like Deussen's. The technical terms are, as a rule, very ingeniously contrived; yet in one or two cases, such as वस्तुस्वरूपम् = 'thing-in-itself,' one would like to have had some more characteristic expression. It was, therefore, a good idea to append to the translation a Padāvali explaining the terms and indicating the pages and stanzas in which they occur. In this list also the personal names are explained, which was, indeed, necessary, because not every Hindū is likely to know that हेलना is Helena, लॉक Locke, फ्रेंच French, etc., nor what sort of people, countries, etc., these western words denote. It is a pity that the Greek names appear in their English metamorphosis: हेलना (Greek Helenē or Helenā) would no doubt sound better to the Indian ear than हेल; प्लेटो (Greek Plātōn; cf. tektōn = तक्ता) better than प्लेटो; सोक्राटिस (Greek Sōkrátēs; cf. dysmenēs = दुर्मेनाः) better than साक्राटीस; etc.

It may be rightly doubted whether Deussen's book is just the suitable introduction, for the Samskr̥t-reading public, to the philosophy of the West. Deussen is fond of dogmatizing, and so are the Hindūs, while the one thing to be learned by the East

from western philosophy is the boldness to face a problem as if it had *not* been solved yet by the R̥sis of old nor by anyone at all. Deussen's book, in its Samskr̥t garb, will be justly admired for its profoundness and wonderful clearness, but it is not likely to rouse many a Hindū mind from its dogmatic slumber; while, e. g., a good Samskr̥t translation of Plato's Dialogues would possibly inaugurate a new era of Indian philosophical thought. Still Mr. Govinda Pillai's translation is a welcome gift: it is an Indian monument raised to the memory of a remarkable thinker and one who has done much towards bringing India nearer to the West.

F. O. S.

Bubbles of the Foam, by F. W. Bain. (Methuen and Co., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

The present volume is another addition to that series of romances, with which most of our readers are familiar, purporting to be translations from the Samskr̥t. The love story narrated is unfolded with tender pathos to its tragic end, and is told in that placid dreamy fashion which is characteristic of the author's style. The theme is treated with great charm and with delightful delicacy of touch, and reminds one curiously of some melodious piece of music, set in a minor key, ending on some sombre chord.

Since it is now quite generally known that these stories are not in reality renderings from the Samskr̥t, we are not altogether convinced of the wisdom of continuing the fiction. The effect on the reader whose attention is frequently called away from the thread of the story to a footnote explaining a difficult point of translation which he knows to be fictional, is not altogether happy. Moreover, the question as to whether a particular sentence or paragraph suggested the Samskr̥t word, or the word gave birth to the paragraph, obtrudes itself in the reader's mind, in somewhat irritating fashion.

The author has allowed himself to be caught unawares in one or two small instances, as for example when in the Introduction, in describing himself as threading the maze of streets at Benares, he "came out finally upon the river bank" and "floated slowly down". Then again he tells us that a light steamy mist hung over the river and in the next sentence

that every outline stood out sharply "in that clear Indian air". These however are but minor blemishes, and to quote an Indian proverb: "A man or a gem—who has seen one without a flaw?" Mr. Bain's story is most certainly a gem, in which flaws are not easy to be seen, and one which all who love a beautiful story told in poetical prose will hasten to place among their other literary treasures.

C. R. H.

An Introduction to Psychology, by Prof. Wilhelm Wundt. Translated by Rudolf Pintner, Ph.D. (George Allen & Co., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In the translator's note this book is described as "a shorter and simpler sketch than the same author's *Outlines of Psychology*," and as having attained great popularity in Germany. Prof. Wundt is the famous exponent, one might say founder, of psycho-physiology, and his methods are used in every University of Europe. No student who wishes to keep abreast of the times in this promising branch of science can afford to ignore the sound material here provided. The scope of investigation is limited to ascertaining the relations between the simplest possible facts of observation, according to the recognised scientific method of reducing a process to its elements and then searching amongst them for causal connections and sequences. The author commences by employing some simple but highly interesting experiments with the metronome to illustrate the terms 'threshold, field, and fixation-point of consciousness,' 'scope of attention,' 'apprehension,' and 'apperception'. Sensations, feelings, and motives are next dealt with, and their relation to actions. Feelings are classified in three pairs—pleasure and pain, strain and relaxation, excitation and quiescence; and the 'feeling-compounds' derived from these are aptly illustrated. Thought and memory associations are then elaborated, and here it may be of interest to mention an ingenious suggestion offered in explanation of the common experience of something 'having happened before'. What if after all the 'indistinct secondary ideas,' which the writer speaks of in this connection as giving rise to 'chief ideas' of a different form, should turn out to be our old friend clairvoyance lurking behind the professorial chair? It certainly appears so when

the same explanation is extended to account for "the so-called second sight, which some people imagine they possess".

Further ramifications of such study are finally focussed in a consideration of the existence of laws underlying psychical functions, and four 'principles' are eventually extracted: 'creative resultants,' 'heterogony of ends,' 'conditioning relations,' and 'intensifying contrasts'. The book should be carefully studied, although the Theosophist is not likely to assent to its conclusions. W. D. S. B.

Light on Life's Difficulties, by James Allen. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price Rs. 2-4 or 3s. or 75c.)

Since most people are beset with some variety of life's difficulties, there is a constant and popular demand for solutions such as are contained in this last contribution of the late James Allen. The hopeful assurance that all are endowed with a will which inevitably modifies character in exact proportion to its own prompting effort urges one to try to learn that art of exercising the will, and alter the life by that sure method of heeding one's own thoughts and deeds. Mr. Allen has given his usual thoughtful attention to the ways of solving problems pertaining to the controversy and confusion that arise from the present age of freedom of thought and expression. He recommends the study of the great law of cause and effect, and says we cannot alter the law, but can alter ourselves so as to comprehend more and more of its perfection. The axiom that 'everything has its price' is uniquely applied to the gaining of spiritual, as well as material gain. He says that many causes of worry and disturbance may be removed by learning to see things in their true proportion or relation to the greater whole, rather than to the small causes of disturbances which blind the judgment. Self is not an entity to be cast out, but a condition of mind to be converted. Much light is thrown on what constitutes self-indulgence, and the sure way from weakness to strength is plainly indicated. Stress is laid on conduct or daily deportment as a most useful help to progress. In fact all the short and interesting chapters point to the better understanding of the true order of things, and will win as ready a sale for the book as the other works of the author have found. G. G.

The Spiral Way, by John Cordelier. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 2s.)

The title of this book sounds promising to Theosophists, and we can assure our readers that their expectations will not be disappointed. The Spiral Way is the "pathway from appearance to reality" but, as the author suggests, "since God is not Height alone but Depth and Breath, life in her flight to Him may spread in all directions". Our readers will like this idea of an all-round development, a three dimensional expansion, of which so many examples are to be seen in the world of nature. Who, that has seen the oak tree, monarch of the forest, standing serene and majestic amid the fury of the oncoming storm, can think the time lost that was given to thrusting its roots ever more deeply into the heart of Mother-earth, or to spreading abroad those hospitable branches, that once offered shelter to the royal fugitive? We like our author's complete repudiation of any line of distinction between the sacred and the secular, such a line being in our opinion as purely arbitrary as the imaginary line of the earth's equator. The author laments what he conceives to be the duty of "giving up our little winged and dovelike thoughts, the wild and delicate magic of them to the prosaic necessity of a formal creed". Again further on he writes: "We must tame our wild joyousness, put our romantic passion into blinkers: conform in fact to the ecclesiastical ideal." But why? Surely that is precisely what we must *not* do. Does our gifted author really imagine that his "little winged and dovelike thoughts" are sent to him from Heaven that he may forthwith thrust them into the cage of a human creed, and that he is spiritually directed to put his heaven-born insight into 'blinkers'? We cannot conceive of such divine irony. Truer seems to us to be the intuition of the shepherd boy of old, whose wisdom and youthful modesty bade him doff the royal coat of mail and meet the giant with a sling and a stone. Not with the hampering fetters of a dogmatic creed nor with the cumbersome harness of ecclesiastical 'pomp and circumstance' shall ignorance—the only foe humanity has to fear—be overcome. Strong in the consciousness that there is a power behind him that, if need be, can bring "legions of angels to an easy victory," but armed only with the weapon of his own native wit, let the champion of Divine Wisdom go forth to the field of battle. K. F. S.

Flowers of a Mystic Garden. From the works of John Ruysbroeck. (John M. Watkins. London. Price 2s. net.)

This little book is a collection of writings from the works of one of our greatest Christian Mystics, John Ruysbroeck; and, as is generally the case with such cullings, to one reader it may seem to include many choice blooms and to another to be not so happy in selection. For ourselves we are of the opinion that no real understanding or love of the great contemplatives can be gained except by the study of their own utterances *in extenso*. Nevertheless, such compilations as the one under review may serve a useful purpose in giving the reader a slight acquaintance with the author, and in arresting his attention on one or two sayings pregnant with beauty and wisdom.

The book includes extracts from *The Adornment of the Spiritual Marriage* and other writings, and is translated from the French translation of the original by Ernest Hello. We congratulate the English translator on the excellence of his wording, and the manner in which he has reproduced the atmosphere and language of the mediæval mystical writings. Other chapters on 'Contemplation', and 'The Seven gifts are included'. Ruysbroeck's mystical genius was strong and virile in type. He is clear in his denunciation of the vacuity and idleness of pseudo-mysticism, and in his sure assertion of the need of whole-hearted love and surrender in the pursuance of the mystic quest. In a chapter on 'False Peace' he says: "He who finds his peace outside of action, who yields himself to a tranquility without performance, has lost the way." Peace and activity, interiorly and exteriorly, "are not irreconcilable but confirm and minister to one another". At each moment the Mystic is completely in the one and perfectly in the other. "Dwelling entirely in God he possesses deep peace; dwelling wholly in himself he performs the works of love"; for "love cannot be idle". This same burning, all-conquering love is the necessary condition of a successful achievement of the quest after God. "Only a flood-tide will bring us to anchor in the safe harbour of the superessential essence." And the one way to Union, says he again, is solely by "simplicity of intention". "Every good deed, however small, if it be directed to God by simplicity of intention, increases in us the divine likeness, and deepens in us the flow of eternal life." The single eye which lights the whole body, that truly is ever the one qualification in all

search after Reality. And it belongs pre-eminently to the Mystics of all faiths and of all ages. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." And so, whenever we touch the writings of these, the single in heart, we cannot but feel a touch of the light that surrounds all those who have seen and known. To read them is ever purifying, and it is yet another sign of these times that their works are being brought into the light of our common day, and put within the reach of all. Such publication is true service to the world.

C. M. C.

Essentials of Hindûism (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras. Price Ans. 8. or. 9d. or. 20c.)

This is a symposium, wherein twenty-five Hindûs, of various shades of thought, discuss the question which forms the title of the brochure. R. B. Lala Baijnath gives a terse and clear synopsis of Hindûism, and his and that of Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab are perhaps the best. Sir Pratap Chandra Chatterji, C. I. E., stretches the word Hindû to include Buddhists and even Pârsis, while Dewân Bahadur K. Krishnasvami Rao, C. I. E., sternly narrows it down. People of all views may find something in their favour, and the little book is distinctly interesting.

A. B.

The Cloud of Unknowing, edited by Evelyn Underhill. (John M. Watkins, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

For this delightful little volume, compiled from MSS. at the British Museum, we are deeply indebted to Miss Underhill, whose own work, *Mysticism*, has lately proved such a valuable contribution to this branch of literature. Of the author of the *Cloud of Unknowing* very little appears to have been handed down to us, beyond the fact that he was a cloistered monk, who lived at the close of the fifteenth century; but though upon opening his book we felt we were approaching a stranger, we cannot lay it down without a tribute of gratitude to an unknown friend, "an original, mystical genius of strongly marked character and great literary ability". "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, these three alone will make a man a prig" parodies Chesterton, and perhaps it is the entire absence of priggishness that makes the chief charm of this

author; for though we may admire a man for the things he does, we only really know him by the things he does not do. This author never bores his reader with pious platitudes; with directness and simplicity of style he goes straight to the point, and, though history has been silent concerning him, he stands self-revealed to us in these pages as a powerful personality, half saint, half philosopher, but wholly a devotee, a born contemplative of the highest order.

Indeed the author appears to be the spiritual descendant of that other mysterious being, who styled himself Dionysius the Areopagite. Of the excellence of his matter there can scarcely be two opinions and the quaintness and picturesqueness of his style is evident. As Miss Underhill points out the author is amusingly full of "fears that 'some young presumptuous ghostly disciples' may understand the injunction to lift up the heart in a merely physical manner; and . . . 'stare in the stars as if they would be above the moon' . . . in the effort to make literal ascensions to God". Such misconceptions he finds "hurt full sore the silly soul and make it fester in fantasy feigned of fiends". From which outburst of eloquence it may be slyly observed by the wicked reviewer that our somewhat arrogant author does not entirely disdain alliteration's artful aid. We cannot resist availing ourselves of its assistance in recommending this book to our readers as a strong solution of sanctified common sense.

K. F. S.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Embryology, by Prof. Gerald Leighton, M. D.

Readers of *The Secret Doctrine* will remember how H. P. Blavatsky hints at the importance of the study of embryology for the purpose of grasping certain cosmic principles, as also the intricacies of the evolution of the human constitution. Students of Occultism should know something about this very interesting science, and we hardly know of any manual so full of information as the one under review. It is lucidly written and deals out instruction in a pleasant manner. These *People's Books* are a boon to the student population.

B. P. W.

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Home Rule, by L. G. Redmond-Howard.

This little volume, enriched by a preface from the pen of Mr. Robert Harcourt, M. P., is an endeavour to put the case of Home Rule fairly before the public. The writer is avowedly in sympathy with his subject. After outlining briefly the history of Irish politics for the last two centuries or so, he gives in detail the more recent phases of the struggle for Home Rule, and indicates the advantages which will, in his opinion, accrue from the passing of the Bill. An interesting little book, and one that should prove useful to those who are not up-to-date on the Irish Question.

T. L. C.

Syndicalism, by J. H. Harley, M. A.

A volume descriptive of Syndicalism is decidedly useful in these days of repeated industrial wars. Syndicalism is defined as "a method of realising the Millennium by the action and under the government of Trade Unions," and the theory is developed in detail. The historical portion is very well worked out and the course of the movement traced from its birth up to the present day. The section dealing with modern times is the more valuable in that the author, though a thorough believer in the doctrine he expounds, is by no means blind to its weak points, and he discusses them with admirable fairness and impartiality. Those who, frequently seeing the term Syndicalism in the newspapers, have only a hazy idea of its meaning cannot do better than turn to this instructive booklet.

C. R. H.

The Structure of the Earth, by T. G. Bonney, Sc. D., F.R.S.

A most delightful little book which deserves the widest circulation. The most conspicuous characteristics of this very successful attempt at a popular exposition of the science of geology are freshness of treatment and vivid imagination, both supported by apt illustration and comparison. The story of the work of heat and cold, of rain and running water, of snow and ice, and of the sea, reads like a romance. We wish this instructive and interesting booklet a victorious career as a useful spreader of knowledge.

J. v. M.

Tennyson, by Aaron Watson.

The life of Tennyson must always be interesting. Apart from all other considerations, a man who was practically from the first surrounded by the most interesting people of his time must have many recollections and anecdotes which are worth recording.

Mr. Watson has, in the space at his command, admirably sketched the life of the poet, illustrating by quotation the influences which affected him. A very balanced criticism of the greater poems is given, and the opinion of the poet's contemporaries is quoted. The mystic side of Tennyson's nature is briefly, but well, brought out. Mr. Watson tells us:

He was always more or less of a mystic. He had, in truth, mystical experiences of his own, during which he seemed to live almost as much in the one world as the other Of dream states he seems to have had a vast and quite uncommon experience, as is proved over and over again in his poems, from 'The Mystic' to the last poem of all.

To lovers of his poetry this mystical aspect of the Laureate's work is very familiar, and is clearly present in 'The Passing of Arthur'. Tennyson's philosophy and breadth of intellect are touched upon and illustrated by a passage from 'Ænone,' in which poem as in many others the spirit of Theosophy shines brightly.

Mr. Watson is to be congratulated on having written such a delightful little book, delightful because the writer is in perfect sympathy with his subject. A useful bibliography completes the volume, which should prove an illuminating companion to the further study of Tennyson's poems.

A History of English Literature, by A. Compton-Rickett, M. A., LL. D.

The writer is indeed a brave man to endeavour to compress into such a small space a history of English Literature; and it argues a very wide knowledge of his subject to attempt such a task. Of necessity everything is on the minutest scale. This was inevitable. Since Stopford Brooke's admirable little Primer, we do not remember having seen another book, of any note, on the same lines. If, like Mr. Brooke, the author, in approximately the same space, has the gift of inducing his readers to make an attempt to follow the most fascinating pursuit of literature, he will have done more than well; and there

seems nothing in Mr. Compton-Rickett's work to prevent this. The history of the earlier period of our literature is all too brief, and thereby is deprived of some of its charm, and a few more quotations illustrating style, might, we venture to think, have been advantageously included.

The author has shown to a marked degree the art of selection; and it would be difficult to find any important point in the history of literature omitted. His criticisms are terse and valuable, and the whole book is arranged in a very workmanlike fashion. A chance example will show what is meant. The subject of Ben Johnson is divided thus: (1) the man, (2) his methods, (3) his technical skill, (4) detailed observations, (5) his graceful fancy. A useful list of reference books is placed at the end of the volume, which we hope will meet with the success it undoubtedly deserves.

T. L. C.

NOTICE

Kashmir Shaivism.

We have been asked to make a note about this eagerly expected work by Mr. Jagadisha Chandra Chatterji. Part i is before us and also the proofs of a considerable portion of Part ii, and we are informed that the book is likely to appear within three months or so. Part i (40 pages) deals with the history and literature, Part ii with the main doctrines of the system. For all who have ever struggled with the complicated historical questions and the technical difficulties of the Trika literature, the book will be a real relief.

F. O. S.

A GREAT INDIAN ON THEOSOPHY

[The following is the full text of the speech delivered by V. P. Madhava Rao, Esq., C. I. E., late Dewān of Mysore and of Travancore, as President on the occasion of the celebration of the 30th Anniversary of the Brahma Vidya Lodge, T. S., at Kumbakonam, on Tuesday, the 18th February, 1913.]

I CONSIDER it a privilege to be called upon to deliver the annual address at the Brahma Vidya Lodge at Kumbakonam. The name of the Lodge is well chosen, as it correctly conveys the idea of its being a spiritual centre. It may appear somewhat odd that though the name, the aims and objects, and methods of work of the Association are entirely indigenous and purely Hindū, the inspiration should come from the West, and through the medium of men and women whom Hindūs were accustomed to look upon as anything but spiritual. But so it has been. I well remember the sensation that was created when we heard of the advent of a Russian Lady and an American Colonel who, to the imagination of the wondering young India, appeared to have dropped from the clouds, bringing to us the message of hope and uplift, when India had half forgotten that it had had a glorious past, and that it still held spiritual treasures which were destined to rejuvenate the decadent civilisation of the West and prevent its utter collapse. When Madame Blavatsky and Colonel Olcott came to India, young India, dazzled by the achievements of the ruling race in the departments of science, of the art of war, of politics and administration, had begun to believe that its advancement lay in the direction of adopting the manners and customs and the social practices of the Europeans. It had lost the key to the interpretation of the symbolism and ritual of its religion and its sacraments, and had come to believe that it was all superstition, unworthy of men who would claim equality with Englishmen. Worse than this, with their crude notions of where-in the secret of the greatness and success of the ruling race lay, our young men had begun to abandon the habits of their community in regard to meat and drink, habits which had been formed as the outcome of experience of their necessity physically, morally and spiritually, gained during the passage of the race through the different phases of its evolution in ages gone-by. When young India was in this plight, down descended, as if from the skies, the pioneers of the Theosophic movement to arrest, as it were, the process of

denationalisation, and to tell us that we were fools to run after the dazzling objects of sense and lose the inestimable spiritual treasures of which we were heirs.

When one takes a survey of the history of India since the British came, one is lost in wonder at the change that has come upon the land, whether we consider its material or its moral and spiritual aspects.

When one looks at what is happening in the West in the domain of religion and spirituality, the inference would be that India had nothing to gain from a moral and spiritual point of view from the West. I do not think this view is correct. We have gained spiritually also, although the service the West has done will be found more in the way of stimulating an inquiry into our own religion and making us study our own literature and discover the rich treasures that we possess, rather than making a contribution of ideas and systems. But that the West is a great gainer by the discovery of the Samskr̥t language and Samskr̥t literature, and that its philosophy and religion are undergoing a transformation under the influence of the philosophy of the East, there can be no question. In fact as far as the western nations are concerned, the discovery of Samskr̥t may be said to have had the same effect on the spirituality of the West as the fall of Constantinople and the dispersion of the holders of Greek and Roman learning had on the Renaissance of Europe. Samskr̥t learning has already given Europe the science of language and folk-lore, and is now gradually supplying its religion with solutions of the problems of life, which the dogmas and doctrines with which the Church had encrusted the teachings of Christ have been found unable to give. That I am not exaggerating the spiritual destitution from which the people of the West are suffering will be clear from the following quotations from the book on Nonconformity in the *Home University* series, written by Dr. Selbie, M.A., D.D.

The great mass of the people of this country are profoundly indifferent to all the churches and to religion as represented by them. The advance in scientific discovery and in temporal well-being has brought about a spirit of practical materialism which tends to make religion both unnecessary and unreal. It is quite true, as every careful observer must realise, that this is only part of a general decadence that marks our modern civilisation.

In another place he says that "the great masses of the wage-earning population are altogether alienated from the Churches, whether Nonconformist or Anglican". Modern science and modern criticism have gradually deprived dogmatic Christianity of each of the doctrines on which it had built its system, until to-day the whole of the western world is without any religion. But it is not so with us. Our religion has sound philosophy at its back, and no advance in science and no criticism can touch its essential principles or symbolism; and

it is one of the services Theosophy has done to us to have roused us to a sense of the value of our own religion.

Theosophy has been instrumental in throwing open to all castes the higher spiritual truths of Hindüism, and in cultivating a habit of sympathy and fellow-feeling between the different castes. They all meet now on a common platform, and the benefit to the community is immense. The Purāṇas had done this in the past, and reformers like Rāmānuja had worked towards the same end. But there is a tendency in human institutions to get rigid after a time, and we want rousing now and then; and this function has been admirably discharged by the Theosophists. Another great merit about Theosophy is the insight it has shown from the beginning into the value of our caste system as a preservative of the nation's spirituality, and as preventing Hindüs from disappearing as a nation from the face of the earth. Not that Theosophy countenances caste as now observed, but it fully recognises the service it has done and is doing, and trusts to the progress of society and the spiritual elevation of the classes to bring about closer fellowship between the different communities than perhaps now exists. For all these services every Hindü should be grateful to Theosophy, and especially to its present gifted President.

In 1909, during my travels in the north when I visited Quetta in Baluchistan, the members of the Lodge there requested me to open the newly built Hall. Not being a professed Theosophist, I hesitated to undertake the function, but they would take no refusal. It was sufficient for them that I was a sympathiser, and an admirer of the service Theosophy was doing for India. Their enthusiasm and their thirst for spiritual knowledge would gladden any man's heart to see, especially in such a remote and wild country as Baluchistan. I simply say this to show the good Theosophy is doing all over the country, and especially in such a distant country as Baluchistan.

It is not pleasant to refer to the controversies that are now agitating the Society, and all we can do is to wish that they will not interrupt the good work the Society is doing.

I feel I should not conclude this address without giving expression to the pleasure it gave me to find so much zeal and earnestness in the cause of promoting spiritual knowledge in this centre. It speaks highly for the philanthropy of the donors that they should have so liberally contributed to the construction of this substantial and spacious building. The Secretary and office-bearers are working with a zeal and devotion which are worthy of all praise.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE judgment in the suit brought by Mr. Naraniah against myself to recover the custody of his two sons is a very peculiar one. The learned Judge absolutely cleared Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Krishnamurti from the scandalous charges brought against them by Mr. Naraniah. He declared that he did not believe his evidence, that the acts had never occurred, and that he had not acted under undue influence. He then went on to say that as the acts had not occurred, the plaintiff could not have known them, and thus, by leaving his sons with Mr. Leadbeater with that knowledge have shown himself unfit to have the custody of his sons: that the father's right to such custody was supreme, and that the fact that "the father was a liar did not deprive him of it". On this ground he ordered me to give back the boys to the father. He condemned the plaintiff to pay the whole costs of the suit, including that of the two commissions. I shall, of course, appeal against the order, but I do not know if execution will be stayed pending the appeal. If it is not, I

shall have to remain in India, as it would not be honourable to place myself outside the jurisdiction of the Court. The Judge further remarked that the accusations were evidently made long after the supposed occurrences, as a result of the jealousy felt by the plaintiff against Mr. Leadbeater. He made the boys wards of court.

* * *

The character of my beloved ward is thus wholly cleared from the foul charges levelled against him by his father, while the father has been scathingly described as a liar from the judicial bench. Let us hope that the order to give the boys to such a father will be annulled on appeal. So far, the odious crimes charged on us have been judicially declared not to have occurred, and by this the most important thing has been gained. Let us hope that the victory will be completed by the reversal of the order on appeal.

* * *

I was fortunate in having, as opposing counsel, Mr. C. P. Ramasvami Aiyar, a gentleman whose name for honour stands as high as his reputation for legal learning and ability. I was thus spared the difficulty, arising so often in Indian cases, of suborned low-class testimony. Mr. Ramasvami Aiyar fought desperately hard for his client, but it was only in his last speech that he uttered any words which one wishes to forget—and which I have forgotten. This brilliant young counsel should have a great career before him.

* * *

Here is a very pleasant word from the *American Theosophist*, showing how our much-loved Alcyone is developing into manhood; that gracious boyhood is

practically over, and the youth is becoming the man. Far more rapidly than we had thought possible is the change going on. Thus writes the American General Secretary:

The following excerpt from a letter just received from an American F. T. S. will very much interest the most of our readers:

During my recent business trip to London I had the unexpected pleasure of a visit of about an hour and a half with Alcyone and Rāja. I cannot express in words the deep impression the visit made upon me. Instead of the dreamy boy the photographs we have of Alcyone would indicate, I saw a magnificent young man—straight, athletic, alert, keenly interested in America and conditions existing here. On one side I would seem to see the dawning strength, power, vigour, one might expect; on the other a gentleness, a sweetness, beyond the power of words to describe. I don't think I shall ever forget the deep impression the visit made on me.

The "dreamy boy" was living more in other worlds than in the physical. Such "dreaminess" has often been noted as characterising the childhood of famous men. It has been written of the "little ones": "In heaven their Angels do always behold the face of my Father that is in heaven." Time and patience are needed to win the Angel to turn his eyes to vision less glorious; but when he does look downwards, his gaze is piercing and tender, luminous and wise.

* * *

Los Angeles Evening Herald states that a "new type of southern California girl" is developing, and a very beautiful one it seems to be.

With the new generation of girls in southern California a new type has been developed. All artists say so. The fusing of races in the melting pot of Southern California has developed a girl typical of this section—a different type of girl from any other in the world, and a girl unlike in many respects her sisters of the east and south and north of this country.

Says an artist:

I predict that within a few generations native Californians will be a distinct type, different from all the world. I predict this type will be the most beautiful type of human beings and will possess the majority of the virtues. California being the centre of attraction of all races, the types of all the world will be fused here and from the mass will spring the California type. I do not believe that the characteristics of any one race will predominate. The new California type will be supreme. The type will grow rapidly toward the pronounced brunette. The eyebrows will be straight and pronounced. With the growth toward the brunette type the cheeks will become rosy, and I believe the California woman is to be the most beautiful of the world.

The mating of these girls with the new and strong masculine type, to which I have before drawn attention, may well give America the sixth sub-race.

The *Homiletic Review* remarks on the difference of attitude towards Christian missions shown by Anglo-Indian and South African officials. One of the "most depressing problems" of the Christian missionary, it says, is constituted by "the indifference and prejudice of the average Anglo-Indian" and "the propaganda represented by Mrs. Besant". Does it not strike the *Review* that the conditions in India and South Africa are very different? In India we have the Hindūs, with an ancient civilisation, a spiritual religion, and a splendid philosophy; we have Pārsīs, Buddhists, Jains, Muhammadans, Sikhs, all with their own faiths and living highly civilised lives; the Christian missionary in India attacks all these great faiths, raises bitter feelings, and is a source of dangerous discord. Moreover, his influence undermines the total abstinence from strong drink imposed by the eastern faiths, and the drunkenness now spreading among large sections of the Indian higher classes is due to the example of Christians—however

temperate'—and the absence of the prohibition of liquor in Christianity. "Drink a little wine for thy stomach's sake" is a precept spread in India by the circulation of the Christian Bible, and the harm which is being done in this respect is incalculable. Those who doubt it may read the Customs House statistics. In South Africa, on the other hand, the Christian missionary is a civiliser of savage tribes, is an agent of good, and a useful educator. The officials in the two continents are both right in their respective attitudes, for the conditions, as said, are wholly different.

Our Scotch National Society has opened a Central Lodge Library Fund, and asks the members to send in second-hand books, or money for the purchase of new ones selected from a list of two hundred and seventy of the best Theosophical works, ranging in price from 6d. to £2-10-6. We are glad to see that the list is very catholic, and includes the works of Dr. Steiner, Mr. Mead, Mr. Scott-Elliot, Mr. Kingsland, as well as of Mme. Blavatsky, Mr. Leadbeater, Mabel Collins, and Mr. Bhagavan Das. I note that the *Pranava Vada* is included. The books collected will be divided into sets and sent to the Lodges most in need of a Library, but they will remain the property of the National Society, being issued on loan for as long as they are wanted. The idea is a very good one, and might wisely be copied in other Sections.

One of our American members, Mr. Max Wardle, has performed a remarkable feat in Seattle, Washington; he was made acting Mayor during the temporary absence of the regular civic officer, and set to work to 'clean

up' his city. He cleared away the gambling houses, checked bribery, purified the police force, sending the chief of police to gaol. He refused to continue in office when it was offered to him by the grateful town, and has been resting for a while at Krotona. He said to a newspaper reporter :

Yes I am a Theosophist. I am a Theosophist in so far as it relates to the universal brotherhood of man and the theory of evolution of the human species. I believe that all of us have lived before and that we will live again; that the soul is either consciously or unconsciously expressed in each embodiment, a higher state of intelligence and understanding. Just as one eats a meal and it is digested and assimilated, just so the period of rest between incarnations will represent the periods of digestion and ingestion. So that one returns to life with added wisdom and power after a period of such assimilation.... The theory of evolution is the most striking feature of Theosophy. I do believe in the transmigration of the soul. I believe that man has come up through the civilisation of the past into the mighty civilisation of the present. I believe that all a man is to-day is the outgrowth and product of his various experiences in his pilgrimages.

Mr. Wardle is only thirty-three years of age, so we may look for much good work from him. America needs citizens so virile and so upright.

* * *

A remarkable sermon on Hindū religious thought, dealing chiefly with re-incarnation, was preached lately at Wimbledon (England), by the Rev. G. T. Sadler. His text was the well-known enquiry of the Christ: "'Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am?' And they said: 'Some say that Thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets'." On this Hebrew view of reincarnation, the preacher founded his discourse. Mr. Sadler divided the history of Hindū thought into five periods, taking the last as that which included the idea of Avatāras; he then said,

concerning the Avatāra known under the name of Shri Kṛṣṇa :

The story of Kṛṣṇa includes certain elements which have been called by some immoral, but which were undoubtedly symbolic of spiritual ideas. The account of Kṛṣṇa's life also embodies episodes very like those contained in the Christ story; viz., that Kṛṣṇa was born of a Virgin, announced by His Star, adored by cowherds, was of royal descent, had a disciple named Arjuna, healed a leper, was transfigured, crucified, descended into hell, rose again from the dead, and will come again to judge men. Such elements, however, are to be found in many faiths, and the *Bhagavad-Gītā* was written long before Christianity could have reached India. Sir Monier Williams will not allow that there was copying by the Hindūs, but reminds us that "the Bible is a thoroughly Oriental book". It is more likely that Hindū ideas had filtered through to Palestine, via Persia.

The belief in the incarnation of Vishnu in the person of Kṛṣṇa came as a solace to the people, who craved an incarnate loving Deity, one who pitied and saved men.

Then the preacher suggested some thoughts which might lead people to consider transmigration. He pointed to the universality of the idea, and quoted the ode of Ovid :

Dies not the Spirit,
But new life repeats
Into other forms,
And only changes seats.
Even I, who this mysterious truth declare,
Was once Euphœbus, in the Trojan war;
My name and lineage I remember well.
Thus all things are but altered,
Nothing dies,
And here and there the unbodied Spirit flies.

Then Mr. Sadler turned to Origen, speaking of a ladder between heaven and earth, the symbol of the descent of souls, and reminded his hearers of Jacob's ladder, and the ladder placed in the cave in the Mithraic worship to represent the souls coming down to earth from heaven. He pointed out that the Jews certainly believed in transmigration, and that it was taught by

many Rabbis. The doctrine, he said, aided in the explanation of geniuses, prodigies, and congenital criminals, whereas "the alternative to reincarnation is predestination," the dictate of "some capricious God". The preacher concluded:

We ought at least to entertain the Message of the best thought in great India as a 'working hypothesis' and be willing to enquire into it . . . The modern missionary, going to India, ought to go as a comrade in truth-seeking, not as condemning all he sees. He must not judge Hindûism by the crude superstitions of the peasant, who bows before a snake, or an elephant, or an image of these, any more than he would judge of mathematics by the babblings of a child.

The Christian missionary has a message to take to India as well as something to learn from India. His message will be comprehended in the words: "He that loveth (habitually) is born of God and knoweth God." The craving for the incarnate Kṛṣṇa shows the need of the heart for a loving God. The modern and true missionary will not enforce Church sacraments, or creeds, or politics, but will show by life and teaching what he feels in his soul—the Love Illimitable. That is the nature of the Infinite Life, from whom, and through whom, and unto whom are all things.

Truly is Theosophy making its way into the churches.

* * *

Another Theosophic word comes from 'Carmen Sylva,' the Queen of Roumania. She writes in the *Fortnightly Review* that if she were a millionaire she would build a cathedral, with chapels for every religion in it, and an arts school beside it. Future Queens, perhaps, will build such Theosophical cathedrals.



INTUITIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

A Lecture in a Course on Consciousness

By FRANCESCA ARUNDALE, F. T. S.

CONSCIOUSNESS has been traced through the long path of its manifestation, from the flame to the spark, from the spark to its encasement in the various planes of matter, each downward plane marking an added veil, an added density to be overcome and conquered. The Self of man comes from the first LOGOS, it is a reflection of the Monad; and yet more than a reflection, as it is truly the Self, the germ of all that it will be when, having passed through all limitation, it shall be capable of Self limitation, of Self manifestation.

Thus we see the spark becoming the threefold manifestation on the three planes of the descending path as Ātmā, Buddhi, Manas. But the Self has to descend still further into matter, for there are the planes of manifestation even lower than the mānasic. To conquer these is the work of the Self in its lowest unfoldment, as it reaches out to the astral and the physical. To accomplish this a further reflection of the Self is necessary, and the mental divides itself into higher and lower, that which can still contact the spiritual and higher Self, and that which reflects it in the lower, the field of concrete matter. There then again we get a triad, but this time a triad working in the densest limitation of matter, concrete mind, the feelings and emotions, and their field of action in the physical body. With the long processes of this unfoldment I have nothing to do; they have been fully dealt with in the earlier lectures of this series; it is sufficient for the purpose of this lecture to note that in this lower reflection there is the gradual realisation of the Self, and that the effect of evolution through the lower planes is that, while at the beginning of its course this lower looks upon itself as apart and separate from its surroundings, at the end it realises its spiritual Self-hood and identity with all. Thus the centre of consciousness is gradually transferred from the lower physical of the animal and savage man to the emotional and intellectual centres of the civilised and developed entity.

One thing must be remembered, and that is that the reflection of the Self in the lower triad is a trinity, that each of the powers or aspects of the One Self is represented, and that these are being developed simultaneously, so that the mortal man, as we may call this lower

triad, unfolds the reflection of Ātmā, Buddhi, Manas by expanding the centres of consciousness, till at last in the realisation of identity they are capable of being drawn into the higher. We have seen in the previous lectures the process of this unfolding; how the concrete, intellectual consciousness of the mortal person at last fixes its centre in the intellectual consciousness of the immortal individual; how that which was external and concrete is seen in its inner aspects as internal and abstract, so that the root of knowing is seen as the knower, and that Self-realisation involves the knowing of the thing in itself of which the concrete is the manifestation in time.

In the present lecture we have to do with the next stage in the great unfoldment, the realisation of the intuitional consciousness, the vehicle through which it works in manifestation in time, and the world of Being to which it belongs. It is again important to remember that in manifestation we are dealing with a reflection, so that just as we sought for the reflection of the higher intellectual consciousness of the Monad in its concrete aspects, so must we now seek for the next aspect of the Monad, the Buddhi aspect, in the plane that reflects it in its manifestation in time. The bliss aspect of the Monad shows itself in the mortal personality in love and joy, in the attraction that makes men seek one object rather than another. The plane of desire is the reflection of the buddhic plane in time and manifestation, and the nearest expression of the bliss aspect is the condition of pure and intense love which sometimes unites two persons, making them feel as one being in thought, word and action. It is in the astral reflection that we have to look for the first

faint stirring of buddhic consciousness, and in this connection we must note that all planes and sub-planes of matter interpenetrate the physical, and are, as we may say, adjacent to it. This is very important, for the consciousness of the Ego, drawn outwards by vibrations of the astral plane, causes responsive vibrations in the astral body, and these arouse faint answering thrills in the buddhic matter of which the astral is the reflection, and in this way the response in the buddhic vehicle is strengthened and developed.

Thus we see that the physical, astral, mental, buddhic, and nīrvāṇic vehicles are all closely connected, and when we speak of the buddhic plane and the buddhic vehicle, we are not speaking of something that is afar off, but of that which is present with every man, here and now; and by unfolding the reflection of the Self we come into touch with the reality that lies behind it. The buddhic matter, which we call the buddhic body, must not however be thought of as a body similar to the physical body, that is to say as an enclosure; there is no hard and fast outline circumscribing the atoms of buddhic matter and thus creating a definite form. It should rather be conceived of as a vibrating centre with lines radiating in all directions. We have been told that the causal vehicle, or the body of the higher mental plane, is the only permanent body of the ego in manifestation. The lower mental, the astral, and the physical disintegrate after each life, but the causal body may be regarded as the storehouse of the experiences garnered by the ego in its earthly lives.

It is in this causal body that the buddhic sheath or centre is formed, and it is the nucleus of those permanent atoms which enable the ego to descend into

matter, carrying its experience from one life to another. We have also been told that it is developed by the exercise of the mental powers of abstract thought, the highly intellectual and moral characteristics, developed in each life. It is the strengthening of this aspect of the Intellect in the causal body which gradually forms the buddhic centre, and, so long as the causal body lasts, that centre and its radiating lines remain as the nucleus of the permanent atoms.

In the course of the unfoldment of the ego, however, the great mystery of Initiation takes place, and, when the ego consciously enters the buddhic plane, the causal body itself disappears, that body which has been the home of the consciousness through life after life, in the higher as well as the physical world. It disappears; that is to say, it disintegrates, and the atoms of which it is composed are lost in the surrounding sea of mental matter.

Thus the buddhic sheath has no form, but is a raying out of matter in all directions, and to the developed seer the buddhic threads can be seen as running through all living organisms and holding them together. It is this disappearance of the causal body when a man passes through the first Initiation which gives the feeling at first, we are told, of having lost every touch with the planes below. The buddhic centre and the permanent atoms, however, remain; and these permanent atoms are the links by means of which the ego can again emerge from the buddhic plane to the lower realms of manifested life.

Having spoken of the buddhic sheath, we may consider the characteristics of the plane from which it emanates. It is only by symbols that we can in any way image the conditions of this glorious realm. It has

been described as the Christ plane of the human Spirit, a sphere of knowledge and love, where each man is most perfectly himself, and yet at the same time includes all others in himself, and is all others. A plane in which there is no exclusion, for all being interpenetrates, and no isolation is possible. It may be compared to a centre of energy with no excluding walls, and each entity, as he becomes conscious on this plane, is at once the centre as well as the out-raying energy. Truly it is the Christ plane, for it is the plane of *at-one-ment* and is the foundation of the much misunderstood doctrine of *Atonement*. The Christ, who is the perfected entity on this plane, shares His life with all, and through Him and from Him come the rays of life and love and wisdom that draw all men up to Him. It is the plane of Saviours, because from here there is no separation, but a constant sharing with others. The entity that has passed through the cross of manifestation in matter has become conscious through all form, and now exists as a conscious centre, able to vivify all that is below him, in very truth one with God and man. In no sense however is this at-one-ment vicarious; how could it be so if the nature of the Self be understood? The Christ of the buddhic plane is not a manifestation of the power of the Spirit for one only, it is the condition that is manifest that all may attain, as in the words of the Great Initiate on earth, "that they may be one in Us".

The spark is the flame, and the expansion of consciousness that marks the entrance of the Initiate on to the buddhic plane is the realisation of the identity of the nature and being of the spark with that which is at once its source and centre.

The entering this condition of consciousness is often spoken of as entering the stream, for never can the man who has once realised this condition fall back to the state of worldliness which looks on the external as the real. He has touched the inner side of being, and although he may wander and delay, yet he can never lose the spiritual knowledge that has come to him from the divine plane.

In the title of this lecture mention is made of the intuitional consciousness, its vehicle and its world. We have seen somewhat of the nature of its world in the description of the powers and attributes of the buddhic plane, and the buddhic sheath has been spoken of as a radiating centre. Let us now see how that centre is related to the man as we know him in the present world of manifestation. What is the intuitional consciousness, how does it manifest in the world of sense and action, and how can it be strengthened and developed so that the ego can realise itself on the buddhic plane? In the first place, it must be again noticed that all planes of matter are adjacent and co-existing. Physical, astral, mental, causal, buddhic and the planes beyond—all interpenetrate each other; the matter of which these planes are composed forms the man as we see him in manifestation, and the life functions through all, more or less strongly as that life becomes fully conscious on the various planes. The ego, triple in its nature as the spark of the flame, manifests this triplicity in the mortal person, and physical consciousness, emotional consciousness and higher mental consciousness reflect the three aspects of the immortal ego, the *Ātmā*, the *Buddhi* and the *Intellect*. The emotional consciousness is what we have to deal with as the

vehicle through which the ego cognises the lower and becomes the master of feeling and desire. The astral plane is the field of buddhic manifestation in its lowest aspect. The principle of love and joy, of attraction, a going forth in desire, is Buddhi reflecting itself in Kāma. It is on the plane of desire that we must seek for the first stirring of vibrations to be carried on to the perfecting and strengthening of the powers of the buddhic vehicle. The characteristic of the buddhic plane is, as we have seen, unity, and it is the desire that makes for unity which is the first expression of the life passing from the lower to the higher form of consciousness. Love therefore may be said to be the means by which the buddhic sheath can be stirred into vibration. How faint is the first thrill that pulsates from physical love of wife or child; it is too much mixed with the separated *I* to be translated to the body of bliss where the *I* is as much the all as the centre. *My wife, my child, my friend* is the first reaching out of the separated self in manifestation to the self in union with all. As that love becomes purer, as it expands so that the *I* is not thought of, and no return for its outflowing is desired, when love is given to benefit and not to gain for self, then and then only does the thrill pass to the centre of union, and the buddhic sheath is formed for the expression of the God manifest.

The consciousness that is at first drawn outwards by the vibrations of the lower astral matter gradually responds to the vibrations of the higher, and we see great emotions, such as love and devotion to a superior, to a hero and a great personal ideal. When a man pours out this love to his ideal, looking for no reward, joyous to serve for the joy of giving himself in service,

then arise the faint answerings in the buddhic matter and the centre thrills and rays out in response. This may be said to be the aspect of Buddhi, showing itself as love. On the astral plane, it feels the unity; it strives after it. Where an individual has no love there can be no vibration to start the buddhic thrill of response; it is pure unselfish love which develops the bliss aspect, till at last not only is unity felt and striven for, but seen and known.

The development of this buddhic consciousness will show itself in many ways; we shall not pick out the one or two on whom to lavish our stores of love and devotion, but all will be near and dear, so all will be protected, and helped and revered as part of the great life. None so evil that we shrink from trying to draw near in help; none so weak that we would not strengthen.

Another means by which the buddhic consciousness may be developed is the strengthening of the centres of the causal body. As we have seen, the causal body is the vehicle of consciousness on the higher plane of mentality, the characteristic feature being knowledge in its abstract form. It is that aspect of the Self which seeks to know the reality of a thing, what it really is. It is not content with the external, but looks through the external to the reality—to what it is apart from the world of form. This seeking for abstract reality apart from form being the reverse of the process of evolution into form, it links itself to the inward and not the outward, and by retiring inwards it reaches to the plane of love or unity as the only reality, the one basis of all form.

Therefore is it necessary, if we would acquire the buddhic consciousness, not only to let our love pass

beyond the external plane, but also our thought, to recognise the one life in all, not as a dead platitude but as a living reality. This recognition of unity will gather all into its mighty embrace, and love and wisdom become one. Meditation is the great unfoldment of this power of Intuition. Through constant practice in the endeavour to rise beyond the lower to a higher form of consciousness, the lower begins to partake of the nature of that to which it aspires. All meditation draws the soul beyond the every-day concerns of time and space, it builds the stairway by which we climb to the larger life which awaits us, and enables us to reach that threshold where the unity is seen.

The intuitional consciousness will therefore show itself as the constant endeavour to expand the *I*, to bring all that which is external into the *Self*, so that nothing that lives or moves shall remain as separated or apart. The lowest animal, the flower and tree, the stone, the sage, the robber, and the slayer will all find their place in this great embracing love, as parts in the great whole, my Self in evolution. No anger can disturb, no passions mar the serenity of one who sees himself in all. The changing forms of manifestation will be seen as aspects for time, of that which is beyond time and beyond manifestation.

The two means, therefore, by which any one may hope to advance to the buddhic unity are love and thought. Unselfish love, that spends itself in service to all, causes vibrations in the buddhic matter. The influences from the plane ray down, and the soul is bathed in joy that knows no words—unspeakable bliss.

This advance is also made possible by the development of the higher manas in the causal body. No

thought can conceive the reality of the buddhic power, even within the causal faculties, and, once realised, it breaks up the material of the causal plane and it remains as the body of Buddhi; he who would function on the lower planes then makes anew the vehicles through which he would work. This is the secret of the first Initiation; *that* which has been the pilgrim through the many countless lives receives its liberation, and henceforward there is the body of bliss, which is the ever present home of the individual who has but to descend at will in a causal body made afresh each time he returns to the lower planes of manifestation. The intuitional consciousness reflects itself as the power to discriminate clearly and immediately, with certainty and knowledge. It is the growth of experience in love and wisdom, just as instinct is the growth of passion and physical desire to live; both Intuition and instinct have a common basis as the reflections of the higher, but it is only the pure emotions, the unselfish love, that can grow the beautiful flower that may bloom in the buddhic region, while instinct arises from desire for self-preservation, and is the guide of the consciousness in the lower worlds only. Pure emotion, loving devotion, unselfish service, are the means of unfoldment, and no one must depend on intuitional knowledge where there is selfish love and desire for personal gain. The Intuition is the all-seeing vision that can catch the light from the plane of Buddhi and so illumine the path that the soul with unerring certainty shall press onwards, sure in its knowledge and power. But who shall tell of the joy that he may feel who has once secured entrance to the glories of that region of unity. Earth and water, land and sea, the grass, the flowers, the insects that flit from blossom

to blossom, all are felt and known as one; there is then the utter certainty that the idea of the separate self is a delusion. Henceforward all nature holds a different meaning for him. He creates a world of beauty around himself, for love is the artist which transforms and transfigures the unreal and the transient so that the real and the immortal can be sensed in all. Blessed indeed is such a one, and blessed are those that can dwell in his presence; he becomes at once a channel through which the greater life may show itself in all its glory, for the love of the Brotherhood of Love can pass unfettered through his pure emotion. The veil has been torn asunder and he has at last reaped the knowledge which comes to the ego in its first unfoldment on the buddhic plane. Harvested from the experiences of many lives he has gained the power to sympathise with all, and has become a co-worker with those Saviours of mankind who have their dwelling on the plane of Bliss and Wisdom. Such is the man in whom the faculty of the Intuition shines out, such is the power which he can exercise, beyond the limitations of sense, beyond the critical judgment of the mind. From the realm of wisdom he brings the discriminative vision which unites him in love and sympathy with all, and to him the many have become the One.

Francesca Arundale

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

(Continued from p. 29)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER II

Theosophy : Its Philosophical and Psychological Basis

ACCORDING to Theosophy, this universe is a manifestation of an inscrutable, incomprehensible, Essence, Power, Being, in regard to which the subtlest and most elastic language of humanity fails to express even a shade of a shadow. Since, however, it is necessary in human intercourse to adopt some common symbols, no matter how inadequate, this Source of things, which is the first principle of all true thinking, in the language of western thought is called the Unknowable, and in the language of the East is Parabrahman. Within this Unity, which co-ordinates all diversity, and yet is beyond unity; within this Totality, which embraces the minutiae of all universes, yet is Itself outside totality, we exist. At some incalculable period of time by human reckoning, that rootless Root and causeless Cause, involving a portion of Itself in deeper and deeper limitation of Itself, brought forth the sensible universe, yet in no wise fell from Its own transcendent state. As the ancient scripture, the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, says: "Having pervaded this universe with a fragment of Myself, I

remain." Just as the poet, inspired from his hidden and inexhaustible being, finds his inner eye filled with the vision of a future immortal poem, so the Divine Poet, whose syllables are stars, whose lines are systems, whose stanzas are universes, visioned His creation. This vision of the Kosmos is the first limitation of the Illimitable. It is the seat of the kosmic activity, the Puruṣha, or ultimate Self, of the Kosmos.

Now activity of any kind, from the simplest act of which we have direct experience, such as the stroke of a pen, to the most complicated operations of associated humanity—indeed, activity of any kind which involves the exercise of consciousness in any degree—necessitates not only a source or seat of such consciousness, but also a field which circumscribes the area of activity, and an organ of activity.

To the painter his art may be all in all; but the vision of the World Beautiful, though it may dominate his life, does not exhaust it: it stands in relation to his whole life as the Kosmic Vision does to the Unmanifest, underlying, permeating, vivifying, sustaining. But the possibilities of his art are definitely limited. He can no more play a tune through his pictorial art than a musician can paint a picture on his piano. True, there are certain overlappings of suggestion in the arts: the painter seeks to impart 'tone' to his work: the musician endeavours to give 'colour' to his composition; but the transfer of terms which is common to the arts is no indication of uniformity: it is, rather, a sign of the hidden unity beckoning the mind inwards towards the One Source of all things.

This limitation, or field of activity, at the kosmic level, is called in Theosophy root-nature, *Mūlaprakṛti*,

and consists of time, space, and law in their widest significance. In comparison with the underlying Reality, it is unreal, transitory, illusory. It is called in the East, *Māyā*, and is spoken of symbolically as a veil drawn across the Absolute. Like a diaphanous covering on a beautiful form, which conceals the essential nature but discloses the figure, the veil of *Māyā* provides a medium for the kosmic outlook, and provides for the exterior eye a means of cognising the hidden Reality which cannot be seen directly.

Circumscribed, then, by time and space, and by the inexorable law of cause and effect, the Kosmic Vision becomes more definite; becomes not merely the inspired vision of the artist, but takes form as the full and complete plan of the work of creation to be accomplished. The Kosmic Vision has now found for Itself an organ, Kosmic Mind, in which is contained the totality of possibilities of the future manifestation. This is the *Brahmā* of the East,¹ the truly understood Creator, subject to laws beyond Him, and free from the philosophic inconsistencies of the western conception which, by attributing to its God-the-Father the qualities properly belonging to a deeper level of Divinity, necessitates an arbitrary character that is responsible for much of the discontent and scepticism now pervading Christian communities.

It is not necessary for the purpose of our argument to enter here upon a detailed account of the further processes which result in the evolution of the tangible

¹ There are countless *Brahmās*, Creators of world-systems, according to Hindūs. The quite accurate conception of the writer would, perhaps, be better named as the *Saguṇa Brahman* in His aspect of Activity, for this is Kosmic Mind. Each *Brahmā* has His own system. We should call Him a Solar Logos, or a Logos of many solar systems, and so on, but always a concrete Creator.—Ed.

universe. These have been written of at much length in many books. For our purpose of considering the main teachings of Theosophy in their bearing upon the necessity for a practical religious philosophy, we need only now deal with generalities.

We have seen that the teaching regarding the Unmanifest passing partially into Kosmic Vision, becoming defined in Kosmic Law, and finding an instrument in Kosmic Mind, corresponds with the demonstrable necessity, in all processes involving consciousness, of a seat, a field, and an organ. Passing now from the kosmic stage to the microkosmic, the stage of humanity in its most inclusive sense, Theosophy, following the law of correspondence on all planes of the universe, regards the Kosmic Mind as in its turn the seat of the individual consciousness. From this source, which to the individual consciousness is as illimitable as Parabrahman to Puruṣha, spring the multitudinous souls that crowd the abyss of creation. Passing outward from their divine home, they too, as did the Self of all selves, find their circumscription and field in the individual operation of time, space, and causation. Through this limitation the Kosmic Vision conceived Its universe as separate from all else: through this same limitation the illusion of separateness is set up between consciousness and consciousness, each passing onward to find its instrument in the human mind. This in its turn becomes the seat of the temporary personality, as distinguished from the inner Self which, according to Theosophy, follows the apparently universal operation of periodicity and rhythm, and animates a succession of temporary personalities in the same way as the Supreme Self creates and uncreates His universes. This temporary

personality, seated in the human mind, has its field in the faculties which distinguish human being from human being, and operates through the instrumentality of the senses.

The process thus briefly outlined—the passing of the Unmanifest into manifestation, of the Absolute into the relative, of Unity into diversity, of Divinity into humanity—is the process symbolically set forth in the Christian Myth of ‘the fall of man,’ and other similar stories in primitive mythologies. In the Theosophical view it is an orderly process, involving no break from the Source of sources to the utmost of manifestation. Whatever may be the exterior diversity of form, it shades away towards the type or norm; and both norm and form are the signals whereby we recognise the actuating consciousness beneath. Between the loftiest and lowliest expressions of the Divine, in consciousness, there is the affinity of essence: they differ only by virtue of the differences of limitation. To value these limitations we should have to go step by step backward from effect to cause, and from cause to its cause, until at last we should lose ourselves in the white flame of the divine Oneness.

It is obvious, from such a view of the universe as this—a universe actuated by one divine Consciousness, and held together by one Law of Causation, the universal Karma—that questions of vital differences can have no predominant place. “The senses moving among the objects of the senses” may act upon the assumption of differentiation; but the inner Wisdom, the Buddhi or Illuminator of the Soul, gives assent to the sage Hermetic doctrine, “As above, so below,” and recognises that “there is no great and no small in the

Absolute". Mount Everest may smile with compassion at the light snowflake that is blown aimlessly about its peak: the snowflake may sigh in pity for the big, immovable thing that cannot feel the uplift of flight; but the Foot of the Wanderer of the Universes may reduce them both to the ultimate ether.

From the point of view, therefore, of a common parentage in the Kosmic Mind, and a common up-bringing in the Universal Law, it is evident that the Theosophical Society can erect no special or dogmatic barriers between its Fellows. It can have no test of creed or caste. Its only condition of membership is a declared agreement with the principle of Universal Brotherhood.

But the view of the universe set forth above is only one half of the matter, the out-going or centrifugal phase. Christian teaching balances the fall of Man with the Redemption: Theosophical teaching declares that a universe of partial and relative constituents could not be maintained by the exercise of a single force, and sets an inward or centripetal trend alongside the centrifugal. But this is not all. To suppose two such forces acting with equal power would be to suppose a static, not an active universe; and Theosophy teaches not merely the involution of Divinity in the sheaths of limitation, but the evolution of the inherent Divinity to Its primal degree. It cannot therefore give assent to the philosophical fallacy contained in Tennyson's lines:

And in a boundless universe
Is boundless better, boundless worse.

Plausible as the epigram is, with all the glamour of artistic technique and rhythm, it will not stand examination. A moment's thought will make it evident that a universe consisting of two opposed *boundless* forces

would not be a *universe* but a chaos. Besides, the term *boundless* can only be applied to that which is unmanifest, not to any manifestation in form, be its 'universality' ever so wide.

The Theosophical conception of the universal process in its completeness may be symbolised as a boomerang flung from the divine Hand, and returning thereto. With the outgoing force there was simultaneously set up the indrawing force which, at the distance resolved upon by the divine Thrower, overtakes the outgoing force, turns the corner, and returns to the place from whence it started, having travelled the appointed circuit for the divine Purpose. In this aspect, then, we have a reinforcement of the necessity for the acceptance of the principle of Universal Brotherhood, since it teaches not only a community of origin, but a community of destiny. Not only are we the children of a divine Parentage: we are also the parents of a divine Progeny. The Sons of God came forth for the making of the worlds: the Son of Man is born for their redemption.

These considerations, however, might result in no more than a merely academic acceptance of the doctrine of Universal Brotherhood. To some minds they may appear as simply benevolent speculations whose findings lack the authority of demonstration. Even were this true—and we shall see later that it is not—a short examination of the nature of consciousness, as distinct from its history, will provide us with a further and conclusive reason for the ideal of Universal Brotherhood, and will show that any true understanding of one's own nature must result in an effort in the direction of practical altruism on the part of every

serious human being, and above all on the part of every aspirant after the Divine Wisdom.

In all processes in the normal consciousness—that is, in all processes involving the quality of active awareness, apart from the phenomena of the regions called the superconsciousness and the subconsciousness—we find ourselves, as normally conscious entities, standing between two unknown worlds. On the one hand there is the vast world of objects of sense-perception, amongst which we move, like vortices drawing to us the things needful for our sustenance in the external world, or like catherine-wheels flinging out the influences which distinguish us from others to the eye of the observer. On the other hand there is the mysterious world of our inner nature, from which issue the edicts that determine our lines of thought, our consecutiveness of utterance, our continuity of action.

Of these two worlds we have not, in the strict sense, any direct knowledge. We say we look *out* upon a beautiful landscape; but optical anatomy tells us that the nerves whereby we translate the assumed object into consciousness are actually turned *inwards*. In brief, not to labour what may be found in any text-book of psychology, we cannot cognise things immediately: we can only infer them mediately through qualities communicated to consciousness by various vibrations through the organs of sense. At the same time, we are compelled by the exigencies of life to act perpetually on the assumption of the objective reality of things outside our own consciousness, just as we are constrained to assume the objective reality of the tilt of the earth's axis, which is beyond immediate cognition.

What applies in the external world applies also in the internal. At no moment is the active consciousness in touch with more than a tiny fragment of what we conceive to be the total consciousness. We discourse upon Art, and our active consciousness, which we may regard as the coherer or exchange between external and internal, thrills to the passing of a chain of thought from the mystic storehouse of our deeper consciousness. We change the subject, and the whole feeling of the active consciousness changes with it as an entirely different chain of thought passes through. And when we look closely into the process, we find that the chain of thought is not composed of new thinking, but is simply the linking up of a series of conclusions.

From these considerations we gather that, whatever may be the special character of the fragment of the external universe with which we are in contact at any particular time, it can only influence us in accordance with our own inherent ability to respond to it. A Wagner opera will exalt one listener to the seventh heaven of spiritual ecstasy. To another, as Mark Twain puts it, it will not be as bad as it sounds. A mathematician will say: "It is all very good, but what does it prove?" Even where minds have a special affinity in the arts, it is observable that a roughly similar impression will be arrived at in different ways. One person, whose active consciousness appears to be, as it were, close up against his inner consciousness, will run through or jump over a series of generalisations to a conclusion. Another, whose coherer appears to be at a distance from the main machine, has to take time in order to call out from the hidden treasury of consciousness the necessary data from which to make a new conclusion.

But be the method and the conclusion what they may, one fact emerges from all study of the mental nature, the fact that one's view of the universe is absolutely and irrefragably conditioned by one's power of vision. So far as the tiny point of consciousness which operates at any moment may be regarded, for the purpose of thought, as a separate entity, it stands helplessly between two tyrants—its inner Self, and the universe outside itself. The *Bhagavad-Gītā*, with the wisdom that is beyond yea or nay, counsels no man to say: "I am the doer." The qualities of nature, which are beyond his control, act upon him. He only *reacts* to them. True, his reacting is conditioned by his own essential nature; and this he can so modify as to alter or even revolutionise his reaction to subsequent impacts of the external world. These methods, as well as the interrelation of humanity, we shall consider later. The important point to bear in mind at this stage of our subject is that each person's universe is his very own, unfathomably divided from each other person's by the physical vehicle as regards the receiving of sense perceptions; and unfathomably divided by the essential character of his own inner nature as regards his interpretation of those perceptions, and his conduct in response to them. Every impact of the outer world evokes some manifestation of the larger Self which lies behind and sustains the temporary self. The aspiration to possess a particular virtue, aroused by some dramatic realisation, is simply the herald of the coming of that virtue from the spiritual hinterland of the acting consciousness. It is no process of inoculation by a virtue-serum, but a stimulation of the inherent potential nature into activity. This is the secret of the power of prayer. To ask is to

receive: nay, rather, to ask is to possess. But the more the thing desired touches the external world, the more also to ask is to give. We pray for the forgiveness of trespasses, but the condition is that we forgive those who trespass against us.

The spectacle of, say, a people clamouring to be free from some extraneous tyranny, yet refusing to give freedom to some people within its own borders, is so obviously inconsistent that it appeals at once to the very superficialities of thought, and the average human being has a rough-and-ready opinion that a person does not deserve what he is not prepared to share. Deep-rooted in the heart of man there is a sense of balance and justice. As Portia said:

We do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

The command to do unto others as we would they should do unto us is not the offer of a selfish *quid pro quo*, but an ancient and clear-eyed statement of the law of consciousness, that we can only receive what we already possess and are prepared to give. To the extent that a man refuses freedom to anything within his sphere of influence, he is himself bound, for to him there is no universe beyond himself, and the chain he puts upon anything within his purview he puts upon his own wrists.

That supreme master of song, Shelley, struck to the very core of the matter when he asked:

Can man be free, and woman be a slave?

Behind the trenchant query, which is less an interrogation than a declaration, there is a searching knowledge of the mystery of man's mental nature. It is but another

utterance of the basic condition of spiritual life—perfect freedom, based on the apprehension of the necessary diversity in manifestation, and the necessary unity in essence. This in a sentence is the whole gospel of Theosophy. Allegiance to it finds its inevitable expression in a perfect tolerance and in labour for the realisation of the Universal Brotherhood. This is the first object of the Theosophical Society, the bond uniting its Fellows in the dual purpose of studying and scattering wisdom concerning the Divine, and of developing the faculty of cognition of the Divine.

(To be continued)

James H. Cousins

MYSTICAL POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By MARGUERITE M. C. POLLARD, F. T. S.

ONE of the most fascinating pursuits for the student of literature and of life is to trace the working of the law of periodicity, the outgoing and indrawing of the Great Breath as it is revealed in the history and poetry of succeeding ages.

The sixteenth century was a period of outgoing energy, a *manvantara*, not a *pralaya*. Men turned their minds to the observation and study of external things, to exploration, to colonisation, to the study of the classics and to the production of great art. The study of Greek literature increased the impulse of the age to worship the Lord of Life under the aspect of Beauty, the Spirit expressing Itself in forms of ideal loveliness.

In the next century a reaction set in; the life current, instead of being directed outwards, began to turn inwards, and men began to realise that there is an inner as well as an outer revelation of truth. Instead of a positive form of mysticism finding expression in a religion of Beauty and a worship of Nature as the manifested Form of God, a negative mysticism began to prevail, a tendency to turn away from all forms in order that pure Spirit, the Unmanifest alone might be the object of worship.

In the early seventeenth century, just at the turning of the tide, we find a remarkable group of mystical poets. These men benefited by their proximity to the great Renaissance writers and their wave of outgoing life in the impulse for self-expression, but in their impulse for the development of the inner life of the soul they belong to the age of pralaya.

The receding of the tide is noticeable in the lives of these poets in rather a remarkable way. Nearly all of them—Herbert is a notable exception—begin their careers as verse-writers by the production of charming amatory and other secular poems, but later they become more in-drawn and their verse is for the most part religious, mystical or philosophical in character, as in the case of Crashaw, of Henry Vaughan and of John Donne.

The writer of this group of mystical poets who has had the strongest hold upon the hearts of his country-men is undoubtedly George Herbert, and he is still much read and much loved among members of the Anglican Church. His genius is more English than that of any of the rest. He is less visionary than Vaughan, less ardent and erotic than Crashaw, but there is a quiet spirituality about his work which is both soothing and refreshing to many at the present day who have little sympathy with psychical phenomena. The other poets of this group are less known to the general public, but are of great interest to students of literature and lovers of mystical poetry.

There is a quiet beauty about Herbert's life, like that of an English landscape. It has all the peace and uneventfulness of village life. The poet was born in April 1593, and was educated at Westminster—where,

according to his delightfully quaint biographer Isaak Walton, "the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined, and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him". Herbert was a born scholar, and before he was fifteen, when he left Westminster for Cambridge, we read that "he came to be perfect in the learned languages and especially in the Greek tongue".

At the university he distinguished himself by his oratorical powers, and on more than one occasion it was his privilege to make the speech of welcome to King James, who often visited Cambridge when hunting at Newmarket.

Unlike his fellow-poets, Herbert does not seem to have been interested in secular verse. Indeed, in a letter to his mother he regrets that so "many love-poems are daily writ and consecrated to Venus while so few are writ that look towards God and heaven," at the same time declaring his resolution that "my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory".

It has been said that the peace "which passeth all understanding" is that which arises from the power to fulfil one's own dharma, to realise one's own ideal in action. Herbert's dharma was to be a religious poet, but it was some time before he could bring himself to give up his worldly ambitions and his desire for promotion at court.

Walton relates how when Herbert was most desirous of leaving Cambridge for court, two of his most powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and the Marquis

of Hamilton, died and with them all his hopes of promotion perished. For a while he lived in great seclusion and had "many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity and enter into sacred orders, to which his mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar."

Herbert has recorded these spiritual struggles in his poem called 'Affliction,' where he says:

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town:
Thou did'st betray me to a lingering book,
And wrapt me in a gown:
I was entangled in a world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

With the renunciation of ambition, peace came to him. On the night of his induction into Bemerton Church he said: "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for. In God and His service, is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety."

Herbert's ethical ideals appear most fully in the poem called 'The Church Porch'. Love and kindness to all especially are inculcated.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king;
Much less make any one thine enemy.
As guns destroy, so may a little sling.

Thy friend put in thy bosom: wear his eyes
Still in thy heart, that he may see what's there.
If cause require, thou art his sacrifice;
Thy drops of blood must pay down all his fear;
But love is lost; the way of friendship's gone,
Though David had his Jonathan, Christ his John.

Humility is to be combined with aspiration:

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be:
Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixt with humbleness
Cures both a fever and lethargicness.

The greater part of Herbert's poetry, however, is not ethical but religious. When he chooses a moral theme he is impelled by a religious motive. Herbert's religion was of an intensely personal character, and his verse is consequently subjective. It is the record of his struggles to unify his lower and higher selves or, as he would have expressed it, to bring his will and all his actions into obedience to the Will of God. All the joys and sorrows, the victories and failures of his inner life find expression in his poetry. Its sincerity and quaintness are most charming; and though, like most poets of his time, he sometimes indulged in poetical gymnastics, writing verses in the shape of wings or altars, yet, on the whole, his experiments in verse-technique may be said to justify themselves, as in the case of the little poem called 'The Wreath,' in which the trick consists in making the opening words of each succeeding line repeat the last words of its predecessor.

A wreathed garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,
 I give to Thee, who knowest all my ways,
 My crooked winding ways, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,
 To Thee, who art more far above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicity.
 Give me simplicity, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know Thy ways,
 Know them and practise them: then shall I give
 For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.*

One of Herbert's most interesting contemporaries was Richard Crashaw, a poet and mystic of more fiery temperament and imagination.

The quaint old seventeenth century editor of Crashaw's poems says that he dares to affirm of his master's poems what Iamblicus affirmed of Pythagoras' *Contemplations*: "They shall lift thee, Reader, some yards above the ground; and, as in Pythagoras' School every temper was first tuned into a height by several proportions of music, and spiritualised for one of his weighty lectures; so mayest thou take a poem hence, and tune thy soul by it into a heavenly pitch; and thus, refined and borne up upon the wings of meditation, in these poems thou mayest talk freely of God, and of that other state." There is something very winning about this introduction, and when the writer proceeds to tell us that in his opinion "Divine Poetry" is "the language of the angels, the quintessence of phantasy and discourse centred in heaven, the very outgoings of the soul"; and further that it is "what alone our Author is able to tell you, and that in his own verse," we feel disposed instantly to mount upon "the airy stilts of abstraction" and transport ourselves into Crashaw's heaven-world. The life of the poet too, has a certain fascination. Little is known of his childhood, and even the date of

his birth is uncertain, but we read of the studious, poetical religious life he led at the University of Cambridge whither he went about the year 1630.

"In the Temple of God, under His wing, he led his life, in S. Mary's Church, near S. Peter's College: there he lodged under Tertullian's roof of angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow near the House of God, where, like a primitive saint, he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day." There he penned his sacred poems *Steps to the Temple*, which his biographer says are aptly so called since they are "steps for happy souls to climb heaven by".

At Cambridge he learnt to be "excellent in five languages, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, the last two whereof he had little help in; they were his own acquisition". His moments of recreation were spent in acquiring accomplishments. "Amongst his other accomplishments in Academic (as well pious as harmless) arts he made his skill in poetry, music, drawing, limning, graving . . . to be but subservient recreations for vacant hours, not the grand business of his soul."

While Crashaw was at Cambridge a Catholic revival was going on there. Crashaw's father was a Puritan, but his son was strongly attracted by the symbolism of the higher Anglicans and Roman Catholics. At one time he thought of taking orders in the Anglican Church but was prevented by the growth of Puritanism in it, and also by his intimacy with Roman Catholic friends. Crashaw had naturally an ardent love-nature and a great desire for sensuous beauty. He was, therefore, much attracted by the symbolism of the Catholic

erotic mystics, who with the warmth of eastern imagination love to represent the union of the soul with Christ, (or in Theosophical parlance the condition of harmony between the lower and higher selves) as a mystical marriage, and to express the raptures of this state with the richest and most sensuous imagery that their fiery imaginations can suggest. Crashaw, however, did not limit his poetic sphere to the presentation of Divine Love; he has some charming poems in which he glorifies human passion, the best known, probably, being the poem called 'Wishes,' to his supposed mistress.

Who'er she be,
That not impossible she
That shall command my heart and me.

His greatest poems are those dealing with religious subjects—the wonderful poems 'To the Name of Jesus,' 'The Hymn to S. Teresa' and 'The Flaming Heart'.

S. Teresa, the great Spanish saint and mystic, was canonised a few years before Crashaw went up to Cambridge. The poet was fascinated by the life and writings of the holy foundress of the order of the discalced Carmelites and describes her in a note to his celebrated hymn as "a woman for angelical height of speculation, for masculine courage of performance more than a woman, who, yet a child, outran maturity and durst plot a martyrdom". In his poem he describes how her ardent desire for martyrdom at the hands of the Moors was doomed to disappointment, her heavenly spouse designing her "a death more mystical and high".

Blest powers forbid, thy tender life
Should bleed upon a barbarous knife:

Or some base hand have power to rase
Thy breast's chaste cabinet, and uncase
A soul kept there so sweet: O no,
Wise Heaven will never have it so.
Thou art Love's victim; and must die
A death more mystical and high:
Into Love's arms thou shalt let fall
A still-surviving funeral.
His is the dart must make the death
Whose stroke shall taste thy hallowed breath;
A dart thrice dipp'd in that rich flame
Which writes thy spouse's radiant name
Upon the roof of Heaven, where aye
It shines; and with a sovereign ray
Beats bright upon the burning faces
Of souls which in that Name's sweet graces
Find everlasting smiles: so rare,
So spiritual, pure, and fair
Must be th' immortal instrument
Upon whose choice point shall be sent
A life so loved: and that there be
Fit executioners for thee,
The fairest and first-born sons of fire,
Blest seraphim, shall leave their quire,
And turn Love's soldiers, upon thee
To exercise their archery.

There is a subtle music about Crashaw's poetry, and to this quality much of his influence over nineteenth century poets is due. Coleridge, speaking of certain lines in the Hymn to S. Teresa, said: "They were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of Christabel, if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind, they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem." Perhaps Francis Thompson is the poet who owes most to Crashaw, since it has been said of him that he is "Crashaw born again but born greater". The worst defects of Crashaw's poetry are his conceits, but this form of poetic extravagance was common to almost all the poets of his age. It is more than compensated for by his passionate imagination which made his verses "all air and fire".

One of the best known passages of his poetry is the invocation to S. Teresa at the end of 'The Flaming Heart'.

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;
By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;
By the full kingdom of that final kiss
That seized thy parting soul, and seal'd thee His;
By all the Heaven thou hast in Him
(Fair sister of the seraphim)
By all of Him we have in thee;
Leave nothing of myself in me.
Let me so read thy life, that I
Unto all life of mine may die.

While Crashaw's religious opinions were still unsettled the Civil War broke out, and in 1643 the Chapel at Peterhouse, whose beauty had inspired many poems, was sacked, and the Commissioners of the Parliament insisted on all the Fellows taking the oath of the Solemn League and Covenant. Crashaw and five other Fellows who refused were expelled. The poet then went to Oxford, and thence to Paris, where he was discovered, in 1646, by Abraham Cowley, in a state of great poverty. By this time he had joined the Roman Church, and had recently written letters in verse to the Countess of Denbigh urging her to join the same communion. Cowley introduced him to Queen Henrietta, to whom he had previously addressed verses, and she gave him an introduction to Cardinal Palotta and other persons of influence in Rome.

Crashaw went to Rome in 1648 or 1649 and was well received by the Cardinal. His plain speech, however, soon made his position an uncomfortable one,

and he was transferred to the Basilica Church of Our Lady of Loretto, where he died after a few weeks residence in 1650, not without the suspicion that he had been poisoned.

One of Cowley's finest poems is his ode in memory of Crashaw, beginning:

Poet and Saint, to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of Earth and Heaven,
The hard and rarest union which can be
Next that of Godhead with humanity.

The following passage is a magnificent tribute to the beauty of the poet's life:

Pardon, my Mother-Church, if I consent
That Angels led him, when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When joined with so much piety as his. . .
His Faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his Life, I'm sure, was in the right. . .
Hail, Bard triumphant! and some care bestow
On us, the Poets militant below. . .
I ask but half thy mighty spirit for me:
And when my Muse soars with so strong a wing,
'Twill learn of things divine, and first of thee to sing.

Two of the most mystical poets of the seventeenth century were the twin brothers Thomas and Henry Vaughan. Born in Brecknockshire in 1621 or 1622, the Vaughans, like their fellow poet George Herbert, were of Welsh extraction, and Henry Vaughan, at any rate, seems to have been proud of his Celtic blood, as he is always known as the *Silurist*, a title which he gave himself after the ancient Silures who had inhabited the part of Wales where he lived. At the age of seventeen both brothers went to Jesus College, Oxford, now known as the Welshman's College. Little is known of their lives. Some passages in Henry Vaughan's poems seem to suggest that he may have borne arms in the Civil War; others, again, seem to contradict this idea. It is certain that the natural inclinations of neither brother

lay in this direction, and very soon after the outbreak of the war we find them at home occupied in the study of mysticism and in writing poetry. Of the two, Henry is better known as a poet. Thomas Vaughan (Eugenius Philalethes) seems to have gone more deeply into studies of an esoteric nature, and to have been connected with secret societies such as those of the Rosicrucians and Alchemists.

Henry Vaughan's first collection of poems, published in 1646, contained mere studies. Before his next volume appeared a great change had come over him, owing to the influence of George Herbert, "that blessed man whose holy life and verse gained many converts, of whom I am the least". Herbert's influence is most marked in the *Silex Scintillans* or *Sacred Poems* published in 1650, and in the *Mount of Olives* and *Flores Solitudinis* of 1652.

Comparing the work of Herbert and Vaughan, Gosse aptly notices that "Herbert is the interpreter of an ideal beauty in order, an ideal of the spiritual life which is assisted by rule and habit; Vaughan is the poet of what cannot be methodised—the incalculable beams and irradiation of the soul, the incalculable wind that blows where it listeth; his garden is watered by the sudden shower and the invisible dew". It follows that Vaughan is an unequal poet, but at his best he is wonderful. One of his most beautiful poems, 'Beyond the Veil,' deals with the eternal craving of the human heart to know the mysteries which lie beyond the grave and the state of the loved ones that have passed away.

They are all gone over into the world of light
And I alone sit lingering here;
Their memory is fair and bright
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight, if the bird be flown;
But what fair well or grove he sings in now
That is to him unknown.

Still in imagination Vaughan sees the glorified state of the holy souls.

I see them walking in an air of glory
Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days which are at best but dull and hoary
Mere glimmerings and decays.

Henry Vaughan was more of a visionary than Herbert. Herbert is better known and better loved, but he never wrote anything so lovely as Vaughan's best poems or which so gives the impression of knowledge of things unseen. Take for example the poem called 'The World'. In this poem Vaughan describes most wonderfully a vision of the infinite calm of eternity in contrast to the endless hurry and motion of our shadowy world:

I saw eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright;
All round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

Looking down from the calm heights above he sees men absorbed in their little cares and pleasures, the 'doting' lover, the 'darksome' statesman, the 'fearful' miser, all so immersed in the things of this world as to be unconscious of the great peace which is the soul's heritage, into which it may enter at any moment if it will detach itself from the things of sense.

"O fools" said I—"thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God;
A way where you might tread the sun, and be
More bright than he!"
But as I did their madness so discuss
One whispered thus,
"This ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his bride."

Vaughan is spiritually akin to Wordsworth in his reverence for the truth and purity of the child-soul and in the experience of "intimations of immortality" in youth. To Wordsworth the child was the

... mighty prophet, seer blest
On whom those truths do rest
That we are toiling all our lives to find.

Vaughan too felt that "heaven lies about us in our infancy" and that the shades of the prison-house gradually close around us in later years. His poem 'The Retreat' might almost have been written by Wordsworth:

Happy those early days! when I
Shin'd in my Angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my First Love,
And looking back (at that short space)
Could see a glimpse of His bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
Thy gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

Other men, he says, would fain go forward; he, on the contrary, would return to tread the ancient track where he first parted with his glorious train, and where his enlightened spirit had once beheld the now invisible City of Palms.

Like Wordsworth too, Vaughan had often watched children at play, acting perhaps "some fragment of their dream of human life". In the poem called 'Childhood' he is lost in wondering adoration at its innocence:

I cannot reach it; and my striving eye
Dazzles at it, as at eternity.
Were now that chronicle alive,
Those white designs which children drive,
And the thoughts of each harmless hour,
With their content, too, in my power,
Quickly would I make my path even,
And by mere playing go to Heaven.

Thomas Vaughan's poems show very clearly the influence of mystic and occult studies. One of the most characteristic, from *Anthroposophia Theomagica* (1650) is an 'Encomium on the Three Books of Cornelius Agrippa,' in which the poet takes exception to the schoolmen for deriding "high truth" and for supporting their views with "no arguments but noise and pride". He prophesies that their fate will be very different from that of Cornelius Agrippa and his valuable books:

You that damn all but what yourselves invent,
And yet find nothing by experiment;
Your fate is written by an unseen hand
But his three books with *the three worlds* shall stand.

Thomas Vaughan in this poem claims an extremely intimate acquaintance with the three worlds, and attributes his knowledge of how to function in them to the writings of Agrippa:

Great, glorious penman . . .
Nature's apostle and her choice high-priest,
Her mystical and bright evangelist,

How am I rapt when I contemplate thee,
 And wind myself above all that I see!
 The spirits of thy lives infuse a fire
 Like *the world's soul*, which makes me thus aspire.
 I am unbodied by thy books and thee,
 And in thy papers find my ecstasy:
 Or if I please but to descend a strain
 Thy Elements do screen my soul again.
 I can undress myself by thy bright glass,
 And then resume th' enclosure, as I was.
 Now I am earth, and now a star, and then
 A spirit: now a star and earth again.

The reference to the World Soul is interesting and when Vaughan speaks of being 'unbodied' it is difficult not to believe that he means a conscious passing out of the physical vehicle into higher states of being.

He proceeds to describe the state of mystical union with God:

I span the Heaven and Earth, and things above,
 And, which is more, join natures with their Jove.
 He crowns my soul with fire, and there doth shine,
 But like the rainbow in a cloud of mine.

It is not permitted to man, however, to perceive His splendour unveiled:

Who sees this fire without his mask, his eye
 Must needs be swallow'd by the light, and die.

Vaughan had long been languishing for this knowledge of hidden things before he came upon the books of Cornelius Agrippa:

These are the mysteries for which I wept,
 Glorious Agrippa, where thy language slept,
 Where thy dark texture made me wander far,
 Whiles through that pathless night I traced the star;
 But I have found those mysteries, for which
 Thy book was more than thrice-piled o'er with pitch.
 Now a new East beyond the stars I see,
 Where breaks the day of thy divinity:
 Heaven states a commerce here with man, had he
 But grateful hands to take, and eyes to see.

M. M. C. Pollard

JOHN CORDELIER¹ AND THE RELIGION OF TO-MORROW

By K. F. STUART, F.T.S.

NO observer of current events can remain blind to the fact that a spiritual crisis has been arrived at almost simultaneously all over the world, and that religion is seriously engaged in reforming itself. This reformation comes none too soon, for in many European countries at the present day it is perfectly obvious that it has completely lost its hold upon the minds of the people. Indeed it is quite a rare thing to meet a layman who takes religion even seriously. The ordinary citizen attends High Mass, or what he terms 'Divine Service' in a perfunctory fashion, it is true, but conspicuous only by its absence in the Divine Worship of Sunday is that zest with which on Monday he will assiduously devote himself to a very human adoration of the true Goddess of the West—a golden image that Society has set up and called Success.

The spirit of commercial enterprise has penetrated even into what is called Divine Service itself; indeed it is to be feared that what the materialistic West calls 'service' the more spiritually minded East would term 'shop-keeping'. For example, you may frequently

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hear in an Anglican Church an entire congregation singing with no sense of incongruity such sentiments as these :

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee
Repaid a thousand fold will be,
Then gladly will we lend to Thee,
Giver of all.

And this celestial usury is called Divine Worship.

We cannot help thinking, and we believe all those who are far-sighted will agree with us, that at least in the Anglican Communion, in spite of the championship of Chesterton, orthodoxy is doomed. He is not of course the only spiritual Casabianca who has elected to remain upon the sinking ship, in whom we may admire the presence of courage as much as we deplore the absence of common-sense. It is no doubt part and parcel of our innate heresy, but we have never felt great enthusiasm for that hero of the schoolroom, who, in his superstitious reverence for defunct authority, achieved a self-made martyrdom upon the burning deck. We have even imagined how the soul of one John Ruskin, meeting Casabianca among the shades of the astral world, might say to him :

"But why in the sacred name of common-sense, my boy, didn't you swim for it?"

Casabianca would of course reply sadly : "My conscience wouldn't let me ; I must do what my conscience says is right."

How John Ruskin would thunder back : "By no means, my conscientious friend, unless you're *quite* sure that yours is not the conscience of an ass."

The true son of the Church knows that, in so far as she is true, she is invulnerable, and he will allow the formalism, the materialism of the religion of to-day

to perish in the fiery ordeal of a revival of spirituality in order that the religion of to-morrow may spring exultant from its ashes, as did the Phoenix of old. For reformation is verily needed, and we see it coming. It is coming in the Modernist Movement in the Catholic Church ; it is coming in Liberal Christianity in the Anglican communion ; it is coming in New Thought in the new world ; it is coming in Bahaism and in the Brahmo Samāj, and, last but not least, it is coming in Theosophy. We hear the ripple of it throughout two hemispheres, for

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the World.

The supreme need of to-day is not, we believe, a new religion, but simply a new interpretation of those already in existence, and in the person of 'John Cordelier' we see one among many such interpreters already knocking upon the portals of the Christian Church. It is the unhappy fate of most thinkers to be born before their time, but whether 'John Cordelier' be aware of it or not, he (or perhaps, she) seems to have calculated with extreme precision the psychological moment at which to put in an appearance in the world of literature as an independent thinker. We congratulate him that he has thus 'arrived' in the literary sense for we think we discern in him the signs of a full-grown soul, strong enough to be able to discard the safety-perambulator so necessary to spiritual infancy, in order to pursue the path of Divine exploration upon his own feet, since he considers "this secret journey to be the only thing worth doing . . . the marching orders of every Mystic"; for, dear as that mother of souls must ever remain to all her sons, it is

nevertheless true that "the work of the Church ends where the knowledge of God begins".

It is because we see in John Cordelier a certain sign that, to the mystical mind at any rate, is always finally significant of the spiritual teacher, that we wish to find place for him among the prophets of to-day, the heralds and forerunners of the religion of to-morrow. That sign—nay that *sine qua non*—is Spirituality. For Spirituality is the only leaven that can ever uplift humanity. An Alexander, a Napoleon, by force of intellect can govern men and *keep them down for a time*, but the Spirituality of a Buddha and of a Christ is needed in order to teach men that self-government which alone can *lift them up for ever*.

We find John Cordelier a true Mystic in his indifference to detail, to matters of creed, doctrine, dogma and sect and his concentration upon Spirituality as the great essential in the interpretation of Holy Writ. He writes:

No vicarious atonement then will satisfy the instinct of the true lover of reality. . . He desires the high heroic life of the chivalry of God. . . energy, effort, adventure! The meek-eyed religion of the pale Galilean is instinct with these things.

We find him describing further on how mankind is for ever acting and re-enacting the eternal Passion Play:

It is open to us to betray, to judge, to mock, to deny; to follow . . . to watch Him from the roadside, to serve him on the way . . . there is no third choice; we leave Perfection to Its fate or take up the cross ourselves and follow It . . . and are with Him mocked, patronised and misunderstood . . . Ignorance, idleness and cowardice condemn us as they once condemned the first and only Fair.

Again:

There is one act—one only—which is three times repeated in this Drama of the mystic way. . . That supreme expression of the Divine idea who trod this way before us stumbled and

fell three times . . . was borne down by the very instrument of his victory, failed as it seemed . . . ignominiously in his task . . . rising and struggling again . . . we know that we had never dared the intimacy which alone can satisfy our craving if he had not fulfilled this last demand of Quixotic Chivalry, had not fallen with us by the way.

Again:

Perfection. . . does not shrink from the humiliation of man's help. . . no created spirit—no nor yet the very uncreated Spirit of God—can bring the Great Adventure to a satisfactory conclusion by dint of keeping themselves to themselves.

And lastly:

There is something which exhilarates us in the thought of cross-bearing in the teeth of our enemies. . . But it is a hard saying that we must here defy. . . the bitter sorrow of our friends. . . we rebel. . . but 'so did your lovely Forerunner,' says an Angel's voice in the ear of the poor maddened soul, held as in a vice between the inexorable call of Calvary and the last most passionate appeal of Mary's breaking heart.

By the foregoing passages John Cordelier shows that he is possessed of the 'one thing needful' for the present crisis—*Spirituality*—for, while the religion of the *past* engaged in mortal combat over the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and the religion of the *present* has been engaged in no less bitter because bloodless battle on the fields of the Higher Criticism, the religion of the *future* will bid us lift up the holy story of Christianity from those lower planes on which it has suffered so cruelly at the hands of ignorance, and place it on the spiritual plane. When we place it there, we see it in its true perspective, and behold! the simple outline of the 'old, old story' appears in all the splendour of an immortal allegory, to the true interpretation of which Divine Wisdom is the guiding star of all wise men.

The religion of to-morrow will ignore the literal and portray the spiritual, it will tear down the local and unveil the universal, it will loosen the orthodox grip of

historical fact that it may take hold of Eternal Truth, for it will point out that *the vital point of Christianity is not whether it were History once upon a time, but that it is Drama now*, for ever being acted and re-enacted on the stage of the human soul. Man therefore, as he peers into the past down twenty centuries, will see not only one holy life, in one happy land in one heroic age, but the gates of Possibility uplifted to every life in any land and all the ages down; and in their hero not only a sublime historical character, but manhood itself on the mountain summit of Evolution.

Such has ever been the esoteric and mystical teaching of the Church; and John Cordelier is, we have seen, undoubtedly a Mystic. He is probably aware that the world has not dealt over tenderly with Mystics since the day when the charcoal-burner's widow berated for a fool the man whom posterity salutes respectfully as Alfred the Great, and the English soldiers burnt as a witch that 'little child of the Infinite,' the fair maid of France. This is not, however, likely to turn him from the mystic pathway, for the true Mystic has reached a point in evolution at which the performance of duty is no longer a matter of choice or of expediency, but of a dire necessity.

"*I must*," such the vocabulary, such the intense, the supreme conviction of the Spirit-driven soul.

"*I must* work the works of Him that sent me," said the Christ. And how spake the monk who shook the world? "*Ich kann nicht anders*."

"Stephen, I wish you would not do that," expostulated Stephen's parent in the writer's hearing.

"Mother," solemnly returned her infant son, "*I must*." Kisses, coaxings, prayers, tears even, being of

no avail to move the baby autocrat, the mother at length gave way.

And thus the world gives way to the son of the Spirit, the child of destiny with his pure '*I must*' upon his holy lips; for the world recognises and crowns the incorruptible—albeit too often with a crown of thorns—as one born King, and so by divine right worthy to rule and reign in life; His purple robe the unmistakable air of distinction of the spiritual aristocracy, his sceptre the unconscious majesty of the royalty of the Kingdom of Heaven.

In conclusion we should like to suggest to 'John Cordelier' that Mysticism is nothing if not universal, that there are other deposits of the Divine Wisdom than those he has so ably exploited. There is no evidence that he has as yet made any study of what he is pleased to call 'Pagan Religions.' We feel that were he to acquaint himself with even a few of these, to study the Vedānta, the *Bhagavad Gītā*, the philosophy of Lao-Tse, the literature of Sufism, for example, his spiritual life would broaden out in better proportion to its height and depth. And this it must do if he is really to be a forerunner of the religion of to-morrow. He will doubtless remember how once two mothers stood before King Solomon, each claiming the living child. The King sent for a sword to slay the infant; the false mother agreed it should be done, indifferent whether the child were dead or alive provided it was recognised as hers, but the true mother cried out in agony that the child might live *at any price*—even the cost of losing it.

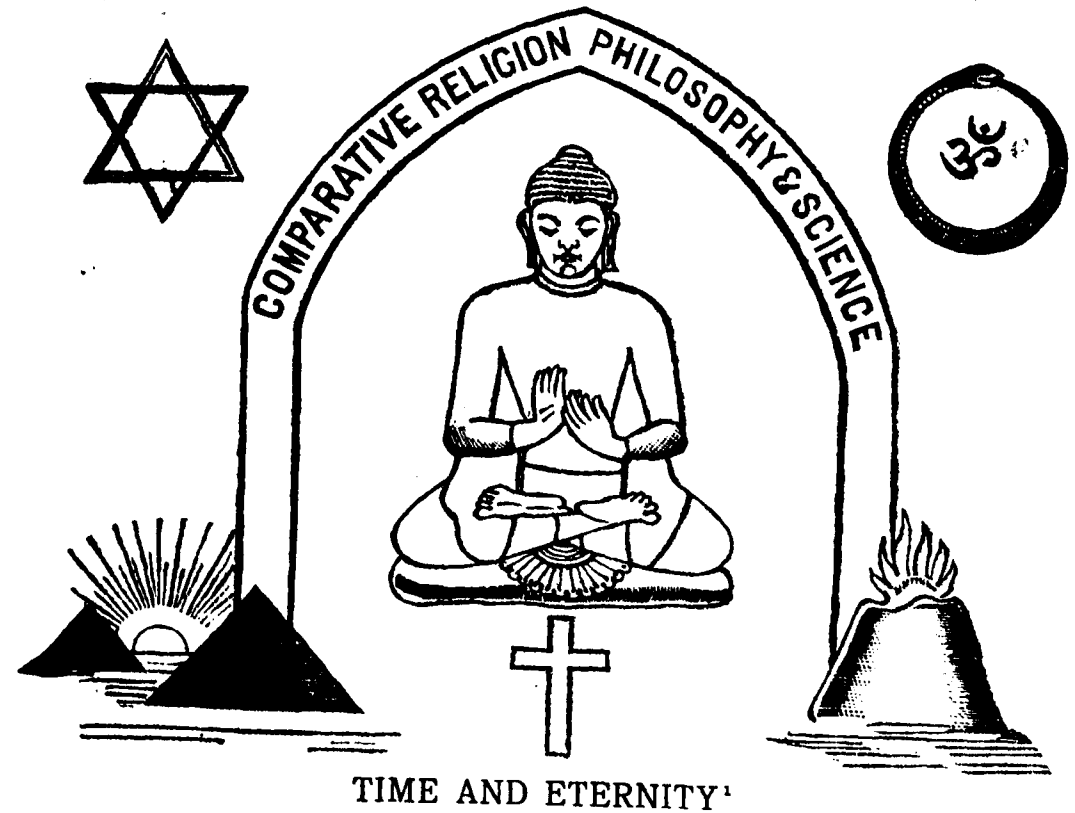
Thus the local religion of to-day is too often indifferent whether her children live or die provided they be recognised as hers, but the Universal Religion of to-morrow

will care not if the *man* be called Agnostic, Buddhist, Confucian, Hindū, Zoroastrian, Muhammadan or Christian, provided the *Soul* live and grow to manhood or Madonnahood.

Is not that mother-love the purest which desires no longer to *possess* but simply to *be* and to bestow itself in blessing?

"Give her the living child, for she is the mother thereof" would surely be the verdict of Solomon to-day in favour of that Divine Wisdom, whose maternal rights are now disputed, but who by the truth and tenderness of her own lips will show herself to be—not only the religion of to-morrow, but the Blessed Mother of all the children of men.

K. F. Stuart



By J. S. MACKENZIE, LL. D., LITT. D.

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I AM afraid it is a somewhat bold thing for me to come here to-night to address you on this subject, both because of the difficulty of the subject itself, and

¹ Being the report of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Cardiff Lodge of the Theosophical Society on January 21st, 1913. Revised by Professor Mackenzie, and published here with his permission.

also because I am addressing an audience mainly composed of Theosophists, who, I understand, have access to special means of information on a subject of this kind, which are not accessible to me.

I intend to speak on this subject from the point of view of philosophical reflection, and what I am going to do is to set before you some of the ways in which this problem has been dealt with in the course of philosophical reflection in western countries, and to indicate, as far as I can, the way of regarding it which appears to me to be the most satisfactory.

The problem about Time is one that has exercised philosophical thinkers from a very early time. We find in the early speculations of the Greeks the problem coming up at a very early date. The difficulties about Time soon began to present themselves to the Greek thinkers, in their attempts to deal with the changing aspects of the world. The universal fact of change was one of the first things that attracted the attention of philosophical thinkers. The constant transformations that they saw taking place in the world around them led them, from the beginnings of speculation, to try to give some account of the way in which change could be supposed to take place. Their early speculations were no doubt somewhat crude. They tried to think of some permanent elements, such as air, or fire, or water, or the like, and they tried to think of these as undergoing changes (which, of course, they saw them constantly undergoing) and, by their changes, giving rise to all the diversity that we see in the world around us. They were thus fixing their attention on the fact of change, and, of course, the fact of change may be said to be the concrete aspect of what we mean by Time. So,

in fixing their attention on change, they were bringing forward the problem of Time, and the one who brought it forward most definitely was the philosopher Heraclitus, who lived about 500 B. C.

He definitely put forward the view (which was to some extent involved in the thought of his predecessors), that change is the main fact about the world, that the world is essentially a changing thing, and he expressed this by saying that "all things flow". All things are in a perpetual stream and we can only understand this by thinking of it as having certain directions. There is a certain direction in which change takes place. He was essentially the philosopher of change, and in many respects anticipated M. Bergson's views. He thought there were cycles in which change takes place. To a great extent, M. Bergson's views are a reproduction of those of Heraclitus, who spoke of an upward and downward path, just as M. Bergson compares life to a rocket shooting up and falling back again. There is, first, the path in which life and all existing things grow upwards, and there is the downward path which immediately follows upon it—a very similar conception to M. Bergson's. That was the general conception that Heraclitus set forth, and, by so doing, he brought out, in great prominence, the conception of perpetual change. The world in which we are is a world that is continually flowing throughout Time, and will go on continually changing through endless cycles. That conception having been brought forward, the difficulties in the way of accepting it at once presented themselves, and we find that other philosophers began urging their difficulties, and, by so doing, brought out the contrary conception which we are here considering,

namely, the conception of Eternity as opposed to Time; the conception of the Changeless as opposed to that which is perpetually changing.

The man who emphasised that among the Greek philosophers was Parmenides. Parmenides urged that we cannot really think of things as essentially changing. He put forth the view that if we think of anything as being, in any full sense of the word, real, if we say it is real, we must add that it is eternally real. We cannot regard that which is real as anything changing. For, he urged, if we have to think of things coming into being and passing out of being, we come up at once against the conception that something must have come out of nothing. Once we recognise that, we have to recognise that nothing really changes. Whatever there is, is there eternally, otherwise we have to think that something comes of nothing, which is an impossible conception. So he brought forward that view against Heraclitus. When we think of what is real, we must think of it as unchanged; consequently, we must see that Time is unreal, Time is illusory. It seems to us as though things were undergoing change, but we must recognise that this is not really true. We must see that what really *is*, is always there. So we have to realise that Reality is in Eternity and not in Time, that Reality is unchanging. There is no 'now' and 'then' in that which is real, it is always there.

That was the view of Parmenides and it produced a great impression upon the Greeks of his time. His view was vigorously defended by his disciple, Zeno, who exercised a great deal of ingenuity in putting forward puzzles, especially those that present themselves in connection with motion. He put forward, for instance,

the well-known puzzle about Achilles and the tortoise. If you think of Achilles, the swift runner, and the tortoise, the slow runner, his contention was that Achilles could never overtake the tortoise. He put forward a number of others, some of which involve Time even more definitely than that. The paradox of Zeno which is generally stated as the last of his paradoxes, is the one in which the difficulty of Time is most definitely introduced. It is not altogether easy to know what his exact point was; but he appears to have urged that it is impossible to think of a smallest moment of time without being compelled to recognise the possibility of dividing it into two parts. A good account of this and the other paradoxes of Zeno is to be found in Burnet's *Early Greek Philosophers*. In this way, the difficulties about motion, and about change generally, were brought prominently forward, and, from that time on, Greek philosophers were a good deal exercised in trying to reconcile these two things. From one point of view, it seems obvious enough that we have to deal with a changing world, and yet there is this difficulty in thinking about change. If anything can be said to be real, you cannot think of it as coming from the unreal, and you must consequently think of it as always enduring. One of the philosophers who dealt most definitely with that difficulty, and tried very earnestly to meet it, was Plato.

Plato tried to meet it by recognising a double sense of reality. He urged that, no doubt, we must say that that which is real, in the most complete sense of the word, cannot change, and he puts forward the view that there are some things in the universe which we must think of in that way, namely, those realities that

correspond to general conceptions. The general conception of 'good,' for instance, was one that he emphasised very much, together with such general conceptions as Being, Life, etc. The objects of all these general conceptions, he urged, have an eternal place in the world, and we may think of them as belonging to the Sphere of Eternal Truth. On the other hand, we have to recognise that there is another kind of existence, namely, the existence of particular things and things of sense, and they have to be regarded as expressions, as it were, of that which is eternal. In the particular sphere in which we now exist, the eternal realities are showing themselves in transient ways. So that, when we recognise 'good things' in the world, we recognise Good, but we are not recognising Good in its eternal meaning, but only recognise a passing phase, as it were, of Good. So with all other things. While we may say that there is a certain eternal essence of reality which never changes, we have also to recognise that there is a world of becoming, a world of growth; and that world is a kind of reality, but a different kind from that which belongs to the realm of Eternal Truth. So he thought of a higher and lower kind of reality, and one is to be thought of as eternal and the other as changing. And, in particular, in reference to Time itself, he said that Time is a moving image of Eternity, meaning by that, that we see in the time process, something which contains the meaning, as it were, that belongs to the Eternal, but contains it under this form of change; so that it does not appear in its eternal nature.

Well, that is a very interesting way of dealing with the problem, and certainly Plato made a great deal of it, and put it forward in ways that are very fascinating.

He thought of a kind of cycle of life, somewhat on the lines of Heraclitus, as containing upward and downward courses; and he brought out the great importance of trying to find the upward course, rather than the downward course, and the upward course he regarded as bringing us nearer and nearer to Eternal Truth. He had the view, of course, a view that I understand is held among Theosophists also, that there is a repetition of lives, that souls go through several lives, become embodied in different material forms; and his conception was that through these successive embodiments they may gradually rise to a higher level, a level in which they cease to reveal the elements of Time, and come more and more into contact with that which is eternal. So, in that way, he partly solved this difficulty; or, at least, he put forward views according to which we can recognise both sides.

There remain, of course, considerable difficulties. It is not easy to understand, for instance, from Plato's view, how it comes about that that which is eternal shows itself in these changing forms. According to his view, it would seem that the Eternal is a higher form of reality, and one cannot quite understand how it is that the higher form of reality comes to show itself in this lower form. But still, it was a very interesting attempt, certainly, to meet the difficulties that are contained in these two conceptions of Time and Eternity.

Now, modern philosophy has been exercised with the same problems with which these early Greek thinkers were concerned—but in more complex ways. In general, the views of modern philosophers cannot be set forth quite so simply as those of the early thinkers, but we find, to a considerable extent,

reproductions of the same sort of problems and the same sort of explanations. For instance, Spinoza reproduces a belief like that of Parmenides, a belief in which emphasis is placed on the Eternal, and but little is made of the conception of change. In fact, the conception of change scarcely seems intelligible. Again, Leibnitz tried, somewhat after the manner of Plato but with considerable differences, to combine the conception of Eternity with that of the growth of the individual being; but we cannot enter into a special consideration of the views of these. I pass on from those to some views that are more recent, and that more nearly concern us, because they are views that largely exercise people's minds at the present time.

The problem about Time was stated very clearly by the great German philosopher, Kant, who sought to put fully the difficulties that are connected with the view of the reality of Time. He put them in a clearer and more thorough way than had been the case with the early writers like Zeno.

Kant put forward what he called antinomies. The first of these is one that concerns Time. He urged that we cannot think of the Time-world either as being infinite in its extension, or as being limited. Both views, he urged, lead us to great difficulties and indeed to inconceivabilities. If we think, for instance, of Time as being infinite, or rather, if we think of the changing world as having no limits, that means we have to say that it never began; and Kant's argument is, that to think of it in that way involves a contradictory conception, namely, an infinite series which is completed.

We know, of course, that in mathematics, infinite series are very fully dealt with, and can be easily dealt

with, from a mathematical point of view. But when we think of an infinite series, we think of something that never reaches the end. There is no point, for example, at which we can say that the possibilities of numbers are exhausted. Numbers go on indefinitely, and that means it would be absurd to say we had reached the last number. If that is so, it is of the very essence of numbers, and of any infinite series, that it is never completed. But if you say that Time had no beginning, you are saying that, reckoning from the present moment backwards, you have come through an infinite series, and yet that infinite series has been completed, because the whole of the past existence has occurred, and that means that an infinite series has completed itself; so there is there a contradiction. We cannot therefore think of the world in Time as having begun at any point. Whenever you think of it as having a beginning, you have still to think of the time that goes before it, and you have to ask yourself how it came to begin at that time. You would have to assign some cause to explain the beginning of the world at that time, and that cause would be something that went before it. That cause again, would need another cause, so that you would never be able to stop in that backward course. You can never say: "Here is the beginning." Thus, he urged, it is impossible to think of Time as having a beginning or no beginning, and, that being so, our only alternative is to say that Time is essentially unreal. There is no such thing as a world in Time, regarded as real; and so he drew a distinction between the world of appearance and the world of reality, and his contention was that the real (in this he agreed with Parmenides and Plato) does not contain the element of

Time, but is essentially eternal, and we have to regard the changing world in Time as only an illusion—not of course, illusion in the ordinary sense of the word, but something which is due to our limited point of view, the limited point of view which we, as human beings, have, and consequently we have to say, in the full sense of the word, that it is not real. It is to be regarded as Phenomenal, Appearance,—what is called, in Oriental speculation, *Māyā*—and not as Reality. That was the view Kant put forward, and that had a very great influence on subsequent thought. Time, according to Kant, is only a form of sense perception. It is not, properly speaking, a condition of Reality.

The difficulties involved in that, however, are very great. They are greater even than the difficulties that were involved in Plato's view, because Plato did allow some reality to the Time world, and did not regard it as merely illusion, and he seemed to be able to give some account of the eternal Realities as against the Time series, whereas Kant's philosophy ended really in complete agnosticism. It ended in the view that we cannot say anything about Reality. We can only say that the world in Time is unreal, and we cannot say what is real. So that his philosophy ended in a sort of agnosticism. We know nothing at all. This agnosticism he no doubt tried to get over, by saying that we have grounds for some kind of belief, which cannot be called knowledge.

The successors of Kant have made many attempts to get over the difficulties which he raised. These attempts have taken various directions. A number of philosophers, for instance, have tried to show that the difficulties raised by Kant are not real difficulties.

There have been many who have tried to urge that it is possible to think of an infinite series which completes itself. That view is taken, for instance, by Schopenhauer, and it has been taken by recent writers (William James, Bertrand Russell, and others) who have urged that there is no impossibility in thinking of completing an infinite series, and consequently we may suppose Time to be infinite, and yet to have a certain completeness. The most interesting attempts in this direction are those that are made in a definitely mathematical way by such writers as Cantor, Russell, etc. A more philosophical exposition of some of these views is to be found in Royce's book on *The World and the Individual*. The purely mathematical speculations appear to me to be quite correct, but I think these are essentially formal and cannot be directly applied to concrete reality. Different views may be taken about that. For my own part, I believe that Kant's argument is valid, and that we cannot suppose an infinite series to complete itself. We cannot suppose an infinite number of concrete things to have actually occurred at any time, and if so, we cannot think of the world in Time as being without beginning.

If that is so, then any attempt to meet the difficulties of Kant must deal rather with the other side of his difficulty, and it seems to me at any rate, it is rather on the other side that we may find a means of removing the difficulty, or of showing ways in which it may be removed.

Kant's contention is that you cannot think of the world in Time as limited, and the ground for that is, if you think of a beginning in Time, you have to think of something which goes before it and which serves as the

cause of its beginning at that point rather than at any other point, and Kant's argument is that you cannot find any explanation. That, also, is true, I think. But then, the important question is, whether that is the way in which we ought to look for a cause; whether it is right that we should expect to find the cause in something going before. It is very natural, of course, to look for a cause in that way. But, I think, if we consider it, we do not, in that way, get any explanation at all. We see the connection of one thing with another going before it, but it is always the case that the thing going before is in need of explanation; so that, if we are to have an explanation at all, it is not in that way that we are to look for it, and consequently, we ought not to look for the explanation of the Time process in something that goes before it. If there is to be an explanation of things at all, it must be an explanation that is found in the structure of things as a whole. We may be able to explain a thing by understanding the whole, of which it is a part, and I conceive that it would only be in that way that we could possibly understand the Time process. If there is to be an explanation at all, it must be by understanding the whole process, and seeing its significance as a whole.

In that case, we may see both the meaning of its beginning, and possibly, the meaning of its end as well. It seems to me it is in that direction that we must look for an explanation, if at all. And I may, perhaps, explain more definitely how I mean that to be understood, by recurring to what was said before, namely, to the views that we may regard the world as an upward path. No doubt, it has aspects of a downward path as well, but if there is any truth in the conception of

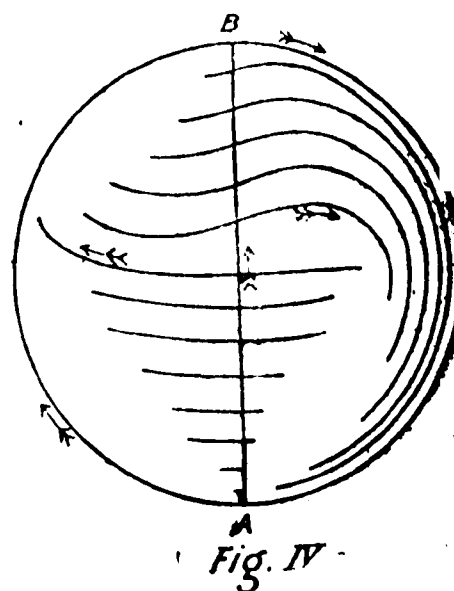
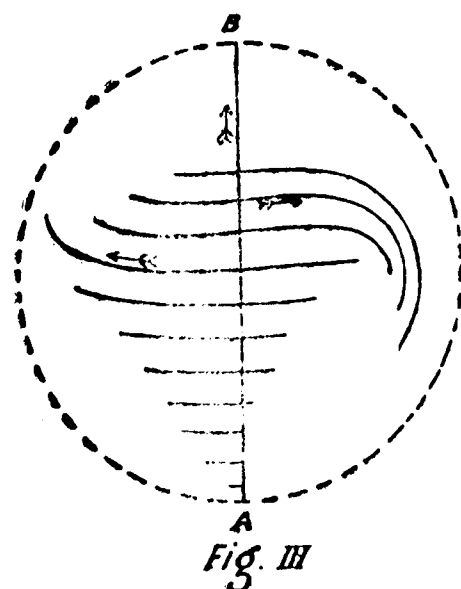
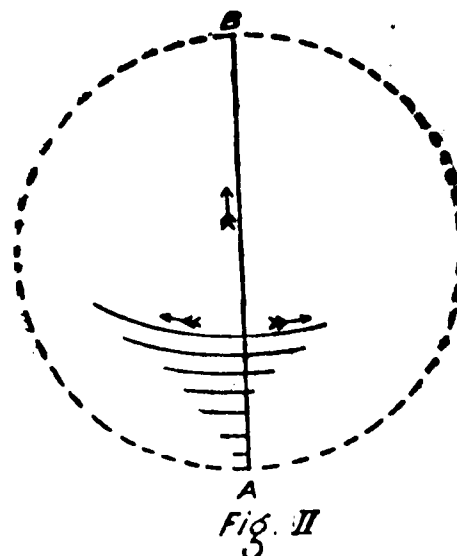
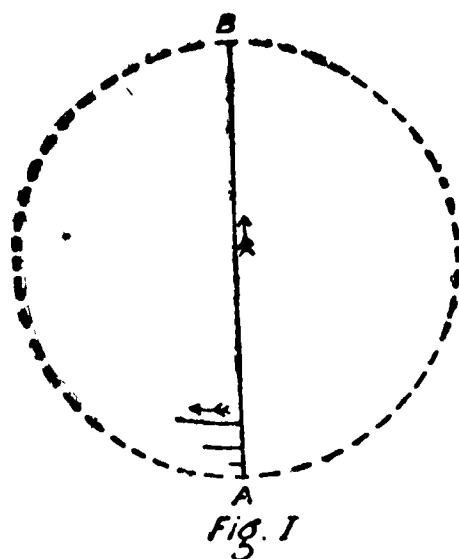
evolution, then it must be right to say that we can regard the world as being more of an upward path than of a downward path, and if so, we might try to think of the life of the changing world as being essentially an upward path.

Now, can we think of that in a way that would enable us to understand how it can, in a sense, be a Time process, and yet partake of the character of the Eternal?

It would seem to be the case in life, in general, that 'looking before' comes rather before 'looking after'. (You may think of a sort of looking forward coming in, and I may represent that in this way. Fig. 1)

That looking forward becomes more and more clear as life advances. There is more and more looking forward, but there comes a point when there is not only looking forward, but also the beginning of looking back. This is represented by the lines to the right of A B. (Fig. 2). We begin to have not only anticipations of what is to be done, but we begin to remember what has been done. That comes rather later though it may be said to be implicit in looking forward; but it only gradually comes out.

Gradually, we may suppose that the looking forward became rather less important than the looking back. (Fig. 3). Life is more and more taking account of its own past. If we suppose that to go on continuously, we may suppose there would come a point at which the whole past becomes clear, and that might be supposed to be the end of the Time process: the Time process would have completed itself. It would have completed itself, because it had absorbed all that it means (Fig. 4).



Now, we certainly seem to see some truth in that way of looking at it, in ordinary experience. It does

seem to be the case, as human life goes on, that it takes into itself the significance of its own past. That seems to be the case, as history goes on, not only with individuals, but also with the race. As the race goes on, it takes into itself all the significance of its past life. We see, for instance, how much we learn from the Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, and so forth. We learn much more from them than most of our predecessors did. We are in this way beginning to make more real to ourselves the past achievements of the race. If you suppose that that could be done completely, that would mean that we have a complete comprehension of the past; and you can easily see that, in a certain sense, that would mean that the past cannot really be said to be past, not, certainly, in any complete sense of the word. The past would be as real to us as most things that we call present. It would be as effective for us as those things we call present, so, in that sense at least, we might say that, at such a stage, we had transcended Time. It is not wholly true to say that a being is living merely at that particular moment in which his vital existence occurs. It is just as true to say that he is living in the past, in so far as he knows it, and apprehends its significance.

We may suppose there is a Consciousness for which that would be entirely true. If so, that might be called an Eternal Consciousness, and it would then be a Consciousness, we may suppose, which had no further need to grow. It would be a Consciousness that had taken in the meaning of the Time process; the whole of it has been absorbed, so there is no longer a process to be gone through, unless, indeed, it be the process of reproducing the Time series, with all the meaning that it

carries with it. If we are to look for an explanation of the Time process, I am inclined to think that we have to look for it in some such way as that; if there is a Consciousness that comprehends it, that Consciousness reproduces it, and we may suppose that such a Consciousness would not only look back, but would also look forward. And if we can think of a Consciousness of that kind, that is a Consciousness we may well call Eternal.

If it is possible to think of the universe in that way, then it is possible to think of it as containing a Time process, and yet containing the aspect of Eternity at the same time; and in that sense we might go back and accept the view of Parmenides, that Reality never changes, if we mean by reality, the Reality of the whole. The whole, we may suppose, is an order of development, which undergoes no change. At the same time, it is an order which contains the aspect of growth, and in that sense there is change. But the growth does form a whole, and we may, more and more, possibly, realise it as a whole. We may, more and more, see it in its completeness, and, in so seeing it, we lose all sense of its transience. We cease to be beings that merely occupy a moment in that growth, and become, more and more, beings that inherit the whole meaning that is contained in the process of growth.

In that sense we may say that the universe contains Time, but is not in Time; is not limited by its existence at any particular point of Time, but able to comprehend Time as a whole. In that sense, it is easy enough to see that there are many things which have a Time existence, and which are not limited to any particular

time. For instance, take a play of Shakespeare's. Take 'Othello,' let us say. That is a Time process. It deals with occurrences that have to be taken in succession, in order that we may see their significance, how one purpose expresses itself through successive acts. In that sense, it is a Time process. But the Play itself is eternal. There is no reason why we should think of it as occurring at any particular point of time, and there is no limitation as to the times we may read the play.

So we may suppose that the whole development of what we call the Time World is a process which contains Time, and yet it may be regarded as an eternal process, a process contained within the Eternal, which is always there in essence. It is always in the Eternal; it is always that particular aspect of the Eternal. That is the way in which I should propose to meet these difficulties, by recognising both the aspect of change, and yet the fact that there is a Changeless throughout that changing aspect.

The view that is here indicated seems to approximate rather closely to the views that have been more or less definitely suggested by some of the Oriental philosophers. See, for instance, *The Science of Peace*, by Bhagavan Das. Further references on the subject of this lecture may be found in the article 'Eternity,' in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, Vol. V. The closing chapter of Dr. Bosanquet's *Value and Destiny of the Individual* may also be very specially recommended.

Explanation of the Figures:

The line AB represents the upward path of life, and the other lines round it are intended to illustrate the growth of consciousness, with its two main aspects, 'looking before' (lines to the left of AB) and 'looking after' (lines to the right of AB). It would seem to be the case, in general, that, in the growth of conscious life, 'looking before' or looking forward comes rather before 'looking after' or looking back. This forward-looking is represented by the lines to the left of the line AB. The surrounding circle may be taken to represent the Eternal Consciousness of the Absolute, returning into itself, and apprehending the whole process of growth, both forwards and backwards.

J. S. Mackenzie

NOTE

Odd children multiply, as H. P. B. prophesied. Here is a little ten-year-old girl at Pittsburg, daughter of a naval surgeon; when she was a year old, her mother taught her that there were three fairies who would guide her—Observation, Concentration, and Intense Interest. The little girl knows something of eight languages, and can read a page of music over and then play it without the score; she learned to use a typewriter at three years of age, is big and strong, and a vigorous walker. A less pleasant case is that of a girl of eleven, suddenly awakened by a negress, and thrown by fear into a fit which ended in coma, lasting for some weeks. These attacks have recurred monthly for three years. While in the unconscious condition she sings magnificently. It is thought the talent may appear when she is conscious later on, if her nerves prove able to sustain the monthly attack.

DEMETRIUS GALANOS THE GREEK INDOLOGIST

By J. GENNADIUS, D. C. L., LL. D.

[Sent by Dr. J. N. Metaxa, with a request for further information. Dr. Metaxa says, in sending it, that the address was delivered to the Congress of Religions at Oxford.—Ed.]

I VENTURE to occupy your attention with the life work of one who, born in Athens, my own native city, repaired at an early age to Constantinople—the seat of the great Institution of intellectual activity of the Greeks in the Near East which I have the honour to represent among you¹—and thence migrated to India, to end his days in the sacred city of Benares, absorbed in the study of Samskr̥t literature, and conforming to the rule of life of the Brāhmaṇas.

If the important contributions to the history of religions made by this remarkable man are not very generally known, the reason may perhaps be sought both in the fact that modern Greek literature is only now beginning to be studied abroad, and in the extreme modesty and the retiring disposition of Galanos himself. For, although one of the earliest and ablest pioneers of Indology, he personally laid no claim to any literary achievement, he published nothing during his lifetime, but followed the dictates of true philosophy—not a self-asserting philosophy, practised as some kind of craft, and proclaimed by the working of marvels; but such as Plutarch² so pithily defines, after the models of Socrates

¹ The Hellenic Syllogos.

² Of the Fortune or Virtue of Alexander, I, 4.

and Pythagoras and Arcesilaus and Carneades. They did not pass their lives in the elaboration of axioms, nor in the refinement of syllogisms. But they were acknowledged and honoured as philosophers for the wise words they spoke, the lessons they taught, and, above all, for the manner of life they themselves led; thus setting the example of a pure, unselfish, unpretentious, blameless existence, benevolent to all men, tolerant of all things save wrong of any kind. Such, indeed, was the life of our Demetrius Galanos.

He was born in 1760, the second son of well-to-do Athenian parents. His elder brother had died in childhood; while the third and youngest cultivated the family estates, and named his own son (to whom we shall have occasion to refer again) after their grandfather, Pantoleon. Demetrius, on the other hand, gave early proof of an extraordinary aptitude for letters. The pursuit of letters and the service of the Church were then the only liberal careers open to the best and noblest of the enslaved Greeks. To an affectionate and gentle disposition, Galanos joined an inquiring, reflective, and critical mind; and he soon distinguished himself in the public school of Athens, then under the direction of the renowned Athenian nobleman and philanthropist, Joannes Benizelos, my own maternal great-great-grandfather. Of this Benizelos it is recorded that, making use of his great influence with the Turkish masters of the city, he obtained permission to visit freely the awful dungeons in which prisoners were left in those days to rot and perish by slow degrees. He read to them the Scriptures, and as no one was allowed to bring them succour, he divested himself, on each visit, of his fresh underwear, and left the dungeon wearing the

vermin-infested rags of the wretched prisoners, whose misery he had thus in a measure relieved.

With this example of his beloved master before him, the altruistic tendencies of young Galanos were kindled and confirmed; and his devotion to Greek learning was such that at the age of fourteen he had acquired all that the primitive educational resources of Athens, at that time, could offer him. He was therefore sent to Mesolonghi, where Panagiotis Palamas was then lecturing, and thence to the even more flourishing school in the island of Patmos, under its famous master, the monk, Daniel Kerameus.

At the end of six years spent at Patmos, his uncle Gregory, Bishop of Cæsarea, and Primate at that time of the Holy Synod at Constantinople, sent for the young Demetrius, of whose rare attainments and moral qualities he had become cognisant. He urged him to take Holy Orders; but though this step, with the patronage of his influential uncle, would soon have led him to some Episcopal See, Galanos declined, being determined, as he said, to devote his life to the study of Greek literature and philosophy. And he remained at Constantinople, eking out a precarious existence by giving lessons in Greek.

The development of Greek trade, the revival of letters among the enslaved Greeks, and the consequent awakening of the national conscience, which prepared and ushered in the War of Liberation of 1821, were then in full activity. Many Greeks had carried their enterprise as far as India, and in Calcutta and Dacca there had already been established small, but flourishing, Greek communities. With characteristic tenacity of national traditions, the members of those communities desired that their children should be brought up

in their mother-tongue; and for this purpose Constantine Pantazes, the chief of the Calcutta community and a native of Adrianople, wrote to his correspondent at Constantinople to send out to them a Greek teacher.

This correspondent was a friend of Bishop Gregory, to whom he submitted the request of the Greeks at Calcutta. It was thus that Demetrius Galanos was chosen to carry to the young Greco-Indians the torch of ancestral learning, and to send back to Greece a reflex of the Light of Asia. His first act was to remit to his poor relatives at Athens the small sum he had managed to save; and he started on his mission, visiting on his way the monastery at Mount Sinai, and continuing his journey by way of Bassorah.

On his arrival at Calcutta in 1786 he lodged with Pantazes; and while teaching the young Greeks their mother-tongue, he devoted his leisure to the study of English, and the mastery of Samskr̥t, Persian, and the native idioms of India, in which he soon became so proficient that he was able to enter into intimate converse with Hindūs of all races and castes. In seeking to establish close relations with the natives, that which assisted him most was not only his linguistic proficiency and erudition, but the fame which rapidly spread among them of his sterling character, his lofty mind, and the rule of life he had set for himself, living up to the highest ideals of moral purity and rectitude. Both his own countrymen, the Englishmen who came into contact with him, and the erudite Hindūs, with whom he loved to discuss philosophical topics, soon learned to look up to him as to a man of extraordinary attainments and rare worth.

His early tendencies, and the more intimate searching investigations which had latterly occupied his mind, finally determined the rest of his life. At the end of the sixth year of his residence in Calcutta he resigned his post, bade farewell to his Greek friends, deposited his scanty savings with one of them, that the small yearly income might be remitted to him, and retired to Benares, there to devote himself exclusively to the study of Samskr̥t literature and Hindū philosophy, adopting the dress of the Brāhmaṇas, and strictly conforming to their mode of life. Thus he lived for forty consecutive years, to the day of his death.

But those years were spent neither in the passivity of mere contemplation, nor in estrangement from what is dearest to human kinship, nor in forgetfulness of fatherland and faith. We shall see that his literary activity marks a most important stage in Indian studies. And in his life we have a unique instance, and an edifying example, of the adoption of Hindū yoga, without that hardness and arrogance and monastic egotism which tends to view the surrounding world with indifference and contempt—one might almost say with hatred. His human tenderness for his far away kinsmen and compatriots, his burning love for his native city, his fervent hopes for the liberation of the fatherland, his broad-minded interest in the Orthodox Church, remained to the end unimpaired, fresh, and refreshing. To the last he was in heart and mind a Christian, a European, and a true Hellene.

Of this there can be no more conclusive evidence, no more touching proof, than his letters from Benares, a considerable number of which are still extant, some published; especially those addressed to the

Archimandrite Gregory, Chaplain of the Greek Church at Calcutta, and those written to his nephew Pantoleon Galanos.

The latter he invited to India, intending to return with him to Athens, that he might lie down to his last sleep in the bosom of his native land. Pantoleon arrived at Calcutta and was on the point of starting for Benares when his venerable uncle died, after a short illness. He was buried in the English cemetery at Benares, and the following simple inscription in English may be read over his tomb :

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
DEMETRIUS GALANOS
AN ATHENIAN WHO DIED AT BENARES
IN THE EAST INDIES ON THE 3RD OF MAY, 1833,
AGED 72 YEARS.

Galanos' bosom friend and Master, the Brāhmaṇa Satoul Sing, also inscribed over his tomb an epitaph in Hindi, which may be rendered as follows :

"Woe, a hundred times woe ! Demetrius Galanos has left this world to reside in the eternal abodes. With tears and wailing I have cried out, ah me ! by grief demented. He is gone, alas, the Plato of this age."

By his will, with the exception of small legacies to his Brāhmaṇa friends and his Hindū servant, he left the whole of his estate, amounting to some three thousand pounds, to be divided equally between his nephew and the University of Athens, to which institution he bequeathed also his Saṁskṛt library and all his papers and manuscripts.

These manuscripts may be roughly classed under two headings : (a) translations from Saṁskṛt and Hindū-stāni into Greek ; and (b) drafts of several vocabularies and dictionaries, such as Pāli-Greek, Persian-Hindī,

Greek-English, and Saṁskṛt-Greek. The most important of these, unpublished, is the last named, containing as it does many words which are there recorded for the first time, culled from Saṁskṛt works which he was the first to explore. This is the opinion of the eminent Orientalist, Professor Albrecht Weber, who, when in Athens, examined the collection and took extensive notes, which he utilised in supplementing Boehtlingk and Roth's great Saṁskṛt dictionary.

The manuscript translations remained for some fourteen years untouched ; but in 1841 the Ephore of the National Library, G. Kozakis Typaldos, assisted by the Keeper of Printed Books, G. Apostolides, commenced editing and publishing a series which in 1853 resulted in seven octavo volumes. Neither of the editors was, properly speaking, a Saṁskṛt scholar ; but they made an *ad hoc* study of the subject, and they very prudently addressed themselves for advice and guidance to the most eminent German and French Orientalists of that time. They submitted to them portions of the translations in proof, and they invited criticism before publication. They were thus enabled to preface introductions dealing with the subject matter of each volume. These introductions are of considerable merit and ability. I may here observe that the Greek style adopted by Galanos in his translations, without being stilted or pedantic, is pure and scholarly, and the text is accompanied by footnotes of great value, bearing witness to his erudition and to the frame of mind with which he approached his object in view.

Such, in general lines, is the character of the work. The limited time at my disposal will not allow me to do more than give a very succinct account of the

contents of those seven volumes. The first, entitled by the editors, *Forerunner of the Indian translations of Demetrius Galanos, the Athenian*, consists of five of the minor, but not the least important, pieces rendered into Greek: (a) Ethical sentences and allegories of Baṭrihari the King; (b) Of the same, counsels concerning the vanity of this world; (c) Political, economic, and moral precepts, culled from various poets; (d) Synopsis of sentences and precepts of Sanakea,¹ the moralist and philosopher; (e) Zagannātha Paṇḍitarāja's² allegories, examples, and similes. Galanos' attachment to the fatherland, and constant solicitude for the welfare of his countrymen, is again attested by the fact that of the translation of Zagannātha, mentioned above, he had sent home in 1830 an earlier copy, through the Archbishop of Athens, Neophytus, with the following inscription: "To the Eminent Signor Joannes Capodistrias, President and Governor of Greece, Demetrius Galanos the Athenian sends, as a present from India, this excellent allegorical manual of Zagannātha the Brāhmaṇa, translated into Greek for the benefit of the young philologists of the Greek race. From the Holy City of Kassis, known also as Benares."³

The second volume, published in 1847, contains *The Balabhārata*, or synopsis of the *Mahābhārata*. The third comprises the *Gītā*, which Galanos calls Thesoesion Melos a name adopted by Schlegel in his edition of the

¹ This name is, I believe, variously spelt Caunakas, Canakjas, Tchanakaya. I have adopted the form in which Galanos has transliterated the Indian names into Greek.

² Jagannātha Paṇḍitarāja.

³ Galanos often makes use of the ancient name of the holy city, Kāshi from its reputed founder (1200 B. C.) Kāshi Rāja (the resplendent). By an ingenious combination of a Greek synonym, phaneras, of this adjective with the more recent name Benares, he dates, on October, 1832, em Phanerasiou. His will, written only three days before his death, is dated em Benares. But in his translations he generally uses the form Baranasi (Varānasi).

poem. The fourth volume is devoted to Kālidāsa's *Raghu-Vamśa*. The fifth to the Itihāsa, *Samuṭchaya*. The sixth embraces the *Hitoṇādesha*; and the seventh the *Durga*. It was intended that it should also include the *Bhāgavata Purāṇa*; but funds were lacking, so that this and a few other translations remain still unedited.

There exists as yet no complete and connected account of the life of Galanos, nor any due appreciation of the published portion of his works—of this unique body of Indian translation done by one man; and the present paper is but a condensed abstract of a more detailed work which I hope will soon appear. It is a remarkable fact that although he lived more than forty-five years in British India and was known to many of the foremost Anglo-Indians of his time, there appears to be no mention of him or of his work in any of the likely English sources of such information. At all events my diligent search has, thus far, revealed none.¹ I need hardly say that outside Greece it is the Germans who, of course, know most about him; while the only French comment I have met with (that of M. Jules Mohl in *Le Journal Asiatique* of July, 1846) is noteworthy for statements and appreciations somewhat strange. He makes out Galanos to have been a merchant, and to have forsaken commerce for the life of a Brāhmaṇa; and he adds: "Galanos paraît avoir cherché à Benares plutôt la sagesse, comme la cherchaient les anciens, que le savoir, comme l'entendent les modernes; et ses manuscrits sont probablement plutôt une curiosité

¹ The only English comment I know of is that mentioned by the Editors who, having sent proofs of the *Gītā* translation to Mr. Clark, the then Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, received from him a letter saying that "in reading the translation he felt as if one soul had been parted in twain and set at the two ends of the world, in Greece and India, each one meditating on the same great philosophical issues".

littéraire qu'un secours pour l'érudition." This was not the opinion of Professor Albert Hoefer, who in the *Zeitschrift für die Wissenschaft der Sprache* (1850) takes to task his French confrère, and extols the scholarly and conscientious character of Galanos' work. Professor Hoefer had already reviewed the first two volumes in the *Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft* (vol i, 1846); and later (vol. xxiii, 1869) Dr. Heinrich Uhle referred to these translations with great praise. In the *Fahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Kritik* (No. 51 and 52 of 1846) Professor Hoefer compared former attempts with the achievements of Galanos, which he characterises as a colossal monument of untiring endurance and patient devotion—a work of permanent value and helpfulness to Indologists. Finally, I may adduce the opinion of Professor Theodor Benfey who, in reviewing the *Forerunner* in the 'Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen' (1846, pp. 1095-1104), says that Galanos' versions now make clear many passages which remained inexplicable riddles for former translators, and render possible, not only the correction of corrupt texts, but the explanation of many parts of Indian mythology and religion, which hitherto were not understood; that this was due to the unrivalled knowledge which Galanos had of the languages and the peoples of India; but more especially to the fact that he had won the intimate friendship and confidence of the Brāhmaṇas as no other European had ever done before him, and that he was thus enabled to obtain from them much that was jealously preserved by oral tradition only. Benfey and also Professors A. Weber and Christian Lassen consider Galanos' translation as a great ornament of modern Greek literature; and German critics generally point out the fact that several of these

translations were never before attempted in any European language, while of others the original texts were not even known to exist.

But it is not only the faithfulness and excellence of the translations which are so remarkable. Even a casual reader would be struck by the great value of the notes constituting, as they do, a veritable storehouse of Indian lore. They interpret allegories, supply historical data, elucidate mythological traditions; explain the names and the attributes of Indian deities, give parallel passages from Greek philosophers; account for obscure beliefs and popular sayings. Even the terminology of botany and zoology in India is made clear and easily conceivable; and of several passages he gives also a paraphrase, thus investing in a beautiful and lucid Greek form many a mystical passage of Oriental phraseology. And with it all he joins a playful humour, showing that he never succumbed to the dark and oppressive morbidity of Asiatic asceticism. For instance, he writes to his friend, the Orthodox Archimandrite Gregory, who was sailing from Calcutta for Constantinople: "I pray both the Ocean-Lord Poseidon and the Indian Varuṇa to give thee fair voyage, going and returning."

As in his correspondence we have a faithful portrayal of the intensely human and lovable side of his nature, so in his notes we see evidence of a well-balanced mind, of a calm judgment, of a rare critical faculty. He is in love with the subject to which he devoted his life. But he has not been enslaved by that love. We do not find in him what we often observe in enthusiastic devotees to some special branch of art or literature, or to the works of some particular author, who gradually lose the faculty of reasoning, and become blind, I had almost

said fanatical, worshippers of their idol. Galanos' studies did not overwhelm his judgment: they did not enslave his mind. He remained their master. His early training in the writings and the philosophy of the Greeks made it possible for him to maintain a critical attitude; while his clearness of vision enabled him to appreciate to the full all that is lofty and true and beautiful in the literature of India.

He was aware that, in that land of abnormal extremes, belief in the marvellous and the terrible exercises an irresistible fascination over its inhabitants. He understood that this was mainly due to the physical surroundings. As Buckle says, in comparing Indian with Greek evolution: "In the great centre of Asiatic civilisation the energies of the human race are confined, as it were intimidated, by the surrounding phenomena . . . all teaching Man of his feebleness and his inability to cope with natural forces . . . The tendency of the surrounding phenomena was, in India, to inspire fear; in Greece, to give confidence."¹ Hence those monstrous and terror-inspiring divinities, which breathe fire, and revel in blood. Galanos was aware that besides these disturbing physical conditions the inhabitants of that land had laboured from time immemorial under three fatal circumstances. They had never known liberty: the whole peninsula had repeatedly been overrun and subjugated by alien conquerors. Their political thralldom had been aggravated by an all-pervading sacerdotalism. Finally, they were handicapped by a complex system of castes, which checked progress and made development impossible.

In presence of such conditions a highly trained and cultured intellect like that of Galanos, balanced and

¹ History of Civilisation, I, 125-7.

fortified on the one hand by an inquiring mind, and on the other by a tolerant and altruistic disposition, could but seek to separate the wheat from the chaff. He discerned and adopted all that was pure in Hindū teaching. But he rejected metaphysical fantasies; he could not regard philosophy from a fantastic and quasi-religious aspect. In philology he was too well grounded to listen with anything but a smile to such puerile derivations as "Pythagoras from Buddha-guru, teacher of knowledge". Nor could he adhere to irrational theories and extravagant superstitions, such as can be acceptable only to an intelligence absolutely untrained in logic, or to theurgic and divinatory rites, which must ensure the dissent of those who conceive morality aright, and extend goodwill to all men, in all truth and in all honesty.

Galanos had before him the advice which the upright and judicious Eusebius, the Neo-Platonist, gave to his young pupil and friend Julian, when he related to him the magical and theurgic wonders of the charlatan Maximus: "Astonished for the nonce by that theatrical miracle-maker, we left. But thou, do not marvel at all, even as I did not; but rather consider how great a matter is purification by means of reason."

The Count Goblet d'Alviella, in his *Ce que l'Inde doit à la Grèce*, has shown to what a remarkable degree the regenerating flame of Ancient Greece had penetrated into the heart of Asia, and influenced the science and art of India. It is the continuity of that Greek tradition, the love of inquiry and enlightenment, which has bequeathed to the learned world the life-work of Demetrius Galanos.

J. Gennadius

By CATHERINE M. VERSCHOYLE

Lord, I have knelt here praying many hours,
While thoughts, that should have been celestial flowers

Unfolded, floated, rose
About my head,
And fell back dead ;
Never to reach the heaven of my desiring,
Or perfect my aspiring
With the solution of these human woes.

Lord, I would learn
The secret of the soul's return,
The surety of the great arriving,
The far-off goal of all our striving.
While day by day the world's sad face
Turns on the thread of Life impaled,
Say, is it nearer to Thy grace,
Or has it failed
To reach the outstretched arms of Thy compassion ?
See where these wavering tapers burn,
Lit by the children of Thy hand, who yearn
Towards Thee, distant ; each in his own fashion
Bearing the imprint of his Master's passion.

* * * * *

Man opened wondering eyes, and saw
The shadows flying from immortal hills,
And for one glorious heart-beat heard
A mighty echo of the Word :
So thin the veil is, when he wills
To rise above the stringent Law
Which in the ancient days was made
As a defence from Truth's consuming flame
For him, whose birthright, greater far
Than all the angels' glories are,
Centres about a secret Name ;
Which, when Life's corner-stone was laid,
Was graven with a hidden art
Upon his heart,
And written also, in transcendent duplicate
Upon the white cube by the Temple gate.
And lest to those who wait God's sign grow dim,
The angels, pitying, over heaven's rim
Fling snowy wafers from the heavenly board,

Oh dreamer, wake ! and follow still
The paths of pain that bear His mark,
Accept His will
As rudder to thy wandering bark ;
And day by day His manna take,
Nor for the morn provision make ;
For doubtless He shall give thee from His store
The daily bread that pilgrim souls implore,
And each day more ;
A better nourishment, a stronger meat—
The food of yesterday, though sweet,
For yesterday alone had power,
And souls starve, hearts grow cold
Who treasure stores grown old,
Feeding on manna of an outgrown hour.

Hold fast the age-long clue whose spirals ran
So far, thou mayst not see where they began ;
Lost in the mists of Time they lie.
But follow through the grave, the womb,
O'er mountain peaks, in chasms' gloom,
For where the turrets of Eternity
In changeless beauty stand,
The end rests in God's hand.

* * * * *

So, holding now the clue, I rose and went
About the common tasks of every day
Full of a grave content,
A deep trust that the way
Veiled or revealed, is His, and that our feet
Though they may err, can never stray
Beyond the appointed term, where they must turn again
In joy or pain,
And slowly climbing rise
To their predestined place above the skies.
Thus I gained courage, and I onward trod
Serene, in God.

Catherine M. Verschoyle

THE COMING OF THE CHRIST

By WESSEX

[Some notes on certain passages in the New Testament relating to the Coming of the Christ.]

IN the September, 1912, number of THE THEOSOPHIST a paper by a 'Group of American Students' contained a list of New Testament passages relating to the approaching coming of the Christ. These notes are suggestions on some of those passages, based on a study of the Greek text of Westcott and Hort, together with some hints gleaned from the volumes of the Cambridge *Bible for Schools and Colleges*, dealing with the four Gospels and the *Acts*, and also from a perusal of Schuré's *Great Initiates*.

For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his messengers, and then shall he reward every man according to his works. Verily I say unto you, there be some standing here who shall not taste of death till the time when they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom. (*Matt. xvi, 27, 28.*)

(a) Does the Son of Man refer to the Christ at all? Does it not refer to the young Teutonic race, incarnate in Titus? Titus was the son of Vespasian, who was not a Kelt, and was possibly of Teutonic origin. Titus would thus represent the epitome of the fifth sub-race, the Son of Man, and he did render to many at Jerusalem according to their doing; that is to say, death for evil. If this passage does refer to the destruction of Jerusalem, as so many commentators seem

to think, can we really say that the Lord Maitreya did so reward men?

(b) But if this passage refers to the Christ and His Second Coming, does not the expression 'not taste of death' mean 'shall not reincarnate' till the Son of Man come into His Kingdom? We know that in the Mysteries of Eleusis, the officiant who took the part of Hermes, said: "Remember the words of Empedocles, 'Generation is a great destruction, which causes the living to pass into the dead'." (see Schuré's *Great Initiates—Orpheus*)

We know also that this earth is called Myalba, Hell, in occult speech; also that the word 'Earth' means primarily that in which life is buried or hidden (cf. fox's earth, to earth-in plants, seed, or the end of a lightning conductor), not a place which men dwell in. Further we should remember we are considering the words of a supreme Occultist spoken to Occultists.

(c) Or have we a double thread of meaning, referring to:

- (i) Jerusalem's destruction for outsiders,
- (ii) the Second Advent for disciples.

The next passage is *Mark xiii, 26, 27*:

And then shall they see the Son of man coming in clouds with great power and glory. And then shall He send forth the messengers, and shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from the uttermost parts of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven.

This passage seems to uphold theory (b). The elect were to be gathered from the depths and from the heights of heaven. The passage does not point to a reward for evil, but for good (cf. parables of the Talents and the Pounds).

Again v. 30 says: "This generation shall not pass away till all these things be accomplished," which

seems to mean that this group of egos shall not pass out of reincarnation till those who had witnessed the sowing in tears should have assisted at the reaping in joy. It might mean that the Jewish race should persist till the Coming of the Kingdom, but that seems a very flat and poor teaching for a great Teacher to give His disciples, considering that race-types long antecedent to the Jewish still persist, some of which are apparently Lemurian and early Atlantean.

The third passage in *Luke ix, 26, 27*: here we have the same prediction of the Coming in Glory preceding an account of the Transfiguration, which may be the reason for some commentators linking the Second Coming and the Transfiguration together. The suggestion that 'tasting of death' means to reincarnate receives support from a note in the Cambridge Bible, p. 187, on v. 27, which says: "In the Arabian poem, *Antar*, Death is represented as slaying men by handing them a cup of poison." Now the poison in the cup is the desire in the heart, which is the cause of reincarnation.

To sum up the thoughts suggested by the foregoing passages: they seem to point to a coming in the future, when the disciples shall reincarnate and be gathered round their Master, who will give them work according to their abilities and faithfulness.

There is an 'unwritten word' of Jesus: "In that wherein I shall find you, in that will I judge you." (*Just. Mast. Dial. xlvii.*) This is the reason why the writer prefers the word 'doing' to 'works' in *Matt. xvi, 27, 28*.

Another passage is *Matt. xxiv, xxv*. It is impossible to take this long passage in detail, but the following points seem worthy of notice: *xxiv, 3*: Jesus was seated

on the Mount of Olives—Mount Bakkhu; this is a technical phrase from the Egyptian teaching, hence we should look out for occult meanings, for Mount Bakkhu was the place of special instruction.

The Rev. W. Sherlock has arranged the parallels between the two predictions found in *Matt xxiv* (*viz.*, the fall of Jerusalem and the Second Advent) thus:

Fall of Jerusalem

Second Advent

- | | |
|---|---|
| (1) False Christ and false prophets, 5, 11. | (1) False Christ and false prophets, 23, 24. |
| (2) Persecution and apostasy, 9, 10, 12. | (2) Dangers even to the elect, 24. |
| (3) Wars, famine, pestilence, 6, 7. | (3) Distress of nations, 29. |
| (4) Great tribulation, 21. | (4) Sun and moon darkened, stars falling, 29. |
| (5) Abomination of desolation, 15. | (5) Sign of Son of Man, 30. |
| (6) Escape of Christians, 16-18. | (6) Salvation of elect, 31.
Cf. <i>Cambridge Bible</i> , p. 185. |

The sun being darkened seems to refer to the loss of spiritual teaching—the modern so-called failure of religion. Consequent on this the failure of modern science to deal with ultimates in spite of its success in handling proximates, which is represented by the moon failing to give her light.

The falling of the stars may mean exoterically the rejection of great authorities, and esoterically the reincarnation of advanced egos, to help in the approaching work, cf. *Rev. ii, 26-28*: "And he that overcometh . . . to him will I give authority over the nations . . . and I will give him the morning star."

Note also the proverb, *Matt. xxiv, 28*: "Where-soever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." Raven was the synonym for a neophyte. Is 'eagle', the term for an advanced disciple? Cf. the

'Golden Hawk' of Horus, which was born from the overshadowing 'Dove'.)

In Chap. xxv we get the parable of the Ten Virgins, which is linked by the Christ directly with His coming and the Parable of the Talents which surely belongs to the same connection, for the phrases, "the Kingdom of Heaven," and, "into a far country," are interpolations, and suggest a wrong line of thought. In 31 and following we get a similar description of the Coming to those considered above, followed by a description of a judgment of separation.

Does this passage (which is too long to quote) when read in connection with the foregoing parables mean, that, just as vast numbers of disciples became Arhats during the incarnation of the Buddha, so numbers of disciples of the Lord Maitreya will become great Initiates, able to assist and guide humanity, while the next great step in social evolution is being taken?

It would seem so, for the word in the Greek which is translated punishment means 'pruning'. Cf. *John* xv, where the "branches of the vine" are said to be "purged". So we get a picture of those disciples who are slack, thoughtless and gross in life being put back under the Law of Karma for a further purification and pruning, while the others enter into the joy of their Lord.

In *Luke* xvii, 20 ff. we get practically the counterpart of the teachings already considered given in reply to a question of the Pharisees. 22 is worth noting—the phrase, "one of the days of the Son of Man" occurs, which seems to point to more than one Coming.

In *Luke* xxi, 20-36, we get the same double story of Jerusalem's destruction and the Second Coming. The

writer would suggest that the change occurs probably at 24, "until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled".

Two passages from the *Acts* must bring our list to a conclusion, though it does not quite cover that given by the American Group. The first is *Acts* i, 9-11, where promise of a return is given to the disciples by the messengers.

The second is *Acts* iii, 20, 21, in which S. Peter uses the remarkable phrase: "the Christ appointed for you—Jesus". The word Christ in the Greek is not written with a capital, thus pointing to an official Christ, a Bodhisattva, of which there may be many, though Jesus the Christ is the Christ for those to whom S. Peter was speaking, i.e., the Jews.

To gather up these rambling suggestions into a whole, it may be said that a collation of the various passages seems distinctly to point to a Second Coming of the Master of Masters, who will gather together His disciples from the heights and from the depths: these He will judge according to their faithfulness in the work they are engaged in, not according to the work's greatness or smallness. The faithful shall receive fresh work and responsibility, shall enter into the joy of their Lord; while the careless must fall back under karmic Law. Finally the Coming shall be sudden and unexpected, "like a thief in the night," yet manifest to all who are watching and have eyes to see, for it shall be like "lightning which shines from East to West".

May His Peace, His Strength, His Wisdom be upon us all.

Wessex

A HYMN OF THE HOLY ONES

Those happy souls, returning to the Light,
In exultation mount the shining way :
Who sought their Master midst earth's fevered night
Now love, now serve, through calm, unbroken day :
With strength untiring, clearer vision, blest,
Love brings no sorrow, labour asks no rest.

O Christ, immortal Life, unclouded Sun,
From mortal shadows Thou dost set them free,
Accomplishing Thy work in them begun,
Drawing them nearer—ever nearer—Thee :
Till, in the stillness of Thy holy place,
They gaze upon the Wonder of Thy Face.

They are at peace—for they have overcome :
Earth's darkest terrors leave them undismayed ;
The storms of life for them are fallen dumb.
Now, out of weakness, more than conquerors made,
Now (to its end the Path of Victory trod)
They rise, they live, for ever one with God.

New-born, where bright the Star of Welcome gleams,
From death-in-life to life that knows no death,
They waken now from dark and empty dreams,
They breathe Eternal Morning's radiant breath,
And, in that Life—their Fathers, and their own—
Know, as, from endless ages, they are known.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff



MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

THERE exists an old letter of H. P. B.'s, copies of which are now exceedingly rare, addressed some thirty years ago to the members of the London Lodge of the Theosophical Society. It is a confidential admonition to the Lodge concerning spiritual endeavour, and contains a paragraph which struck me very forcibly when I read it. This passage says that if members only gave proper

attention to the little experiences of life they might find revealed in them unsuspected occult teachings or unthought-of instances of occult influence. In the light of this injunction I have kept a close watch on such tiny rays of light as have filtered through, from time to time, into my own every-day consciousness, and have analysed carefully the slight glimpses into the something-else which now and then have been vouchsafed to me.

I am not a clairvoyant, and I wish at the outset to prevent any possible misconstruction of what I am going to lay before my readers. I am not able to turn on the tap of astral or any other sight as one might switch on or off the electric light. That is only for the masters in the art. It is of the utmost importance for the sane and solid development of the Theosophical movement that the strictest probity should prevail in all reports and relations of psychic experiences, and that no one should suffer to cluster round himself exaggerated opinions concerning his occult powers. Such incorrect estimation, if spread widely within our ranks, would ultimately annihilate all sound standards of judgment, falsify doctrine and turn into chaos what should be an ordered whole of testimony and description. The temptation to promote, or at least not to prevent, such a state of things is very great in our Society, and there are minor deities in our ranks who have sinned heavily in this respect.

What I have to present then is a sober record of whatever experiences I recollect as I write, in so far as they seem to have an illustrative value, especially selecting those examples which seem to be capable of some interpretation. I divide them into groups as their nature suggests.

It seems to me that such an autobiographical fragment may be of some value as furnishing material for comparison. It may also incite others to relate their similar experiences. In the hands of some other "James" these "varieties of religious experience" may then be ultimately welded into an instructive whole. It should, however, be well understood that any such relation can have value only if the experience has been very carefully observed and, so far as possible, analysed, keen introspection having taken place at the time. The experience may have been religious, but the description must be scientific; the value may have been mystical, but the process must be recognised as psychological. Above all, the giving of premature (Theosophical or other) explanations to such experiences must be avoided. That is a matter for the experts, psychologists or occultists. We are only concerned with one end of the line, that of truthfully reporting. The explainers stand at the other end. So, for instance, no special 'plane' should be assigned to any phenomenon or sensation. Only an occultist can do that. A subjective feeling of the highest rapture may well have been produced by a dulling of the general sensibility, and that only: the felicity of *tamas* is something else than that of *sattva*.

Many readers may recognise in the few experiences I have to relate some of their own, or at least find an affinity with them. Perhaps they may have thought that such experiences were too isolated, infrequent and unimportant to note down. Here, however, the value of H.P.B.'s remark shows itself. I too attach very little value or importance to most of the experiences which I relate, and none at all to some of them, but I

see equally well that, taken together—despite their infrequency—they indicate that my mind comes now and then into touch with a mysterious other-world of consciousness, where, it seems, forms of thought prevail other than those which we know here. They tell me that if I could always have present the symbolic vision and synthetic thought or the heightened sensibility of which I have only experienced momentary and intermittent flashes, I should be so much the richer as a conscious being and, I think, a step higher in the scale as an evolving entity. The mere experience, once, leads me to believe that there may be a possibility of experiencing it always and uninterruptedly. In short, I regard these things as forebodings, foreshadowings, promises even, for distant days to come, and as my own *personal* and invaluable little certitudes for that hope of inner unfoldment which, roughly, is sketched out by modern Theosophical literature, but which, after all, is and must remain unprovable by books alone. In other words: our occultists testify to their higher experiences. From their vast masses of testimony I think I have perceived the existence of a few atoms; and the existence of one atom of gold is enough to prove that gold exists.

I. CHILDHOOD

From the days of my childhood I recollect only two experiences. The first is trifling but amusing, and became intelligible to me only afterwards.

1. *Astral Nakedness.* I was asleep, and was walking in one of the streets of the little town in which I was then living. I was amusing myself as children do

at that age, but suddenly I became aware that I was clad only in my nightshirt (pyjamas being a fairly recent invention as far as Holland is concerned). I experienced a feeling of intense shame and felt as if all passers-by in the street were looking at me. I awoke with a start and felt still very much ashamed. Later on in reading about the astral plane I found the clue to this dream which, by its extraordinary vividness, made a strong impression on me.

2. *The Wrong End of the Telescope.* The second experience is one which I can only describe, not understanding it at all up to this day. Fairly often when lying in bed prior to falling asleep it seemed as if the walls of the room and perhaps also the objects therein were beginning to recede and recede unendingly, and they would appear as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. This recession, however, was not so much in a straight line as rather in a most curious twirling motion, as if every point in them was turning itself inside out. To put it graphically, it was as if every point, as well as the whole total, was moving away in the manner of a ring of smoke, blown by an expert in these matters. I believe that I at least once saw small *heinzeln-männchen*-like figures in the distance. Of course I did not analyse these things at the time in such detail, but I remember the experience clearly. As a matter of fact I was rather afraid of this sort of thing.

3. *Turned Inside Out.* I may add that in later times I have had on several occasions a sensation analogous to the above, only it was not accompanied by visual impressions. Several times I have experienced in concentration the *feeling* (in the body) of such a turn-inside-out movement, going on like a propeller in the air. I always

expected that the next turn should lead somewhere (where exactly I could never locate), but it always ended in nothing. Sometimes this sensation is not felt inside the body but in the space around the body, and then the impression is that one ascends, or as the case may be descends, ever and ever more highly or deeply. Yet one never arrives, though firmly expecting to arrive somewhere.

II. PROPHETIC VISIONS AND DREAMS

After these two preliminary incidents I will deal with those of later years, now roughly classifying the examples. The two following experiences are of necessity of an intimate nature, and I have to apologise for mentioning them, in order not to be accused of vanity. They are, however, the only two of the class I have, and so I cannot leave them out without making my record, so far as it goes, incomplete. I need not say that I myself have not consciously invented their interpretation; the interpretation came simultaneously with the pictures as part and parcel of them. I have nothing to do with it. Besides, it may be false, and also the first part in each story is not flattering to me, nothing to boast of.

4. *An Inverted Icarus.* As far as I recollect, soon after my entrance into the Theosophical Society I would see, or a picture of it would arise in my consciousness, a little figure, standing as if on a strip of seashore. I remember quite well one morning, while dressing, how I stared a long time at that little figure, naked, on the beach, before me. I saw with the 'mind's eye,' whatever that may mean. There was no objective picture, no beach anywhere near, yet I saw the picture.

That little shining figure was somehow about an inch or two high, though how I could assign length I don't know, unless I stared through the window-sill, which may have furnished a sort of general background of measure. Anyhow the little figure was *me*, not in the sense of a pre-incarnational me, but he *signified* me, he was meant to *indicate* me. While I watched I saw that the little figure was meant to do something, but was tarrying and tarrying. Strange—the figure was there and did nothing, but I knew that he was doing something very hard: he was *waiting*, losing time. I saw what he was doing: he was *doing* nothing, he was *positively at work* at doing nothing. At last, very much at last, the figure made up his mind and with one mighty jump soared upwards into the sky like a rocket, leaving a silvery track, and, reaching the sky with a graceful curve, disappeared.

This picture I saw several times during my younger days of membership. The explanation, neither sought for nor discussed, came simultaneously with, and as involuntarily as, the picture. It was that I should squander much time (and evidently many opportunities) in the first period (which may of course stretch over many lives, who knows?) of my endeavours to reach or tread the Path, but that once having reached it I should make rapid and brilliant progress.

Once more I only record my experience, and if I have constructed picture or explanation by the aid of my subconsciousness, then call my sub-ego vain but not me, for I myself do not accept responsibility for either.

5. *A Troubled Dinner.* The second case of prophetic character was a dream, and dates from a few years

later than the previous story. I was living at the time in the Theosophical Headquarters in Amsterdam, and one night I dreamt very vividly that I was sitting at table with all, or most, of my fellow-inhabitants of Headquarters. I do not know whether Mrs. Besant and some other Theosophical leaders were present at the meal; I am uncertain concerning that detail. We were eating the specially Dutch dish 'hutspot' (a kind of hodge-podge, mainly consisting of mashed potatoes and slices of carrot). I remarked that my neighbour and good friend, Mr. Wierds van Coehoorn, was eating away with fierce determination. When I made ready to fall to also, a regular flow of earwigs began to issue from the food on my plate. I began to kill them as they came along, and kept at it a long time. I felt that if I gave up the food as a bad job, I should fail in something very important. At last the stream of insects ceased; the last had been killed, and I ate the food, finishing it. Awakening in the morning I remembered simultaneously dream and explanation. The latter was similar to that of the previous experience. There were in my character as yet many flaws; I was united to a group of other people all striving for the higher life (eating the food spiritual). For me the task was very difficult. I had to slay several obnoxious skandhas, to work off several items of bad karma. But I must not leave off, must not turn away discouraged. After having overcome these difficulties I too would finish my plate, *i. e.*, attain.

True prophecy or not, I have a shrewd suspicion that I recognised some of the earwigs; some of them are not yet dead at the present day! I wonder whether if I had dreamed this dream in India instead of Holland, the earwigs would not have been cockroaches or ants?

III. MEDITATIONAL EXPERIENCES

Of these I will relate two. The first I have already published in this journal some years ago, but it may be repeated here as having a natural place in this report.

6. *A Vision of Brotherhood.* Some years ago in meditation I tried several experiments with myself, and some of these led to results which I found rather interesting. When meditating on a single idea, such as purity, love, or unity, there would often come to me a sudden and vivid vision symbolising that idea, accompanied by a spontaneously-arising sonnet, the contents of which were always a poetic commentary on the vision.

For example, one day when meditating on brotherhood there suddenly leaped into existence before my internal vision a magnificent temple, apparently Egyptian or Grecian in style. It had no outer walls, but consisted of a large number of pillars, supporting a graceful roof, and surrounding a small walled shrine, into which I did not see. I cannot express the vividness with which I felt that the building was instinct with meaning—impregnated, as it were, with a magnetism of intelligence which made it no mere vision, but an object lesson containing the very highest teaching. Simultaneously the explanatory sonnet unfolded itself, and described in its few terse compact lines how this was a symbol of true brotherhood—how all these pillars, all in different places, some bathed in the glorious sunlight, some for ever in the half shade of the inner lines, some thick, some thin, some exquisitely decorated, some equally strong yet unadorned, some always frequented by devotees who used to sit near them, others always

deserted—how all of them silently, ungrudgingly, perseveringly and equally bore together the one roof, protecting the inner hall and its shrine—all different and yet so truly all the same. And the sonnet ended: "In this see brotherhood."

I could not reproduce it now, but the richness and fulness of its meaning, the deep wisdom so neatly wrapped up in those few words, made me see as if in the gleam of a search-light what true brotherhood really means—the sharing of service, the bearing one's part, regardless of all else but the work to be done.

A word of caution should be added. Cases are on record where glorious poems have been composed in states of meditation or rapture, but when written down these proved sometimes to be nothing more than insufferable doggerel. I never put my experiences along such lines to the test by writing them down.

7. *The Master's Love for Humanity.* At another time, whilst sitting in meditation, there appeared before me a figure of Master K. H., bearing a child on His arm. The appearance was like the image of a Roman Catholic saint, something similar to the figure of the Virgin with the Christ-child. Its height was about two or three feet—though I cannot find any reason why I should fix any definite measurement to the appearance, there being no point of comparison. Nevertheless the impression of size was there. My eyes were closed and the figure drifted into (internal) vision and out of it, not fading away, as far as I can remember. The curious thing was that I was at the time not at all thinking of the Master, and the appearance was, as it were, an intrusion from without into the current of my consciousness.

Now the chief importance of the phenomenon was that I *knew* that the child was humanity, and that I *felt* the immense and indescribable love of the Master for it. It was this love that was the central point in the experience. I have never before or since felt anything like it. It was overwhelming in its strength and virility, and at the same time in its softness and tenderness. It was mighty and holy and overflowing full of life and reality and force. It was something beyond merely human capacity; mighty without violence, sweet without weakness; unique, and yet so natural. Of course I cannot describe it, of course I cannot remember—or better, recall it. I remember *that* it was, but not *how* it was, as, in after years, one remembers *that* some excruciating pain was once suffered, but the pain itself does not emerge again from the past. All I know now is that, since that time, I can laugh at any ordinary talk about love, even the highest and holiest descriptions. All love that I have heard about, or read about, or have seen manifested, or have been able to feel myself, is as a pale shadow of that great Love radiating from that picture, is in comparison to it a stone for bread, an empty husk for the fruit of life, is a dream, a delusion, a snare—is nothing.

When I speak here again of 'seeing,' it should be understood that in this as in other cases I do so only for want of other words. I had a visual impression, that is all. Of its nature I am wholly ignorant.

IV. PSYCHOLOGY

The next two experiences seem best classified as more directly psychological. The first appears

very trivial, but as I have found that others also have observed a similar thing I record it.

8. *A Living Portrait.* During the first year of my membership in the Society I habitually put a portrait of H. P. B. on the table at which I worked. (The maidservant was afraid of that queer face; she thought it uncanny, and called it—out of *my* hearing—the spook.) Now, often looking up to the portrait, it seemed many a time to express a variety of moods in response to mine. I got the impression that it could clearly express approbation and discontentment, approval and reproach. Of course I do not refer to actual physical changes in the piece of cardboard, but its psychical impression changed according to circumstances; I felt the facial expression differently.

For many years I have no longer observed similar impressions, and I recognise that I have perhaps lost a certain guilelessness which may probably be a prerequisite for receptivity in this direction.

To the second experience I attach more value; indeed, it afforded me some instruction and furnished me with some food for serious thought.

9. *A Spiritual Duel.* In the Amsterdam Headquarters, where I resided at the time, the chief leader was Mrs. Meuleman, a striking and forceful character, of whom I still think with great gratitude and respect, and to whom I owe much in the way of help and guidance during a stage of my journey through life. She was a remarkable personality and, so far as I can gather, was of the H. P. B. type, though not, perhaps, of the same stature. She had all the ruggedness and incalculability of that type, as well as its constant self-contradictions; at the same time she was whole-heartedly

devoted to the Theosophical cause, and was a true, loyal and tender friend. To me she has always been a living commentary on H. P. B. herself, and by living in close intimacy with her I have learned to understand much in Theosophical history which otherwise would have remained puzzling and unintelligible to me.

Temperamentally Mrs. Meuleman and myself were very different, and though I recognised her very many superior qualities, her manner and method were often unacceptable to me. In short, I felt often towards her a sort of inner rebellion wedded to outer assent—not so much a state of hypocrisy as a war of conflicting elements in my nature. Now the curious point about it was that this feeling chiefly manifested only in meditation and in dreams, and little in the ordinary waking consciousness. Without intentionally seeking it, I would in meditation drift into veritable battles, true duels, of arguments and controversy with Mrs. Meuleman, or wake up from sleep with the memory of a vivid dream to the same effect. There was no question of insults or of unseemly fighting, but rather I felt as if my real self was 'having it out' with the real self of my antagonist. I had a sort of impression not as if the personalities were in conflict, but as if the egos were engaged, so that my own personality-consciousness was not only looking on, but also half identifying itself with something behind itself that fought the battle. As said before, I never consciously started this train of thought, it was rather as if some restrained and subdued subconscious impulse worked itself out on these occasions. (Mrs. Meuleman being an old lady and I a youngster, she holding the local headship of the E. S. whilst I was a novice, and all

other points being similarly disproportionate, there could not be any frank discussion on the footing of equality. Some things must therefore needs remain unsolved.) I related the case to Mrs. Meuleman, and she gave a fine intuitive answer for which I am still grateful to her—which symbolised one of these large traits in her character—showing tolerance and insight—which made us all love her so much. She simply said: "That is a very good sign, my boy. Go on fighting until you have fought it out." And she spoke no more of it. Indeed, it has been a source of the greatest satisfaction to me to have been able to come to a definite conclusion, and be consequently at rest, with regard to Mrs. Meuleman's remarkable character a short time before her death. She was in many ways a great woman, who nobly and strongly held a responsible post during the period when there was no other to hold it.

V. SEEING IDEAS

Here we enter upon another group of phenomena. They seem, for one thing, to be marked off by the peculiarity that I experienced them only in normal waking consciousness. I find that I have the faculty of occasionally seeing an idea, a conception, in visual form. The vision comes suddenly and unexpectedly. About the nature of this seeing I might expatiate more fully, but the task is too subtle for me. Enough to say that I have not only the impression that I have *seen*, but also the impression that I have not seen *details*. I might put it that I feel as if I had seen the *universals* of the vision, but not its particulars. As however *universals* are not objectively existent in the

outer world, I do not know what is the 'form' of what I have seen. Yet I have clearly the recollection of form, but not of a *particular* form. So, for instance, in the next example: there I saw *the Masters*, but not any particular Master, not any face or form. Still the recollection was that I *saw* Them. And at the time of the vision I knew that it was They who were there. I know it is hopeless to try to describe this seeing without seeing, together with the simultaneous knowledge of the meaning of what is seen. It sounds like a paradox, and yet when experienced it is quite simple. The whole question baffles and puzzles me, and only inwardly I understand something of it, but outwardly I cannot describe it satisfactorily. The consciousness can grope further than the brain-instrument is able to record. I add that this class of experiences is to me the most valuable of those I relate. They foreshadow some kind of synthetic, symbolic consciousness which seems altogether nobler and more exalted than that of normal life.

I will relate three examples.

10. *The Secrets of the Master's Mind*. One evening, a few years ago, at Adyar, Mr. Leadbeater was answering in one of the meetings a question about how the Master could keep secret from the pupil the mysteries of the higher Initiations even though the pupil's consciousness was partly unified with His. While Mr. Leadbeater was speaking there flashed out before me a vision of a number of lights of varying degrees of brilliancy, from faint and soft luminosity to dazzling and blinding radiance. These globes of light were pupils and Masters, seen from some higher point of view. They did not *represent* these people, but *were*

they. The various globes could freely look at each other, communicate with each other and move through each other as long as each one's outlook remained on his own level of brilliancy. But if a lesser light should strain to peer into the contents of any more brilliant globe, such a globe of a higher grade of brilliancy would mechanically blind the sight of the lower individual, and its contents would remain invisible. The content of the higher consciousness was not artificially hidden, but was quite automatically protected against prying from below by virtue of its own nature. The whole picture was living, and produced of course a far richer impression than that given in this very lame description. As in the case of the vision of brotherhood (No. 6) the whole was pregnant with meaning, instinct with intelligence. From one point of view it was a pure conception, from the other a vision; but I should not be able to separate the two nor to declare which was the primary aspect.

In writing down this I feel keenly the insufficiency of the description.

11. *The Chains of Humanity.* Concerning the next vision I do not remember under what circumstances it arose, nor exactly when. I should say only a few years ago, at Adyar. Here the significance was primary, the form secondary, and I am able to analyse it a little more clearly in that I feel that the form represents less the vision as seen, than the vision as translated into ordinary brain-forms. I feel as if behind the vision as I describe it, there was another, the real vision, the mode of seeing which is different from our ordinary mode. I repeat that this seeing behind the seeing I describe is more a beholding of the *principles* of the things than of

the things as they *are* here. The feeling of that higher sight remains, but of the sight itself, only its concrete projection, only a materialised deposit.

The picture was that of human beings, not very many, but in some mysterious way so inclusive in their totality as to represent humanity, that is physical humanity, in general. Each individual was as if chained to a kennel as dogs are. There were no chains and no kennels, but nevertheless this is as correct a description as I can make it. Each chain left each individual more or less tether-space. For all that, the tether was relatively small. The significance was that man is strictly chained to a definite locality in space, though thinking himself free. The picture had no reference to free-will and similar abstract problems, but indicated the merely natural facts of the case. The tether had a manifold meaning. Man is practically limited to a spherical plane. He cannot move through space at will. A few miles below the surface of the earth heat and atmospheric pressure make life difficult or impossible; a few miles above that surface the rarefaction of the air and cold do the same. He is restricted, for regular living, to earth, the ocean being unsuitable; he needs fertile land; deserts, marshes, jungles, are forbidden to him. In air he has no support, in water he drowns; through the earth he cannot pass. He cannot move more than a few hours away from his food supply, or he dies of hunger; he must remain near drinking water, or he perishes. He cannot move away from home or family; they claim him back. He cannot depart from the resources of his particular form of civilisation, or he loses his own form of humanity. The physical as well as social and psychic elements

in the chains were all equally discernible, and somehow there was also a suggestion in the illustration of trees waving their branches, but nevertheless firmly rooted in a fixed spot. The vision meant humanity as a whole, and did not specially indicate individuals who cross oceans, travel to the poles or go up in balloons. They were visible in the mass as something like jumping dogs. (Sven Hedin would be a dog who jumped a little bit higher than the others, *voilà tout*; the sailors very lively dogs who were never at rest, and so on. But none of them could outreach the chain.)

It struck me as quite instructive that there may be a point of view from which mankind's freedom of motion is not greater, comparatively, than that of the vegetable kingdom is to us, and with some phantasy one might ask whether, similar to our six-day motor races, green peas have also world championships, for a second and a half or so, in rapid growth, which is about all they could know of motion.

There was no notion of time and, pondering it over at a later date, I thought of a simile of a cluster of bees or ants. The cluster remains in a fixed spot, though individuals may swarm out and return. This is, however, only a very one-sided illustration.

12. *In Him We live and move and have Our Being.* The last example I relate in this group is the most impressive and beautiful experience I have had. It came to me many years ago when I was still living in Amsterdam. Towards evening I was walking alone along a road just outside the town. At that place the city ends abruptly, and on the one side stretched vast masses of many-storied houses in unbroken conglomeration, whilst on the other there was the equally unbroken

expanse of green meadows losing themselves in the horizon; a peaceful landscape, full of repose and freshness. The road was a lonely one and, leisurely walking, I must have mused about many things. All of a sudden 'themselves the heavens opened'. I use this biblical phrase because I know no apter one. Suddenly I saw inside and through the mighty expanse of the heavenly vault; and at the same time I realised with the utmost certitude that this whole dome above was nothing but the inside of some gigantic skull. The atmosphere, the space around and above me was not only filled with air and ether, but far more, and above all, with throbbing, living consciousness. And from every point in space, on high and below, in front and behind me, from the right and the left, myriads of invisible threads connected every point in space with every other point in space, serving as invisible wires to report wireless messages from every point to every point simultaneously. I had a sensation of extraordinary wideness, roominess, spaciousness. I *felt* space, as such, better than ever before, and space was conscious. I knew I was inside the consciousness of that measureless skull, as was everything else. And everything was related and correlated with everything else existing in that mighty brain. And though the myriads and millions of connections were beyond counting or enumerating, still this network formed an ordered whole in which the fulness was organic. I felt as if I had touched some single aspect of some world-enveloping consciousness, embracing not only the world as a whole, but every single, even minutest, item in it, in full knowledge of detail as well as totality, and moreover of all internal and mutual relations. My consciousness was swept up for a moment

by that bigger insight, and I felt for that moment as if I myself might understand a whole world.

Again I have to repeat that the description is poor and inadequate, for the reality of these things lies in the sensation; the forms of the vision are only the fringes of the experience.

Years later I experienced something much akin to this. This was at Adyar, when, whilst walking through one of its wooded spots, I realised the unity of life, of the living force in this world, more vividly than ever before.

Leaving this class of experiences then with the final warning that my descriptions of them are merely indications rather than real, full, complete descriptions, we will turn to another group.

VI. ILLUSTRATIONS

Of this class I quote only a single example. Its chief characteristic is that the vision has a direct illustrative meaning, and no symbolic one. This class also comes in ordinary waking consciousness.

13. *The Size of the Earth.* I do not remember clearly when and where and under what circumstances I saw this vision.

I saw before me a sea-surface of immense proportions, the waves surging in mighty curves. One wave in particular drew my attention; it was so huge that it seemed to reach to the utmost heaven, beyond the sun. The primary impression of that ocean was its vastness, its measureless greatness. On the crest of that wave a small globe, our earth, was borne along, a tiny ball tossed about by overwhelming forces. Just as we may

say that the moon seems the size of a football, so this little earth seemed about the size of an orange in the shoreless expanse of waters. The other planets, the sun and moon, the stars also, were absent. There was nothing but the illimitable space of sea and the insignificant sphere swept on by it. I realised by this illustration a truer conception of the relation between the dimensions of stellar space and those of our earth than I had done before or have done since. The sense of the vastness of space was for a moment real and living in me. Now I know the greatness theoretically, and I can express it in numbers by speaking of light-years or millions of miles, but then I *felt* it direct and immediately.

As will be seen, there was no symbolic value to the vision; it was only an illustration, and as such it was different from the previous class.

Johan van Manen

EXPLANATORY NOTES

I very heartily congratulate my friend, Mr. Van Manen; first on his courage in coming forward thus openly to relate experiences many of which are of a somewhat private character; secondly, on the clearness and force with which he has stated them; and thirdly and chiefly, on the experiences themselves.

For, though to those unversed in these studies they may at first glance appear disconnected, anyone who has fully opened the higher consciousness will at once recognise them all as parts of a coherent whole. True, many of them are glimpses only, but they are glimpses of the higher world, giving to him who experiences them a

momentary foretaste of what will in the future be the everyday possibilities of his life.

Again and again our author explains that he cannot do justice to his subject—that words fail to express what he has seen and felt. We have all felt that, and we can well appreciate his difficulty; but, nevertheless, even though the attempt at description fails, as it cannot but fail, there are still touches in it which are unmistakable to those who have seen. He is assuredly quite right in regarding these experiences as foreshadowings of days still to come; and it is easy to appreciate his remark that even the simplest direct experience gives one a certainty as to the existence of other worlds which is not to be gained by any amount of mere study.

He hardly does himself and his experiences justice when he says that “a subjective feeling of the highest rapture may have been produced by a dulling of general sensibility.” The dulling of sensibility *does* give a blissful feeling of complete repose, of escape from the ever-present weight and weariness of physical life which we ordinarily fail to recognise, because we have been born into it, and know no other condition; but the essence of this feeling is *relief*, which is a kind of negative sensation. The bliss of the higher worlds has in it an intensity of positive vivid life—life in the most vigorous activity, life raised to the *n*th power—which is quite unmistakable, and by no means to be confused with the other. At least, so it seems to me.

The first experience which he notes for us is by no means uncommon—that of finding oneself in some public place with much less than the usual amount of clothing. It has often been said in Theosophical literature that in the astral and higher worlds people clothe

themselves as they choose by a mere effort of the will. Very often this will seems to act unconsciously, so that most people appear in some quite ordinary costume with which their friends are familiar; but where through forgetfulness or for some other reason the active will fails to attend to this matter, the subconscious part of it gives us an automatic reproduction of the garment which is actually worn by the physical body at the moment, as in the case which our author describes.

The second and third experiences are very characteristic and instantly recognisable, yet impossible fully to describe or to make clear to those who have never felt anything of the kind. The change from the physical to the astral consciousness usually takes place so quickly that it has no observable stages; and even when the stages are observed, some people naturally select one group of phenomena for special attention, while others concentrate themselves on a quite different group. When one does reach the astral plane, its consciousness is by no means equally developed in all of us. Some of us, for example, invariably associate with it the power to see fourth-dimensionally, while most have as yet no glimpse of that quality. This peculiar spiral turning inside-out which is mentioned here clearly indicates the possession of knowledge of that sort, and the quaint way in which, when the author is just about to pass into that condition of consciousness, he experiences the change sometimes in himself, sometimes outside himself, and sometimes in connection with partially seen physical objects—all these again are thoroughly characteristic of that condition of half-awakened consciousness. When this is attained in

meditation it ought of course to lead to something, as Mr. Van Manen very properly says; but all who have experimented in these matters know well how frequently one fails upon the very brink of success, and how many times one has to try before results are finally achieved.

Experiences four and five are obviously instances of the symbolical thought of the ego, which he is kind enough to throw down in this case into the lower mind along with a strong impression of its explanation. Our writer is fortunate in this, for it is far more common to receive the symbol without the explanation, and to be left to guess wildly. The first symbol is beautiful, the second distinctly unattractive; but no doubt the ego, which does not eat, would find it difficult to comprehend the idea that unpleasant forms of life would pollute food. Very characteristic also is the fact that, in the case of the little figure standing on the beach, the seer knows that he is wasting time in unnecessary hesitation, although he is in no way told that fact, nor is there anything in the vision itself to show it. I do not mean that the ego thinks in pictures such as these; but pictures such as these are the nearest representation that we can get down here of the way in which an ego formulates thought. But his thought means and includes much more than can be represented in our picture.

The vision of brotherhood, and that other which indicates the Master's love for humanity, are deeper and more beautiful examples of the same faculty. The wonderful vision of the temple is a very fine example of thought in the causal body, and our author describes for us also how there comes along with it a poetical expression of its meaning—a sonnet which, however,

he is unable to recover upon the physical plane. The thought of the ego is perfect; it is in itself at the same time a picture and a description, but in order to give upon the physical plane even the most imperfect expression of its wondrous fullness, it is necessary to call upon two of our modes of manifestation—painting and poetry. But for the ego the picture and the poetic description are one effort, and that no more of an effort than the flash of an ordinary thought into the brain is for us. The word of caution with which our author annotates this experience—saying that what in a condition of rapture appear to be glorious poems often prove to be dreadful doggerel when written down—is not, strictly speaking, appropriate in this case, though true with regard to another and quite different type of experience—the partial recollection on waking of the memories of the physical brain, whose rather dull consciousness is apt to regard its geese as especially noble swans, and is quite capable of endowing doggerel with indescribable splendour. But this is a case of the consciousness of the ego, and consequently the poem, on its own plane, must have been perfect—indeed, what would seem to us super-perfect; though it is true that it is utterly impossible to bring such a thing down into ordinary human words, and that attempts to do so have frequently ended in bathos. But he need have no doubt that at its own level the poetical expression was as perfect as the picture, though less susceptible of translation. Such a thought as that, including all those varied meanings, and manifesting in many different ways, is the thought “brotherhood” to an ego.

In the second of these two experiences we have again the characteristic knowledge of the exact meaning

of what was seen, without the reception of definite information; and again in the deep realisation of the intensity of the Master's love, so far beyond anything which language can express. Every word of the description at once evokes a mental response in those who have felt, but cannot describe. The figure *may* have been a thought-form called into existence by some other ego, but if that were so, the writer instantly accepted it, understood it and responded to it, and through it attained a realisation which can never be reached on the physical plane.

The eighth item on our list sounds fantastic, yet is not so in reality. It must be remembered that every portrait is a definite link with its subject, and I have little doubt that that would be so to a far greater extent than is usual in the case of such a teacher as Madame Blavatsky. It is not probable that any change (other than a very slow and gradual one) took place in the physical expression of the face upon the cardboard; but it is certain that the author's frequent thought of Madame Blavatsky would attract her attention, and it is likely that in answer to it she would project enough of herself into that portrait to convey to him such impressions as he describes. These impressions would be by no means necessarily reflections of the moods of the owner of the portrait; they are far more likely to have been the comments of the original of the portrait upon those moods, or upon the actions which had led to them or resulted from them. A portrait is a very real centre of force, and when the person whom it represents has any degree of occult advancement it is often an actual means of communication to a quite considerable extent.

Many of our students know that it is possible gradually to modify the expression of a portrait by long meditation upon it; but that is a phenomenon of a class different from that which is mentioned above. The fact that similar impressions are no longer received may possibly be due to the reason given in the text; but it is just as likely to mean that Madame Blavatsky herself considers that her pupil has reached a stage where such special attentions are no longer necessary.

The spiritual duel described in number nine is remarkable and interesting. It is clearly a case of an argument between two egos working on different lines. The physical plane personalities attached to the two egos were brought into a somewhat difficult relationship—one in which our author was expected to adopt the attitude of a submissive disciple. One can see that there were many ways in which this was good and necessary at a certain stage in evolution; but it was inevitable that difficulties should arise, owing to the fact that the dispositions and the lines of evolution of the two egos were so entirely different. If the people concerned had been less forbearing, these innate differences between those who were forced together into such a close relationship would have led to violent quarrels; I think both parties may be congratulated on the good sense with which they faced a delicate situation.

The tenth vision belongs in reality to the same class as the sixth and seventh; it is a partial impression on the physical brain of the ego's method of thought; and when our author remarks that a description of such a thought sounds like a paradox, and yet is in reality quite simple—that inwardly he understands something of it, but outwardly he cannot describe it satisfactorily—

he is saying what every one of us who can see is feeling all the time with respect to such impressions. His description of the way in which the higher secrets are preserved from possible prying on the part of those at a lower level (if such prying could at all be thinkable) is luminous in more senses than one. It is a suggestive description of the relations between a Master and His pupil.

The somewhat uncomplimentary vision of humanity which is given under the number eleven again represents the ego's view with regard to physical limitations. I think that they could hardly be described more graphically. The picture of the vegetable condition of the great mass of humanity, and of the few travellers as chained dogs jumping about among the vegetables, is distinctly effective!

The twelfth experience is one of the best of those recorded; yet even that represents but partially the constant experience of one who has opened the higher consciousness. Here, even more than usual, our author insists that his description is inadequate, and one thoroughly realises that that is so, even while one heartily congratulates him upon it; what human words can describe that which is distinctly super-human—not in the sense that it is out of man's reach, but that it is so far above his ordinary experiences? Still, even from what is written we receive a forcible and vivid impression of the fact that everything around us is pulsating with life and intelligence, and yet that all the intelligence is definitely *one*.

C. W. LEADBEATER

(To be Concluded)

IN THE TWILIGHT

"I DO not quite understand repercussion," said a student. "Does it really occur?"

"Oh yes," replied the Vagrant. "It occurred to me once in my early days, when in an astral adventure I saw a mast about to fall on me; I thought to myself: 'That will come right across me.' The next moment I remembered that it would not hurt me if it did; but the result of that momentary thought was a repercussion. The next morning I had a great blue bruise on my leg when I awoke. The vibration in the astral body causes a similar vibration in the physical body. Hence the bruise."

"Would the stigmata of the Christian Saints," asked a gentle voice from the back, "be an instance of repercussion?"

"Yes. Stigmata are not of very rare occurrence. I have seen accounts of two such cases in my own lifetime, one of a girl in a convent in Belgium; and it happens generally to monks or nuns. They meditate, kneeling, with their eyes fixed on a crucifix above their heads. These are just the conditions for producing the hypnotic trance, especially if the eyes were looking upwards with the axes slightly crossed (strabismus). Now supposing the monk or the nun goes into a trance in this way, he has the idea of the Christ upon the Cross strongly fixed upon the brain. The result of this very strong suggestion is the production of the wounds in the person himself. It is a quite simple thing, and corresponds in every point with the way in which

wounds have been produced by hypnotic suggestion at the great hospital of the Salpêtrière in Paris. By hypnotism, burns have been often produced. Reading over, as we may do now, a number of the trials in the Middle Ages for witchcraft, it is quite clear that under a great amount of superstition and exaggeration and carelessness, there is a substratum of fact. The evidence is often very clear and there is no reason to disbelieve it."

"What of the fixing of the eyes on the point of the nose in meditation?"

"It is one of the artificial ways of quieting the body and dulling it down to a point where it will not interfere with thought. One of the unsatisfactory things is that a person who induces trance in this way does not bring back a memory of what he has done or learned, when he returns to his body. The results reached in this way are very poor."

"It is a sort of back-door way," chimed in the Shepherd, "of gaining what ought to be obtained by an exercise of the will."

"A person who is hypnotised or in a trance state," continued the Vagrant, "has his circulation and breathing very much slackened. If you touch a person who is asleep, you will wake him, while in the trance state you may fire a pistol near his ear and not wake him. In the one case the physical body is vitalised and healthy, in the other devitalised. A man in such a condition would probably in his astral body be in the same state as in ordinary sleep."

"A man in trance," remarked the Shepherd, "sometimes takes up the etheric double with him and then he gets very much confused."

"Yes. Of course a man who knows how to throw himself into trance by an effort of the will is in quite a different condition. I was thinking more of trance produced mechanically. If you once take out part of the etheric double, you are in a terrible muddle. You may be as conscious as you like, but you are in a fog. I experienced that only once, under the influence of laughing-gas, when a tooth was taken out, and I will never do it again. The gas drives out the etheric double, producing trance in that way. In the case of anæsthetics the etheric double is driven out, and you float about in it. In my case, I dimly saw my body on the chair and the dentist, but as if I were looking through a dense fog. The fog was my own etheric double. It was a very disagreeable experience, and having dislocated myself in this way, I could not get right for days. I went in and out of my body repeatedly to try to fit myself in. You may remember (turning to the Shepherd) that I asked you what on earth was the matter with me. A really good materialising medium in trance loses a quantity of not only the etheric but also of the gaseous, liquid and even solid matter of his body. You see his head quite sinking into his collar. Madame d'Esperance's body used to disappear for a time, it was said."

"Miss Arundale saw a great deal of this kind of thing at séances at one time," went on the Vagrant, "and she told me that when Eglinton came to her mother's house once to give a séance, a full-sized materialised form came out into the room, carrying Eglinton in its arms. Eglinton himself had dwindled to the size of a child. The materialised form was that of the big Arab, Abdullah. She told me this, and I think she was an accurate observer."

Said the Shepherd: "I saw Abdullah and Ernest and a third form, a child, all materialised at one time from Eglinton. Abdullah and Ernest were carrying him between them, and the child was dancing about in front of them. The medium looked very shrivelled, but not like a child. When he came back he was in a bad condition, very much exhausted."

"I was once asked to go to a séance when I was in Melbourne," said the Vagrant. "Three forms came out of the cabinet and walked about amongst us. One of them dematerialised while we were looking at it. It grew smaller and smaller until it was a mere bit of cloud near the floor, and then disappeared. The medium was in a very bad condition afterwards, and was cold as a corpse. I mesmerised her very powerfully, and it took me nearly ten minutes to bring her back. The séance was a very satisfactory one, in the sense that we had light in the room, day-light through red windows."

"If other entities can take possession of a body during trance," came an alarmed voice, "cannot they do so also during sleep?"

"There have been cases of change of personality in which a body has been taken possession of by another entity during sleep; but it is very unlikely to happen to the normal person. It is more often in cases of serious accident, or of a fit, that a change of personality takes place. Of course most people, when they have learned to leave the body consciously, leave a shell around it. The body has a certain consciousness of its own, and calls the owner back if it is alarmed. You know how the body shows signs of alarm quite independently of you, as for example, the closing of the eyes involuntarily if an object suddenly comes near.

A RETROSPECT

By MAX WARDALL, F. T. S.

ONE morning the world stretched, yawned and awakened. For more than nineteen hundred years the world had awakened thus, but this morning there was a new impulse in the air, a wondrous animation in all living things—the sun shone over the earth with bewildering radiance, filling even the outcast and the leper with exceeding hope. Men and women sunk in misery, want, or sensual apathy, those afflicted with dire disease, those crushed by tyranny and defect, this morning felt a vague sense of hope and inward peace, for truly the promise of the ages had been fulfilled, the perfect One, the Lord of Love, the Elder, once more abode on earth; the Christ had returned.

During the more than nineteen hundred years in which His message of long ago was being assimilated by humanity, He had dwelt in the inner regions of the Universe, where only the Great Ones may be found, and there, where each moment is like the still hours before the dawn, He watched over His flock, sending constantly through the human channels that availed His Love and Power into the world. But now once more must He tread the common paths of earth and re-proclaim the ancient truths in new form; again in a body of clay must He compress and enchain His royal Spirit, and,

through that veil of matter, revivify and reawaken the slumbering ideals of men, draw together the warring creeds, and cement the people of the earth into a common Brotherhood.

Nor did He come unheralded. As of yore, the Star rose in the East, and many followed where it led. Many gave the prophecy to the world. As before, there were those who jeered and mocked, but many paused and listened; for truly it was a tolerant age and great was the heart-hunger in all the lands of the globe.

Throughout many nations, for many years before His advent on this memorable day, people of faith and understanding were meeting in quiet places apart, preparing themselves by the cultivation of Devotion, Steadfastness and Gentleness for the coming of their Lord and Master.

So greatly did these of understanding yearn for His appearance, when it was known that He was to come, that day and night there arose in ceaseless flow from earth loving prayers and petitions, that streaming into His great garden in Paradise formed one glad, glorious melody of welcome.

Many temples were built and places set apart for Him, that when He came He might have a place to lay His head.

As before, He chose to incarnate in a rejected race, that the lesson of Brotherhood might be taught, that the dominant races of earth might learn that birth and lineage are but for the moment, that to Him the ruler and ruled are one. In order that race hatred and prejudice might be destroyed, He came in a dark race, in a body born of the Orient, but pure, sensitive and brilliant as a jewelled harp. To

those who saw not, the body was but a house of clay, but to the faithful nothing could hide the perfect beauty and eternal sweetness of His blessed countenance. It shone like the sun through the garments of flesh.

'Twas good to be on earth in those wondrous days—good indeed for those whose eyes were unsealed, for the earth was transfigured. What were sorrow, sickness or death, while the Lord of Compassion dwelt among us? So great was His influence upon the teeming denizens of the earth, that even the animals felt the peaceful and benign influence of His gracious presence. Subdued and soothed, all creatures walked unafraid.

Surrounding the great Teacher as He went from nation to nation were those who had known of His message and His coming for years; yea, among them were even Master-Souls, very Angels of Light, embodied also that They might surround and shield the Master of Masters from the ridicule and hatred of the world. These great Disciples were few. They were serene of face, steady and stately of mien, and were known as the Guardians of the Light. The great Teacher once, before an assembly, spoke of them thus:

“From Their royal kingdom into yours have come these, My Blessed Brothers Themselves, Sons of Light, to guard the message I have given.”

Next came those who had been told of His coming and had believed, and they were many. Wherever the Master went they could be found in and among the multitudes, laden with the wealth of teaching that had fallen from His lips. They sought everywhere to pass it on to others. Here and there could be seen tense little groups, listening with bated breath. To one of these, as He poured forth from a full heart fragments

of His treasures, there could be no doubt. Many were humble and ignorant people as the world judges, but possessed of spiritual perception. They had believed in His coming for many, many years, and had prepared themselves that they might know Him and His message when He came; and it was well they did, for those who were devoid of divine qualities and who had not spiritual perception did not know Him, and saw but the house in which He dwelt. But those who had even one virtue, one quality that was great, could see through some window in that house that held the supreme Spirit of the Blessed One. And through that window, the one point of vision in common between himself and the Master, he beheld the glory of the Ever Real, and thus he knew.

There were many children among them, radiant with adoring joy, who had believed on Him from birth. All of these were spoken of as the 'Knowers,' and often they were privileged to sit apart together in some of the temples built in His honour, where He would come, and sitting there among them, surrounded by the Guardians of the Light, give forth the inner teaching that led to the Path.

Some of these had been near enough to touch the hem of His robe and one, a 'Knower,' aged in years, He had touched with a tender hand as He passed. This one afterwards, as he told and retold his story, said it was—when the Master touched him—as though he were lifted on a great chord of wondrous music, a harmony so rapt and deep, so tender and compelling, that for days he walked as in a sunlit haze.

Once, when raising His voice to the multitudes in a great hall, which was filled, and outside thousands

crowded to catch a single word from His lips, He said: "I shall give ye but little doctrine. Did I not give ye doctrine, word and parable before? And what have ye done with it? Ye are divided a hundred ways, and none know my words. Hear ye then the simple Law of Love. Ye are one. Love ye each the other. Ye are of the same Spirit, of the same substance, brothers indeed. Why revile ye one another?"

"Those who hear my words and follow me are of the New Race, and in my message shall they live."

It is many years now since the Blessed One spake these words and more. Time has passed and His earthly body is with us no more, but His loving Spirit dwells in the world, for He "spake the word of Peace that made the people cease from their quarrelling. He spake the word of Brotherhood, that made the warring classes know themselves as one."

I know 'twas He, for with these dim old eyes, then bright and clear, I saw His glory flame through the window that was mine—the pane of Devotion; I saw the Christ-heart shine.

Max Wardall

FOR OUR YOUNG ONES

A GRAIL QUEST LONG AGO

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

ONCE, long ago, dear children, in mediæval days, a very great man, one of the Perfect Ones whose labours lie near to where God rests upon His knees the Rod of Power, needed a body of flesh and blood like ours. That beautiful one in which He before had lived for many, many years—centuries I suppose—He had outworn. For you know the great and loving Masters, in order to be near us and like us, put off the immortality They have earned and live in human forms that, though they last sometimes a thousand years of Their wise and temperate use, must yet be put aside and another one, born of some tender mother's care, be taken.

This great One, whose work and whose home of service to the Law and God was in the East, knew He could most aid the world He loved by using such a body as would give him touch with the far western part of Europe.

So He took incarnation there, which means that He became a little boy born in the western part of Europe. Very quietly he lived with his people, who were quite poor. When He was grown sufficiently He bethought Him of His work in India—of His responsibility to the world and God. Heretofore He had maintained that

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work while He was away from His body during the hours of sleep. But now He was old enough to be up and away towards the East.

By His occult powers He knew that a ship would soon sail eastward from a port some miles away. So one night He slipped away from His little home and those He loved—and Oh! what a blessing He left them and what comfort for their wondering hearts! Towards the rising sun He trudged and ate the food He carried as the morning broke. I do not know how long it took Him to reach the ship, but it could not have been more than a day or two, for the land was small and the sea was near. The ship was to sail soon, and he went aboard.

You know how many ways there are which the Masters may use to conceal Their presence when Their holy work makes this necessary, and He was not noticed as He watched the lading and as He slipped down below into a quiet spot. He heard the rattling anchor-chain pulled up and, the fresh-set sails slowly filling with a gentle breeze, the small craft glided smoothly down to the harbour's mouth and crossed the bar to ride uneasily upon a rocking sea.

Next day the astonished seamen saw a frail old man totter up out of the hold and heard him ask for food. They had no idea they were carrying a stowaway! "Aha!" they said, "what right have you aboard? Have you paid your fare to Jaffa? Is this a passenger ship? We thought it was only a freighter!" "Oh," he said laughing, "I have as much right aboard as you. You have need of me!" Then the captain was called and he was no more successful than the crew in getting answers from the strange passenger who both puzzled

and charmed them with a sort of irresponsible baffling wit that seemed like some fair insanity, a jangling of sweet bells. Of course they had to feed the curious man until they could decide what to do with him! "Money," said he, "what do I need of it, when I can easily ride with you, who need me aboard." Then while he ate their homely fare, he told them most wonderful tales that touched their hearts and pricked them here and there to better doings.

They bade him work ropes and scrub the decks. "No, indeed," he said, "that is your work, not mine! I can do more in my way, with my heart and mind in one moment than you can do in years in your way."

Naturally they wanted to smile a little at what they thought was boasting. But they felt an extraordinary authority behind the bantering speech and were half-convinced his words were true. And they let him have his way!

The English Channel was passed and the rough Bay of Biscay was slow in crossing with the tiny ship. How the sailors shouted when Gibraltar raised his mighty front out of the sea and said to them: "I and my brother cliff just across the strait are still as of old guarding the way and, separated as we are, Europe ever hailing Africa, we make also the dividing of the seas! There is Atlantic brine and its world-sweeping wind, and here, within our gate is our gentler Mediterranean, that invites you to her sweet enchantments!"

All the while the stranger's charms made captive more and more the sailors' crude affections. A fairy voyage, now, the gliding of the ship; and the workers of the craft, ploughmen of the watery deep, lived a dream-life amid the charmed hours of his tales and the

long intervals of his repose when he must not be disturbed. Gradually they forgot he had seemed old or unkempt or of uncertain mind-control. Little by little they felt he was a man of God. But not with remote awe did they need to greet him; yet with due but not ceremonious respect.

Slowly the days crept by! Gradually the little ship, with creaking cordage and with straining timbers, tossed up the mighty sea, stopping here and there, perhaps, at island ports, at Sicily, at Malta, Cyprus, Rhodes, to take on sweet water, or to get new supplies of provender, or to repair, in harbour, some small breach of rigging.

In those remoter days, a thousand years ago, pirates and the war-vessels of little coast-dwelling nations were to be met betimes and to be dealt with. No such mishap befell our ship.

Like a dream-ship upon a sea of heaven-water and under the inimitable sky that domes the waters dividing Europe from Africa, she sailed. The half-enchanted seamen rejoiced to greet each rising sun, and sank to gentlest slumber when the blazing stars grew visible against the velvet blackness of the night. One day, at last, a quaint Levantine city rose over the curving water-ball and stood free in the sun-pierced morning mist. A few hours passed, and the rude iron anchor fell into the harbour-brine just as the last sail was let down. And the ship settled sighingly to rest.

The seamen standing on the deck to gaze a moment on the Asian scene were then aware that a fair western youth—could it be he that had been stowaway?—had come up from the cabins and stood amidst them. Strangely they knew Him now as they had not before.

For a little of His grace He let glide into their rude but tender hearts. And at one moment all felt they had ferried from the West a Grail Brother on an eastward quest!

They obeyed Him when He asked boat-passage to the shore.

Those left on shipboard held arms towards Him in suppliance as He stepped ashore, and He held out His right hand a moment blessing them, and then was lost to view as with swift, swinging steps He began His long march to the waiting Indian hills and His sacred Brothers and His God-communion and His own renewed labours for mankind.

Weller van Hook

REVIEWS

The Way of Service, by G. S. Arundale. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

The Foreword by the author says the book contains "a few hints on the art of service," which very aptly describes one aspect of the contents—namely, the answer to "how to serve?" But besides this modest description of the art and method of serving, the book is full of good things; full of really deep thoughts, full of the fragrance of the higher life. It is rather a collection of maxims, of reflections, of promptings from the inner and sweeter soul of man, than any ordered arrangement of steps on the 'Way of Service'. It is a bunch of flowers gathered along the path that one who has served and serves is treading. All others treading that path will be helped by the perfume of these flowers.

W. H. K.

The Physiology of Faith and Fear, by William S. Sadler, M. D. (Stanley Paul & Co., London.)

This interesting work should be of great use to those who, not being trained in medicine, require a reliable guide book to the various branches of mental healing and the principles underlying them. Dr. Sadler is of opinion that, so many forms of faith or mental healing having lately come into existence, a clear statement of the psychological elements upon which these modes of treatment are based has now become necessary, as well for the medical as for the non-professional reader.

A vast number of facts and observations and many interesting cases which have come before the author have been collected together, and described concisely in language intelligible to the layman, adding interest to the work. The volume

will be of value to those of our readers who are interested in psychic matters, and many will be glad to have accurate knowledge of such things as the effect of the mind on the nervous system and on digestion, and of the changes caused by different types of thought upon blood-pressure and respiration—several charts of curve tracings, obtained from actual experiments, being given. There is a very useful chapter in which lists of various diseases are given, classified so as to indicate those which by psychic methods can be completely or partially cured, or cannot be cured at all.

A noticeable feature is a summary of the contents of the chapter at the end of each. The illustrations, on the whole, are not quite equal to the merits of the letterpress, and do not add dignity to the volume. There is a good index at the end of the book.

C. R. H.

Modern Problems, by Sir Oliver Lodge. (Methuen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

The author in his preface says: "These essays on debatable subjects have been written at different times—some of them under stress of strong feeling—and they deal with problems of permanent interest." The volume consists of twenty-one such essays, in which several modern problems are dealt with. A few of the titles may profitably be given in order to indicate to the reader the scope of the book: 'Free Will and Determinism,' 'Balfour and Bergson,' 'The Responsibility of Authors,' 'The Functions of Money,' 'The Production and Sale of Drink,' 'Competition and Co-operation,' 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science.'

Sir Oliver Lodge writes with his usual attractiveness and wide knowledge on the subjects he has chosen. When he deals with social and economic problems, he strongly emphasises the ethical side of the question, pointing out the moral dangers which lie in the fact that "financial interests play a greater part in national and international politics than is desirable". If our motive be gain for the sake of gain, and not for the furthering of the general good, then the pursuit of wealth is harmful.

The greater proportion of the book is devoted to social and economic problems, with one or two papers on philosophy and

literature. All the essays are interesting, especially the one on 'Balfour and Bergson,' in which the philosophies of these two eminent men are compared. 'The Attitude of Tennyson towards Science' shows that the poet and the scientist need not necessarily be at war.

In his little treatise on 'Competition and Co-operation,' the author rather tends to advocate the system of monopolies as against competition, for he feels that, if the former plan were adopted and *abused*, Society would in a body rise, and right the wrong. A great deal of useless work and expense would be done away with, were competition abolished. The country would not be disfigured with the glaring advertisements of rival firms. "All advertisements, all cadging and touting and commercial travelling, must be paid for by the consumer." Emulation, Sir Oliver admits, is good. "Emulation is the desire to do a thing better than it has been done by others. Competition is the desire to do instead of others that which is equally well done by them."

We cannot feel quite certain, however, that if a commodity, like soap, were to become a monopoly, we should be assured of a constant improvement both in its quality and means of production, or that we should obtain as good an article as we might have obtained, had competition prevailed. But, as the writer has said, these essays are on "debatable subjects". The reader cannot fail to be interested in them, and though in many cases he may not agree with the author's conclusions, yet he must of necessity respect them, as the honest endeavour of an eminent and high-souled man to throw light on some of the more pressing problems which perplex the present age.

T. L. C.

George Sydney Arundale. His life and work in the Central Hindū College, Benares, edited by B. Sanjiva Rao, B. A. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)

Into this volume of some two hundred and fifty pages, including a foreword by Mrs. Besant, a supplement and an appendix with appreciatory articles from friends and pupils who have known him well, Professor B. Sanjiva Rao has had the happy idea of gathering together all that is most interesting in the

personality and the present chapter of the life-work of George S. Arundale. No one who has met him can have failed to recognise in him an exceptional nature, emerging by the brightness of its light from the ordinary. No one who has known George Arundale at all well can have failed, whether his own temperament is akin to his or not, to be impressed with, and draw inspiration from, the magnetism of his loving nature, the force of his example to his students, the beauty of the gospel of service to all about him that has been the keynote to his life in Benares and the justification of the confidence and affection he has won. The book is well devised: it contains besides the biographical interest many valuable hints on educational training, many very wise methods of dealing with the growing consciousness and unfolding natures of boys and young men. On these every responsible teacher, every school master would do well to ponder, for in them lie the secrets of that love and that confidence without which the teacher cannot reach the hearts of his pupils and is but a 'tinkling cymbal'.

W. H. K.

The Sociological Value of Christianity, by George Chatterton-Hill, Ph. D. (Adam and Charles Black, London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

This book is a plausible attempt to persuade sociologists that Christianity, as prescribed by the Church of Rome, is alone able to save western society from downfall. The author's social creed is briefly as follows. The individual and society are natural enemies. In primitive races the individual was kept in order by fear of 'magical' consequences, which his tribal religion led him to expect. As his mind developed and he began to think for himself, he got out of hand and social authority was weakened. At such a crisis in western history, Christianity came to the rescue by equipping social authority with a new weapon against egotism—the moral law; and, since the individual cannot be expected to sacrifice his personal interests to the welfare of society on a mere appeal to his moral sense, the reward of happiness after death was offered to induce him to put up with any amount of suffering in this life. This conveniently simple view of Christianity is repeated with

variations for nearly three hundred pages, so that there is no need to wonder what the author really means.

The chief objects of attack are 'rationalism,' 'equalitarianism' (*sic*), 'humanitarianism,' and, in more moderate language, 'Protestantism'. Rationalism seems to be regarded as implying egotism, and, though the human reasoning faculty is admitted to have a certain value in the maintenance of social order, it is spoken of as something essentially immoral that must be continually repressed by external authority. Equality is rightly pointed out to be non-existent in nature, and we are shown how true fraternity is quite consistent with inequality; but we do not believe that any but the most ignorant of the socialist party, against which these remarks are evidently directed, seriously advocate equality, unless it be equality of opportunity. Humanitarianism is used as a term of reproach for all who refuse to condemn any human being as hopeless, and are not afraid of 'wasting' pity, even though it may sometimes be misdirected. Protestantism, according to the author, has committed the unpardonable sin of granting the individual a certain liberty of thought and motive, and undoubtedly it has lost proportionately in cohesion. No one will deny that the unswerving allegiance of the Roman Church to dogma and discipline has proved a source of immense strength both to its own authority and to the masses which it has restrained from bestiality by fear of eternal punishment and hope of eternal reward, but we submit that sooner or later it will be compelled to recognise the same inner authority in the form of the very Mysticism which it truly boasts of producing.

Several other contentions which the writer seeks to justify—for instance, that suffering is desirable—contain sufficient truth to render them misleading, and are supported by a sprinkling of texts in Latin; but the attitude is so rigid and the language so naive that the intelligent reader will be more often amused than distracted.

But it is edifying to hear the Catholic oracle speak from the mouth of a learned sociologist, and the book is quite a proper one for public libraries.

W. D. S. B.

Universalism, by a Believer. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

It does appear a most curious freak of human psychology that anyone should be found to oppose the doctrine of an Eternal Hope as applied to the salvation and happiness of all men, and yet throughout the ages this curious mental phenomenon—as this interesting little history on Universalism sketches for us—prevailed. From Origen until almost the present day anyone bold enough to voice a hope that one would have thought all humanity would have welcomed has been branded as a heretic and accordingly persecuted in the fashion of persecutions of the time. Here is the picturesque language in which either a local synod held at Constantinople or the fifth General Council A. D. 553—it is not certain which—dealt with the doctrine.

“Whoever says or thinks that the torments of the demons and of wicked men are temporal, so that they will at length come to an end, or whoever holds a restoration either of the demons or of the impious, let him be anathema. Anathema to Origen Adamantius who taught these things among his detestable and accursed dogmas, and to every one who believes these things or asserts them, or who shall ever dare to defend them in any part, let there be anathema.”

Even in our own times comparatively speaking, both F. D. Maurice and Dean Farrar were made to feel they had gone hazardously outside the ecclesiastical pale when they pointed out that a God of Love was hardly likely to condemn to eternal torture any of His children. That so many good people have in all good faith held so closely to this hideous and blasphemous doctrine of an eternal Hell must prove that they were too unimaginative to grasp its horror, and also comfortably sure of their own salvation they must have been, while with, the imaginative few, the belief peopled the lunatic asylums. However, a happier and a saner and more logical view on this religious doctrine as on many others is now beginning to prevail, though in England we have not yet got to the point, as in the United States and Canada (fancy religions are not viewed there with the same disfavour) “where there are several hundreds of congregations calling themselves Universalist Churches, one of whose articles of belief runs: ‘There is one God who will finally restore the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness’.”

E. S.

De l'An 25,000 avant Jesus-Christ a nos jours, par Gaston Revel. (Les Editions Theosophiques, Paris. Price fr. 7. 50.)

The author is one of the most energetic of the younger generation of Theosophical workers in France, and we heartily welcome this new proof of his zeal, embodied in the stout volume of some four hundred pages now before us. In this book the author strikes out an entirely new line. It is true that the work is essentially a commentary, and we have already a few (though too few) commentaries in Theosophical literature. This however is not so much an ethical commentary as a statistical one. The work is a bold one as well as an original one. Rightly, M. Revel has considered the series of lives of Alcyone, as related in the pages of this magazine, as one of the most remarkable items in the series of revelations which have lately come. M. Revel has asked himself the question: what can we do with this body of new information? And he has set to work to measure and to compare; to count and to calculate. He has begun to cultivate the field, to dig it, to work it and to bring order into it. A short introduction about Theosophy in general—mainly meant for outside readers—furnishes sufficient material for general orientation. The First Section then discusses psychic powers and their development, indicating their rational basis and giving an explanation of the theory of clairvoyance and akāshic records. After these prudent and pedagogically arranged preliminaries, *nous entrons en matiere*. The Second Section deals with the lives of Alcyone. In this part all imaginable statistical tables are compiled, and a great number of cunningly devised diagrams are added in support. Here it is that the boldness of the undertaking comes in. During the time that M. Revel was writing his book, Mr. Leadbeater has gone on with his researches, and not only looked up ten more lives (31-40, reckoning backwards), but has also filled in a number of vacant places in the lists of reincarnating egos accompanying Alcyone in his lives. These additional data will materially change and correct the averages and results arrived at by M. Revel; but they will only correct them, they will not overthrow them altogether. And it may be that they will not be published so soon that in the meantime M. Revel's tables should be anything like useless. They are only pre-

liminary results, not final ones; but therefore nothing less than superfluous. If we had to wait for final results before Theosophical statements could be published we should have to regret the non-existence of some of the best books in Theosophical literature. The great use of M. Revel's courageous publication is that it is extraordinarily suggestive. It shows to a certain extent how we can manipulate Theosophical data, and extract from them far more than their mere surface information supplies. In this sense the book has a great educational value. In the Third Section we get detailed commentaries on every separate life of Alcyone, the last few being only briefly dealt with. Many ingenious theories are here put forward, and without feeling impelled to take any one of these as acquired scientific fact or gospel truth, they give, on the whole, food for serious thought. Useful diagrams accompany this part also, those on pp. 219-221 being especially interesting. In interpreting the various incidents related, the author quotes throughout abundantly from the best Theosophical writers, so rendering incidentally much Theosophical teaching accessible to his compatriots. The Fourth Section presents the general conclusions to be drawn from these lives; first, in a long series of aphorisms, and secondly, in a more elaborate exposition of a few more important principles. A further Section reproduces a number of questions and answers, put and given in connection with the subject matter of the book (first orally presented as a course of study), after which the Seventh Section takes up the question of the several prophecies alluded to in the story of the lives. The last Section brings again many tables of the lives of Atalanta and of Alcyone (the latter very elaborately worked out), a list of Theosophical literature, a list of the many tables and diagrams in the book, and an excellent index.

This book deserves wide recognition. It proves strenuous labour on the part of the author. It is an exhaustive attempt to extract as much instruction as possible from the subject dealt with, as far as published at the moment. It may lead to the undertaking by others of similar labours with regard to other Theosophical publications, a thing which would be most desirable. Let us hope that it will be sold out so quickly that, when Mr. Leadbeater publishes the final results of his further researches along this line, this edition may be

speedily followed by a second one, revised and brought up to date, providing a welcome companion volume to Mr. Leadbeater's new production.

J. v. M.

Feringhi and Other Stories of Indian Gipsy Life, by Rev. A. Dumbarton. (Charles H. Kelly, London. Price 1s. 6d.)

These stories of the life of the gipsy tribes of Mysore are written by a Christian clergyman with the idea of stimulating missionary interest and enterprise. Feringhi, which means foreigner, is the name given to a little English boy who was stolen in babyhood and adopted by the gipsies. In him the missionary discovers his own son. This romantic touch and a few humorous strokes alone relieve a rather commonplace book. Whether the spreading of western civilisation and education and especially Christianity is really doing all that the author claims is open to question; but at least it may be granted that whatever can transform a dirty, lying, cruel, and lawless gipsy people into a cleanly, truthful, gentle, and orderly one is altogether desirable. Whether the change is brought about by the power of the gospel or by the example of a truer and better life inspired by Christian ideals is of secondary importance. In so far as missionary effort achieves such results it must meet with the sympathy of all right-minded people.

A. E. A.

Ashtadhyayisutrapata, Edited and published by S. Chandrasekhara Sastrigal. (Teppakulam Post, Trichinopoly. Price Ans. 12, postage extra.)

This is a very laudable book; apart from its English title (where the word *pāṭha* is misspelled), we have found nothing objectionable in it, but are, on the contrary, of opinion that this handy, cheap, and beautifully printed little book, which contains exactly those things (Sūtras, Vārtikas, Gaṇas, and Dhātus) which a student of grammar must have constantly before him, deserves the widest circulation, and might be introduced even in those schools and colleges which teach Samskr̥t through the medium of English. For some knowledge of Pānini should be conveyed to every student of Samskr̥t.

The arrangement of the book strikes one as eminently practical. The printing runs lengthwise (as the writing in most Indian MSS.), and each page is divided by a line into two columns. So much space is saved in this way that the book with all its appendices, etc., covers but two hundred and seventy-two small pages. The Sūtras appear in the order of the *Aṣṭādhyāyī* but with the numbering of *Siddhāntakaumudī* added to them, and between them, on separate lines and easily to be recognised (the former by an asterisk, the latter by a cipher), there are the Vārtikas and Gaṇas respectively belonging to the several Sūtras. That is to say, whenever some set of words (*gaṇa*) is alluded to in the Sūtra, the complete set is given immediately after it; or, whenever a Sūtra of Pāṇini has been supplemented by Kātyāyana, the former is followed by this supplementary Sūtra (*vārtika*). An appendix contains the *Dhātupāṭha*, and another appendix the *Pāṇiniyā Sikṣā*.

F. O. S.

Through Evolution to the Living God, by the Rev. J. R. Cohu. (James Parker & Co., Oxford. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

In his preface the author states: "The present work is written for the troubled and perplexed, for thinking men, whose faith in God is shaken by intellectual and especially by scientific difficulties." Haeckel's views as to science, and his matter-of-fact interpretations of Nature and of Man are the views mainly controverted; and the author thinks that Haeckel's day is over. The book fully sustains Mr. Cohu's reputation for a scholarly treatment of his material. It should prove very helpful to the class to whom it is addressed, and with many of its conclusions members of the T. S. and other advanced schools of religious thought will find themselves fully in accord. For example those who believe that "God's plan is Evolution" will rejoice to find Mr. Cohu writing "that Evolution is a self-revelation of God which provides a basis for religious faith which cannot be shaken". Again: "Evolution proclaims a living, loving, indwelling God. . . . In Him man and Nature live, move and have their being. Earth itself is 'crammed with God'." When one remembers that the author is a Rector of the Established Church, one recognises that Orthodoxy has indeed widened its horizon since Darwin's

Origin of Species provoked almost universal ecclesiastical wailing and gnashing of teeth. Mr. Cohu's views of the fall of man are rather original and decidedly advanced: "What is called the Fall was a necessary moment in the transition from a state of nature to a state of culture. It represents the dawn of moral consciousness in man." God is defined (of course in terms of personality) as a "Mind and Will and Heart or a loving Personality". And the unity of the Universe is strongly insisted upon: "From star to atom, from animalculae to man, it throbs with life, a life which sleeps in the rock, dreams in the plant and awakens to self-consciousness in man."

E. S.

L'Evangile de la Fin, by Kristian Hus's. (Durville, Paris. Price. fr. 2.50.)

This book, written in violent and ill-chosen language, is a long diatribe against the faithlessness of Christendom, especially of France, and the incapacity of the clergy. The author's narrow and intolerant creed supplies no idea of a possible remedy for the existing state of affairs, except that God should subject the world to the most terrible punishment and curse it. He quotes from the Old Testament and the Apocalypse to show that the time has come for the destruction of the world by fire. Had he lived in the Middle Ages, Mr. Kristian Hus's would himself have lit the avenging torch!

Z. B.

Comment on Meurt, Comment on Nait, by Charles Lancelin. (Durville, Paris. Price 1 franc.)

The author of this little volume belongs to the eclectic school, and believes only in such facts as are proved to him by various experiments he has made, chiefly along the line of magnetism. These experiments have revealed to him the following facts: that man has five bodies, the successive dropping of which constitutes what we know as death; the existence of an astral life, happy or unhappy according to the nature of the desires which have governed the last earth life; that a gradual mental detachment from his surroundings takes place which enables the man to ascend to superphysical planes; that it is desire to evolve on the part of each entity that

drives him back into incarnation; that the new body is taken possession of when it is seven years old. M. Lancelin does not approve of cremation, as that breaks the connection between the physical and subtle bodies too abruptly, nor of embalming as that preserves the former too long. He advises the practice of detachment from the affairs of the physical plane as the only sure method of avoiding suffering after death.

M. C.

Sri-Bāḷamanoramā, Edited and published by S. Chandra-sekhara Sastrigal. (Teppakulam Post, Trichinopoly. Price Rs. 25 per copy for Public Institutions, Rs. 15 per complete set, or Rs. 10 per part for *bona-fide* poor students, and Rs. 20 for others.)

A great undertaking, commenced five years ago, has now come to a close, an edition, in Devanāgarī characters, of the *Siddhānta-Kaumudī* (being Bhaṭṭoji-Dikṣita's famous exposition of Pāṇini's grammar) together with Vāsudeva-Dikṣita's exhaustive commentary on the same, called *Bāḷamanoramā*. Of the latter this is the first complete edition, and the first edition in the Devanāgarī character, that has so far appeared.

The book consists of two large volumes each of which covers nearly one thousand pages.

The editing has been done so well that, though we have carefully perused several portions of the work, we have been unable to discover a single misprint. In using this book one feels that it is a work of love which could not have been undertaken except by an ardent admirer of the Samskr̥t language and literature. Indeed, the editor, we are informed, has devoted to it the whole of his small fortune, and he is now in straitened circumstances. Let, therefore, all lovers of learning who can afford it help him by taking a copy of his work! The merit of *Bāḷamanoramā* is beyond question. *Siddhānta-kaumudī* cannot easily be understood without a commentary, and of the existing commentaries this one is evidently the simplest and most lucid. It fully deserves its name 'pleasing the young,' for it enables the student to understand Pāṇini even without a teacher. Another great advantage of *Bāḷamanoramā* is its comprehensiveness, in that it takes into account all valuable information contained in the older commentaries.

and thus, by quoting them, acquaints us also with these to a certain extent. The value of the book is enhanced by the careful indexes of Sūtras, Vārtikas, and Paribhāṣhās appended to each volume, and by the list of Uṇādisūtras, Phitsūtras and Dhātus at the end of the work. This is a very remarkable publication.

F. O. S.

L'histoire des idées theosophiques dans l'Inde, by Paul Ultramare. (Tome I. La theosophie Brahmanique.)

This work, of which only the first part has as yet been published, is a most interesting history of the growth of Theosophical ideas on Indian soil. The author traces them from their earliest rudiments to their final expansion. The plan of the work is the following:

1. To find in the most ancient Brāhmanical writings the germs of Theosophical speculations.
2. To trace the growth of these germs into a rich harvest of ideas and beliefs.
3. To study the organisation of these ideas and how they were grouped into definite systems.

All this is included in the first volume. In the next, the author intends to show how the Theosophical concepts of the schools acted upon the masses, were transformed into a religion—Buddhism, or penetrated the extant popular religions—sects of Hindūism. The author then explains why he has called these directing ideas of the Hindū civilisation Theosophical. "Because," he says, "the word Theosophy seems very applicable to this set of theories inspired especially by speculations concerning the superphysical, and which without being distinctly philosophical or religious pertain to religion and philosophy." Then comes an interesting definition of Theosophy:

1. As religion, Theosophy attempts to solve the enigma of life and of the universe. Differing from religions, which admit for the solution of this enigma, the miraculous intervention of divinity in human life and in nature, Theosophy, putting aside all such ideas, proclaims itself as a science, a science based on the knowledge of laws and forces different from those we can reach by ordinary means of investigation.

2. As philosophy, Theosophy strives to bring back to an essential unity the infinite multiplicity of phenomena. Theosophy tries to penetrate the secrets of nature and of life, not by means of observation and analysis, of induction and deduction, the method of philosophy, but by a process infinitely more rapid—by intuition or illumination. It is true that only those who have reached a high degree of wisdom are capable of this spontaneous clairvoyance. Happily for the others, the truth is faithfully kept by Initiates who transmit it to the adepts by means of revelation.

3. Theosophy is not only a method and a science—it is also a power. As there is an inter-relation between the life of man and the life of the universe, the knowledge of the occult forces of nature means the power to control them. The great Initiates have harmonised themselves with the central principle of the universe; they have penetrated the secrets of the macrocosm, and consequently they are no longer subject to the ordinary limitations of human life. On the other hand, their exceptional faculties are alleged as proof of their wider knowledge, the guarantee of the truth of their teachings.

4. In fact, if not of deliberate purpose, Theosophy finds itself in conflict with established religions; its tendencies are individualistic, not to say distinctly esoteric. It therefore feels naught but contempt and repulsion for the popular and official organisation of the great Churches. Theosophy also invokes ancient authorities in support of its assertions, but the tradition thus invoked is not generally the one that serves as the basis of the contemporary religion.

These four great features that characterise Theosophy are most effectively put forward by the author, and the modern Theosophist can see each of them as a living reality in his Society. One question only arises in the mind of the student. With regard to the method of obtaining knowledge, are not observation and analysis, induction and deduction, used by Theosophists as well as the intuitive method? The author, in the first place, tells us that Theosophy gives itself out as a science. As such, does it not also use scientific methods in its investigations made with these uncommon means of research? Perhaps this type of investigation belongs to the 'Occultist' and not to the Theosophist as such? This question

is interesting and is worth an attempt at further elucidation. After having admitted that the philosophical-religious ideas of India have the four great characteristics of Theosophical thought and method, the author turns to their history.

Part I, entitled 'The Germs of Theosophical Thought' is divided into two chapters: A. Vedic antecedents of Theosophy; B. Brāhmanical antecedents of Theosophy.

A. The impersonal character of the Vedic Gods, considered as cosmic forces, is the germ of the later philosophical pantheism. The attempt to elucidate the problems of the origin of things leads to the making of myths which are rationalised but not rejected by the later philosophers. Thus Theosophy in India takes the place that philosophy took in Greece. The magical aspect of the ritual represents the third characteristic of Theosophy in India, the 'power' over nature obtained by him who knows.

B. The Theosophical 'germs' in the Brāhmanas lie in the two central ideas of their sacrificial or ritualistic magic: the magic power attributed to every spoken word, and the power of a thought directed to a certain aim or object. The first implies a correspondence between an object and its name, and finds its full application in the tremendous potency given to the right pronunciation of the syllable OM. The second leads to what may perhaps be called the fundamental idea of Hindū Theosophy, that of liberation by knowledge. The power of thought prevails at last over all other powers—in worlds visible and invisible.

Part II. 'The Formation of Theosophical Ideas' deals with the Upaniṣhats. Their Theosophical features are:

1. Their allegorical interpretation of ancient rites and legends. As the Stoics and Philo in the West, we find them retaining but explaining legends too sacred to be done away with.

2. Their pessimism. The Vedic thought having reached the notion of an absolute Brahman as the sole reality, the consequence was that all that was not Brahman was necessarily relative, illusory and transitory—a source neither of knowledge nor of happiness.

Hence the two premises of the philosophy of the Upanishats:

1. Brahman, the universal soul, is the only reality.
2. The individual souls, by reason of their individuality and as long as this individuality lasts, are in a state of suffering.

These two premises allow a definite aim: to give the means of escaping from this cycle in which individual lives are imprisoned.

There then the basis and the tendencies of the Theosophical teachings of the Upanishats, that may be called respectively:

The doctrine of the Advaita, the doctrine of Samsara, and the doctrine of Moksha.

Part III. The Systematising of Theosophical Ideas. Here the author deals with the Vedānta, the Sāṅkhya and the Yoga systems. The Vedānta system follows the most closely the teachings of the Upanishats. Yet the Upanishats wavered between two concepts which became respectively systematised in the Vedānta on the one hand, in the Sāṅkhya on the other. The first is that all phenomena are without any objective reality, being merely appearances, resulting from Avidyā—ignorance. The second is that the soul was individualised by using matter, and became, by its union with matter, entangled in the qualities of the latter. Thus we have the doctrine of Avidyā and the doctrine of the contact, Bandha, of the soul with matter, or the idealism of the Vedānta and the realism of the Sāṅkhya.

The aim of both systems is the attainment of liberation by knowledge, but whilst the Vedānta, owing to its monistic idealism, insists upon the intuitive knowledge of Brahman as its most important feature, the realism of the Sāṅkhya indulges in an elaborate enumeration of ten principles in man and in nature. The Yoga system is entirely practical, and uses all the theories of the Sāṅkhya, building thereon its 'science of self-control,' the object of which is liberation.

This very interesting work ought to be studied by all French reading Theosophists who are interested in the history of the type of ideas that their Society represents.

M. d' A.

• **THE ADYAR BULLETIN (April).**—This bright magazine has, during the last few months, greatly improved in every way. It has had the advantage of an article from the pen of Mrs. Besant every month, and Mr. Leadbeater has been a frequent contributor. This month he concludes a very illuminating article 'Exoteric and Esoteric.' Mrs. Besant has written on a subject of which she has made a deep study, and her contribution is therefore especially valuable. Mr. Bibby, the well-known editor of *Bibby's Annual* gives an interesting account of how he came into Theosophy, and Mr. Woodward writes with his characteristic charm a sketch on 'Olcott Day at Galle'. The other articles are interesting and the whole number is of a high standard—a standard which we venture to hope the *Adyar Bulletin* will maintain in the future.

*Alcyone and Mizar.*¹ (Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

A souvenir of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Convention of the American Section of the Theosophical Society in Chicago, 15th September, 1912, containing an excellent new photograph of Alcyone, Mizar and Fides taken last year in Sicily. The letterpress gives a beautiful and touching account by Mr. G. S. Arundale of his first meeting with the far-famed brothers, and indicates something of the charm which endears them to all who have been so fortunate as to come into contact with them. Speaking of Alcyone, Mr. Arundale says: "Think of him as treading bravely and with extraordinary rapidity that Path of Holiness which only the pure in heart may tread. Think of him as giving joy and hope to all who have the privilege of knowing him, and to the thousands to whom his book has been an inspiration. Think of him as a source of blessing to all living things around him Our President has said of him that his presence is a benediction."

W. H. K.

*Annie Besant.*¹ (Price Ans. 8 or 8d. or 16c.)

An appreciation, dedicated to and written in honour of our President on her sixty-fifth birthday, October 1, 1912, by G. S. Arundale.

¹ THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Mottoes from "*At the Feet of the Master.*" (Price Ans. 2 per single motto. Rs. 5 per set.)

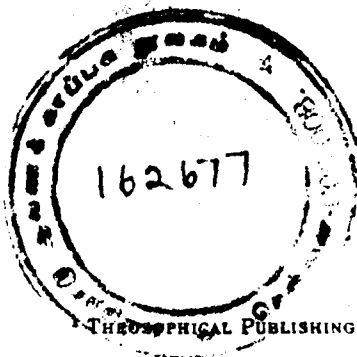
A very nicely printed collection of carefully selected mottoes from Alcyone's well-known book, each one being on a separate page suitable for framing or hanging up, embellished by specially designed ornamentation drawn by Professor Kanitkar, with photo-vignette of Alcyone on each page.

W. H. K.

Talks to a Few Students, by G. S. Arundale. (T. P. H. Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 8 or 8d. or 16.)

This little book is dedicated "To Krishnaji," and is introduced to the reader by a few well-chosen words by Mrs. Besant. It is a collection of a few 'talks,' given to 'a group of earnest students,' all of whom have certainly rejoiced to have perpetuated in print some of that very valuable advice that, as an elder brother to a younger brother, George Arundale used to give at those informal evening gatherings at Benares. Who of us who during the day fails at some particular moment to come up to the standards his best self has set, does not feel helped when a kind and tactful friend indirectly and impersonally offers wise advice, points out the sources of error, reveals the methods of overcoming weakness and strengthening the character? These 'talks,' never personal, never 'preaching,' were of this nature; during their utterance each could draw deep into himself the refreshing draughts of wisdom and mature insight; each could depart relieved of his burden, clearer-sighted, happier, stronger. A little book valuable for all who have families and young people growing up round them who are responsive to good influences.

W. H. K.



THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.