

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

NINETY-NINE Indian Lodges telegraphed their joy over the failure of the foul charges brought by Mr. Naraniah in the late suit, and written resolutions from other Lodges have rained in, all striking the same note of happiness over the clearing of the two honoured names. Members have realised that the most important matter was to prove the charges false, and this first solid gain has been registered. The next step forward has been the stay of the execution of the order of Mr. Justice Bakewell for the delivery of the boys on May 26th; the Court of Appeal granted a stay of execution until July 7th, so that I might see the boys and take legal advice in England.

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One 'legitimate' but not very chivalrous action may be taken as soon as the stay expires; Mr. Justice Bakewell indicated pretty plainly at an early stage of the proceedings that he would favour action taken against me personally if I did not produce the boys. If an

application be made against me for 'contempt,' it may be used to hinder me in the Appeal. This would probably be regarded as fair fighting from the legal standpoint; and one has to be upon one's guard not to judge an opponent unfairly, and ever to remember that while a person conducting his own case may fight as chivalrously as he pleases—since he alone can suffer thereby—a counsel must do all he can to win for his client, and has not quite a free hand. Moreover, with ungenerous and suspicious clients, his path cannot always be a path of roses. I heard the other day of a man who twice changed his counsel, because that gentleman was courteous and friendly to the counsel on the other side! Dishonourable people always suspect dishonour in others, and if they happen also to be ill-bred, the mutual courtesy of well-bred people must naturally arouse suspicion in their minds.

The news from Benares will sadden the many well-wishers of the Central Hindū College. The handing over of the College to the Hindū University, and the placing of members of the University Committee on the College Board in order to facilitate the transfer, have proved disastrous, for the new members had done nothing for the College, and cared nothing for its liberal traditions. Hence the persecution of the Theosophical honorary workers, culminating in the attempt to drive my friends and myself away. Illiberal orthodoxy has made an unholy marriage with unbelief in order to injure Theosophy. The whole plot has its centre in Benares, and its chief sub-centres in Allahabad and Madras. It was in Benares in December 1911 that Mr. Naraniah was stirred up to fury, and resolved to take action against

me. It was in Benares that what Mr. Justice Bakewell called "the little conclave of seekers after truth" got hold of my servant behind my back, and arranged the ludicrously impossible story which they offered to Mr. Naraniah, which collapsed so ignominiously at the trial. The trial, in fact, is a mere offshoot of the cruel policy started in Benares, carried on by *The Leader* in Allahabad and *The Hindu* in Madras: these papers sedulously reprint each other's articles and strengthen each other's hands. I must ask my friends not to accept as accurate any reports concerning me which may appear in *The Hindu*. It distorts what I say, and then comments on its own distortions, conveying wholly false ideas of what takes place.

All through the year 1912, Babu Bhagavan Das wrote vehemently against me, using the Indian Sectional Magazine as a weapon; then he poured out accusations against me when the Commission in the late suit went to Benares—irrelevant attacks which would have been stopped in any Court, though the Commissioner was powerless to prevent them. Among other things he said that a student of the College had been asked, in relation to admission to a certain group, if he would shoot anyone whom I ordered him to shoot! The three persons who were present with this student—one P. N. Saprū—state positively that no such question was asked, and that this student made a wholly false statement when pressed by Babu Bhagavan Das in the attempt to obtain something from him to harm me. The reason for all this is now obvious: all this 'evidence' was not used in Court, but *The Hindu* and *The Leader* have printed it; it was all given that it might be published in order to injure,

not for the purposes of the suit, with which it had nothing to do.

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Meanwhile the honorary members of the College staff had been assailed by *The Leader*, diligently helped with anonymous copy from Benares. Their lives were made bitter to them by petty aggressions; they had to listen to all the accusations poured out against myself; when I went to Benares with the Commission, a great crowd of professors, masters and students came to me, complaining that Babu Bhagavan Das was circulating the statement among them that I was mad, and begging me to take action. What could I do, assailed on every side? I offered my resignation as President of the Board of Trustees. My colleagues in the country did not wish me to go, and the hostile Allahabad and Benares members—faced by the resignations of the members of the staff, the indignant resolution of the Girls' School Committee, and the protests of a few old friends who were present at the Board meeting—decided to side with the majority, and to ask me to remain President until the Hindū University takes over the College. I have agreed to do so, but I can do little to save the great institution which the new-comers have revolutionised, having gained the cooperation of the hostile Benares elements. We shall be swamped by the ordinary paid teachers, and shall sink to the level of the ordinary Indian College. Fifteen years of labour have been destroyed, out of hatred based on theological and political reasons.

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I may add that the last outrage, which brought about the resignation of the members of the Staff, was

the publication in *The Leader* of a very private letter addressed by Mr. Arundale to a group of a few intimate friends. It was obtained in some surreptitious way, and sent with an anonymous letter to *The Leader*; the letter contained a threat as to action by the Managing Committee, and its style was quite unmistakable. The anonymous scribe defends himself on the ground that "every pickpocket considers his proceedings entirely confidential when he abstracts a purse from a person's pocket in a crowd; but the heartless and honourless policeman considers it his duty to violate that confidence!" That is to say that a private letter, written by a man to intimate friends, unveiling his inner religious feelings, is to be treated as on a par with a thief stealing a purse. To such shifts, in excuse of conduct recognised as dishonourable by every gentleman, are our persecutors reduced. It is natural that they should hide under anonymity. The group which is attacked was one formed in 1909, with the idea of helping me in my work, and of leading a life of self-sacrifice. But these two things are anathema just now to my opponents at Allahabad and Benares, who are united by hatred of a personality instead of by love to one. We shall see which of the opposing groups lasts the longer. In Babu Bhagavan Das's admirable book on *The Science of the Emotions*, hatred is said to be the root of all vices and to be disintegrating, while love is the root of all virtues and binds together. We shall be able to watch the working out of his theory in practice.

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Note also Mr. Arundale's reward for ten years of self-sacrificing service to the Central Hindū College, during which he has poured out his time, his money,

his strength, in unwearying labour. He leaves it a far poorer man than he came to it, for he has given freely of his little capital; he leaves it with the love of his students and the passionate loyalty of his staff, twenty-three of whom resign in protest against the publication of the above letter. Miss Arundale, his adopted mother, who has built up the College Girls' School, and has been associated with him in all his sacrifices, rightly associates herself also with him in the wrongs inflicted on him, and declines to be fêted while he is insulted. Such is the tragic ending of ten years of loving service rendered by these two noble English Theosophists to the Central Hindû College. It matters not. The authorities of the College and the Indian public, so far as it is represented by *The Leader*, may be as grossly ungrateful as they will. The work lives, and will soon embody itself in another form. We are driven from the outworn body, so we take a new one, for the Eternal Spirit of Love and Service, expelled from one body, clothes itself in another.

* * *

Five of our band of workers open a Theosophical School in Benares on July 7th, and will keep alive our ideals there. Two more go to Madanapalle to work. Mr. Wodehouse takes in charge a large group, to enter English Universities, and they, with Miss Arundale, left India on May 15th. I have bought near Shānti Kuñja a splendid plot of ground, through the kindness and help of Babu Govinda Das for the future Theosophical College. The Indian Section membership is increasing by leaps and bounds under its new General Secretary, the late Headmaster. Moreover, the Girls' School goes on uninjured, and the Vasanā Āshrama

promises to find boarders who will attend its higher classes; its new land makes it a very pleasant dwelling-place.

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There are many signs that Indian ladies are beginning to move on their own initiative, and are trying to fit themselves for a wider lot than has been theirs for many centuries. Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Van Hook and I had the pleasure of being present at the Second Anniversary of the Hindû Ladies Lukṣhmi Vilāsa Sabhā, and we found assembled a large company of the wives of well-known Madras gentlemen, who belonged to this useful Society. It has sixty-five members, and, among other activities, it conducts the education of young girls. The privilege of presiding and of giving away the prizes was allotted to me, and it is always a pleasure to be allowed to co-operate with any women's movements in India.

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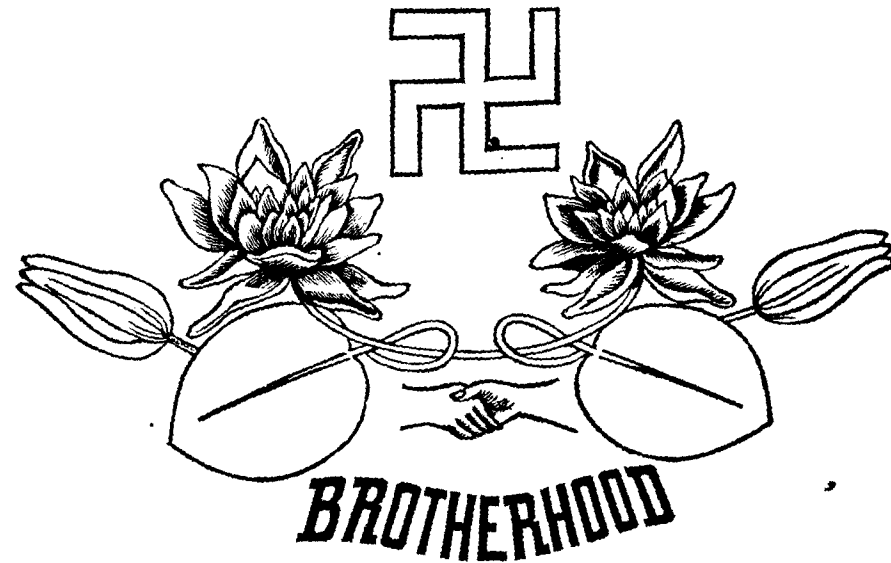
Miss Lind-af-Hageby has been making a very fine speech in the King's Bench, in her libel action against Dr. Saleeby and the *Pall-Mall Gazette*. She defended her anti-vivisection views against medical attacks, and closed her eloquent speech with the words:

Right at the bottom of my heart and my soul there is a profound spiritual conviction that that which is morally wrong, spiritually retrogressive, cannot in the long run be scientifically right. And I believe that ten, twenty, thirty, hundreds of years hence, it will be found that that which is spiritually right and spiritually beautiful will be physically useful and right.

Brave and true words. But in the world in which we are living to-day, the morally wrong is but too often triumphant, while the spiritually beautiful is but an object of mockery.

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A large proportion of the misery of the world is caused by the sorrow of those who have, as they erroneously suppose, lost by death those whom they dearly love. Most of this sorrow is preventable, for it arises from ignorance of the facts of Nature, and can be dispelled by accurate knowledge. Students of Theosophy possess this knowledge, and it is surely their privilege as well as their duty to endeavour to disseminate it as widely as possible. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, who is constantly receiving letters on this subject from all parts of the world, has been deeply impressed by the universality of this unnecessary suffering, and begs his fellow-students, especially those who are Secretaries of Branches, to co-operate with him in an effort to relieve it. With this object in view he has written a new pamphlet "To Those Who Mourn," which he is anxious to circulate as widely as possible. We suggest that each member should purchase a dozen or twenty copies and keep them by him, so that whenever any friend of his sustains a loss by death, he may immediately offer to him in this form the help and consolation which he would otherwise give by letter or by word of mouth. It is suggested that each Lodge should buy a hundred or more for the same purpose. No profit is being made upon this publication, its object being simply to spread as widely as may be the Theosophical information on this most important matter, and to reach those who are at present unacquainted with our teachings. The success of this effort depends upon the hearty co-operation of members all over the world, and it is earnestly hoped that this will be at once forthcoming.



DISCRIMINATION

By JANET B. McGOVERN, F. T. S.

"INTELLIGENCE consists in discrimination between the essential and non-essential," said a British philosopher. A life of wide and varied experience has confirmed the truth of this man's axiom. The individual who succeeds in any line, or on any plane, is the one who has the clear-sightedness to perceive and the strength of will to follow one-pointedly the essential, without troubling about the non-essentials, the side issues, the 'hampering futilities,' with which those of smaller mental calibre and less comprehensive sweep of intellectual horizon burden themselves. This idea is clearly suggested in the much misunderstood New Testament parable of Mary and Martha. In this

arable, as in His other teachings (*e.g.* His arraignment of the Pharisees, His driving the vendors and money-changers out of the Temple, His attitude toward the woman taken in adultery, etc.), the message of the Founder of Christianity seems ever to have been to lay stress upon the necessity of discrimination. This was also the teaching of His great follower, the Christian Mystic S. Paul, with his vigorous emphasis upon the fact that it is the "letter which killeth and the spirit which maketh alive"—an aspect of discrimination unfortunately too much over-looked to-day both in Christian Churches and in mystic and occult organisations.

Again, when in the course of centuries the 'letter' had well-nigh crushed out the 'spirit,' the message of discrimination was reiterated in a manner acceptable to the modern mind—a mind the intelligence of which had rebelled against ecclesiasticism and empty form—by those scientific idealists Huxley and Spencer,¹ to whom the world—that of the West at least—owes the modern ethical ideal, which is that of *social service rather than of personal salvation*.

"The criterion by which any action should be judged," says Spencer, in effect (I have not the book before me) "as to whether it is good or evil is whether it quickens evolution or retards it". This presentation of an ethical standard—with its inferential inclusion of that which in oriental terminology would be called avoidance of working for personal fruit of action—appealed to the logical, Anglo-Saxon mind, with its

¹ The statement so frequently, and so glibly made, that "Huxley was a materialist" requires for refutation only the personal intelligent reading of some of Huxley's later essays—instead of the acceptance of the views (often second-hand, at that) of those incapable of discriminating judgment, or of the ability to form a dispassionate opinion.

See particularly *Collected Essays*, vi, 279-302, *et seq.*

inherent love of fair play and the 'square deal,' and set the pace for the dissemination of modern teachings given out under other names—among the latter those of the Theosophical Society—all founded upon justice, upon the law of cause and effect—on which Spencer himself laid so much stress—rather than upon the mediæval and ecclesiastical one of placation of a wrathful Deity.

Discrimination, ethical and intellectual, between the true and the false, the essential and the non-essential, has perhaps never been more clearly taught, certainly in the modern world, than by Darwin, Huxley and Spencer, those giant pioneers in what may truly be called the great Theosophical Movement—a movement which includes other phases of the Theosophia (Divine Wisdom) than that promulgated by the Theosophical Society.

Without the pioneer work of the men mentioned above—and also perhaps that of certain of the German philosophic writers, Hegel, Fichte, etc.; also of men like Mrs. Besant's old friend and co-worker, Charles Bradlaugh, who devoted their lives to social service without hope of 'heaven' or other form of personal reward—the teachings of Mme. Blavatsky would have fallen on ears more deaf than was the case when these were given to the public. One can only wish that those "who profess and call themselves" Theosophists, would prepare themselves for the study of works more restrictedly labelled 'Theosophical' by reading first either some of the works of Spencer, and Huxley, or else taking the advice urged by Spencer, and devoting as much time as practicable to the study of scientific subjects—and this not empirically, but practically,

by laboratory experiment, etc. Whatever the particular branch of science studied, the result is the same, the broadening and training of the mind, the shaping of it to deal with the abstract rather than with the personal and petty, the development of the scientific courage which looks things in the face, and investigates in order to understand what they *are*, rather than accepts them for what, on the time-worn authority, they are said to be. Or—to put it in technical Theosophical verbiage—scientific training develops and exercises ‘higher Manas’.

Discrimination recognises the folly and the falsity of putting intellectual development and spiritual development in antithesis to each other. As a matter of fact, unless either be perverted, one is the hand-maiden, the co-developer, of the other. The scientific mind, which thinks in the abstract of things having to do with a ‘bigness,’ incapable of being grasped by the petty-minded, has neither time nor inclination for those things with which the little-minded occupy themselves—scandal-mongering, personal gossip, back-biting, sanctimoniousness, and other things which betoken ‘arrested development’ of head as well as of heart.

From a purely moral or ethical standpoint, scientific training, which demands original investigation, logical deduction and ratiocination, rather than mere memorising, has justified itself to the extent to which it has been introduced in modern education—for instance, in America those sections most lacking in the social service of the more favoured classes to those more unfortunately situated are just those in which antiquated, rather than scientific, methods of education are in vogue. The scientific mind recognises the desirability of the

“sacrifice of the individual for the good of the whole,” and, when occasion requires, its owner is usually found willing to put his theory into practice and throw himself into the breach.

For the Theosophical student a scientific training is a particularly desirable pre-requisite. Because one who has studied any branch of science recognises the necessity of approaching all subjects with an open mind, unbiassed for or against any particular deduction, of “seeing things steadily and seeing them whole,” of fixing his attention upon *ideas* rather than upon persons, of not confusing principles with their exponents, and consequently of not swinging to an extreme either of hero-worship or of personal condemnation—an error into which many well-meaning, but indiscriminating Mystics and would-be Occultists fall.¹

Practical scientific training is at once the antithesis and the antidote of neurasthenia, with its attendant self-centredness. The scientific temperament is too absorbed in the vast, impersonal laws of Nature to have time for self-absorption, the danger point of the occult student.² The scientific temperament—whether congenital, or that developed as the result of scientific training—recognises the necessity for moderation in all things, holding largely with Herbert Spencer that “nothing in itself is evil; anything carried to excess is evil”—the same idea as that expressed in other words in the *Bhagavad-Gītā*, vi, 16-17.

The desirability of scientific training has been dwelt upon at length, because through it may be developed more speedily and more surely than by any other

¹ For most sensible remarks regarding hero-worship and the apotheosis of personality, see those of Col. Olcott in *Old Diary Leaves*, iv.

² See work on *Mysticism*, by Professor Selemann, of Berlin University.

method that discrimination which is the essential prerequisite in spiritual development, as it is in intellectual. True discrimination can be attained only by that mind which is sane, balanced, not to be driven off at a tangent by any personal enthusiasm; impersonal, self-reliant, tolerant of all views, neither accepting nor rejecting any, whatever the weight of authority, until brought to the bar of its own judgment.

Discrimination, in its most comprehensive sense, includes all virtues, as it is the pre-essential of all. Consequently to attempt to deal with it in all its phases, however cursorily these might be touched upon, would be out of the question in one paper.

Comprehensively it may be said that the chief aim of discrimination is to distinguish between the true and false, the genuine and the sham, so as not to be led astray by appearances or by pretensions—to see down “beneath the skin,” and not be cozened by surface appearances. The man who has attained to discrimination knows that the sins of the Spirit are worse than the sins of the flesh, that carnal weaknesses, of whatever nature, weigh down the balance less heavily than do those subtler and more dangerous forms of vice, self-righteousness, spiritual pride, intolerance, sanctimoniousness, mischief-making, self-hypocrisy, and other forms of moral cowardice. While the Christ spoke gently to the woman taken in adultery, He lashed with the “whip of scorpions” the self-righteous Pharisee, who stood afar off and thanked God that he was not as other men.

The man who has attained to discrimination differentiates between shadow and substance, letter and spirit. He knows that it is not the form which makes the reality, but the indwelling Spirit, and that those

who make the greatest protestation regarding form are those who usually have least conception of Spirit. He knows that the T. S. member who gossips to lecturer or teacher—or to other members—regarding the disqualifications of an absent member is, as a matter of fact, far more disqualified for genuine spiritual work, far lower in the scale of spiritual advancement, than that absent member of whom he gossips. Better to forget the sequence of ‘rounds’ and ‘races’ or other technical detail than to forget the Christ-spirit. To magnify non-essentials, to distort trivialities, is the infallible index of the little mind, of the unevolved soul, incapable of grasping the essential, or of taking an interest in anything broader, more abstract, than the obvious, the personal and the trivial. “True knowledge of God causes a man to use few words,” is a saying attributed to Pythagoras, the wisdom of which it might behove many would-be ‘strivers after perfection’ to ponder to-day; also the lesson taught by S. Francis of Assisi, who, when a young disciple of his wished to hear him preach, walked with him through the streets of the town, with only a smile, a nod, a simple cheery word for the poor and the downcast, and when his disciple asked S. Francis when his sermon would begin, the latter replied: “My son, I have preached.” It is lives not lips that preach the most effective sermons (“flowery speech is uttered by the foolish,” *Gita*, ii, 42), and little use is it for us to talk glittering aphoristic generalities about “loving all humanity,” “being hands and feet for the Master,” etc., with one breath, and with the next to back-bite our next-door neighbour, or to gossip of his short-comings, and, most cowardly of all, to beg that our “name be not mentioned” in connection with our remarks regarding

him. We say behind his back what we have not the moral courage to say to his face, and then, with self-hypocrisy, flatter ourselves that we have done this for the sake of 'peace'. Whatever we have to say or do, discrimination, as well as honesty, bids us say or do, simply, straightforwardly, "in the open light of day". For the Occultist, above all others, moral courage, even more than physical, is an essential.

Better *one* homely, human virtue, if this be practised simply and *genuinely*, without ostentation and cant, than all the virtues of Saint and Archangel, if the possession of these causes the possessor to become guilty of the "great dire heresy of separateness," of cant, of self-exaltation and Phariseism.

The name does not make the reality, discrimination bids us remember, as is forcefully pointed out in that genuinely occult treatise, *Light on the Path*: "The self-righteous man makes for himself a bed of mire." And again:

The pure artist who works for the love of his work is sometimes more firmly planted on the right road than the Occultist who fancies he has removed his interest from self, but who has in reality only enlarged the limits of experience and desire.

Discrimination bids us remember that there can be such a thing as criminal blindness to the wrongs and the degradation of others; that while it is far more agreeable for the would-be Occultist or Mystic to go about with his eyes closed to everything except the beautiful, yet such an attitude is, if one has the moral courage to be absolutely honest with oneself, simply æsthetic selfishness, a shirking of responsibility, wholly unworthy of one who would in truth help to "hold back the heavy karma of the world".

A moral cancer is never cured by covering it up, and declaring that it does not exist. Rather must it be bared, that the surgeon's knife may be applied to its core. As has been aptly said:

What makes a city great and strong?
Not architecture's graceful strength,
Not factories' extended length,
But men who see the civic wrong,
And give their lives to make it right.

Nowhere has this lesson of æsthetic, but none the less criminal, blindness been taught more powerfully than in *The Servant in the House*, that splendid sermon-drama, in which is pointed out the futility and the selfish folly of adorning the edifice above, as long as the drain underneath the church is carefully covered up instead of being opened that the foulness might be exposed to the light of day and destroyed. In the climax of the drama—after the drain has been opened, priest and drain-man clasp hands, as ever in truth they must in any real service of mankind.

It is the Yoga of Service that is needed to-day, service which calls men of clear-eyed vision—with whom love of humanity is something more than a phrase—to "put their shoulders to the wheel," to right existing wrong; as it also calls to the mothers of the men of the coming generation to blind themselves no longer to rotten conditions, but sanely to know, in order that wisely they may guide those who will be the citizens of to-morrow. "Be thou the outward cause," (see *Gīṭā*) was no idle admonition from Shri Kṛṣṇa, and perhaps never before in the history of the world has there been greater need of spiritual men who are also 'men of the world' in the truest sense of that phrase.

From the foregoing follows naturally the correlative—obvious to the discriminating; unfortunately, however, sometimes lost sight of by those who have over-accentuated one phase and thus lost the sense of proportion—that “the Masters are served” quite as much by the Yoga of Service as by that of Devotion or of Knowledge. The “cup of cold water” to the “least of these, my brethren” is quite as essential to-day as it was two thousand years ago.

“By whatsoever road men approach Me, on that road do I welcome them,” it is declared (*Gītā*), and whether that approach be made by occult knowledge or mystic ecstasy—both all too frequently subtle forms of self-gratification—we may be very sure that neither of these will take us one whit further or faster than will the path of social service, of unostentatious self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity—the ‘Great Orphan’. “To live to benefit mankind is the first step,” *The Voice of the Silence* reminds us, “to practise the six glorious virtues the second”.

Not only must the path differ for each temperament, but also must it differ for the same ego in different earth-lives, in order that there may be obtained that well-rounded development, which is supposed to be the characteristic of the Perfect Man. For which reason it behoves us to keep ‘ever vigilant’ against dogmatism and sectarianism, and to remember that ‘service of the Masters’ may be rendered in many ways, outside of, as well as within, the limits of the Theosophical Society.

Sequentially, the next point which arrests attention is one which though apparently an obvious truism, is also one which is overlooked with unfortunate frequency

by the individual who would have all others follow his particular path. It is, that “each man is to himself absolutely the way, the truth, and the life”—this very literally. Higher than blind obedience to any external authority however high, is obedience to the mandate of one’s own conscience—whatever external weight there may be against this—an idea excellently brought out in one of the incidents in the Hindū epic, the *Mahābhārata*, in which the warrior refuses the command of even a Deva to abandon the cur which has been his companion and servitor, because his own conscience cries out against such betrayal. Mrs. Annie Besant, too, deals aptly with, and lays well-merited stress upon, this point in her *Laws of the Higher Life*.

Each must decide for himself, not in ethical matters alone, but in those also which involve expenditure of time and strength in any direction, as to what is his work, his ‘dharma,’ and proceed resolutely with that, not taking upon his shoulders “the dharma of another,” whatever may be the opinion of others as to his choice. Thus will discrimination be developed, as well as self-reliance, a note much needed in work and in life to-day. Self-deception is easy, especially perhaps for the devotionally inclined, and but little real progress is made in the evolution of the soul if the idea of the Vicarious Atonement in connection with the Christian Master be abandoned, and in its stead the soul lean for spiritual support upon the external manifestation or teachings of other Master, leader, or teacher, however exalted. Were there less leaning upon the Masters for the comfort of spiritual ecstasy, which Their nearness, real or fancied, affords us personally, and more manifesting through ourselves, in our relations with our fellow-men, of

Their Spirit—of the radiant power of love and gladness, tolerance, and compassion—then would we in very truth prove ourselves Their disciples. Not without reason did the Master K. H. some years ago say:

The best and most important teacher is one's own seventh Principle centred in the sixth. The more unselfishly one works for his fellow-men and divests himself of the illusionary sense of personal isolation, the more he is free from Mâyâ and the nearer he approaches Divinity.

There comes a time in the evolution of each soul when it must indeed "stand alone and isolated," when "the path that leadeth on is lighted by one fire, the light of daring burning in the heart" (*The Voice of the Silence*). Then does the disciple realise the truth of the injunction: "The way to final freedom lies within thy Self," and this whether he be priest or artisan, ascetic or householder. Also will he realise that the one is as needed as the other. Indeed in the old Laws of Manu the place of the householder was above that of all others. Discrimination bids one remember that it is the inner attitude, spiritual and intellectual, which makes the 'spiritual man,' not the outer mode of life—still less protestation. "*The would-be Occultist is ever self-contained*," discrimination bids us remember—a giver of sympathy without cant or patronage, rather than a seeker after it. That disciple best beloved of the Buddha was he who was "a lamp unto himself, and a refuge unto himself".

Janet B. McGovern

(To be concluded)

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

(Continued from p. 184)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER III

Theosophy: The Religious and Social Reconciler

IN the foregoing we have seen the great principles on which the first object of the Theosophical Society is based. We have considered the matter in its universal aspect, and have seen how the recognition of a universal human participation in the origin, progress and destiny of the universe—a sharing in the universal karma—has compelled the adoption of the rule of Universal Brotherhood both in theory and practice.

The first obvious effect of the adoption of such a rule of conduct in life must be the manifestation not merely of tolerance but of sympathy towards diverse systems of thought, and a suspension of extreme judgment on the conduct of individuals and nations. If all things are within the compass of the divine operation, then all things are in some degree instruments of that divine operation. They are no more competitors with

one another than the mainspring of a watch is a competitor with the minute hand. Their essential relationship is co-operative. True, in the recognition and exercise of their co-operation they may manifest a spirit of competition; but such competition is far removed from the ordinary acceptance of the term, since it is competition for the attainment of an end that will be mutually beneficial, not destructive of one or both of the competitors.

But the principles that underlie the further development of our thought into the second object of the Theosophical Society—the study of comparative religion, philosophy and science, or the horizontal and extensive phase of human development—go deeper than a simple benevolence. They touch the roots of things, and necessarily overlap some of the considerations already advanced.

We have observed the Theosophical concept of the universe as a unity passing through degrees of limitation into a multitudinous diversity. Within the units there is an illusion of separateness by which they seek to preserve a discrete identity, and an attachment to the personality—the *persona*, or mask—of the true individual. In the stage of human development at which this illusion of separateness held completest sway, man was not far removed from the predatory animals. But, under the influence of necessity, and guided, as Theosophy teaches, by periodical visitations of definite incarnations from the divine planes of the universe, and by the ministrations of transcendent consciousnesses who had attained the status of Divinity in former evolutions, humanity slowly aggregated, and formed the great primitive nations.

Such aggregation was a long step on the Way of Redemption. It finds its counterpart in the individual when the isolated impulses of infancy begin to take on continuity, and instinct slowly yields to the discipline of judgment. From the Unity of the Absolute to the diverse and relative, is the path of the Outgoing, the “fall of man,” or, rather, the fall of God. The first act of interdependence was the turning-point: henceforth the face is toward the light; and when a conscious entity arrives at the stage when it deliberately dedicates itself to the work of expediting the progress of the world, then has taken place the true ‘conversion’. In the Theosophical concept, the experience of ‘conversion’ is not restricted—as in the Christian concept—to the purely religio-emotional side of human nature. It is, rather, a natural, inevitable, and at some time or other universally experienced phase of the inner life. Its date may be vividly remembered; or it may be a thing of imperceptible growth, it matters not: its sign is the spirit of co-ordination and synthesis. The young geographer who found death in the African jungle, whither he had gone in search of a fact that would illuminate some of the dark places of human knowledge, was no less truly a religious martyr than Jeanne d’ Arc or Bishop Cranmer.

Such a broadening out of the idea of conversion provides a reasonable ground for understanding and dignifying the numerous activities of an altruistic kind which, while seemingly isolated, are seen from this truer point of view to be simply different expressions of one great redemptive urge. Furthermore, in the Theosophical concept, such a limitation of the experience of conversion as is taught in the churches is not merely untrue, but is directly vicious, since it seeks to throw

the whole force of the experience into one department of the individual and collective life, and thus to promote grotesqueness rather than a real advance along the line of nature.

To realise the force of this spirit of co-ordination, and the fallacy of any limitation of it, we have only to think of the effect of absolute specialisation of any function of the body to the exclusion of other functions. There is manifestly a distinction of function between hand and foot; but such distinction bears no warranty for either limb claiming exclusive attention. The fullest and truest expression of the individual can only be effected through the co-ordination and balance of the various functions of the body corporate; and such co-ordination is effected through the sub-cortical centres of the brain under the direction of the cortex, or coherer, which is the instrument of the Manas or Thinker.

Now this physiological differentiation, which is harmonised in the mind of the individual, is but a parable of the Universal Body. Just as the thinker behind the human machine manifests through organs which fulfil different purposes; so the divine Thinker functions through the great groupings of religious systems and national politics, which are to Him as the sub-cortical centres are to the human thinker. To change the figure; we may imagine the Kosmos as a great railway system. From the chief terminus the main-line splits off at various junctions, each junction forming a centre for a district quite distinct in character from other districts. To form any idea of the whole system, it would be absurd to confine one's attention to any single district. We should have to pass from district to district, noting resemblances, differences,

inter-relationships, until at last we comprehended the genius of the whole system which actuated it from headquarters.

It is not difficult to realise that a roughly similar process has been gathering momentum for some time past in the thought of mankind with regard to the great religious systems which have dominated the minds of incalculable millions of human beings. The urge to co-ordination has risen from the lower levels of human life; and the comparative study of religious and philosophical systems has taken its place among the sciences, whence it will permeate all life in time. When Darwin formulated the theory of the origin and differentiation of species, and made way for the enunciation of the 'law of evolution,' there was much tumult in the pulpits of Christendom, and innocent worshippers were taught to believe that the arch-enemy of the race, Satan, had found a formidable rival in the person of the long-bearded, mild-mannered naturalist. After a while, the tumult subsided. Thinkers inside the creeds began to apprehend what the 'Darwinian theory' really involved. An adjustment of formularies took place. The law of evolution could not be denied. The question became how to explain it, with all due condescension, from the standpoint of dogmatic theology. This was not long in being accomplished; and to-day the law of evolution is as freely expounded as if it were one of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, from pulpits that have hardly forgotten denunciations of Darwin and his theory, which in truth was no theory of Darwin's, and has been taught for millenniums in the world's great religions, not excluding the Christian Scriptures.

It is a fact of the utmost significance that the beginnings of that re-adjustment have been coincident with the dissemination in the West of knowledge with regard to the religious and philosophic thought of the East.

The first point of collision between the new spirit and the old is the very entertaining at all of the thought of progress in religious doctrine. The orthodox Christian is nurtured in the belief that in the Bible there is to be found all that is necessary for the present life and for the life that is to come. With this claim no student of the deeper meanings of universal religion will quarrel. But through the identification in orthodox Christian teaching of two widely different things—*truth* as it is apprehended by the clarified spiritual vision, and its *expression* in terms of the intellect—the claim to a complete, exclusive and final revelation of 'the Will of God' is extended to cover its clothing in dogma. But the modern thinker, and particularly the Theosophical thinker, has dabbled in the science of psychology. He has watched the processes of his own mind, and he has learned the truth that revelation from the spiritual planes of his own being is conditioned, limited, and distorted by the instrument of its manifestation. He applies this truth to all life, and discovers that while on the one hand it explains much that hitherto had been inexplicable in Christian dogma, on the other hand it admits within the circle of divine revelation much that hitherto had been excluded. By grasping clearly the human limitations which are inevitably, in the nature of things, imposed on revelation, and by apprehending also the operation of evolution in the instrument of revelation, the consciousness of mankind, he has found a means of reconciliation between the Old Testament sanguinary

conception of Deity as formulated by a lowly developed tribe, and the New Testament ideal of a God of Love; and when he hears the Blessed Lord Kṛṣṇa say: "He who knoweth Me is liberated from all sin," he does not turn away and call Him a heathen blasphemer, but recognises the same inner universal Voice which said through the lips of the Christ: "Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest."

Here we find the beginning of the end of Christian missions in the East as at present regarded and conducted. To the orthodox Christian the taking of the 'Gospel' to the heathen—by which is meant the entire world outside Christianity—is a matter of urgent importance. Believing that unless they profess faith in the actual death of an actual person, they will be shut out for ever from a place called Heaven, he subscribes to missionary funds, and he reads with joy of the turning of some denizen of "India's coral strand" from the worship of false gods (with a small *g*) to serving the only true God. In all this he is perfectly sincere: it is the logical outcome of the belief in an exclusive revelation of the only way whereby men may attain to a state of happiness after death.

The modern thinker, however, is rapidly giving up this idea. He is beginning to see what is involved in the findings of comparative research into religions. He marks a sharp distinction between *religion* as a rule of life, and *theology* as a mould of thought. In his future attitude towards foreign missions he will differ from the orthodox Christian by regarding it as a matter of minor importance whether a Principle of the universe and of his own soul has been apprehended in the East as *Brahmā*, or in the West as the first Person in the

Christian Trinity. His missionary efforts on the theological side will be in the nature of an interchange of the significance of main doctrines, their parallels in symbology, their cognates in personality, and the recognition of their essential unity.

In the past the lack of discrimination between the essential elements of the Bible and its accidental or secondary contents has led to enormities of conduct and appalling inconsistencies. In mediæval times nine millions of women were burned to death by authority of the Old Testament command: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," and this in face of the spirit and letter of the teaching of Jesus. In England Henry VIII put to death both Catholics and Protestants, the former for not acknowledging him as the supreme head of the Church in England, the latter for not accepting the Catholic dogma. To-day the enormities of conduct are less obvious, the inconsistencies more subtle, but still they are there; and the emancipated mind sees no difference between the devastation of a county by William of Normandy, and the starving of thousands of human beings through the operation of a social system based, not on mutual service, but on mutual spoliation.

Here we come upon another phase of the spirit of co-ordination which is abroad in the world. It no longer suffices to say to the modern thinker, when he appeals for the carrying into practice of the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount, that times have changed since Jesus uttered His sublime beatitudes, and that present-day conditions render complete obedience to them exceedingly difficult, if not impossible. Gently but firmly he replies that times must change back again, and he is going to see that they do. In private

life, in civic life, in national life, in international relationships, he has begun to exert a deliberate influence towards the evolution of laws and institutions that will give expression to the highest, not the basest, qualities of humanity, and provide an environment calculated to stimulate and develop to its utmost every worthy faculty of the units that constitute the national organism. He will no longer merely pray: "Thy will be done." He is setting about doing it.

It is apparent, therefore, that the Theosophical view of the universe as a Unity passing into diversity, takes due cognisance of the great aggregates that form the stepping-stones between the units and the Whole. We have seen that the Theosophical attitude on the question of religions is one of the broadest toleration, based on a clear understanding of their relationship to one another and to the whole. No Theosophist quarrels with any religion as such. He understands that the dogma and ritual of a sect may form the royal road to a degree of spiritual realisation for persons at a particular stage of development along the chain of lives. But he also knows that no creed can contain the whole of truth, and that no ceremonial can exhaust the "means of grace". And so, in conscious response to the co-ordinating urge, he sympathises with all aspects of religious belief; he preaches and practises a true religious altruism, and seeks to discover wider and purer generalisations through the study of local and national expressions.

But the Theosophist observes also that the great religious systems are, broadly speaking, conterminous with the great races of mankind, and that the subdivisions coincide roughly with national divisions within

the races. He cannot apply his spirit of toleration and sympathy to one aspect of divine manifestation, and withhold it from another. The work-a-day questions of national and international relationships, which affect the outer life of humanity, will challenge his attention, no less than the problems of comparative religion and philosophy. He will bring himself to the applied science of good government; and here his apprehension of the essential unity behind diversity will materially affect his conduct in the stress of political life.

The Theosophical Society is a non-political organisation. In the ordinary sense of the term non-political means having no politics. In the Theosophical sense it is the other way round. In the Theosophical Society no political policy enjoys an ascendancy, and all policies that make for good government find a place. This does not mean that the Fellows of the Theosophical Society are social invertebrates: on the contrary, from the President downwards, they are to be found among the doughtiest fighters in the many causes that are to-day appealing to the many sides of human interest.

There is, however, a great difference between free political altruism and party politics. The Theosophist who seeks to influence the life of humanity through legislation can bind no one to his ways and means: neither can he consent to be bound to the policy of any party. If he is temperamentally cautious, and gives his allegiance to a 'conservative' party, he will discover that his party has at times enacted laws of a very drastic character. If he is of an iconoclastic disposition, and enters a 'liberal' party, he will find on its escutcheon the plots of reactionary legislation. The Conservative Party in the British legislature has passed

revolutionary land laws in relation to Ireland that would make an eighteenth century Tory's hair stand on end. The Liberal Party refuses to grant political freedom to the women of Great Britain and Ireland. In short, in the political activities of humanity, as well as the religious, we see the interplay of the powers of crystallisation and disruption which we have seen to be the *modus operandi* of evolution. Let us see how far the application of the Theosophical concept to that department of affairs which deals with the regulation of the relationships between human beings in the same or different masses, impels to the exercise of a true and practical altruism.

Reduced to their simplest form, the complex and overlapping activities of humanity may be expressed as a struggle for individual freedom. Whether it be a band of workers claiming either an increase of wages or a decrease of the hours of bondage to a fixed task; or a body of persons sharing the responsibilities of citizenship, and claiming a share of the control of the State through the ballot-box; or a nation resorting to the arbitrament of war in the defence or the enforcement of its will; one impulse is common, the impulse towards full and unrestricted self-expression. And behind the class grouping and the national grouping, there is the personal unit. To-day the world is full of 'causes' springing out of the complicated social structure of modern civilisation, and appealing to the multifarious capacity of interest which is the chief characteristic of the men and women of the time. But in the last analysis there is only one cause, the cause of liberty: there is only one fight, the fight of the single soul to gain possession of itself. It may be a strong man compelling others to his

banner in war for a personal or a moral right. It may be an equally strong man renouncing personal reward in self-surrender to an unpopular but righteous movement. Or it may be a woman. Whoever and however it may be, the end is one: the breaking down of limitations, the expansion of horizons, the realisation of Self.

The first factor in the struggle for freedom is the individual: the second factor is—the other individuals. Aaron's rod, that turned itself into a serpent and swallowed all the other serpents, does not grow on every bush. The unit called Napoleon got a fair distance on the way to personal freedom; but another unit called Wellington, and another called Blücher, were waiting round a corner, and S. Helena ensued.

Since it is impossible for any single individual in a state of relativity to achieve absolute freedom, we must necessarily accept a condition of limited freedom, freedom modified by an admixture of slavery, so to speak. The single will can never impose itself on the whole. The shortest cut, then, towards achieving the fullest possible measure of Self-realisation in a world crowded by other wills intent upon the same end, is to avoid the wastage of friction and opposition by recognising the universal legitimacy of the claims of the others. This is the essence of philosophic wisdom: it is also the *raison d'être* of social altruism. The ideal nation will be the nation of free slaves—or, put the other way round, of bound freemen and freewomen: that is, a nation recognising the great fundamental urge to freedom common to all its units, and entering into a voluntary bond so to order its life that, out of the diversity of human activity, a social organisation will be constructed capable

of giving the maximum opportunity of personal freedom to the maximum number of persons. There can be no real freedom of development—and no possibility of true union in the bondage that makes for liberty—while one nation bears an enforced relationship to another. There can be no freedom—and no voluntary binding that conduces to full national development—while one section of a nation is economically, politically or religiously under the domination of another section.

Hence, in matters of religious belief and conduct; of philosophical research and speculation; of physical science, mental science, social science; the Theosophist will seek for the path of least resistance toward the ideal of voluntary union and service; and his first step will be the sympathetic and interpretative study of human activity as set forth in the second object of the Theosophical Society.

James H. Cousins

(To be concluded)

MAN'S TWOFOLD BURDEN

A SERMON BY

THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M. A., F. T. S.

For thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: 'I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'

Isaiah, xv, 57.

For God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own Eternity.

Wisdom, ii, 27.

WE may think of man as standing between two burdens, the burden of his mortality and the burden of his Eternity.

Until the second has begun to be felt, the first is easily borne, is not known for a burden at all. Animals, primitive savages, young children, may be careless and happy, living in and for the present, indulging no painful memories, unperplexed by the problems of death—and of life.

But when once the growing youth, the evolving man, has begun to be, even half-consciously, aware of the awful gift of the Father of Spirits Himself, the gift of His Eternity, then both the burdens are felt, and felt with increasing heaviness as growth goes on, felt—as they must be felt—until the end of the Path is reached, until the burden of mortality is laid down for ever, and

1913

MAN'S TWOFOLD BURDEN

343

the burden of Eternity (no longer now a burden) is perceived as the support of the Everlasting Arms. But now, now in the intermediate stage, there is conflict and unrest. The corruptible body, the uneasy soul, weigh down the immortal Spirit. The Spirit strains body and soul, exhausts and bewilders them, in its struggles towards the light.

Such a man seeks rest and finds it not. Would he rest in the Eternal, he is drawn back, crushed down, by the burden of temporal things, his sins, his fears, his cares. Would he rest in the temporal, live for the day only, be utterly absorbed in the world's business or pleasures, he is drawn away from this by the ceaseless urge of the Eternal within him.

As Francis Thompson has so wonderfully expressed it in his poem, 'The Hound of Heaven':

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated,
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
From those strong feet that followed, followed after.
But with unhurrying chase
And unperturbed pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instantaneity,
They beat—and a voice beat
More instant than the feet;

"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

And so the great poem goes on, and each portion of it ends with a refrain similar to the line last quoted:

"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."
"Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."
"Lo! all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me."

We turn to human life as we know it in ourselves or our friends, or as we read of it in the world's greatest literature.

And we find, sweetness—abundantly, but, echoing through all the music of its sweetness, an undertone of sorrow. A brief sweetness, a passing gladness; there are always fears, uncertainties, perplexities: and everywhere, waiting in every happy home, Death, “the terminator of delights and the separator of companions”.

So, in all the books that move men most, that speak most truly their inmost feelings, tears and laughter, comedy and tragedy, fulness of strong life and the memory of death, are strangely intermingled.

Let us in imagination look out over the world, as it rolls beneath our gaze, look back through the long story of its past, hundreds of thousands of years, generations following generations, through immemorial time. And let us, as the great picture unrolls itself before our vision, remember that each one of these innumerable millions of individuals is or was as dear to himself or herself, as much the centre of his or her own little world of life, as you or I. Think of the pains, the heartaches, the disappointments, well known to you in your own circle of kindred or friends, of all that are being felt even in one town like this; think also, no less, of the joys and hopes, the little plans and pleasures. And then think by how many millions these must be multiplied if the tale of the whole world's joys and sorrows is to be told.

Let us realise too, if we can, that this world is but one of several in our system, and that system one of millions starring the immensity of space.

If we will do this—and of course it cannot be done in a few minutes, while preaching or listening to a sermon, it is the work of solitude and silence, of patient meditation, of steadily directed thought—if we will do

this, and (for it is not a matter of thinking only) if we will feel in ourselves something of the greatness, of the awfulness, of the wistful wonder of it all, why, then, we shall, just a little, begin to understand what is meant by the burden of man's mortality. They laughed or wept, they sang and played, they had their friendships and their quarrels, they fell in love, they held their children in their arms, they clutched, with strong hands or frail, at life so elusive, at joy so uncertain. They felt and did these things, these men and women like ourselves, all the world over, age after age. And where are they now? What does it all mean? What has it all come to? So we question, and ponder.

And when our life goes sweetly, and the sunshine is pleasant, and human love is dear, when we are inclined to rest in these things and be content, a shadow steals over the sun, a thin veil obscures the brightness of the sky, a dimness, like the dimness of an eclipse, takes the glory from the daylight. The shadow of our mortality: but it is the shadow of a cloud whose inner side is radiant in the sunlight of Eternity.

The shadow of our mortality. Those bright days, that joy in life—we cannot keep or hold them. Neither could they keep or hold them, those men and women of long, long ago. And in each one of us is centred, as it were, the heart of the mystery of it all. Each represents the race; within each, not far away, to be shrunk from, to be lived through, to be found at last, is the kingdom of hell, the kingdom of the world, the kingdom of Heaven. Here, to-day, an old man steps out into the sunshine and looks round him. He sighs; for he is very old and very weary, and so many have died before him that he knew, and life is not what it was; and,

though he has not, perhaps, many words or many thoughts to express his feeling, he feels the burden of mortality. And every day, in every place, others like him have sighed and wondered, being old and tired. Each one of them may stand for all of them. Not greatly different are the feelings of one from those of the others.

Heart-broken, a man or woman kneels beside a dear form whose life was the light of their hearts; as millions kneel or have knelt the whole world over. And any one of them may stand for all such. In each, in all, is the ache of the empty life, the darkness of the mystery.

A life broken and betrayed. Trust given, to be paid with falsehood, love wronged, friendship outraged, ingratitude and treachery. And each one to whom Life has thus shown a dark face may represent all the rest, all the millions through all the years, the grieved, the wounded, or the embittered.

We cannot see, ever so dimly, even a fragment of this picture, and remain untouched, unchanged. And, sooner or later, we must look on it. For if we see not the darkness which the Master saw, we shall not see the light in which He lives for ever.

We cannot indeed, in one lifetime, taste all human experience; but we can, almost in a moment, feel its echo within ourselves. We can feel for men, and with them, the ache of their mortality and ours, the ache of human sorrows, the still stranger ache of human joys, so clear, so poignant, so transient, the ache of the mystery of it all.

Not, most of all, shall we feel this when we personally are in pain or are exalted by happiness; but rather, when our lives are calm, when the sunset speaks

to us, or the hills, or the waters, when the stillness of the Spirit has fallen on our souls, then we can begin to feel and to wonder.

Why is there this ache in life? Why cannot men rest: why are they not allowed to rest? Why sounds this undertone of sorrow through all the music? Because "God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of His own Eternity." And if you have begun to feel the throb of this pain, to hear that undertone of sadness, if you are distressed by thoughts too vast for utterance, even to yourself, then rejoice and be glad, for you are near to understanding; the Spirit in you is coming to its own, is awakening from dreams; the hunger that makes you restless is your hunger for the infinite, and blessed are they that hunger, for they shall be filled.

The Spirit which has "begun to be an hungred" is ready to "come to itself," ready to arise and go to the Father's House. And it shall not go alone. Indeed only those who have found the way themselves can lead others to that Place of Peace. Therefore, do not shun these moments of quiet thinking, of deeper insight, when the burden of all mortality presses you sorely. Seek them, encourage them, face the darkness, for beyond it is the light, and, when you have seen it, you will be able to help those who still suffer, being blind. Our hunger is our longing for the Infinite, our thirst the desire in us for the Eternal. And unless that infinite and eternal life essentially belonged to us we could not thus desire it.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself," wrote S. Augustine, "and our hearts are restless until they find their rest in Thee."

If you have not yet felt that hunger and that ache, you will hardly understand what is being said. If you have felt it, then do not try to stifle it, do not seek what men call distractions, but welcome it, foster it, let it grow: make and keep in every day a time for quiet thought, a time for seeking the light, a time for feeling the world's pain and mystery. If you do not, your life will be comparatively wasted and futile; you will miss what you are meant to find.

"Faithful," we read, "are the wounds of a friend." And the great Friend of all the souls of men hurts that He may heal, makes restless, almost to madness, that He may give rest, bewilders us that we may seek to understand; "whom He loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth".

As a well-known hymn puts it, very simply and very truly:

Christ leads us by no darker road
Than He went through before;
And all who would the Kingdom seek
Must enter by this door.

If, then, there has come to us in our inner life this tasting of the sorrows of the world, and if we would be wise—let us take and bravely welcome as much as we can bear, to the very last ounce, of the burden of mortality. For the severer the chastening, the quicker it will be done: the sorer the scourging, the sooner will the son be received.

Now we shall begin to understand a little of what S. Paul means by "the fellowship of Christ's sufferings". Myers, in his great poem, makes him say:

Vainly I weary me, and long, and languish,
Nowise availing from this pain to part—
Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish
Forced through the channels of a single heart.

And I remember a friend telling me how for days he had gone about, feeling continually in himself the sorrows and the sufferings of the world.

But there is the other side of the picture: for I know of another who, passing through the City of London one evening when the streets were crowded with people, and wondering what it all meant, oppressed by the numbers around him and the mystery of their lives, suddenly became conscious of the Infinite Love brooding over them all, watching them all, strong and patient and tender, a mighty Presence, and a Peace beyond all understanding.

The burden of our mortality; the burden of our Eternity. Irreconcilable, and so there is conflict. A problem hard to solve, and there is bewilderment. Could we lay down the second, we might be happy as the flowers or the animals are happy. When we shall have laid down the first, we shall be happy as are the Spirits of the just made perfect.

So we are led to see the Divine Man, the Master, the Christ, as the bridge for us between the temporal and the eternal. Partaking of our nature, of the nature which in us is mortal, having known our weakness and our fears, He is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Partaking of the Divine Nature, as we do, but consciously and fully, as we do not yet partake of it, He rests untiring in the Divine strength. Beyond joys and sorrows as we now know them, beyond earthly pains and pleasures, He abides in the fulness of the Bliss of God. In His having been as we are lies the assurance that we shall be "made like unto Him" as He is, "in His eternal and glorious Kingdom".

The humble Spirit, the Spirit that is not self-seeking, self-centred, self-sufficient, that longs to feel

and know the Oneness, to enter into the All, that would die to selfhood shall cast off the burden of mortality and be revived. The contrite heart, the heart, that is to say, which is broken by the burden of our Eternity, broken also "by a whole world's woes," shall be renewed into ever-glorious strength.

Of such a one it may be said :

He has outsoared the shadow of our night :
Envy and calumny and hate and pain
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not, nor torture him again.

And, slightly altering¹ other well-known lines :

Never shall yearnings torture him, nor sins
Stain him, nor ache of earthly joys and woes
Invade his safe eternal peace ; nor deaths
And lives recur : he goes
Into the Eternal : he is one with Life,
Yet lives not. He is blest, ceasing to be.
Now God is all in all : the dewdrop slips
Into the shining sea.

Rather, the sea is poured into the dewdrop. And now, because that shining sea of Life, which we call God, is seeking to flow into the dewdrop, now it is that we feel the strain, the ache, the burden of our Eternity ; and, trying to forget it, we only feel, more heavily, the other burden, that of our mortality.

We cling to life, and it is then that we are full of fears and of loneliness. If we can but let go ; then, as, even for a moment, "the aching craze to live ends," we shall find that "life glides to nameless quiet, nameless joy," glides, for a moment, into the Eternal.

Do not cling to joys, or pleasures, or men's approval, or to the love of others. Give love freely, but do not depend upon what may be given you.

¹ A liberty taken simply because the Samskr̥t phrases would have been meaningless to one's hearers. The sense is not altered by the translation of the idea into its western form.

Cling to nothing. Let go, for underneath are the Everlasting Arms. You belong to the Eternal, and therefore nothing that is of time can satisfy you.

Day by day make for yourself a time of letting go. Think of yourself as stripped of, deprived of, everything that you may now be depending on for ordinary daily happiness ; think away the world around ; think away the life of your body, your feelings, and your thoughts. Cease to care for, to strain after life, and you shall find the Life Everlasting : for "when all desires that dwell in the heart are let go, then the mortal becometh immortal, and entereth the Eternal".

And again it has been written : "As an eagle or a falcon, soaring into the sky, folds its wings and sinks to its nest, so the Spirit goes to that abode where, sinking to rest, it desires no desire, and dreams no dream."

And again : "For him the sun rises not nor sets ; for him who knows this hidden Wisdom well there is perfect day for ever."

But you will have to return again (and it is good and necessary to do so) to ordinary life ; again you will find yourself depending on this thing or that, elated and depressed by small hopes and fears ; you will have to go on living, to go on being true and patient and brave, or trying to be.

For not in a day is our final deliverance out of time into the Eternal to be achieved.

Yet you will go back a little stronger, a little wiser ; you will begin to see life with new eyes, for you will see it in the light of Eternity. The burden of mortality will be easier to bear, the fears will be less overwhelming, the loneliness less lonely, and the burden of your Eternity will be less and less of a strain, and more and

more of secret strength. And you will be drawing nearer to the Master, able a little more to share in His work of helping and saving. For (not, of course, as He can say it, but still to some extent and in some measure) every soul that is beginning to find the life of God within it, can say to the weary and heavy laden around: "Come unto me, and find rest."

Remember this, that if once the Hand has touched you, if once the call has come to you, if but once you have felt the burden of our mortality and the mystery of our Eternity, you can never now turn back and rest quite happily in ordinary life or be contented by its distractions. You must go on and on, until you come out on the other side.

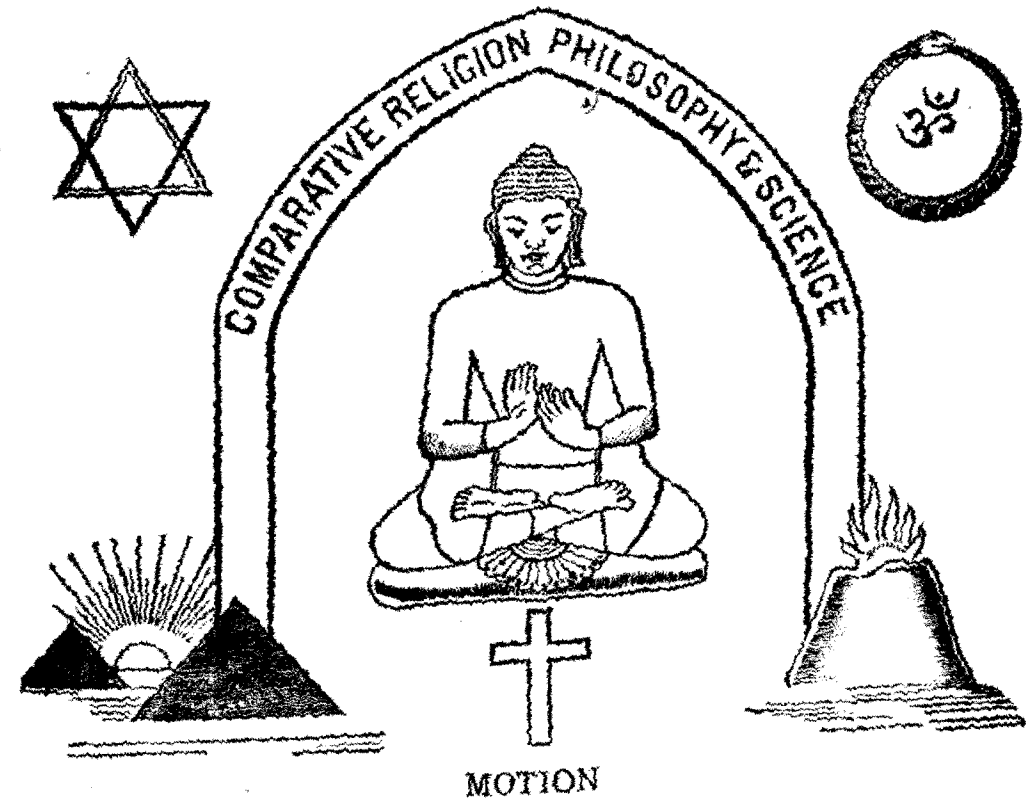
Why, then, should we waste time? Why remain any longer than need be futile, aimless, half-finished? Sooner or later the Life Eternal must have its way and work its will with us. No stern taskmaster, but love and life and bliss, the fulfilment of our nature, the light we have cried for in the darkness, the peace we have dreamed of in all our unrest, soul of our souls, Self of our selves, nearer than breathing and closer than hands or feet, in vain we would deny Him entrance who says:

Ah! fondest, blindest, weakest,
I am He whom thou seekest;
Thou dravest Love from thee, who dravest Me.

And He says:

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock.

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff



By W. D. S. BROWN, F. T. S.

Its one absolute attribute, which is Itself, eternal, ceaseless Motion.—*The Secret Doctrine*, i, 32.

IF a child, or a savage, or even a learned professor, wants to know whether an animal is alive or dead, he will probably begin by stirring it up with a stick to see if it moves. So close is the connection in the human mind between life and motion that to see a so-called inanimate object move without any apparent source of power is still apt to cause a certain shock to one's

nervous system. What is the basis of reality for this instinctive recognition of motion as the universal characteristic of life? It is the purpose of this article to endeavour with the help of occult as well as recent scientific conceptions to push back our ideas of motion a little farther than they usually carry us.

This subject possesses the advantage of lending itself readily to abstract treatment. Elementary geometry familiarises us with the idea of a point moving with reference to another point; the course of the moving point is represented by a line, the length of which is the extent of the motion. The next aspect that occurs to the mind is the direction of motion, and, even if this is confined to one plane, it must be defined with reference to an independent straight line. It may be that this natural sequence of thought has some affinity with the occult symbols of cosmogony—the blank disc, symbolising abstract space, apart from which we cannot conceive the idea of motion; the central point of reference; the diameter of extension; and the crossed diameters of direction; but perhaps this may appear to be straining the use of symbolism. The next aspect, that of velocity, introduces the element of time, and is as relative as those of extent and direction, for it demands another point in uniform motion as a standard of reference. And so, by assuming other constant standards of reference, we can define in the abstract every form of motion possible in three-dimensional space; a process of the greatest value in practical as well as theoretical problems, and one to which we shall refer later.

But in dealing with reality one is inevitably confronted by the question—what is it that moves? By definition a point has no magnitude and therefore it can-

not be said to move in reality; only our thought of a point can really be said to move. As soon as we think of motion as an actual occurrence, the idea of some substance in motion appears essential; motion of nothing is equivalent to no motion. Hence science has been obliged to postulate an unknown but nevertheless substantial medium, which it calls the æther, in order to support the theory of light as an undulatory form of motion in apparently empty space.

Starting from common experience, we habitually associate motion with some form of matter that can be cognised, and so the question arises—what do we mean by matter? The ordinary person would probably describe matter as something more or less solid, but the result of the scientific investigations prompted by the discovery of radium has been to divest matter of its impression of solidity and reveal it as a comparatively empty area in which myriads of minute bodies are rushing about. The only remaining properties of the smallest of these bodies yet discovered, which are generally called electrons, are the possession of an electrical charge and mass. Mass has therefore come to be regarded as the only property of matter that distinguishes it as such; in fact the word mass is now preferred by physicists to the word matter, as being more accurate and fundamental. It has even been found that the mass of an electron, as measured by its momentum, is dependent on its electrical charge; which suggests either that matter is a form of electricity or that electricity is a form of matter.

For some time the tendency has been to suppose electricity to be a form of motion; so, if this is the case, we are faced with the apparent paradox of reducing matter itself, or at least its property of mass, to a form

of motion. But this position is not quite so illogical as it sounds, since in some cases the apparent mass of a body may be considerably increased by its motion. Mass is of course generally measured by the amount of attraction exerted on a body by gravity, to which it is proportional; but it is also proportional to the force required to produce a given acceleration in any direction. Now the amount of force necessary to produce a given acceleration in a moving body in a direction at right angles to its original direction of motion is obviously increased by its momentum, though the effect of gravity in the case of a body moving horizontally is diminished. So perhaps it is not altogether illogical to imagine the possibility of mass itself as being the momentum of our unknown medium, let us say for convenience the æther, in some form of extremely rapid motion.

Whatever may be the ultimate nature of matter, its general appearance of stability inevitably brings us to the next question—what is “that which tends to produce motion,” as Newton has defined the word “force”. Here again we find ourselves running in a circle; for, with the exception of gravity and magnetism, of which we know nothing beyond their effects and, in the case of electro-magnetism, the manner of its production, we cannot trace the cause of motion beyond the impact of other matter in motion. Even the apparently steady pressure of a gas is with every reason believed to be due to the continuous bombardment of molecules in rapid motion.

It may be said that heat, as a cause of motion in the form of expansion, is scarcely impact; but if we accept the latest view of radiant heat as a form of wave-motion in the æther, we can certainly speak of the

impact of waves on bodies such as molecules; so we are again driven back on the *impasse* of mass in motion. For this reason modern physicists prefer the term ‘energy’ to ‘force,’ which suggests something that can exist apart from matter—a confusion of thought which has blurred many philosophical conceptions of ‘Spirit’.

We know that Occultism regards Spirit and matter as the opposite poles or aspects of the One Reality in manifestation, and so we find no difficulty in the concept of primordial substance or ‘space’ being active as well as passive, in short—living. So perhaps the child, who is content to say that men and animals move because they are alive, may have already got as far as we shall ever get in this direction. But it is something to have recognised that *nothing* could move or even exist unless it were more or less responsive to life. It is the connection between the more and the less mobile forms of matter that is hard to establish, but science is slowly unravelling the thread, and the speculation of one day is often the axiom of the next.

One link in particular seems to merit increasing attention; it is the phenomenon of ‘strain’. If we hold a square sheet of india-rubber at two points in the centre of opposite edges and pull these points apart, we of course stretch that part of the sheet which lies between the two points. But what about the rest of the material? It is evident that it is stretched to some extent on both sides of a line joining the points where it is held, but this area of strain can spread with an increase of pull without the edges parallel to the line of pull being stretched at all.

Suppose the material to have been previously marked by a number of equidistant lines both parallel

to and at right angles to the direction of pull, as on a draughtboard. When the pull is applied, the lines parallel to the direction of pull will approach one another more or less according to their distance from the central line, which represents the line of pull. The lines nearest to the central line will be nearer to one another than those more distant, until the lines nearest the outer edges will have moved very little, if at all.

Conversely, the lines at right angles to the line of pull will have separated, uniformly and to the greatest extent when measured along the central line of pull, and in diminishing extent according to the distance from the centre of the square. The amount of displacement of a line at any given point will indicate the amount of strain in the material at that point in a direction at right angles to the line, and so the displacement of the points of intersection of the lines will indicate both the amount and direction of strain at these points. Thus, if the lines are close enough, we can observe the amount and direction of strain at practically every point of the square.

If now we mark a number of points where the strain is of the same amount and draw a line through these points, we obtain a path of equal strain; and by drawing a number of such lines we obtain a chart showing at a glance the distribution of strain over the whole square. It will be seen that these strain lines converge at both points where the sheet is held, and open out in widening curves on both sides of the central line of pull; and one is instantly reminded of the lines produced by sprinkling iron filings on a sheet of paper above the poles of a magnet.

Now the distribution of a magnetic 'field,' or area of magnetic influence, follows known laws, and by

calculation for any given conditions, can be mapped out in the form of lines of equal flux-density. The closer the lines of force, as they are called, the denser the magnetic flux; and the density of flux is always spoken of in terms of lines of force per square centimetre. Those who witnessed Professor Hele-Shaw's beautiful experiments on stream lines will remember the striking similarity in distribution of lines produced by coloured water forced between the halves of specially prepared lantern slides; but in this case the lines indicated velocity and not strain, as in our elastic sheet.

Which is it in the case of magnetism? Probably a strain. In what? The æther again comes to our rescue. It is impossible within the space of this article to give the reasons which have led modern scientists to favour a static rather than a dynamic view of electro-magnetism, but they are largely based on the similarity of phenomena which gave rise to the electro-magnetic theory of light. Briefly however this theory may be summarised by the conception of light-waves as rapid alternations in direction of magnetic field.

This conception has an important bearing on our present line of thought, as it involves a new idea of motion. We can now regard the motion with which light is said to travel as something more subtle than even the sense in which waves can be said to travel along the surface of water. That which travels in a straight line at the velocity of 185,000 miles per second may be nothing more than a rhythmic change of strain in the æther.

Returning for a moment to our simple experiment with a sheet of rubber; when the pull is released the strain-lines 'close in' and disappear. Not that the actual lines which may have been drawn on the sheet

do so, but the degrees of strain which they represent for a given pull close in as the actual lines would if redrawn at regular stages in the release of the pull. Here is one manner in which strain can be said to move. Again, if we hold the rubber at a third point, let us say in the middle and let us call it C and the original points A and B, and if, while still holding A and B apart at a distance corresponding to the original pull, we pull C away from A until there is no strain between C and B, the imaginary strain lines between A and B will recede into the new lines which have emerged between A and C. Then if C is released, the lines will move in the direction of pull to their original position—another form of strain-motion. If the rubber were thick enough to be compressed without bending, a reversal of strain could be illustrated as a further complication.

Now if a material could be found of greater mass and elasticity, one can imagine that, in a great length of it, a sudden pull or, better still, a rhythmical alternation of push and pull would be local at the moment of application and immediately spread outwards in strain-waves of alternate compression and extension. In the case of sound we know that such waves are set up in the air and ripple outwards in the form of concentric spheres, but the ætheric waves of light, which move at right angles to their direction of propagation, might be induced in a similar manner, but by impulses concentrated on separate points which would radiate outwards as lines between which the opening out and closing in of strain lines could produce the characteristic wave motion.

It is easy to imagine how the variety of strain-motions in the æther can be almost unlimited, according to the proportions and configuration of impulses. In

this connection we may refer to the well-known but none the less beautiful dust figures produced by the eidophone, or those produced on a metal plate held and bowed at different places. The dust, being shaken off the parts vibrating most rapidly, collects in greatest density along the nodal lines where there is no motion.

The strain theory certainly fits in best with the latest conception of the æther as a solid of enormous density, but demands perfect elasticity, a requirement which introduces other difficulties; in fact all attempts which have hitherto been made to define the æther in terms of physical matter have naturally failed, owing to the impossibility of measuring the greater in terms of the less. However, occult investigation distinctly supports the solid theory by the discovery of 'koilon,' and at least does not contradict the strain theory by the discovery of 'bubbles'. May not even the bubble be a centre or focus of strain in koilon, perhaps of great magnitude? Possibly the strain is ever changing its direction or distribution, giving rise to vortical strain-whirls—who knows? As the Stanzas of Dzyan say (III, 10f): "Father-Mother spin a Web. . . . this Web is the Universe." If the bubble be a reflected centre of the Circle whose centre is everywhere and whose circumference is nowhere, the mathematical point we first assumed as the object of motion may not be so unreal as it seems.

But, it may be asked, what has all this brought us to? First, the possibility of simplification in our view of the objective cosmos. The admonition in *The Voice of the Silence* "to study the voidness of the seeming full, the fulness of the seeming void" acquires a literal meaning. The trinity of living substance, strain, and motion of strain, is within the reach of our present

comprehension and involves only one absolutely unknown quantity—the Ever-Unknowable.

Finally, a few thoughts on the subjective cosmos. The idea of strain, as that which gives form to motion appears to throw some light on the mystery of duality without separation. Strain in its simplest physical sense implies the duality of the imposed deformation, and the property of cohesion which resists change in form and restores the material to its original form when the imposed deformation is withdrawn. When cohesion takes the form of elasticity, this restoration to the original form is not immediate but oscillating; a perfectly elastic body free from internal friction would remain in a state of internal vibration.

Strain, in its subjective sense of effort, implies a corresponding duality of will imposed upon habit or automatism, which when the imposed will is withdrawn leaves a change of habit and a permanent accession of power. Man seems to be able to superimpose the strains of his limited will upon the fundamental strains imposed by the divine will, with the result that at first his sub-currents often clash with the cosmic currents, like wavelets tossed into spray on the crests of an ocean swell. But sooner or later the conflicting sub-strains are drawn into line by the restorative continuity of life-substance, and man learns to live in harmony with the great law as the law of his own being. All motion is within space, which is changeless and ever at rest *en masse*, if one may dare to use this feeble figure of expression. When the internal strains of differentiation are withdrawn it is said that motion still remains, but surely it must be uniform, unconscious, and at rest with itself.

W. D. S. Brown

DUTCH SINOLOGY

By HENRI BOFFA

Official Chinese Interpreter in the Dutch East Indies
author of "The New China," etc.

FOR a period of more than twenty years a Dutch University Professor has been writing folio after folio of an apparently never-to-be-concluded gigantic work, which ridicules and defames China, and spreads untrue notions and ideas about the Chinese people throughout the whole world.

Formerly this occupation was perfectly harmless, as such a work was only read within the narrow circle of professional sinologues, but in times like the present, when the whole world has its attention fixed on China, and when there is a public demand for books on China and the Chinese, the influence of a so-called standard work like that of Professor de Groot may prove fatal, for it sows the seeds of contempt, hatred, and misunderstanding, and these seeds may grow into most disastrous conflicts in the future.

Professor de Groot's elaborate series of huge folios bears the fine title, *The Religious System of China*.¹ Those who understand the religion of a people know its soul to its inmost recesses.

Fully to comprehend the religion of great and ancient nations such as the Egyptian, the Hindū, the Greek, the Chinese, three things are needed: spiritual

¹ *The Religious System of China*. Its ancient Forms, Evolution, History and Present Aspect, Manners, Customs and Social Institutions connected therewith, by J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D., Leiden, late E. J. Brill (1892-1910).

insight, a philosophical bent of mind, and intuition. Knowledge of the language is, of course, indispensable, but such knowledge by itself is absolutely inefficient. The study of ancient religions has always been fatally handicapped by the fact that the greater part of such students were philologists only, and, as such, thought themselves competent, not realising the fact that, in order thoroughly to understand ancient philosophy and religion, the first necessity is a philosophical bias. Professor de Groot is a living illustration of this fact. His knowledge of the Chinese written language is perhaps unequalled among sinologues, but he is absolutely wanting in spiritual insight, and yet he has set himself the task of writing a standard work on Chinese religion.

Undoubtedly these volumes contain rare ethnographical treasures, but wherever they treat of real religion, philosophy and mysticism, they are woefully wanting. His childish stammerings about religion and philosophy make those who are initiated in eastern religions smile pityingly.

This lack of spiritual insight and philosophical intuition has caused Professor de Groot to wonder and smile at all those things which he could not explain from a 'matter of fact' point of view, and has made him characterise these, to him, incomprehensible things as "superstition, hocus-pocus, and barbarous fetichism". The Chinese themselves, their religion, and their philosophy have been ridiculed by him in an unheard-of manner, and he has passed by the grandest monuments and the loftiest utterances of wisdom and art, without the faintest notion of their marvellous beauty.

Here is an instance of his method: ignoring such architectural wonders as the Temple of Heaven, the

Stūpa in the Yellow Temple, the Temple of the Five Pagodas, the splendid Ph'ai Lous in Peking, the vast structure of cities like Nanking and Peking, this scholar unblushingly decrees that the Chinese have no notion of architecture and sculpture. Worse still! Anxious to enlighten our ignorance, he has scraped some chips from the imposing monoliths along the alley to the Ming tombs, and now is happy to assure us, that they are not made of marble, but simply consist of limestone, as a careful chemical analysis gave the formula 3CaCO_3 MgCO_3 .

What would be the chemical formula of the Venus of Milo, and would it be possible, I wonder, to find any CaCO_3 or any MgCO_3 in Phidias' and Praxiteles' immortal works? And fancy, if we could only get at the correct chemical analysis of the different oils in Rembrandt's colours!

In exactly the same way our learned Professor has scraped off fragment after fragment of China's sublime wisdom and religious symbolism—only to be grasped by deep spiritual insight—and has subjected these to a severe 'scientific' analysis, by which process the true spiritual essence, of course, instantly evaporated.

In his Introduction, he says:

The reader will be soon aware that, *as with semi-civilised people in general*, so in China, religious ideas and usages pervade social life to its inmost recesses, that these are, so to say, the backbone of the manners and customs, of the domestic and political institutions of the nation and, to a large extent, of its legislation.¹

What answer is there but a pitying smile from those who, even superficially, know anything about the laws of Manu, the religions of ancient Persia, ancient

¹ *The Religious System of China*, II, i, 818.

Greece? Those old Egyptians and Greeks, were they "semi-civilised peoples"? Should religion be something inside or outside our life, should it pervade all our acts, the whole structure of society, or should it be kept apart for Sundays only? Such a blunder in a standard work on an ancient oriental religion is simply stupendous. Another instance. In the Introduction to Book I. the author states:

As in the case of many, if not most barbarous and semi-civilised peoples, the human soul is in China the original form of all beings of higher order.

Again the philosophical reader wonders and smiles, and yet I give the text exactly as it is printed. The ancient Hindūs, the Persians, the Egyptians, those great nations, whose culture is only beginning to be understood by our foremost scholars, these nations were "barbarous and semi-civilised," for they all of them shared this belief of the Chinese!

Wherever, indeed, Professor de Groot speaks about 'the soul' (the distinction between 'soul' and 'Spirit' is everywhere absent) we find 'confusion worse confounded'. He seemingly only knows the narrow western contrast of soul and body, and is blind to those subtle eastern gradations, which define soul and Spirit in their most ethereal sub-divisions. But even if the whole of Hindūism were unknown to him, if he only had remembered Homer's distinction between 'thumos' and 'nous,' he would not have mocked so cheaply at what he dares to call Chinese 'superstition' about that high, spiritual principle, which does not die with the body.

Again he writes: "The Chinese therefore are far from regarding death as a reality," and he wonders that

those stupid Chinese "*notwithstanding the accumulated experiences of ages up till now lack a notion of the reality of death*"!

Most reverend professor! this belief is shared by the best Christians; it is commonly called the belief in the immortality of the soul (Spirit is the better term). To expatiate hereon, unless one is an atheist or a materialist, is useless.

Professor de Groot writes further:

Many rites and practises still flourish amongst the Chinese which one would scarcely expect to find anywhere, except amongst savages in a low state of culture.

Apparently it has no meaning for him that the greater part of those rites and practices are found amongst all ancient peoples, and even now are not yet extinct.

When reading his descriptions, we repeatedly remember what we have read about similar ceremonies amongst the ancient Egyptians; and, for instance, the liturgies and masses for the dead, as described by Professor de Groot, of Chinese Buddhism, resemble closely the ritual of the Catholic Church, not to mention the use of burning candles near the corpse, after death, which the Catholic Church shares with the ancient Egyptians. Professor de Groot's sarcasm, and the arrogantly contemptuous way in which he writes about Chinese ritual and ceremonies, only tend to lower the scientific value of his work.

In the same way a Chinese scholar could mock at the sacraments and the ritual of Christian Churches, at Baptism, the Communion of the Lord's Supper, the signing of the Cross, the use of holy-water, and so on, and, if he went to work like our Professor, he might find a huge

stock of Divine and Fathers to quote from, in order to strengthen his depreciatory arguments. We then could rightly say of him as we say it of Professor de Groot, that he lacked reverence and understanding, that he was wanting in spiritual insight into the inner meaning of the symbols, which hallows and sanctifies those same sacraments and rituals. Without reverence, the essence of which is love, it is impossible, even for the best linguist, to understand any religion, either eastern or western. This is specially true about China, where, in metaphysical philosophy, the ideographic characters, apart from their common meaning, have a quite distinct mystical significance.

At the end of his General Preface, Professor de Groot says:

This book is intended less as a scientific production than as a store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life and expounded by data collected from the literary relics of bygone ages.

Now, here the Professor gives himself quite away. A "store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life" and a "religious system," which can be fathomed only by deep spiritual insight and philosophical meditation! It is just where material facts end, that any higher religious contemplation begins; and how would it be possible to include what is called 'buddhic consciousness' on the higher spiritual regions in a "store-house of facts, carefully gleaned from actual life"?

Such a 'store-house' may contain some parts of the outward, exoteric manifestations of religion, but it never can give us its esoteric, mystical, inner self. Professor de Groot's voluminous folios are really a colossal store-house of facts. They give us much valuable information

on ethnographical, judicial and social Chinese questions, but, from a religious and philosophical point of view, they are nothing more than a lumber-room, wherein real wisdom, or knowledge of God, is conspicuously absent. For that higher wisdom he should have built a stately temple, not a "store-house of facts".

In *The Theosophist* (December 1911) an anonymous reviewer writes about the more concise American edition of Professor de Groot's work,¹ and finds it "full of information but disappointing". The following opinion of this critic may also be applied to the original work:

Results of careful observation and study put forward, but there is an unfortunate lack of understanding and appreciating an old-world religion in spite of its later day accretions and superstitions It is curious that such a person as a Professor of Ethnography in a European University like our author, should not be in possession of such adequate elementary knowledge of various eastern lore as would enable him to comprehend the true spirit of such terms as 'shen' and 'kwei,' 'yang' and 'yin'.

Again this reviewer says:

The study of a religion is only really fruitful when one tries to understand it *in the spirit in which its true followers understand it*, and for this a learner has to feel the spirit of the faith and not only observe the doings of its modern votaries and think over fragments of their existing books.

A modern Chinese man of letters, Dr. Lim Boon Keng, once wrote to me: "We want sinologues in Europe who understand the spirit of China's culture, not only the literalism of its books."

I have already said that Professor de Groot constantly mocks and sneers at China's holiest treasures, its religion, its art, its philosophy. About its great sages and thinkers he writes:

Thus the position of the ancients has been strengthened, so as to render it impregnable, but in the mountains of reasonings not a single grain of common sense is to be found, and

¹ *The Religion of the Chinese*, by J. J. M. de Groot, Ph. D. The Macmillan Co., New York, 1911.

though these sages have obtained places of worship for themselves in the Government temples of Confucius and are the great disciples of its school of learning, thus gaining the highest laurels ever conferred on the human intellect, *not one of them has ever enriched the Empire with the simplest rudiments of real, useful knowledge.*¹

Such is the judgment that Professor de Groot, who filled the chair of Sinology at the University of Leiden,² and had to lecture on the literature of this grand old nation, passes on its immortal sages! If Chinese philosophy were only as well-known as that of the Greeks, there would have risen all the world over a storm of indignation at such a rude profanation.

Moreover, one asks oneself what the judgment of Chinese scholars and Chinese men of letters must be about such a professor? Is it to be wondered at that one of my Chinese friends among the Chinese literati, a well-known Chinese scholar, wrote me about Professor de Groot's voluminous work, that it was "padded with a lot of rubbish"? The same Chinese scholar, after visiting Professor de Groot's collection of buddhistic and taoistic deities in the Musée Guimet at Paris, exclaimed indignantly at "that terrible collection of puerilities in the name of Chinese religion".

Tio Siao Hun, formerly Professor de Groot's Fuhkienesese teacher, who afterwards became mine, and stayed with me for years, characterised the method of his former pupil in this way, that 'Ko Ten' (de Groot) cared more for 'siao shwoh' than for literature (which, in China, means also Philosophy). Professor de Groot, in the first of his last three huge folios (1901, 1907, 1910) writes that he

shall acquaint the reader with a broad class of literary products, called, since the Han dynasty "siao shwoh" or

¹ Book I, Part III, p. 1051.

² Now of Berlin.

minor information according to the Chinese, of a lower order.

On this "minor information, of a lower order" the learned professor has built three massive volumes, covering far more than a thousand pages, representing the labour of nine years (1901-1910). If one told this to a distinguished Chinese man of letters it would make his hair stand on end.

These three volumes are, indeed, a veritable skyscraper store-house of ethnographical facts, but as to religion and philosophy, they contain such a farrago of 'siao shwoh' trifles and nonsense, that every moment spent on its perusal would, by a *bona fide*, serious, Chinese man of letters, be thought an utter waste of time.

I have tried it. I have asked some Chinese literati to look at the plentifully quoted Chinese texts, most of them from all kinds of 'siao shwoh' books "of a lower order". Their exact verdict is unprintable, but its substance was the question: "How, in the name of common sense, could a European 'poh sz' (professor, scholar) spend years and years on such trash, when he might have made so much better a use of his linguistic talents by making known and expounding to Europe our literature and philosophy?"

In these volumes we find a surfeit of stories like those told by the street-storytellers, and to be found in popular books for the man in the street, tales for coolies and uneducated people, legends about were-tigers and were-wolves. All these, however, have nothing to do with the religious system of China, of educated China, I mean to say. Every Chinese scholar profoundly despises them. One could write similar works about the superstitions of Swabian, Norman, Irish, or Calabrian

peasant-folk, and such works would afford very valuable ethnographical information, just as do Professor de Groot's volumes. But it would be impossible to call them the *Religious System of Europe*, and it certainly would not do at all to state therein that Shakspeare was a dolt, Dante a poetastor, and Goethe an idiot who never gave us "the simplest rudiments of useful knowledge".

Yet a worse indictment can be brought especially against the last volume, which appeared in 1910. (Book II, Vol. VI, Part IV. The War against Spectres. Part V. The Priests of Animism.) Whoever knows a little about China knows what enormous changes the last years have brought; how, in many places, the idols in the temples have had to give place to science; how Fung Shui superstitions are vanishing; how the whole substance and method of teaching have been reorganised on western lines, and so on. Now, in 1910, when this volume was published, one would, if only for justice sake, have expected to find some mention about all this. Nothing of the sort! Professor de Groot deliberately ventures to entitle this volume, swarming with hocus-pocus and sorcery, 'Present Aspect,' just as if, during all the years he dug and tunnelled into his mountains of popular trash, China had stood still, and nothing had happened of those far-reaching events of reform and progress, whose influence begins to impress the whole world. Professor de Groot has always been living some twenty years ago, not seeing, not feeling, the splendid rush of Time's wings, that swept away the accumulated rubbish of centuries and brought light and air into China's darkest corners.

But even so, even taking China as it was when he lived there, twenty and more years ago, Professor de

Groot's comments are libellous, and give a distorted, grotesque image. Even in those times twenty years ago China's cultured literary scholars knew a Wisdom and a Beauty, which have utterly escaped our learned linguist, even though he has scraped off some fragments and has analysed them in his mental crucible. Professor de Groot never scaled the heights of China's immortal sages, but preferred to dig into hocus-pocus and 'siao shwoh'. Even the wonderful symbolism of the *Yih King*, that hoary base of all Chinese philosophy and metaphysics, has been nothing more to him than a puerile collection of superstition and sorcery, of queer dots and lines, a fruitful theme for mockery and sneers. He only saw the layer of foolish comments and the latter day accretions and superstitions; but he failed to fathom the original, pure symbolism of the *Yih King* which, in fact, is a stupendous human effort to render, in graphic symbols, the manifestation of God in the Universe, the unfolding of Unity into Plurality, from the first mystical act of creation. He seemingly has not noticed the striking points of contact between the *Yih King* philosophy and that of the ancient Hindūs, evident as that similarity is to those who have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The language of cryptic symbols is a universal one, but knowledge of the Chinese language alone does not give the key to it. Even among those external purely superstitious practises of Fung Shui and divination, our professor might have found hidden treasures of Wisdom and Mysticism, if he only had dug down into the core of them. I remember the fine words of Professor Max Müller:

But, as we slowly wend our way through the dreary prisons, our eyes seem to expand and we perceive a glimmer of light, where all was darkness at first.¹

¹ Professor Max Muller's *Lecture on the Vedas*.

It surely were too easy a method in studying old-world religions, if we thought it sufficient to note down the external deteriorations. The real study—hard, but oh, so entrancing!—begins when, pushing aside the mass of accumulated accretions and deteriorations, we delve patiently down to the real strata that contain the lost treasures of Wisdom. Without realising the esoteric meaning of the symbols that veil them, those treasures will never be found, even by the greatest linguist. Professor de Groot, unfortunately, never possessed the key that unlocks the cryptogram to find the hidden treasure.

It is curious that Professor de Groot, while steadily exposing and commenting on new oddities and freaks of ignorance and superstition, never once asked himself what might be the reason that such an ignorant, "semi-civilised, barbarous people" as the Chinese, whose greatest sages never once gave it "the simplest rudiment of useful knowledge," has managed, not only to exist for centuries on centuries, outliving Troy, Athens, Rome and Carthage, but even now has started new reforms and is progressing? One would say this points to a tremendous internal power, even while granting that it remained latent for some centuries.

Professor de Groot's judgment, though, on this great nation is as follows:

Even though it were granted that the Chinese race is not for ever stamped with the total incapacity to rise to a higher level of mental culture, a complete overthrow and reorganisation of its religion, philosophy, literature, customs and social forms will be required to uproot Fung Shui. In other words: Fung Shui will bear the supreme sway in China as long as China is China, and the Chinese are Chinese.

Well, we now write in 1913. China is China still, and the Chinese are more than ever Chinese, bound

together by one grand national bond of Unity. In fact they are the same Chinese as before, even though they have cut off their queues but Fung Shui has been pushed out everywhere by modern science and modern ideas, and its sway over the Chinese mind is rapidly declining. Though without Fung Shui, without queues, without all those (according to Professor de Groot) essential characteristics of the Chinese, the modern Chinaman, in his inmost heart, is as much Chinese as he used to be. His outward appearance, so often wrongly taken for his real being, has changed, but internally he is the same.

When visiting the Musée Guimet in Paris one finds catalogued as 'religion de la Chine' a most curious medley of taoist and buddhistic 'Gods,' collected by Professor de Groot. I happen to know the history of this collection, the greater part of which has been made to order. If only in the possession of illustrated popular books on idols and all kind of devils and bugbears, as for instance the *Sheu Shen Ki*, it is quite easy in China to find woodcarvers who will carve you all those monstrosities. I remember one Ngo Sik in Amoy, who furnished Professor de Groot with them; but surely it is the height of absurdity to pretend that in this way you have represented the 'religion de la Chine'. The utmost you could say would be that they illustrate the gross superstition of the lower orders. Moreover, the greater number of these so-called 'Gods' are purely local. My Pekingese teacher, for instance, had never so much as heard of a certain 'Sing Ong Kong,' a bugbear of the low-class Fuhkienese, with a temple for his worship in Surabaya. Yet this is one of the 'divinités' of the 'religion de la Chine' in the Musée Guimet.

It is clearly evident in Professor de Groot's work, that he mixed more with the lower classes, principally in the Fuhkien province, than with the real literary and philosophical élite of China's scholars. Moreover, when he travelled in China, he only spoke some southern dialects, which are used by a comparatively small part of the great Chinese people, but he did not know the 'kwan hwa,' the mandarin-language, the universal language of the scholars and literati, just as Latin is the universal language of the cultured Catholic clergy. So it may be reasoned that, when he made his notes in China, he only had a very superficial acquaintance with really cultured literati. In the Fuhkien province, especially Amoy, where Professor de Groot used to stay and work, the cultured scholars were, at that time, comparatively few, while information from merchants, lower class monks, and teachers would be mostly worthless and incorrect, as I know by experience. Travelling in the northern provinces, as Professor de Groot afterwards did, is certainly very useful, but one has to know the mandarin 'p'u t'ung' language, otherwise the use is problematical, and Professor de Groot did not know it.

As a "store-house of facts," Professor de Groot's volumes really are invaluable, and no sinologue before him has attained to such wealth of detail. From a linguistical and ethnological point of view, his labours are worthy of the highest respect.

While honouring, however, the linguist we cannot but register a severe censure against the most unjust and aggressive way in which he has made a mockery, again and again, of a great and ancient people like the Chinese; against his pulling down and defaming its

religion, its philosophy and its art, thereby only showing his own lack of mental and spiritual grasp.

China and Europe must learn to understand each other, not only for their mutual well-being, but in the interest of humanity. Professor de Groot has raised serious obstacles against this; he has sown contempt and misunderstanding. Moreover his work is hopelessly out of date, by his own fault. He ought to have followed China's evolution and reform, instead of clinging obstinately to that which has passed, or is passing, away. For the most part he gives not the 'Present Aspect' but the 'Past Aspect'.

One of the most striking refutations of Professor de Groot's judgment is China's art, this wonderful art of porcelains, bronzes, paintings, lacquerware, carvings, and so on. For how would it be possible for a "barbarous and semi-civilised nation," with an "absolute lack of mental culture," to bring forth the superb art, which China, for ages, has given to us?

Henri Borel

THE ANCIENT WISDOM IN SOME APOCRYPHAL SCRIPTURES

By L. J. DICKINSON, F. T. S.

MUCH attention has been given lately to the Scriptures of the Hindūs, the Buddhists and the Zoroastrians. The sacred writings of our own form of belief should be examined with equal care. At the same time, we must acknowledge that it is less easy to view the Jewish and Christian books with a perfectly open mind, for we have been so accustomed from childhood to place certain limited meanings on well-known phrases, that it is sometimes rather startling to find what a much wider and deeper significance ought to be given to the old familiar words.

It is, however, impossible to benefit from the study of comparative religion unless we can bring to bear on the Canonical and Apocryphal books of our faith, the appreciative criticism with which have been discussed the Scriptures of the East.

This will not only widen our views, but will help us to spread Theosophic ideas, by enabling us to show that Christianity is based on the same fundamental truths from which spring all the great religions of the world. People are always able, and generally willing, to discuss well-known passages in Scripture, and if we can scatter good seed in the shape of an allusion to some familiar text, with an interpretation that is new to them,

we may reap a good harvest in the shape of further enquiries into the teaching of the Ancient Wisdom.

For instance, there are several passages in the Gospels which are often cited among ourselves as indicating a belief in reincarnation. There is the enquiry about the man who was born blind: "Hath this man sinned or his parents?" (*S. John*, ix.)

And Theosophists all know, though it is not admitted, or perhaps even heard of, by the average church person, that S. John the Baptist was Elias; at least we cannot put any other meaning on the statement of our Lord, who said: "This is Elias, that was for to come," though it is true that the prophet had, apparently, no recollection of his former life. (*S. Matt.*, xi, 14.)

The same idea is conveyed by the answer of the disciples, when Jesus asked them; "Whom do men say that I am?" "And they answered: 'John the Baptist; but some say Elias, and others, one of the prophets.' . . . 'But whom say ye that I am?'" Of course the correct reply was that of Peter: "Thou art the Christ." (*S. Mark*, viii.)

From these well-known passages we may infer that the knowledge of reincarnation was prevalent among the Jews, even if not openly taught.

Somewhat less familiar are the various statements regarding the soul which are to be found in the Apocryphal books, which are less studied by modern English people than they should be.

The teaching in the *Book of Wisdom*, and in *Ecclesiasticus* is magnificent, elevated and mystic. The authors were Jews who evidently were steeped in Greek learning, and who united the purest essence of Greek philosophy with the moral ideals of the Hebrew race.

One can well understand that these books were beyond the comprehension of the multitude. Even the word Apocrypha suggests an esoteric purpose, for (according to the article in the *Encyclopædia*) it is derived from a Greek word meaning *secret* or *hid*; "something embodying an esoteric teaching".

The same Greek word is used by S. Paul in his *Epistle to the Colossians*; in which place it is translated as *hid*: "In whom are *hid* all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." (*Col.*, ii, 3.) It was not till much later that the present meaning of *spurious* became attached to it. Most of the books of the Apocrypha were written by Jews at Alexandria, who had become more or less hellenised, by contact, in that city of learning, with Greek thought and philosophy. But though it is obvious that much culture and breadth of view had been gained in this way, it is also evident that the authors had lost nothing of their national feeling and religion.

Fine, however, as some of these writings are, the Jews who remained in Palestine would not allow them to be inserted in the Hebrew Bible, for the authorities at Jerusalem considered that inspiration had ceased with the last of the prophets, and that no later books could be worthy of a place in the Canon.

But the Apocryphal Scriptures were included in the Greek version of the Jewish Scriptures known as the *Septuagint*. According to tradition this translation was made from Hebrew into Greek by the order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, at Alexandria, by seventy elders who were chosen for their learning. Many of the Fathers of the early Christian Church, especially Origen and S. Clement of Alexandria, regarded the Apocryphal writings as truly scriptural, and quoted freely from

them. Even S. Augustine looked upon them as inspired; but S. Jerome took the contrary view, and excluded them from his translation of the Bible into Latin.

The Christian Church continued to hold diverse views as to their merits, till the time of the Reformation, when the Protestants, following Wycliffe, rejected the Apocrypha, maintaining, that, of the Old Testament, only the books which were composed in Hebrew could be looked upon as the inspired word of God; at the same time they admitted that the Apocrypha was of great value as instruction in the way of godly living.

In 1546, the Roman Church, as voiced by the Council of Trent, definitely adhered to S. Augustine's opinion, and insisted on the inclusion in the Christian Bible of the Apocryphal books, excepting only the first and second books of *Esdras*, and the *Prayer of Manasses*. In fact the Council declared that he who rejected the Apocrypha was anathema.

The Apocrypha now consists of fourteen books, some historical or romantic, others poetical, and full of high spiritual teaching.

Two that surpass the rest in beauty of language, and in grandeur of ideas, are the books of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, and of *Ecclesiasticus*. Their exhortations are addressed rather to the aspiring few than to the multitude, inculcating a life of strenuous endeavour in the search for Knowledge and Wisdom.

There is nothing in either, or in any part of the Apocrypha, to encourage the popular notion that mental development is of small account, or that the Bible is a book which "he who runs may read".

On the contrary, the need of understanding is dwelt upon almost as much as in the *Taittiriya Upanishat*.

It is asserted again and again that knowledge and understanding are to be desired above all things, and that happy is the man who findeth them, for with them he can attain to Righteousness and Wisdom.

In *Ecclesiasticus* it is even said, that Wisdom "is very unpleasant to the unlearned; he that is without understanding will not remain with her". (*Eccles.*, vi, 20.)

The treatise on the divine Wisdom, entitled the book of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, describes her attributes, and gives instructions how to attain unto her.

The writer begins by addressing himself to the Kings and Rulers of the earth, whom he exhorts to pursue the path of Wisdom. He speaks, throughout, in the character of King Solomon, who, according to tradition, was the wisest of mankind. There seems good reason for believing that the King was indeed a man of great occult attainments, therefore it is not surprising that his name should be given to a work which deals with speculations into the order of the universe, and with inquiries into the relation of finite man to infinite Wisdom. It is pointed out by the great German commentator, Ewald, that the symbolism of numbers was familiar to the author; inasmuch as the attributes of Wisdom are enumerated as twenty-one; and, what is suggestive to us, that the stages to the attainment of Wisdom, or Enlightenment, are seven, beginning with Discipline, and ending with a Kingdom. (*Wisdom*, vi, 17-20.) We can well imagine that this Kingdom is not of this world, but is a realm of knowledge—a spiritual, not a material dominion. Throughout the whole book, the attainment of Wisdom, is declared to be the true object of life.

The belief of the writer in reincarnation is distinctly evident. Still personifying King Solomon, he refers to the cause of his being born into a well-favoured body. Describing how he had sought for Wisdom from his childhood, he says: "I went about seeking how to take her to me, for I was a witty child and had a good Spirit. Yea, rather, being good, I came into a body undefiled." (*Wisdom*, viii, 17, 20.)

Surely this statement, "being good, I came into a body undefiled," is expressive of knowledge both of karma and of reincarnation, for it sums up the essence of the teaching, the relation of cause and effect, and shows us that "what we have been makes us what we are".

There are other passages in this book which indicate that the writer was in touch with some teaching of the Ancient Wisdom. He refers to knowledge of the solar system, which even now is not generally understood; to the precession of the equinoxes, the tilt of the earth's axis, etc. "For he hath given me certain knowledge of the things that are, namely to know how the world was made, and the operation of the elements, the beginning, ending, and midst of times, the *alteration of the turning of the sun*, and the change of seasons, the circuits of the years, and the positions of stars." (*Wisdom*, vii, 17.)

Many ages later, an expansion of these hints was published in *The Secret Doctrine*.

In another chapter we are told that the "Almighty made the world of matter without form". (*Wisdom*, xi, 17.) We are all familiar with the Theosophic division of the principles of man, so it is interesting to note that the *Book of Wisdom* also makes a distinction between the "active soul," and the "living Spirit".

There are frequent allusions to the ministry of angels, who are mentioned by name, in the Apocryphal books. Raphael and Uriel play important parts in the accounts of Tobit and of Esdras respectively.

The connection of different countries with various planetary Spirits is referred to in *Ecclesiasticus*. We read, that: "In the division of the nations of the whole earth, he set a ruler over every people, but Israel was the Lord's portion." (*Eccles.*, xvii, 17.) The 'Lord' is ofcourse, not the Almighty, but the God of the Jews.

In the Canonical books of the Old Testament there is little information about the future life. Job speaks of a "land of darkness," but regions beyond the lower astral seem to be unknown. In the *Book of Wisdom*, however, a direct statement is made, pointing to a knowledge of purification on one plane, and of happiness on another. "The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction, but they are in peace; for though they be punished in the sight of man, yet is their hope full of immortality, and *having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded*; for God proved them and found them worthy for Himself." (*Wisdom*, iii, 1.) The Divine Immanence is expressed by the verse: "Thine incorruptible Spirit is in all things." (*Wisdom*, xii, 1.) Indeed, throughout the whole of the books of *Wisdom* and *Ecclesiasticus*, there is nothing of the anthropomorphic tendency of the earlier Jews. They were written by men who adored no tribal deity, but poured forth their worship and their praise to the

Spirit of Wisdom and of Righteousness, in words that are inspiring even to the Gentiles of to-day.

To examine the books of the Apocrypha as they deserve, would demand learning and space that are beyond the reach of the present writer; what can one say in a brief paper? It is not possible to speak of the beautiful story of Tobit, with its vivid descriptions of Nineveh and Persia; or of the *Song of the Three Children*, to which we are indebted for that lovely Cantic of Praise, the Benedicite; or of the picturesque visions of the seer Esdras, who "by fasting recovered the spirit of understanding, and began to talk with the Most High again".

But this slight glance at the books of *Wisdom* and of *Ecclesiasticus*, may show that they contain some profound sayings, which suggest more to a student of Theosophy, than to the average orthodox reader. To us, the phraseology sometimes seems familiar. Wisdom, we are told, "maketh all things new"; and "by means of her, I shall obtain immortality". (*Wisdom*, vii, 27; viii, 13.)

And: "Blessed is the man that doth meditate good things in wisdom, and that reasoneth of holy things by his understanding." (*Eccles.*, xiv, 20.)

Indeed nowhere can we find a more splendid epitome of what the Divine Wisdom is: "The brightness of the everlasting Light, the unspotted mirror of the Power of God, and the image of His goodness."

L. J. Dickinson

ON A FAR JOURNEY

To H.....August 5, 1911

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

We sat, we seven, in a quiet room,
And spoke of things mysterious and sweet;
Music's pure magic lifted up our souls
As on the wings of birds, to higher planes;
But Words and Music sank to rest when Thought
Invisibly was born and wrapp'd us round.
Last, Thought passed into Vision, and by you
We were led out on distant journeyings,
Till in some far-back time our spirits met.

We saw a sunny land ring'd by the sea,
Whose streams and mountains glowed with mystic light.
Great buildings stood there, marble-white and fair,
Planned in proportion perfect and complete,
And from the frescoed walls rare colours shone
In exquisite and ardent purity.
Sweet melodies rang out from stringèd harps,
As delicate as when the morning wind
Wanders through groves of lilies and of pines,
And radiant was the air with golden light
That flooded all our hearts with joy. . . . We knew
That Gods and men together walked the earth!

1913

ON A FAR JOURNEY

387

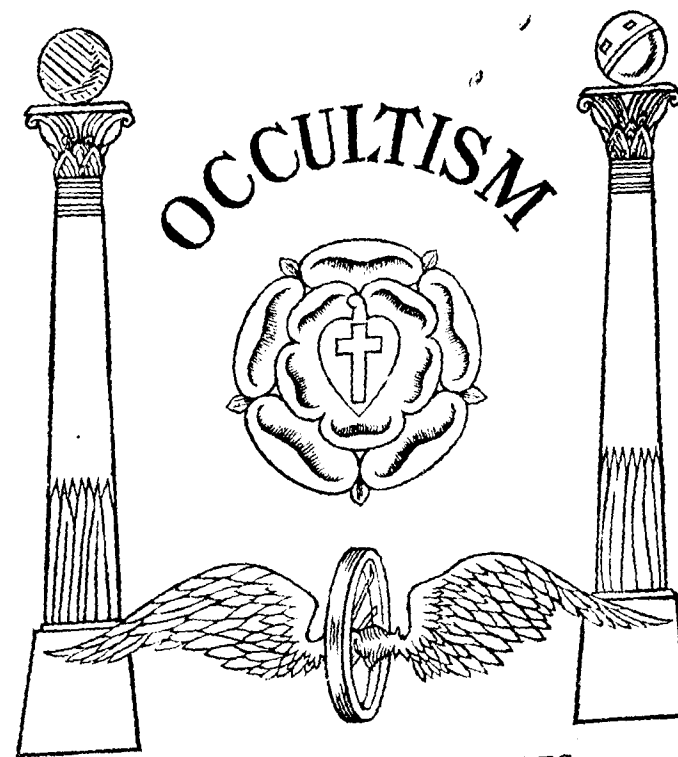
You were a child with shining, heav'n-lit eyes:
I was half mystic, half gay-hearted boy:
And we were playmates. Oft we stole away
To wander hand in hand o'er the wide hills,
And there, with eager heads together bent,
We spoke of wonders and of mysteries
That made our child-hearts flame with passionate joy.
For we could hear the voices of the grass,
And see the clear, pale colours of the breeze;
To us the faint wild-flow'rs revealed their souls,
And all the myriad wavelets of the sea
Roaming together o'er the sunlit hills,
We saw how winds and waves and clouds and stars
Danced in an endless ecstasy of joy;
How all the flow'rs were lyres from which the wind
Drew faery melodies as he passed by;
And all the woods were mighty organs, thrill'd
To chords of rapture at his touch; and all
The rills were mouths of music, silver-tongued.
Then you and I would dance upon the hills,
Swayed by the rhythm of the Universe,
Our happy laughter mingling with the song
Of winds that murmured in our flying hair
Often, again, we sought the dreaming woods,
And saw the gentle green-haired dryads creep,
Misty and silent, from their prisoning stems,
To dance in rapturous freedom 'neath the boughs.
The nymphs who dwelt in rippling woodland brooks
And cool, deep wells would raise their heads to watch,
Flinging bright water-drops into the air
Till all the wood seemed full of living gems;
While merry fauns peeped round the thronging trees,
And with quaint steps and laughing sideways looks

Would shyly dare to join the mystic dance
 And I would tell you of great Mercury,
 The Messenger of Heaven (whom I served),
 Flying with winged feet on tasks divine:
 Who brought to earth the million-tinted dreams
 And housed them in the sleeping brains of men;
 Who led the shivering spirits of the dead
 On their strange journey to the realms of Dis;
 Who was the God of soft, refreshing rains,
 And of the four wild winds that ever dance
 In ceaseless ritual of airy joy
 About the world; who made the first known lyre
 When in his babyhood he took a shell
 Perfect in shape, with tints of mother-o'-pearl,
 Stringed it, and drew therefrom so sweet a sound
 That all who heard were filled with tender fears,
 With hope and love, with yearning and regret,
 With gladness and with grief unspeakable.

So did we live again those happy days,
 Till suddenly the veiling shadow fell—
 The past was gone—the present hemmed us in.
 But, since our souls had followed eagerly
 The light you showed us, and the way you led,
 We all were nearer than before

And I
 Went out and saw the bright, unchanging stars
 Watching us now ev'n as they watched us then.

Eva M. Martin



MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

(Continued from p. 276)

VII. OBJECTIVE THINGS

THE next class embraces a group of visions which, until I have further information on the subject, I am inclined to put down as seeings of actually existing, objective things, whether thought-forms or otherwise.

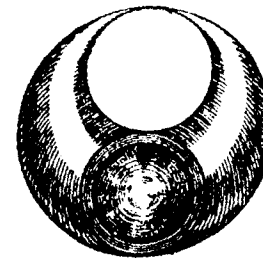
This statement must be accepted with caution, of course, as I lack the necessary power and knowledge to make such a declaration with authority. They seem to me to be of the nature indicated, and that is all I can say. An Occultist only would be able to pronounce upon them definitely. I am not implying by the above that, for instance, the symbolical visions were not provoked by realities, but it may be that they were based more on contacts of consciousness visually conceived, whereas the visions now alluded to seem to me more based on seeing, apart from contact with unusual currents of consciousness.

14. *The Blue Lotus.* Once, in meditation, I saw the form of a lotus of the softest shade of blue, exquisitely shaped and mounting upwards in a straight line with a steady, regular motion, neither very slow nor very rapid. My eyes were closed, but the form disappeared from my vision when it reached a point a few yards higher than my head. This is strange—as, the eyes being shut, there was no physically limited field of vision. I recognised the form at once for that pictured as Fig. 16 in Annie Besant and C. W. Leadbeater's book on *Thought-Forms*, and described on page 45 of that work. The problem involved is to my mind rather difficult. I was at the time not engaged in the devotional part of meditation, nor thinking about thought-forms or devotion, and the sensation evoked was primarily one of astonishment at seeing the form without any apparent cause. Yet the similarity was so unmistakable and the impression so clear that I cannot admit any possibility of mistake.

15. *Higher Dimensions.* When residing and touring in the North of England, several years ago, I talked and

lectured several times on the fourth dimension. One day after having retired to bed, I lay fully awake, thinking out some problems connected with this subject. I tried to visualise or think out the shape of a fourth-dimensional cube, which I imagined to be the simplest fourth-dimensional shape. To my great astonishment I saw plainly before me first a fourth-dimensional globe and afterwards a fourth-dimensional cube, and learned only then from this object-lesson that the globe is the simplest body, and not the cube, as the third dimensional analogy ought to have told me beforehand. The remarkable thing was that the definite endeavour to see the one thing made me see the other. I saw the forms as before me in the air (though the room was dark), and behind the forms I saw clearly a rift in the curtains through which a glimmer of light filtered into the room. This was a case in which I can clearly fix the impression that the objects seen were outside my head. In most of the other cases I could not say so definitely, as they partake of a dual character, being almost equally felt as outside and inside the brain.

I forego the attempt to describe the fourth-dimensional cube as to its form. Mathematical description would be possible, but would at the same time disintegrate the real impression in its totality. The fourth-dimensional globe can be better described. It was an ordinary three-dimensional globe, out of which



on each side, beginning at its vertical circumference, bent tapering horns proceeded, which, with a circular bend,

united their points above the globe from which they started. The effect is best indicated by circumscribing the numeral 8 by a circle. So three circles are formed, the lower one representing the initial globe, the upper one representing empty space, and the greater circle circumscribing the whole. If it be now understood that the upper circle does not exist and the lower (small) circle is identical with the outer (large) circle, the impression will have been conveyed, at least to some extent. We may also call the total impression that of a ring. I think it was then that I understood for the first time that so-called fourth-dimensional sight is sight with reference to a space-conception arising from the visual perception of density. I have always been easily able to recall this globe; to recall the cube is far more difficult, and I have to concentrate to get it back.

I have in a like manner had rare visions of fifth and sixth dimensional figures. At least I have felt *as if* the figures I saw were fifth and sixth dimensional. In these matters the greatest caution is necessary. I am aware that I have come into contact with these things as far as the physical brain allows it, without denying that beyond what the brain has caught there was something further, *felt* at the time, which was not handed on. The sixth-dimensional figure I cannot describe. All I remember of it is that it gave me at the time an impression in *form* of what we might call diversity in unity, or synthesis in differentiation. The fifth-dimensional vision is best described, or rather hinted at, by saying that it looked like an Alpine relief map, with the singularity that all mountain peaks and the whole landscape represented in the map were *one* mountain, or again in other words as if all the mountains

had one single base. This was the difference between the fifth and the sixth, that in the fifth the excrescences were in one sense exteriorised and yet rooted in the same unit; but in the sixth they were differentiated but not exteriorised; they were only *in different ways identical* with the same base, which was their whole.

VIII. PHENOMENA OF THE HALF-AWAKENED STATE

Here we enter an entirely new class of phenomena. All those previously enumerated belonged either to the fully awakened state of consciousness or to the dream state. There is a third state which hovers between the two. It is entered immediately before falling asleep and before fully waking up out of sleep. During part of my life I went to bed in the morning and woke up in the evening. I often stayed in bed for some time half asleep and half awake, partaking equally and vaguely of both sleep and waking consciousness. I observed my sensations with considerable interest, as they offered some curious characteristics.

16. *Brain Dramatisations.* The first characteristic seems to me the dramatic form in which consciousness manifests in that state. I was always aware of persons and things, and actions, but I do not remember instances of argument or reasoning or feelings and moods.

17. *Bliss—of a Sort.* A second characteristic is that of perfect bliss. This is difficult to describe, if we wish to avoid the little less or the little more. The feeling is one of perfect contentment in the sensation of sheer existence. There is no thought of past or future, only a sort of clinging to the present state of well-being. One feels that one does not want any change;

one feels mere life as absolutely self-sufficient. There is a complete absence of any feeling of responsibility, and of any duty or relation to anything outside. In a certain sense one might say that one sinks in these moments to the purely animal state, and I should not be surprised if the consciousness of a well-fed cat basking in the sun offered points of affinity with this state. I suppose here we possibly come in contact with a layer of consciousness in ourselves which we have in common with the animal, and which under ordinary circumstances is obscured by the specifically human element of consciousness. This state I know only as occurring after, and never before, sleep.

18. *A Piece of Mysterious Tapestry.* Several times before falling asleep I saw a quaint picture, somewhat resembling a piece of ancient tapestry. I could never see clearly what it was, but recognised it as the same as the one I had previously seen. It was very vivid, and gradually I formed the habit, when it showed itself again, of trying to the utmost to make out what it really was. I have never succeeded in determining its nature or origin, or its relations to anything else. I saw this, of course, only with the eyes shut, but always when I was on the point of piercing its meaning it would dissolve and nothing would be left. I have also, at various times, seen other ornamental patterns, looking as if in marble or cloth, of a like nature, but never have I found a meaning for them. A friend with whom I discussed this matter suggested that it may have been a purely physiological phenomenon, connected with the nervation of the retina and some stimulation and reaction of these nerves. As to this, I can only record but not explain. This class of visions I only

recall as recurring before falling asleep, never after waking.

19. *A Sheet of the Vâhan.* Once before falling wholly asleep I saw before me one or two pages of *The Vâhan*, as clear as anything. The front page began with an article by an acquaintance of mine, ran on to the next page and was signed with his name. I noticed exactly at what part of the column his name was, i. e., where the article ended. The impression was clear and definite, but up to date no number of *The Vâhan* has appeared with such an article, though the vision belongs by now to ancient history. What I should like to know is, how does such a definite and detailed delusion arise?

That the above phenomenon is not rare is proven by the following extract from an article on 'Psychic Experiences' by John W. Prentice in *Theosophy in Australasia* for March 1913 (Vol. XVIII, No. 12). It furnishes a welcome commentary on my own case and adds material for comparison and judgment.

"On one occasion I was shown a page of *The Theosophist* on which an important statement, bearing on a matter that was greatly worrying me, appeared. This dream served to quieten my mind greatly, and when *The Theosophist* came to hand about three weeks later, with the page exactly as I had seen it, I believed that I had developed a most trustworthy power; but since then many such pages have been shown me, and all still wait verification."

The author extracts from this the very common-sense conclusion: "From all this I learnt two very valuable lessons; first, never to place any value on what may be called the practical side of such experience (we

would prefer "never to rely absolutely on the value of," etc.), and in the second place never to discuss them with other people." (We would say: "never to discuss them indiscriminately or broadcast.")

20. *On the Verge.* Another characteristic of this half-between state is that the majority of its pictures are themselves of an ambiguous nature. Very often indeed I was aware of crowds of people moving about, of figures showing themselves, of actions going on, together with the sensation that what happened was not clearly intelligible and that persons and things were not clearly visible. They were, so to say, just on the verge of definite perception, but remained always at an infinitesimal distance beyond the boundary of full recognition. I felt all the time that one last effort would make the whole thing clear, but precisely this effort would either wake me fully up or disperse the picture. My position was that of some dream-Tantalus. The exact meaning, the exact vision, would ever elude my grasp, but there remained always the endeavour to make one more final effort, always without result.

In conclusion, I think that, on the whole, there is a difference between the half-awake consciousness before falling asleep and that after emerging from sleep.

IX. FALSE DREAMS

One of the most instructive dreams I ever had was a false one. It was so vivid, was followed by such detailed and profuse physical-plane corroborations, involved such seemingly strong occult authority, that the lesson I received when I learnt that the whole affair was untrustworthy became very precious to me,

and struck a note of caution which I shall always remember in dealing with psychic or superphysical matters.

For obvious reasons I cannot here indicate names; this would be bad taste and indiscreet, as too intimate feelings are connected with the story. I shall therefore indicate my personages by the letters of the alphabet.

21. *A Salutary Object Lesson.* X was a person enjoying the highest respect in a circle of friends, named A, B, C, etc., all of whom regarded X more as a guru, teacher, guide, and a highly evolved Occultist than as an equal. I myself had also a very high regard for X, but had come to the conclusion that I must base my estimate of him on all such good and noble qualities as I myself recognised and saw manifested in him, and not on any claim on his behalf of occult greatness or hidden attainments. X died, and fairly soon after his death I had a particularly vivid dream in which Mrs. Besant visited me—she was unmistakably and most livingly represented—and chided me for having undervalued X during his lifetime. She added: "If you had only known how great he was, and who he has been, you would have honoured him more." My answer was to the effect that I was sorry if I had underestimated him, but that I was not able to do better than to recognise greatness to the extent that I realised it myself, and that it was not possible to appreciate qualities which I only knew by reputation and not by experience. And I asked who then X had been. Mrs. Besant answered that X had been Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius.

Next day I told this dream to A, who congratulated me on having had it and told me it was true. When

I told the dream to B, he told me that already twenty years ago the same message had come to him through spiritualistic channels. Some time later C told me that she had heard a voice adding another incarnation (I withhold details of this for certain reasons) and D told me that Master K. H. Himself had come to him one day at noon (in meditation, I think) and had also given the two identifications which I received from Mrs. Besant in my dream. Now, previously, in my waking consciousness, I knew nothing of the existence of these identifications; only later I became aware that the circle of friends (A, B, C, etc.) had an elaborate list of identifications of various incarnations of X.

Mrs. Besant, whom I met for the first time two years after the experience, denied that she had visited me and given me the above information, and Mr. Leadbeater traversed the correctness of the identifications. Nevertheless there remained the fact that in my dream I was told two names which were known in this connection to some other people; and further that some of these names had been communicated to some of these people at various periods, by various means, and in one case seemingly by one of the Masters.

My own guess at what really happened is as follows: A had his information from his own power to look up incarnations. He was 'occultly' closest to X, and his chief disciple, as it were. He may have regretted that I was not sufficiently strong in the faith, and may have thought: "He does not believe me; perhaps he will believe when A. B. tells him. I wish that A. B. *would* tell him." Falling asleep with this strong wish, he may have assumed Mrs. Besant's form on the astral plane and spoken to me himself, with the result as related

above. This is only a surmise and goes no further than this. At all events, seeing the clearness and vividness of the impression, the outside physical plane corroboration, and the *mise-en-scène* of Master K. H., this experience has been a formidable warning to me, which I am indeed thankful to have received.

Johan van Manen

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The thirteenth of the series is correctly labelled as an illustration, but once more it is an illustration at the level of the causal body, and belongs to the type of that to which we have already referred. The impression which it gives is that the writer really saw the earth for an instant from outside—or perhaps saw merely the thought-form of someone else who had so seen it, and had been deeply impressed by it. Such a glimpse of the world from outside is by no means impossible to the ego, but in order to have it he must for the moment *free himself from his lower vehicles*. I know how impossible such an experience appears to us when imprisoned in the physical consciousness; but the very fact that it seems so impossible is merely an illustration of the limitations so forcibly imaged for us by our author in experience number eleven. The ego also has *his* limitations, but they are not such as to preclude the vision described. To be able to maintain his consciousness for some time at that level—time sufficient to enable him to make detailed observations—would imply

high development and a good deal of special practice; but such a glimpse as is here described comes sometimes at an earlier stage, just in the same way as spasmodic fragments of the lower clairvoyance come often long before astral sight is fully developed.

The blue lotus described in number fourteen was without doubt a thought-form just like that which is imaged in the book upon the subject. There is no reason whatever to assume that it was the thought-form of the seer himself—indeed, the probability is that it came from quite another source. It must be borne in mind that a strong and definite thought, such as this must have been, persists for many hours, and is on its own plane perfectly objective. Any one who has for a moment a glimpse of the astral or mental vision, which ever may be required (a detail which depends upon the method of formation of the object) will be able to see this thought-form as it floats by him, just as definitely as we should see with our physical eyes a bird or a balloon which passed us in this lower world. It is possible that, if our observer had made an effort to identify himself with the thought-form which he observed, he would have been able to trace it to its maker; but naturally this did not occur to him. It is true that the astral field of vision is far more extensive than the physical, and that it is therefore not probable that this form passed suddenly out of it; but it must be remembered that there is for the higher vision what may be described as a field of close attention, and it is quite probable that the thought-form may have drifted into and out of *that*. For one not specially trained in the use of the higher vision, its disappearance from that field of attention would be equivalent to losing sight of it, even though

that sight could be instantly recovered by one who was practised in such efforts.

Our students sometimes forget that the habit of the physical plane is strongly impressed upon them, and that to overcome it when in the astral world needs either a determined effort or long experience. Our ordinary life on the physical plane is possible to us only because a certain number of actions have become absolutely instinctive to us; the heart beats, the chest expands and contracts without our volition, and in the same way we have learnt to balance ourselves when walking. This also we do entirely without thinking, yet every little child has to learn the art afresh, just as it has to learn to co-ordinate the senses of sight and touch, and to reverse in practice the inverted image which is imposed upon the retina. One could imagine a limited form of physical existence which would be possible without some of these instinctive adaptations. A man who was content to remain always recumbent in one place need not learn how to balance himself, nor to reverse by the action of his mind all the objects which are shown to him upside-down by the sense of sight. To most of us such an existence would seem hardly worth the trouble; but there is no doubt that it would be possible.

A great many people live in the astral world with just as imperfect an idea of its possibilities; for they bring into it all the limitations of the physical life to which they are accustomed. Because in this lower world fire will burn and water will drown, because it is unwise here to throw oneself over a precipice, and impossible to force oneself through a wall or a rock, most people fail to realise that in the astral world the conditions are so different that they may plunge unharmed

into the depths of the sea or into the crater of Vesuvius, and that the densest physical matter is no obstacle to perfect freedom of movement. It is precisely in order that the physical instinct may be thoroughly overcome that it is necessary to apply what have been called the tests of earth, air, fire and water to those who wish to join the band of Invisible Helpers, so that they may develop what might be called an astral instinct to take the place, while on that plane, of the deeply ingrained physical instinct. Fourth-dimensional sight is within reach of every astral entity, yet most people have no more idea of such a power after death than they had during physical life. So the fact that this devotional thought-form came into our author's field of sight and passed out of it again may perhaps be explained as an instance in which he imported the restriction of his physical field of view into a world where such an idea is in truth unnecessary, because the limitation which causes it does not exist.

Among the many and varied subjects which our Theosophical study brings before us, the fourth dimension is at once one of the most difficult and the most fascinating. I believe that the little drawing which our author has given is the first attempt in modern literature at an actual delineation of a fourth-dimensional solid. The winged globe in Egypt was a symbol, or perhaps rather a mnemonic, of this same idea (though it was also used to typify the sun with his attendant zodiacal light); but outside of the Mysteries it was never drawn so nearly in the real shape as this. Striking as this drawing is, its value lies chiefly in its suggestiveness to those who have once seen that which it represents. One can hardly hope that it will convey a clear idea of the

reality to those who have never seen it. It is difficult to get an animal to understand a picture—apparently because he is incapable of grasping the idea that perspective on a flat surface is intended to represent objects which he knows only as solid. The average man is in exactly the same position with regard to any drawing or model which is intended to suggest to him the idea of the fourth dimension; and so, clever and suggestive as this is, I doubt whether it will be of much help to the average reader. The man who has seen the reality might well be helped by this to bring into his ordinary life a flash of that higher consciousness; and in that case he might perhaps be able to supply, in his thought, what must necessarily be lacking in the physical-plane drawing. I am not sure that I agree with our author in regarding the sphere as simpler than the tesseract; but that may be only because all our earlier fourth-dimensional experiments were conducted with the latter. Also I am not sure that one can unreservedly endorse the author's remark that the so-called fourth-dimensional sight is sight with reference to a space-conception arising from the visual perception of density; though I remember a suggestion by Mr. Hinton that the density of a gas may be a measure of its thickness in the fourth dimension.

In the same way we owe our author much thanks for his brave endeavour to give us some suggestion of the appearance of figures belonging to the fifth and sixth dimensions. Once more, we can hardly hope that they will convey much to those who have not seen; to those who have seen, they are, at the same time, tantalising and most suggestive. They begin to express just a little of what one has seen, but has never been able to

describe; and yet they do not go far enough to convey anything definite to the student who has not seen. To say that is no reproach, for it is but to say that the writer is a human being working under human limitations; indeed he shows so singular an aptitude for the subject that one cannot but hope that he will some day turn his attention to it more seriously, and produce a book which may help the rest of us to understand as he evidently understands. It is given to but few to be able to grasp these matters at all, and so among those who can there is a certain brotherhood of comprehension—a brotherhood in which it is already evident that Mr. Van Manen may take a high place if he will.

We may take together the sixteenth and seventeenth experiences, because they are in fact only two sides of the same thing—the realisation of purely physical consciousness in a condition of repose and happiness. Many have experienced the blissful feeling between sleep and waking, and it is often accompanied by the knowledge that fuller awakening will put an end to it; so that one is conscious of a desire to prolong it—of a hope that one will not be too soon further awakened. This condition comes only after sleep and never before it, because it expresses the condition of bliss attained by the physical body *through the process of sleep*. Our author is quite right in describing this as animal consciousness, for it is precisely the condition of the animal resting undisturbed. It is the natural joy of life—the joy which habitually attends all life when in repose. It is only we human beings who contrive to make of life a misery; and even we can only do it by getting away from the realities and creating for ourselves wholly artificial conditions. It is quite natural

that, in the blissful life of the physical body, feelings and emotions, arguments and reasonings should have no part. The physical body as such is incapable of these, and they are mirrored in its brain only when the man himself once more takes full possession of his vehicle, bringing along with him the mental and astral bodies, which are their proper vehicles.

The eighteenth experience is not one which has fallen to my lot, but I have heard something like it described by several other persons. It may be purely physiological, as the writer's friend suggested; but I should be inclined to class it rather under the head of that higher physiology which takes cognisance of the astral and mental vehicles. It is true that under certain conditions the eyelids give some such impression as is described; but I think that is only when there is some light in the room. The colours of a man's own aura when seen against a dark background have sometimes very much the appearance of tapestry; and when they are moving slowly, as is often the case when one is just falling asleep, they could be made into pictures as easily as the clouds or the glowing hollows in a fire. Again, every man surrounds himself with a mass of thought-forms, which he is able to see clearly when he uses the consciousness of the mental body or the astral body, according to the type of thought and the level at which the forms were made. But when his consciousness is in a transition state, half on one plane and half on another, it is eminently probable that these also may present the appearance of a confused pattern. As one glides fully into the higher consciousness, these things become comprehensible, but just at that very moment one loses one's connection with the physical

brain and consequently there is usually no coherent recollection.

Vision No. 49 is a specimen of a class by no means uncommon—a clear and definite presentation of something which seems to have no correspondence on the physical plane. Evidently the seer expected that this would prove to be a prognostication of reality; and indeed that was a most natural conclusion, for such forecasts frequently show themselves in precisely that sort of way. Without having actually seen the phenomenon oneself, it is impossible to contradict that hypothesis. It may even yet come true! But it is also possible that what was seen was merely a vivid thought-form. It may be that the friend whose name was seen may have had it in mind to write such an article, and may have thought of it as occupying about that much of space. Or again, it may have been that the editor of the paper desired such an article, or that some third or fourth person thought that it ought to be written by that friend. There are quite a number of possibilities, but without actually seeing the form it is scarcely possible to pronounce upon it with any safety. Precisely this is frequently an embarrassment in attempting to explain psychic experiences—not that there is any difficulty in accounting for them, but that it is scarcely possible, with the amount of information given, to make the right selection among half a dozen ways in which the effect might have been produced.

Our author in his concluding words upon this experience seems to favour an explanation which is, I suppose, not impossible, but is nevertheless perhaps the least likely of all solutions—the idea that the whole thing is simply a delusion, which I take to imply that it

was an objectless prank of the imagination. It is difficult to suppose this, for in such a sense as that there are very few delusions. Some one must have thought of such an article, and must have thought of it with a certain amount of precision; and it is eminently improbable that he could have done so with the set purpose of deceiving our author, for what could he possibly gain by so foolish an action? It is true that certain classes of nature-spirits occasionally play apparently aimless pranks; but after a little experience of them, one learns to identify their handiwork without much difficulty, and this particular joke is by no means in their style.

The twentieth paragraph gives us another prominent characteristic of the visions and impressions which come to a man just as he is falling asleep. He has the idea that a great deal is going on—that much motion is taking place—but the exact meaning of it all eludes him; and when he is on the brink of understanding, he either loses consciousness or finds that the visions slip away from him. But these are precisely the only terminations which in the course of nature can come to that half-awake condition. The man's consciousness is half in his physical vehicle and half in the astral, and consequently everything belonging to the latter world is only half seen and realised. The escape from that intermediate condition must be either forwards or backwards; either the man falls backwards into the waking state, and then the half-grasped astral appearances vanish, or he must pass forwards into full astral consciousness, in which case he severs his connection with the physical brain and loses all memory of what happens. I mean, of course, not that the man himself loses the

memory at the time, for he passes straight on into the fuller consciousness; but when he returns to the physical brain in the morning, he finds that just at that point his memory stops. There is a third way out—the development of continuous consciousness; but that means a great deal of patient experiment and much hard work.

In the case of the twenty-first experience, the explanation given by the author himself is distinctly the most probable. It may be said that, if this be true, no one may safely trust to any astral impression, as it is always possible that there may be a case of personation. That is true; personation is undoubtedly much easier in the astral world than in the physical, and only a trained Occultist is thoroughly armed against it. This is a fact which all students of the Occult have to face, and it is for this reason that emphatic warnings have been constantly given against placing undue reliance upon information conveyed in this manner. We shall all remember the advice given so decidedly by Āryasaṅgha in *The Voice of the Silence*: "Look not for thy Guru in those māyāvic regions." It is of course perfectly possible that any member may meet our President at night in the astral world, and obtain from her valuable information or teaching; but it is also true that the average member has no guarantee that it is really the President whom he has seen, or that, even if it were she, he has brought through the message correctly. It is part of the training of the Occultist to learn how to detect impostures. The only absolutely certain way of doing this is to trace the ego behind the figure which is seen, and to be able to do this naturally requires the unfolding of the faculties of the causal body. Short of that, one

may develop an instinct with regard to a particular person which is usually reliable—usually, but not invariably; but for most members it is emphatically advisable to write and obtain confirmation on the physical plane when the matter is of any importance.

I may mention that I myself well knew and greatly liked the character named X; but he had not the slightest resemblance either to Julius Cæsar or Marcus Aurelius.

Students should endeavour to realise that the mere possession of astral sight no more enables them to judge accurately on astral matters than the physical sight of a newly-born baby gives him an accurate impression of physical distance. Much undeserved discredit has been cast upon occult study by the blind belief of its neophytes in the accuracy of everything which they happen to see and to hear in their earlier astral experiences.

(To be concluded)

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME NOTES ON ORTHODOX AND OCCULT CHEMISTRY

By C. JINARAJADASA, B. A., F. T. S.

THE results of the speculations of physicists and the observations in *Occult Chemistry* so far have little in common. The work of the two groups is like making a tunnel from the two ends; they are both aiming to meet, but till they do meet there is no intercourse at all. At present, it seems to me, the meeting-place is still far off.

This is largely due to the fact that all the results of the physicists are from observations not of the atoms or molecules under *natural* conditions, but from their behaviour under extremely artificial conditions, i.e., under the electric discharge. This is like trying to find out what the human body is like and how it behaves, after cutting it up.

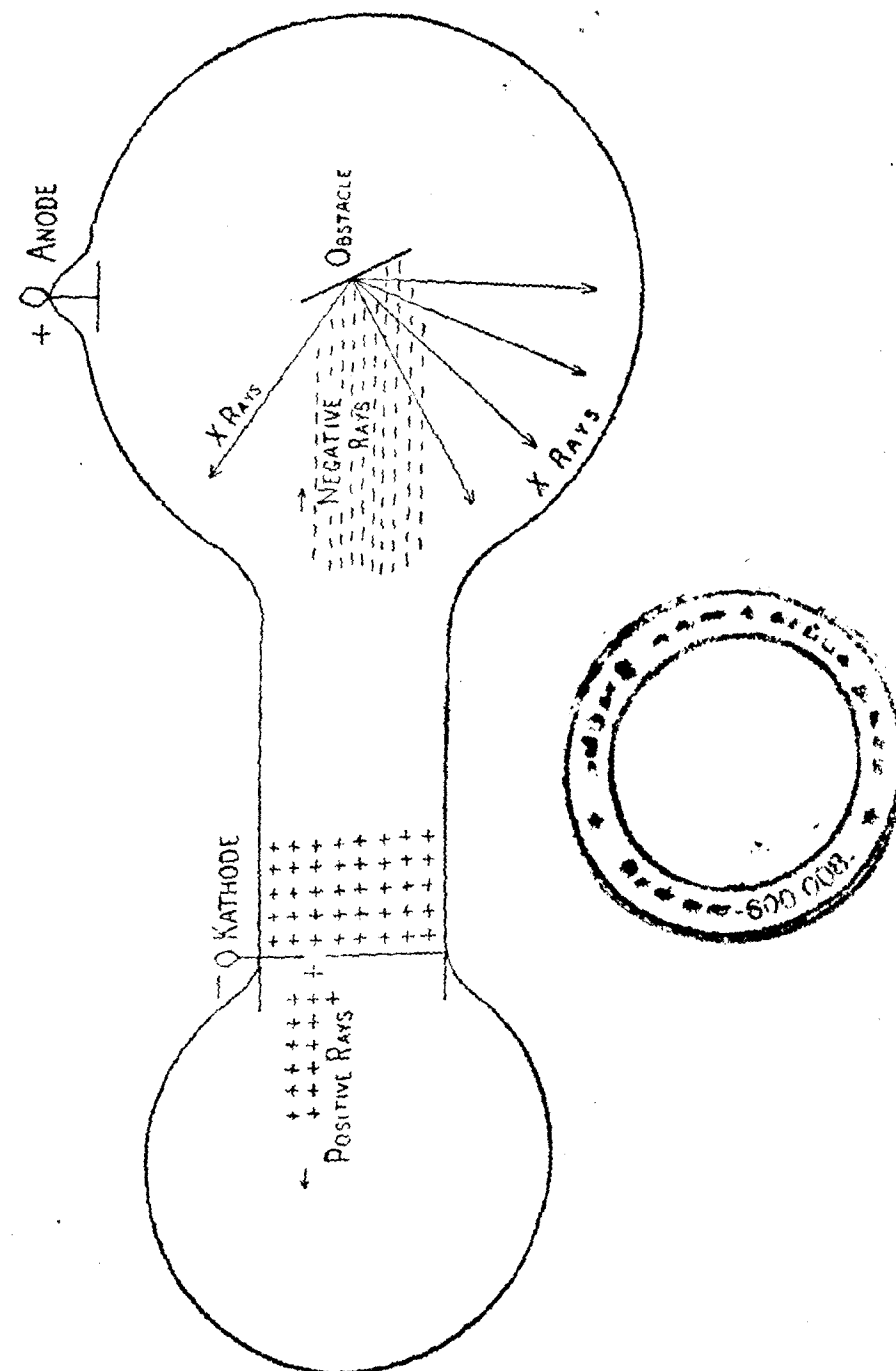
I have little doubt that the velocities and volumes postulated for atoms are fairly correct; Thomson explains the experiments and the lines of argument; from some four different sides of experimentation they come practically to the same result; I think (though I am not sure) that they give 6.8×10^{23} as the number of particles in a cubic millimetre.

Positive and Negative Rays: Positive repels positive electrically.

Negative repels negative electrically.

The positive (+) terminal in a vacuum tube is called the anode; the negative (—) is called the kathode.

The kathode is made with a slit.



When the current is turned on, it is evident that whatever is positive in the gas will be repelled by the anode and be attracted to the kathode, and anything negative will be repelled by the kathode. The positive particles coming to the kathode will go through the slit; these are the positive rays. The negatives would go to the anode; but if an obstacle of metal (say platinum) is placed in their way, they give rise to a series of waves called X rays or Röntgen radiation.

Positive rays consist of positive corpuscles

Negative " " negative "

X rays, according to the accepted theory, are only *waves* in the ether and not corpuscles; but Bragg holds that X rays are also corpuscles, made up of one positive and one negative.

The Effect of Magnetism on these Rays: Negative rays are easily deflected by an ordinary magnet.

Positive rays are deflected only by a strong magnetic field caused by a current of electricity running round coils.

X rays are *not* deflected by magnetism.

Since a gaseous element in a vacuum breaks up under electric discharge into positive and negative particles (as evinced by the streams visible at the anode and kathode respectively), the conclusion is that the atoms of the gas are composed of positive and negative particles held together, which are dissociated by the current.

The size of the negative particles has been measured; many types of experiments converge to give a value of $\frac{1}{1700}$ the size of the Hydrogen atom.

It has been established that whatever is the gas, these negative corpuscles are the *same* in all of them, of the same size, and carry the same charge of negative electricity. Whatever is the atomic weight of any element, the negative particles dissociated from it are always the same, as to size and electrical quality (not certainly as to number.) These same negative corpuscles are thrown off by hot wires, and also by metals exposed to light.

Metals exposed to the X rays throw off these negative corpuscles.

The conclusion is that in all atoms (chemical atoms) negative particles exist.

Thomson's Conception of the Atom: The atom is a group of negative corpuscles plunged in a sphere of positive electricity.

The atom consists of a core and of a shell. Most of the corpuscles compose the core; only a few form the shell. The core is made up of negative corpuscles. Whatever combination the atom undergoes chemically, this core remains unchanged; chemical combination affects only the atoms of the shell, and the shell changes as the atom passes from compound to compound.

(I have not clearly made out whether these atoms of the shell are *positive*; I think they must be.)

The valency of an element is due to the uniting power of the atoms of the *shell*, sometimes one only uniting, sometimes two; the limit is eight. Eight, and no more than eight, atoms can unite.

Every atom has two valencies according as it is associated with electro-positive or electro-negative elements. But the sum of the two valencies equals eight; *i.e.*, an atom of some given element may combine

with five electro-positive atoms and three electro-negative at the same time.

Positive Corpuscles: These are larger than negative corpuscles. They vary in size according to the weight of the element (while negative corpuscles are uniform for all elements).

Summary: The atom (chemical) consists of positive and negative particles. The former vary in size according to the element, the latter are the same for all. The negatives form the core; the positives are ranged outside on a shell. There are not more than eight positive particles in an atom.

Proposed Hypothesis to account for Thomson's Conception: That Thomson's negative particle is our ultimate physical atom, both positive and negative. That the electric discharge does not affect the positive or negative flow (from the depression to the tail and vice versa), though it may enlarge the three large spirals and cause a 'fifth round' spirilla to be active for the moment; in other words that the positive or negative characteristic of the ultimate physical atom is not affected by electricity by way of attraction or repulsion.

But wherever electricity flows, a magnetic field is created; this magnetic field however does affect the ultimate physical atoms, causing them to be head to tail, or to be combed out or steadied in their gyrations.

Now our ultimate physical atom is plunged in a field of something, which I presume is the matter of the atomic astral sub-plane. Is not the sphere wall

of the ultimate physical atom and the sphere wall of an element made of astral atomic matter? If so, then I would suggest that Thomson's positive electricity is this field of astral atoms. Then each ultimate physical atom or group of them is plunged in a sphere of positive electricity.

As to Thomson's positive corpuscle—of which he considers the limit on the shell—is he perhaps meaning by this the funnels of the elements, or (in those elements that have no funnels) axes of force that correspond to funnels?

Now it is established that when an element combines with another it is not due to *electric* affinity, i.e., a positive part of one element is not attracted by the negative part of another. But this combining power is like a *magnetic* affinity, positive attracting negative, etc. Also by Thomson's hypothesis, the combining power is due to the atoms of the shell only.

Suppose that the funnels are connected with the field of positive electricity in which all physical atoms are plunged, and are as it were *holes* through which positive electricity flows, then round each funnel a magnetic field would be created, and we should account for valency, which in some way is due to the number of funnels.

As to some of these hypotheses and speculations I am only half clear myself; but they show some of the points that must be tackled by Occultists before they can join hands with the physicist.

What does take place in a vacuum tube under electrical discharge?

ALPHA, BETA AND GAMMA RAYS

The Alpha particle is an atom of Helium carrying two positive charges.

The Beta particle is a single particle carrying with it one unit of negative electricity. This is the "negative corpuscle" of the atom.

The Gamma emanations are X rays.

THE BEHAVIOUR OF RADIUM

Radium has valency 2.

As Radium breaks up it emits alpha particles (= 2 positive electric charges), and beta particles (= 1 negative electric charge).

Owing to these losses the *valency* of the remainder changes, as follows:

VALENCY	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
RADIUM									
" EMANATION									
" A									
" B									
" C									
" C'									
" D									
" E									
" F (POLONIUM)									

TRANSFORMATIONS

1. An atom of Radium starts with valency 2; one alpha particle is shot out; therefore 2 negative particles are liberated, the valency drops by 2, and it becomes

2. Radium Emanation, with valency nothing. This Ra. Em. is a neutral gas, akin to Argon, etc., and corresponds to a gas under our Kalon in the periodic table. This next loses an alpha particle, acquires valency 6, and becomes

3. Radium A. This loses another alpha particle, and valency drops by 2, to Radium B.

4. This loses one beta particle and valency goes up by one to

5. Radium C. This next loses one beta particle and valency goes up one to

6. Radium C'. This loses one alpha particle, valency drops by 2 to

7. Radium D. This loses one beta particle, and valency goes up one to

8. Radium E. This losing one beta particle and, valency going up by one, we have

9. Radium F. This is called Polonium. Thomson suggests that perhaps in this way Radium will break down to lead.

THORIUM (VALENCY 4) TRANSFORMATIONS

VALENCY	0	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
THORIUM									
MESO-THORIUM									
THORIUM A									
" B									
" C									
" EMANATION									
" D									
" E									
" F									
" G									

1. Starts with valency 4. Loses one alpha particle, and valency drops 2, to

2. Meso-Thorium. Loses one beta particle, valency goes up by one to

3. Th. A (if this is its *real* label I don't know). Loses another beta particle and valency rises by one to

4. Th. B. It next loses one alpha particle, and valency drops by 2 to

5. Th. C. It again loses one alpha particle and valency drops by 2 to

6. Thorium Emanation, which will be akin to Argon, etc. Next it loses another alpha particle, and valency goes up to 6,

7. Th. D. This loses an alpha particle, valency drops by 2 to

8. Th. E. This loses a beta particle, valency goes up by one to

9. Th. F. This loses a beta particle, valency goes up by one to

10. Th. G. This loses a beta particle, the valency goes up by one, and so on, breaking down to lead.

C. Jinarajadasa

No matter whose good guidance we follow, no matter what the penetration and courage of our minds, we shall ere long find ourselves lost, baffled, peering into the beyond; no less than ever did the straining eyes of the astronomer and with far less prospect of future triumph. The astronomer may always hope for a bigger telescope, a finer lens, a more sensitive camera, but when we have peered our deepest into the atom we shall realise that our next need is of bigger minds.

Harmsworth's *Popular Science*.

THE ELEMENTAL CLOCK

A REAL GHOST STORY

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of Ghostly Phenomena, etc.

IN my two recently published books, *Some Haunted Houses of England and Wales*, and *Haunted Houses of London*, I narrate two true stories of hauntings by clocks, the one in Hampshire and the other in London, and it may be of interest to my readers to know that the lady who told me the latter story was killed in the taxicab disaster in P— Square a few months ago.

Prior to her husband's death—he died from the effects of a very extraordinary accident—this lady had heard a phantom clock in the house strike Thirteen, and she heard the same phenomenon, as well as a gong, a few days before her own demise.

She mentioned the incident to me at 'The Blue Bird,' and on my return home I said to my wife: "Mrs. L. has heard not only the clock again but a gong, and you may depend upon it she will meet with some fatal accident," which she did.

I merely state this case as a prelude to my announcement that psychic clock phenomena are far more common than is generally imagined, and as an

illustration I append the following instance, which is one out of the many that have lately been sent me.

My correspondent, Miss Emma Beale of Westow Hall, Norwood, writes :

"Dear Sir,

"I have been reading your . . . and think you may be interested in an experience I had last summer in Bruges.

"My mother and I took a small but very ancient house in the Rue S. Louis, not a hundred yards from the Pontine Theatre. I can't exactly describe all we felt on entering the house, but we both agreed it had a very strange, depressing atmosphere, quite unlike that of any other house we knew.

"My mother slept in a room adjoining mine, and over us in a good-sized attic were the servants—a Flemish cook and a German housemaid—each of whom had come to us with an excellent character.

"There was only one other apartment, a spare bedroom, on our landing; beneath us was the ground-floor, comprising a dining and drawing-room, and under that the basement, a most horribly gloomy dungeon-like place consisting of kitchens and cellars, the latter leading goodness alone knows where, for none of us ever dared venture there for fear of rats and wells. In the hall of the house stood a clock, just such another as you describe in your book, with this exception, that whereas yours had pillars on either side of the face, the pillars in this one were lower down.

"The first night of our residence in the house, nothing happened; but on the second I was awakened about one by a curious flapping sound that seemed to come from somewhere downstairs. Terrified lest it

should be burglars, though why they should come to such a little house was perhaps a trifle extraordinary, I sat up in bed and listened. Flap! flap! flap! the noises were repeated, and sounded nearer. Indeed I could now hear something ascending the stairs, bump, bump, bump!

"For some seconds I hesitated as to whether I should make a dash for my mother's room or bolt my door, and I ended by doing nothing, for when I tried to move I could not, I was petrified, tongue-tied, paralysed. I suffered agonies; a cold perspiration burst out all over me; when and where would those sounds stop? Nearer and nearer they drew, indefinable, inexplicable, and all the more terrifying because they were inexplicable. My suspense became intolerable; I expected the door to fly open every instant, and something hideous to enter. But what? Oh, what? Three more steps, two more steps, one more step, the flappings were on the landing, then they ceased and I heard only a soft, stealthy, cat-like pattering that crept closer and closer to my room.

"Then, when my heart was on the verge of bursting, and my hands were 'ice,' the door was slowly pushed open and a long, narrow, coffin-shaped object came crawling surreptitiously towards me. Sick with fear, yet too fascinated to move my eyes, I watched its advance, recognising with a fresh thrill of astonishment and horror that it was the clock—the gigantic ebony clock—from the hall. It was propelled along with innumerable short black legs, closely resembling the legs of a mammoth centipede, whilst attached to its face and waving mystically in the air were two enormous antennæ. The spectacle was so repulsive, so wholly

suggestive of the nether regions, that I was seized with a violent fit of shuddering, my skin itching as if a regiment of black-beetles had suddenly besieged my back. Crawling up to the side of the bed, the clock halted, and as I peered down at it, I saw to my unmitigated horror that its glass face had been replaced by a human countenance—that of a woman in a nun's headgear—the eyes wide open and full of the most diabolical hatred, the mouth drawn down, the lips dark and venomous. It was a frightfully malicious and evil face, the face of a woman possessed of a bestial, elementalish spirit, entirely antagonistic to the human race. It remained by my side for some seconds, and then disappearing under the bed speedily began to rock it up and down. I could no longer contain myself, and bursting the fetters that had hitherto held me spell-bound, I shouted for help at the top of my voice.

"The bed was instantly still, and on my mother running into the room to enquire what had happened, nothing was to be seen, the clock had vanished and we could hear it ticking away as usual in its customary place downstairs. Several days afterwards, as my mother was ascending to her bedroom, she felt she was being followed, but on turning quickly round saw no one. A few minutes later, being then in her room, she heard a rustling of the bed-valance, and on looking to see what had caused it, perceived a long black leg, very thin and nude, protruding from under the drapery. Terrified out of her wits, she recoiled, and in doing so tripped over what she could only describe as a 'quivering box'. She came to the ground with a bump, upon which there was a loud laugh, and a figure dressed like a nun popped its head over the far side of the bed and grinned

malevolently at her. It was then I arrived on the scene, when the manifestations promptly ceased.

"We should have left the house there and then had we not been bound by an agreement which we couldn't afford to get cancelled. But we were so frightened that we always kept together, not daring to venture anywhere alone, and keeping a strong light burning in our room, from dusk to sunrise.

"For some days we were left undisturbed, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves that the ghosts had gone for good, when there was a grim recurrence of the hauntings. It was during the afternoon, about twilight; my mother was ill in bed at the time with a bad sick headache, to which she was subject, and I was sitting by her side knitting, when we were almost startled out of our senses by a terrific crash, just as if every atom of crockery on the dresser had been dashed to pieces on the stone floor. My mother clapped her hands to her head in great agony, and moaned out: 'Oh dear! oh dear! what can have happened! Those wretched women have done something terrible; they will cost us a fortune; do go and ask them what it is.'

"Not thinking anything about ghosts just then I obeyed. The basement was in darkness and absolutely silent. Thinking this was very queer I called out—there was no reply. I called again, still no answer; and then feeling a stray current of air blowing from the direction of the back door leading into the Rue Gabrielle, I ran and shut it. This done, I hastened to the kitchen, and glancing fearfully at the dresser, saw by the aid of the firelight that the cups, saucers, plates and other articles were all in their customary places and that there were no signs of any débris. Much puzzled,

I was about to retrace my steps, when I perceived something moving in the farthest corner, and thinking it was the Persian cat, an unusually large animal, I advanced to stroke it. Judge then of my horror when instead of the cat a tall, hideous figure, black and nude, sprang up from the floor, and with a dreadful grin glided swiftly towards me.

"I have vivid recollections that it shot out a pair of long, spidery arms with cruel, crooked fingers, and that the gleaming face that was thrust into mine was that of the nun's in the clock; more I cannot say, for by a blessed act of Providence I fainted. The servants, who had gone to the post, arrived at this juncture, and on my recovery I found them bending anxiously over me. They had seen nothing, only heard the sound of some hard substance rattling up the stairs, and the loud flap of a door. I looked at the clock as I passed it on my way to my mother's room, and as I did so—it laughed!

"The following day the cook came to us with wild eyes and white face; we could see she had met with a severe shock. She tried to speak coherently, but broke down, and it was some minutes before she could make herself understood. We then gathered that what had happened was something like this: the cook and housemaid had been sitting sewing by the kitchen fire, which had gradually burnt low, when they were much startled at hearing a clock begin to strike from close behind them. They instantly glanced around, but saw nothing—only the reflection of the fire-flames on the wall and door. Thinking this was extremely odd, but putting it down to their imagination, they resumed their work, to be disturbed again by a very violent ticking proceeding apparently from immediately above their heads.

"They looked up and there was a grandfather clock suspended horizontally above them, in mid-air, but in the place of the glass face was a head, the distorted semblance of a woman's head, black and ghastly. The countenance was particularly discernible, every line and ligament standing out with damning clearness, a leering mouth with uneven, yellow teeth and thin lips, a fleshless nose with gaping, cavernous nostrils, large drooping ears, matted hair and obliquely set eyes—green and devilish. Anything more truly Satanic could hardly have been conceived. It hovered overhead for fully a minute, and then with a piercing screech and loud vibration of the pendulum, slowly descended.

"Going on the Napoleonic maxim of '*Sauve qui peut*,' the cook had then taken to her heels, trusting that the housemaid would do the same.

"This we found had not been the case; for on entering the kitchen in a body, we discovered the unfortunate German extended at full length on the stone flags in a dead faint. She and the cook both gave a week's notice next morning. Before they went I had another experience.

"One morning, when I was in the dining-room, waiting for my mother to come to breakfast, I heard a faint scratching on the carpet, and making sure it was my little pug 'Tommy,' I snapped my fingers, calling him by name, and as the noise did not cease I peremptorily ordered him to be quiet. The scratching continued, I grew angry, and turning sharply in the direction of the sound, perceived to my astonishment that a violent agitation was taking place underneath the carpet, which appeared to be subjected to very powerful gusts of wind. Too fascinated to remove my eyes from so peculiar a

phenomenon, the day being particularly calm, I sat gazing at it in open-mouthed wonder, and as I did so the carpet suddenly opened and a strange, dark thing slowly began to rise.

"Overwhelmed with terror and unable to move a hand or foot, or even to articulate a syllable, I was constrained to sit there in deadliest anticipation, whilst more and more of the object came into view. It was the same horrible figure that had persecuted us all along, the phantasm I had encountered in the kitchen, the phantasm that lived in the clock.

"The entrance of my mother, who came bustling in to breakfast, saved me from fainting; had she been a second later I should have succumbed.

"The phenomenon disappeared.

"My nerves were so shattered by this last manifestation that my mother decided to give up the house, and we took our departure on the very morning the servants left, the clock, as we thought, bidding us farewell with a few extra loud ticks.

"We tried to find out the history of the house, but could only discover on very flimsy authority that a Madame Gotilde, who was suspected of poisoning her husband and children, had once lived there. But what psychic connection there could be between her and the clock is difficult to say—perhaps you can tell us."

* * * *

The lady finished her letter here, adding as a P. S.:

"We have just received a note from the owner of the house, expressing utter ignorance as to there being a grandfather clock there at all.

"'It's not mine,' he writes; 'it was not there when I let you the house, it's not there now. You must have

been dreaming.' Did you ever hear anything so remarkable, Mr. O'Donnell? What can you make of it?"

Candidly, very little—very little indeed beyond this, that the clock was merely a type of Vice Elemental, attracted to the house by the vicious lives of former occupants. It was quite possible that the present owner had not seen it; it is not everyone that possesses the psychic faculty, and furthermore the hauntings may only have been periodical!

Elliott O'Donnell

[Next month will appear a story from the pen of this gifted writer entitled 'In the Wood,' which will be followed by 'A Prehistoric Ghost'—ED.]

ANTISTAR

OR THE THEO-SOPHIST

(With Apologies to Plato and Socrates)

By CHARLES LAZENBY, F. T. S.

"WELL met, my friend Inestor; whither do you hurry so quickly this fair morning?"

"Ah, Pulchritude, I am glad to see you. I hurry to write upon my tablets a discussion I have just heard between Antistar and the wise Socrates."

"By the Gods, that must have been well worth the hearing, Inestor. May I not accompany you while you go over the arguments and thus keep them clear in your mind?"

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, and since by stating the facts in language I shall serve to impress them more clearly on my memory and also because in some quarters, Pulchritude, you are looked upon as a particular friend of Antistar, it will be the more pleasant to me to describe what took place. Let us sit on the bench in the park while I talk."

"Surely Antistar is a friend of mine, and one whose zeal and enthusiasm for the truth cannot be too highly praised. Often have I been inspired by him to nobler efforts. I hope he put before Socrates the best that was in him."

"You shall hear the matter from the beginning, Pulchritude, and then you will understand my desire to clarify and express what I had heard."

"Antistar and myself were talking idly over a lecture we had heard together last Thursday, when Socrates joined us and with his usual abruptness began to question Antistar regarding the Association of Theosophists of which he and yourself, I understand, are both active members."

"Antistar," said Socrates, "will you tell me simply and clearly what the purpose and aim of the Association of Theosophists really is? I hear so many contradictory statements that I am bewildered, and since my whole life is passed in striving to acquire knowledge, this distresses me. I listened last night as you lectured in the Theosophical hall, and I must confess that I could not understand what you then said in the light of previous lectures I have heard from you."

"My dear Socrates, our Society is built upon the firmest foundation. Our motto is the key to our thinking. You know it. 'There is no religion higher than truth.'"

"Yes Antistar, I know the motto well, and indeed it might be the motto of my own life, since I hold to it so completely. But what I wish you to tell me is more of the practical workings of the Association."

"Clearly, Socrates, you should be a member of the Society, because you have the right attitude of mind. It is formed to give a free platform for all honest opinion, on any and all subjects. There is no creed or dogma which can be imposed upon any member except as he himself with his own knowledge and intuition accepts it. There is no distinction in the Society

between those of one faith and those of another. We make no distinctions of caste, or creed, or colour, or sex, or race. So long as a man has tolerance for the views of his fellows, and recognises that the whole race is united in the Great Life, as one Brotherhood, he is welcome to join and express his opinions."

"Most beautiful and wonderful. It is really a joy to hear there is such a Society, and I am moved to apply for membership. Do you mean to say that you would be tolerant even to the intolerant?"

"Oh yes, Socrates, we have many intolerant people in the Society, and we welcome them as fellows and brothers; we have some twenty-three thousand fellows in our association at present."

"Most truly astounding. I did not know there were so many in the whole human race who were tolerant to the opinions of others."

"Oh, you mistake me, Socrates. I did not say there were that number who were completely tolerant to the views of others, but they are members of the Society pledged to that ideal, even if they do not live up to it."

"Ah, I see. How many are there then, of this twenty-three thousand, who are tolerant?"

"That, Socrates, would be hard to say, and in order that the ideal may be preserved, the wisest in our association shake the Society from time to time on this principle. Those who are true to the ideal remain in it; those who are true to some particular ideal, but not this great one of *Universal Brotherhood*, are shaken out."

"Well, at the present time what number do you estimate to be tolerant?"

"It is totally impossible for me to say, Socrates."

"A thousand perhaps?"

"No, Socrates, I do not believe one thousand members are truly tolerant to the views of their comrades."

"You surprise me, Antistar, and yet I perceive that the Society is healthy if only a few are tolerant in the whole world. I think I have heard that one of your teachers said that if only three members in the race were imbued with this spirit of complete toleration and were members of the Theosophical Society at the end of this century, they would form the nucleus aimed at, the Society would have succeeded, and He whom you call K. H. would have been justified in projecting the organisation?"

"By my word, Socrates, you seem to have a very clear grasp of the subject. Yes, that statement was made by one of our early teachers whom we all revere."

"Well then, Antistar, let me come to a more personal question. Do you believe yourself to be one of the nucleus and to be helping on that ideal of complete Brotherhood which is signified by the word *Universal*?"

"Yes, Socrates, I do; I have worked for years to keep the Society impersonal and free from any creeds and dogmas beyond the one essential belief in a plan and the *Universal Brotherhood of man*."

"But, Antistar, this is a new element you have introduced into our discussion, and I feel that I must question you rather more closely. I hope you do not object?"

"Not in the least, Socrates, but I see nothing new in what I have just said."

"Perhaps I misunderstood you. It was more a quality in your voice that I referred to. Will you tell me how you have worked to keep this ideal in the Society?"

"By writing and lecturing and spreading the truth as I see it."

"And of course, Antistar, by giving ample and complete tolerance to the opinions of all others. You would allow Buddhists to express their views, would you not?"

"Assuredly, Socrates."

"Or Brāhmanas, or Confucians, or Taoists, or Muhammadans, or Christians, or Zoroastrians, or Gnostics?"

"Most assuredly, Socrates, I should allow these and all others to state their beliefs and opinions."

"By the High Gods, Antistar, you fill me with admiration. Would you also allow Pagans and Jews and Shaivites and worshippers of Isis, and Priapus, and Bacchus to speak and defend their ideals?"

"Most certainly, Socrates, I would uphold the freedom of any of these. In fact the last shaking in the Society turned on the attitude of certain members to ideals in relation to the procreative functions; and since in this field there is a great divergence of ideals, many of my friends could not support the Universal note and so resigned, but I saw clearly that the nucleus of Universal Brotherhood could be found only by giving the right of free speaking and teaching to all members, and so I stayed in the association and am proud that I saw so clearly."

"You are a most delightful and admirable man, Antistar, and you fill me with a desire to emulate you. Now among the Christians. Would you allow an Anglican to become a member and state his opinions?"

"Of course, Socrates, I would most gladly."

"Or a Methodist, or Baptist, or Roman Catholic?"

"Yes, indeed, Socrates. If any of these wished to join and was willing to pledge himself to toleration for the beliefs of his fellow men, I should welcome him with great joy."

"Suppose a Calvinist or Spiritualist or Seventh Day Adventist, or some of the less known but very earnest believers in a definite creed sought admission?"

"It makes no difference, I would welcome them all."

"Would you admit one or more of them?"

"Socrates, you make me laugh. I would admit any number of them on that one condition."

"But suppose, Antistar, that certain members of a particular sect became powerful and began to speak in the Theosophical Society regarding their beliefs?"

"They have a right to speak their beliefs, no matter how high they stand. Members of the Society are not asked to believe anything unless they see truth in that particular form. Then they must believe, because that is the form truth takes for them."

"All this I thought to be true some time ago, and have loved the work of your association, but last night you were speaking very strongly against a certain sect whose members are being protected in their beliefs by the President. Should the President of the Society not protect the freedom of all, or should she only protect the freedom of those whose opinions are established? You yourself have just said you would protect the freedom of Seventh Day Adventists for example, and yet in certain matters the creed of this new sect is similar to that of the Seventh Day Adventists."

"But, Socrates, the President herself appears to share in their belief and carries many with her in this new movement."

"Ah, I see, Antistar, you would have your President without opinions of his or her own, in a different position entirely from the other members?"

"No, Socrates, that is not what I desire; but you put a new light on the subject, I must confess."

"You mean, Antistar, that you would have no objection to the President believing what you believe, but you do object to her believing and stating that which you do not believe."

"I am ashamed to say that that is what I have been doing. I see now, Socrates, that in a matter of belief some members in a Universal Brotherhood are bound to disagree with any opinion expressed by one in authority."

"I do not wish to mock you, Antistar, but last night you appeared to have lost this broad tolerance, and to be hard and almost bigoted against this new sect and their beliefs. I have heard that no officer of the parent Society can show special favouritism to any sect, creed, or group in the Society, but must protect them all impartially. Has the President of your Society done this?"

"You have bewildered me, Socrates, with your questioning, even more than you say I bewildered you. I cannot say that the President has ever committed the Society to any belief, nor, when I think coldly upon the matter, has she ever done more than protect the beliefs of a newly formed group. I shall drop the name 'Antistar,' which I have taken as you know only in the last three years, but I certainly shall not take my stand with them in their beliefs any more than with any other group of beliefs in the Society."

"My dear Antistar, the last thing I should expect from one who had thrown aside trammels would be a

quick acceptance of any creed. I have questioned you in this way only because I wished to have my mind made clear on these points, and I thank you for your good nature."

"Thus, Pulchritude, Antistar has lost his name, and Socrates, though not of your Society, has shown a deep knowledge of it, and from his arguments, which Antistar admits to be true, I am determined to seek admission to it."

"I am glad, Inestor, that you have heard this argument. I have agreed with Socrates and loved Antistar in your presentation. I shall be glad to become a sponsor for you. Farewell."

Charles Lazenby

NOTE

In the *Boston Sunday Post* of January 26, 1913, an interesting account is given of quite a new departure in education. At Harvard University, the subject of Psychical Research is going to be seriously studied. This is "the result of the acceptance by the university of the \$10,000 fund, recently donated for purposes of psychical research under the name of the Richard Hodgson Memorial". Dr. Hodgson was always a keen believer in the possibility of communication with those who are dead, and he frequently declared he would manifest his presence to some friend after he had crossed the "great divide". The methods of Research had not at the time of writing been decided, but probably those in vogue in the London Society will be more or less followed. That such a study is to be pursued in a University is indeed a step forward, and the late Dr. Hodgson's friends have done much honour to their comrade in associating him with such a progressive movement in Education.

THE ALTAR HIGH

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

IF, dear child, you were a little boy who was to be a great Initiate, who in other lives before had been one, and would become a Master in the life-time you had just begun, how do you think you would feel if you were brought into the great cathedral where your parents worshipped, and there attended Mass and saw the majesty of the High Altar of God? At the end of the long and lofty church it stands. How exquisitely the lights are tempered! The choir-tones ring through the vaults and pointed arches far above, where the great traceries in stone meet together like giant finger-tips of huge old trees in forest glades. The worshippers are all about, absorbed in sweet devotion. In the chapels at the sides, women kneel, and pray, and tell their rosary-beads, their very souls mingling with the holy sanctity of the incense-burdened air. Here nobles and the lowliest ploughmen touch elbows, side by side.

How stirs the soul of that small boy! How can the tiny child-frame bear the strain of the ocean's inflow to his heart? These men and women about him, who are they? Like a trumpet-call the sound: "They are the children of the King!" And the child? "He is their Leader and their Saviour!"

See how stands the Altar, so high and so majestic! Somehow its builder has made it rise to a dizzy height

1913

THE ALTAR HIGH

437

by steps and platforms; by lofty candelabra and their candles; by columns and the statues they support, and by the great cross above and the high-poised portrait of the Christ.

Now comes an Altar-boy, white-clad, bearing a long staff with a tiny taper at its topmost point. At one Altar-end the candle-wicks are touched with fire—the tall, tall candles, so wonderful in their ordered ranks fresh-set for each new ceremonial. And like a star each begins to twinkle and to blaze, and soon the whole Altar is aflame with lights, and its darker parts can now be seen in splendour all renewed.

Ah, where now is the gentle Christ-boy viewing the holy scene? There by his tender mother's side he sits, in body, but his overpowering Spirit has borne down, a mighty Angel, and has almost wholly swept the outer consciousness away. He is at one with God and with His Brother of the Sacrifice, with Them who father all religions, and this one called that of Christ, in whose sweet spell of worshipping he now sits enthralled.

Now to him the Altar is the eastern sky with sun-rays shooting zenithward, and the candles are the gentle friendly stars that seem to beckon children, like the Erl-King, from our life out into other worlds.

Who calls the child to earth again when the priest has raised the Host, and when, the service done, the worshippers begin to glide away? It is the mother—the tender brooding thing that flutters all about in her divine solicitude. Back from the view of God in stars and vaulted firmament come the eyes of Christ, and see God in those Mother-eyes—the eyes men love when Mary's name is said, and all mothers then become Madonnas, and each child of all the world of

men may see God in his mother's eyes! What would it be if the Christ-child and the Mother sat hand in hand, wrapped in the solemn spell, until the worshippers went forth, and only here and there some heart-sick or exalted one stayed, world-forgetting, worshipping? Gone is the celebrant, gone the choir, the acolytes. The stars, which are the candle-flames, are quenching, one by one, in twilight darkness, and again the Altar passes to its little rest-period and the Temple walls scarcely are echoing any sounds. Where are the throngs of Angels that, just a little while ago, hovered in the sky above? Over the cathedral, touching the fleecy clouds, still shimmer in the astral light the huge thought-structures of the music and the ritual, and in their midst blaze out the Resurrection-Cross and the golden Grail-cup. And the Angels, messengers of God, are gone, save just a few, and they are such wondrous brilliant ones, who from their flaming auras ever are in joy renewing the beams of gold-light and of azure and of rose that it is their sacred, happy service to shed down in guardianship upon the Christ-child!

And now, again, for a moment, he is gone altogether from this world, the tiny body dreaming against the mother's side. May we wonder where he is, in what communion or in what realm of consciousness?

Now earthly duty calls once more and, to the world recalled, the lady and the little boy, each holding a happy hand with each, walk dream-wise to the outer day.

Weller van Hook

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

III

ONE of the greatest difficulties a student of Divine Life has to face sooner or later, is the gradual transmuting of the many affectionate ties and ordinary interests of daily companionships into the one supreme purpose of the Master's service. The more unselfish the student's life may previously have been, and the more whole-hearted the devotion habitually displayed in the service of others, the more those others naturally suffer in the inevitable discovery that in some way they are no longer quite the same supreme centre around which this unselfish service once was wont to revolve. Until the student attains to the stage when divine compassion and love surge through the soul, richly illuminating all kârmic ties with the pure radiance of the Self; until the Unity which is proper to a higher plane can be poured into the hearts of those who suffer, as a healing balm, by those whose forward march causes the suffering; one continuous rending of the inner and outer foundations, upon which the old-established love and affection were built, takes place in the lives of all concerned. This must inevitably be so, for the most sacred bonds of family life and the sweet and holy communion between one member and another,

spring fundamentally from a community of aspirations and ideals rather than from an outward identity of interests on the physical plane. Once a cleavage begins to take place in the former, the latter, even with the tenderest care and utmost patience, seem to lose their savour and become little more than empty husks.

Upon the student this cleavage is twofold in its effects. First, there is the acute distress which a tender heart experiences when it becomes the source of pain to the loved ones; second, there is the intense loneliness of the position. From the very moment the earnest student of divine Life seeks to live up to ideals differing from those which inspire the lives of his intimate circle, all the old sweet sympathy and encouragement he was wont to lean upon are, by the nature of the case, cut right out of his life.

When the time came for my immersion in an elementary degree of this stage of "treading the wine-press alone," I was in addition continually overwhelmed by doubt as to whether I were not merely chasing a chimera. Again and again I asked myself the question: Had these years of effort resulted in the transformation of soul and body into a truer expression of the Higher Self, or was I perhaps practising a subtle form of selfishness and hopelessly deceiving myself? Who could tell me? Did I turn to others for an answer to my query, I knew that those who could understand and sympathise with my high aims were too little acquainted with my outward life for their opinions to be reliable. Again, if I turned to those who had an intimate knowledge of my daily circumstances, the question would have little or no meaning for them. Moreover, I dreaded that a certain weariness of the New-Thought literature

(which latter I began to feel was leading me ever and again round the same beautiful track) might prove to be just the first note of the passing of all my high enthusiasm. Was I after all to discover that others were right in their opinion that I was but the victim of a passing craze? Or, dared I hope that this present darkness might prove, as on previous occasions, to be just the precursor to the coming of a new inspiration, which I might have the high privilege of sharing with those awakening souls who had already begun to lean upon me for guidance in the deep things of life?

Undoubtedly all these questions were 'writ' unusually 'large' in my mind at this particular time, for the anniversary of my birth was at hand, on which day it was my custom to review the past year's progress, and to select some definite ideal as an inspiration for the coming year's attainment.

It must have been in the small hours of the morning one day very early in the New Year, when I happened to be sufficiently awake to notice, first, that a gorgeous full moon was brilliantly lighting up my room, and secondly, that once again all sense of weight had for the time being quite left my body. This state of consciousness was succeeded by one of intense pleasure, when I found myself at the door and ringing the bell of a quaint old-fashioned little house which I knew to be 'The Cottage' where my grandmother used to live. Being the middle one of a very large family of children, I suffered to some extent from the turmoil and noise of my daily surroundings, so that the weeks spent alone with my grandmother in her pretty little home contained most of the happiest memories of my very early

childhood. The door was opened by a neat maid, to whom I explained that I had once lived there when a tiny child, and had now called to ask the present occupant if she would allow me to look over the house to renew my acquaintance with it and also to revive old memories. With a gesture of gracious assent she ushered me into the drawing-room. To my surprise this room, which in the old days was properly speaking nothing more than the tiniest of boudoirs, seemed now to have become a spacious apartment of really beautiful proportions. Sunshine and air poured in abundantly through the large wide-open windows which reached from the lofty and richly-ornamented ceiling to the floor. Beautiful pictures hung upon the white walls, rose-coloured hangings and upholstered furniture gave an unmistakable air of wealth and refinement, while the whole arrangement of the room impressed me with a sense of repose and comfort. Utterly amazed at so radical a change, I turned to the opening door and perceived that the chatelaine at that moment entering the room was none other than my faceless companion and guide of other dreams. She welcomed me affectionately as usual, and we commenced an inspection of the rest of the cottage, only to discover the same extraordinary transformation in the bedrooms, hall, and dining-room that I had already observed in the drawing-room.

"This is indeed a case of *multum in parvo*," I exclaimed. "I cannot understand how you have made such immense alterations inside the house when the outside dimensions are unaltered."

"I am glad you are pleased," replied my hostess. "Come with me into the garden and see my other improvements."

The garden, in the old days as small as it was beautiful, I now saw with pleasure was still crowded with the same fragrant white lilies, primroses, and honeysuckles as of yore, but once again the dimensions of the garden were magnified out of all recognition. Deeply puzzled as to how this had been accomplished in the crowded suburb in which 'The Cottage' was situated, I followed my hostess into the stables. Here, too, the walls, woodwork, floors and fittings, were all of the very latest approved models. Opening the door of the loose-box, my companion showed me a horse enveloped in heavy clothing from head to foot; even its legs were swathed in bandages. Looking at it in amazement, I saw that the poor thing was on the point of falling, as it tottered and swayed to and fro on its feeble legs.

"Why," I exclaimed, "your horse is ill, very ill; something ought to be done for it!"

"There is nothing to be done," was the reply; "we cannot keep it alive, it is dying." Later I found that I was born under the sign Sagittarius.

I rather longed to stay and help the poor beast, but my guide explained that it was well cared-for, and signed to me to follow her up the narrow steep ladder into the upper story. On reaching what should have been a loft filled with corn and hay, I emerged through the usual hole in the floor into a beautiful vinery, filled with vines bearing a large crop of beautiful grapes, nearly all the bunches of which were colouring well, though most of them were barely ripe.

"See," said my hostess reaching up and cutting a large bunch with a smaller one pendent from it, "these are ripe; take them, for they are all now yours."

Expressing my grateful thanks, as well for the luscious fruit as for her extreme kindness in showing me over her house and garden, I bade her farewell. As the door closed behind me, I again became aware of the silvery moonlight flooding my own room, and, in addition, of an ineffable peace and content pervading my whole being.

Passing the whole dream, so full of vivid detail, in careful review, I felt puzzled to know what lesson to learn from it. I finally concluded that my kind and wise guide, whoever she might be, was apparently at the helm of my ship, and that my share in the ship's progress must consist in doing my utmost fully to respond to all opportunities that might come. Judging from the bunches of grapes I had just received, of which my hand still felt the ripeness as of some material thing, I was sure I should not have long to wait.

A day or two later, when seeking a publisher for an article I had written, it happened that I came across Mr. Sinnett's book, *The Growth of the Soul*. In this—my first introduction to Theosophy, and to its Source, the Wisdom Religion of all time—I recognised with heartfelt joy that fresh inspiration which had been promised to me by the gift of grapes, and which, while it explained the past, also revealed to me the entrance to that Pathway leading to Infinity along which a faithful student could travel in search of "The Pearl of Great Price".

A Theosophist

REVIEWS

Vibration and Life, by D. T. Smith, M. D. (Richard G. Badger, Gorham Press, Boston, U. S. A. \$ 1. 50 Price.)

The author sets forth the theory that certain "refined elementary corpuscles" exist, which build up both mind and body; the soul is the "active vital principle" producing a mind and a body; it is a "vital unit," the vital force differing from the common force, and these vital units are formed from "an unlimited store of this peculiar vital energy," called elsewhere 'soul-stuff'. One is reminded of the Upanishat phrase of millions of sparks proceeding from a single fire. "All organic forms, and all definite inorganic forms as well, are thought-forms." Peculiar atoms exist, with which the vital force is connected, and the aggregate of these is the soul-stuff. They work on the "coarse atom" known to chemistry, and they are divided into positive and negative, or, as the author calls them, male and female.

The theory of memory, the persistence of groups of vibrations in the neurons, is not clearly explained, and Dr. Smith almost writes as though he intended to signify persistence of a *thing*, not merely of a latent power. If he means that a group of vibrations once set up tends to repeat itself under a stimulus similar to that to which it originally responded, then his view might receive much support from Theosophical ideas. Such a group would not have persistence as a material thing, but it would exist as a potentiality capable of perpetual evocation. He speaks of it as "caged in the neurons"—an unhappy phrase, if he means that a potentiality of reproducing the group ever remains.

Dr. Smith's theory of vital units does not lead him to a belief in the persistence of a conscious individuality through death. On the contrary it is "infinitely improbable" that the

same elements should regather to form a new individual, and this would be necessary for the preservation of memory.

Dr. Smith, however, does not regret this, and seems to be rather pleased with the idea that, as individuals, we have had no past, and shall have no future.

The book is, as a whole, suggestive but disappointing; the suggestiveness leads us to recommend it, and the student may perchance improve on the theories offered, and so avoid the disappointment caused by the author.

A. B.

The Mystery Woman, by Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Cassell & Co., London. Price 6s.)

Novels on occult subjects are many, but those written by competent students are but few. Mrs. Campbell Praed is well-versed in Theosophic and psychic lore, and her stories are generally well worked out from the point of view of the Theosophist. In this new novel clairvoyance is the undercurrent that runs through the story, though the love-thread is equally strong and may afford greater excitement to some readers. The Sixth Sense Society people and their doings will be found specially interesting by members of the Theosophical Society. As a story the novel cannot be placed among the best of its kind, and Mrs. Praed has certainly produced better work in the past. It is very pleasantly written, however, and we recommend it to our readers.

B. P. W.

Radical Views about the New Testament, by Dr. G. A. Van den Bergh van Eysinga, translated by S. B. Slack, M. A. (Watts & Co., London. Price 2s. net.)

It would need an expert scholar of biblical criticism adequately to review this book, written by a learned Dutch student. The translation of this volume must needs be of great value, as it brings within the reach of many the fruits of much research, by putting it into a language known to a greater number of persons than is the author's mother-tongue.

This translation is "issued for the Rationalist Press Association," and its aim is frankly directed "against the Theology of Liberal Christianity". We suppose the orthodox Christianity is completely ruled out of court. The cold hand of

criticism has laid its finger on the New Testament, and seeks by scholarship to destroy it. If none of the books of this New Testament were written by those to whom they are ascribed, it may be well we should know it. If no miracles ever occurred, we must get used to it. But the value of the New Testament dwells in the spirit, and the 'Sermon on the Mount,' whether delivered by Jesus or not—no matter—will remain everlastingly the teaching of a spiritual man. The higher critics may take much from us, but they cannot destroy the "spirit which giveth life".

T. L. C.

History of Ancient Philosophy, by A. W. Benn. (Watts & Co., London. Price 1s. net.)

The author is to be congratulated on the amount of information he has condensed into this very interesting and able precis of Greek philosophical thought. It covers the ground from the time of Thales of Miletus, the founder of Greek philosophy, to the Neo-Platonists as represented by Plotinus. Nine illustrations of representative Greek thinkers, including Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, a bibliography and an index are comprised in a volume which is surely a marvel of cheapness.

As is perhaps to be expected in a work issued from the Rationalist Press, more emphasis is laid upon the scientific, practical and ethical aspects of Greek philosophy than on the ideal and spiritual. Of Plotinus for example, it is noted: "It would be a serious mistake to think of Plotinus as solely or even chiefly a mystic. The mystical portion of his writings covers a very small compass; nor does he ever employ mystical considerations instead of rational arguments." It is however perhaps the quality rather than the quantity of thought which in its finality best describes the thinker when summing up his life-work. Philosophy has, someone has rather happily said, begun in wonder, and Mr. Benn notes the fact that the Greeks early betrayed this high intellectual curiosity. From wonder also interest in science naturally follows, and so the early Greek philosophers interested themselves in theories of cosmology and soon discovered the principle of evolution. "For three generations after its first start Greek thought had been steadily shaping itself into a philosophy of evolution, with the promise

of fruitful direction to physical science as far as the investigations could then be pushed." As regards cosmology all four elements were claimed respectively as the first principle of all things. Thales saw it as water, Anaximenes claimed that position for air, while Xenophanes of Colophon taught it was earth, and Heraclitus of Ephesus, fire. Empedocles of Acragas "accepted the doctrine of metempsychosis to the extent of remembering that he himself had previously existed as a boy, a girl, a bush and a bird". He had also the insight to see "strife as a cosmic power, for it was through her that the many come forth from the one," and love as a unifying force; while he describes the Supreme God "as a sacred and unutterable mind, flashing through the whole world with rapid thoughts". Plato and Aristotle are, as befits their importance—for is not every man either born a Platonist or an Aristotelian?—accorded a preferential spacial treatment of a chapter each. Of Stoicism it is said that the three ideas distinctively characteristic of it at its best are Conscience, Duty and Humanity.

Within its self-imposed limits this book can be heartily recommended to all lovers of wisdom (which is what the word philosophy really means) and especially to the many who feel the perennial fascination of Grecian culture with its high thought.

E. S.

Folk Tales of Breffny, by B. Hunt. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

"The Folk Tale is essentially dramatic, and loses much when it is written down," writes the author in her Introduction, which cannot be altogether true, for these dramatic Folk Tales have not lost their charm in print. The naive spirit is well maintained, and for the student of Occultism the book is not devoid of instruction, as also for the ordinary man of the world it is not without interest. Short stories, well told, in proper setting, permeated by an atmosphere of utter simplicity, dealing mostly with what ordinary people would call the supernatural, this book of twenty-six such tales will be welcomed by all those who are fond of the romantic. Folk Tales, like Fairy Stories, have their peculiar charm, and the book under review casts a

spell over the reader, who wants to read it from beginning to end without a break. Perhaps this is due to the queer activities of those Good People of whom the book speaks so much.

B. P. W.

Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals, by Ernest Belford Bax. (Grant Richards Ltd., London. Price 6s. net.)

These essays are written by a man in every way fitted to discuss the many phases of evolution dealt with. Like W. T. Stead, Belford Bax might be said to have set out in life with the determination to make the public curse him, if it did not bless him, and, as with Stead, the public did both. He is not infrequently blessed with the curses of his friends and co-workers in the Socialist cause, who writhe under his merciless and scathing criticisms while they revel in his luminous and uncompromising analyses. No better example of his methods can be found than his essay on Karl Kautsky's work entitled *Ursprung des Christentums* which seeks to reduce Christian origins to solely economic causes. Of the doctrinaire Marxian this is characteristic. He cannot admit that social phenomena are subject in the least degree to any but economic causation, and this attitude always arouses Bax's ire. Accepting Kautsky's conclusion that the historical Jesus was merely the leader of a not very important attempt at insurrection, whose trial and execution followed the suppression of the revolt, and noting that while other Messiahs left some impression on contemporary history, Jesus left none, he asks pertinently: "If the movement of Jesus was of a local and temporary character, how did historical Christianity arise out of it?" On this point Bax parts company with Kautsky, who attributes the spread of the movement almost entirely to its principle of communistic property holding. As against this Bax urges two important considerations: (1) Is the assumed communism of the early Christians demonstrable as an historical fact? (2) Even conceding this fact, is it possible to regard it as even a remotely adequate cause of the very far-reaching effects ascribed to it? Both queries are promptly answered in the negative. The critic goes on to point out that the so-called communism was simply an exaggerated alms-giving called

forth by special circumstances and, further, that the common purse or bag was simply an early edition of Cook's touring system, in which the parties concerned find it convenient to have a common account during their trip. But leaving that, Bax asks: "Was the admittedly crude... communism of consumption... alleged to have been practised by the Christians, a sufficiently distinctive and important phenomenon... to have by itself attracted numbers to the church and to have acquired for Christianity the influence it obtained?" Then he promptly quotes Kautsky against himself.

Kautsky, in answer to a theologian who asserted that communism was not included among the many ugly accusations hurled against the Christian sect, points out that communism did not only not imply any reproach, but was actually associated with many forms of contemporary organisation, and was traditionally connected with the great names of Plato and Pythagoras. Here the essayist chuckles audibly, for Kautsky, by this admission, obviously demolishes his own postulate that communism is the distinguishing characteristic or feature of Christianity.

As against Kautsky's postulate, Bax argues:

The determining factor in the evolution of Christianity was the doctrine of the relation of the human soul to the central power of the universe... It was this mystical relation of the individual soul to God, who in popular thought became regarded as a preternatural superman, on which the whole Christian theory turns. Kautsky, in his sacramental devotion to the historical materialism of Marx, fails altogether to recognise the importance of the introspective individualism and mysticism as a salient phase in human evolution.

Kautsky is further flagellated for ignoring the figure of Paul, and the essayist rightly compares such action to the playing of Hamlet without the hero.

In the essays on 'Sex and Sentiment,' 'Modern Feminism,' the writer says many true things with regard to the woman question, and proves conclusively that women are more privileged than men. He forgets, however, in his partisan way, that the only sane way to change this undesirable state of things would be to substitute for those privileges rights and responsibilities.

Most of the more important essays are in defence or exposition of Socialism, and that entitled 'The Hearth, the Throne and the Altar' comprises most of the arguments adduced.

The following quotation gives a very fair indication of the attitude and arguments:

Socialism is destined to conquer and, in its conquest, it will assuredly supersede the Throne, the Hearth, and the Altar, in the forms in which they have existed in history and survive at the present time. It will assuredly make an end of the narrow views on these subjects still largely obtaining, as of the institutions themselves as at present existing; and in their place will arise other social forms and other conceptions more consistent with the realisation of that Freedom, Justice, and Brotherhood which is, after all, the ethical standard that Socialism unfolds before the eyes of men, and by virtue of which it makes appeal to their hearts.

The essay on 'Speculative Thought' is a marvel of condensation and clarity of reasoning.

Altogether it is a book worth reading. Sceptics, sick or well, would read it with profit, and devotees reading it would see and marvel at the spectacle of a man doing his own thinking.

H. R. G.

Brotherhood. A Series of Addresses by G. S. Arundale. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 10 or 10d. or 20c.)

The Introduction to this attractive little book says that "a large number of colleagues and pupils of Mr. Arundale were desirous of making as permanent as they could the deep affection which has gradually grown up between them and him during the ten years, 1903-1913, of his work in the Central Hindū College"; so a group of friends who felt strongly the value of his teachings bound themselves together to carry on by example and practice the many virtues and qualities of true brotherhood. The motto chosen embodied the two keynotes of George Arundale's teachings, namely, love and service and was framed as follows: "The ideal reward is an increased power to love and to serve," and the scope of 'the brotherhood' was to perpetuate the mutually strong bonds of affection, to keep alive the force and strength of his inspiration and to live up to the ideals that he had ever taught. "We live," says Arundale, in a very happy phrase, "as members of the Brotherhood, upon the plane of affection," and that is the true tie between him and his colleagues and pupils. What better testimonial could any man wish from his pupils as a

result of his teachings than this spontaneous and bright outgoing of love and desire to serve humanity? Surely all that serves to kindle in boys' and men's hearts the pure fires of service to their brothers, and love to all must be accounted as very good, and who will be so mean as to sneer at that 'hero-worship' which in reality is a mainspring to personal endeavour and uplifts and ennobles the whole life?

W. H. K.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

The Church of England, by the Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman.

In its three chapters, closely packed with information, this book provides: (1) a very much condensed summary of the history of the Church of England; (2) a description of the Church's present status, its organisation, and its doctrinal position; and (3) an introduction to the questions of Church Reform (including the question of Disestablishment), and a consideration of future possibilities. It could not be expected that any single portrait of this comprehensive institution should represent her as seen by all within her pale; yet it seems to us that Canon Masterman has succeeded in taking a very extensive view, and in giving in small compass a clear outline which will be generally recognised as a true one.

The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches, by Rev. Edward Shillito.

There are some who incline to regard the Free Churches as representatives merely of what is worst in Protestantism, as chiefly remarkable for their abolition of ecclesiastical art, and for their dislike of Occultism and poetic religious symbology. This book brings out fairly clearly the fact that the essential thing about the Free Churches is that in their revolt against formalism they lay extreme emphasis upon the life-side of Christianity as distinct from the form-side. Non-conformists would define a Christian as one who enjoys certain

¹ This admirable and cheap popular Series is obtainable at the THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

spiritual experiences, not as one who belongs to a certain organisation; and the Free Churches owe their origin to, and base their hope upon, what they regard as spontaneous manifestations of the Divine Spirit—what Mr. Shillito calls "seasons of resurrection within the Church". Indeed, the truth which the Free Churches represent (though they express it under limitations of book and creed) is none other than that from which Theosophy derives its name—the possibility of man's direct cognition of God. We ought, with this in view, to be able to forgive any ignorant iconoclasm which may be laid to their charge. The book is written in clear and spirited language, and is an able introduction to its subject. It contains an historical summary, interesting despite the extreme condensation; it provides an excellent sketch of the present political and religious position occupied by the Free Churches; and, gazing into the future, it gives glowing expression to the Non-conformist hope. That hope, as voiced by Mr. Shillito, is one with which we heartily concur—that the Free Churches may "bring their peculiar treasures of insight and experience into the Holy Federation of Churches, which will await the coming of the Kingdom of God".

R. W. E.

The Nature of Mathematics, by Philip E. B. Jourdain, M. A.

This is no ordinary mathematical treatise, but a vivid word-picture of the science of mathematics itself. In a style that is almost colloquial in its simplicity the author lays bare the original relations of mathematical symbols to the conditions that they are used to describe, and demonstrates their wonderful value in economy of mental energy. He makes a strong point of distinguishing between 'mathematics,' or the method of arriving at truths, and 'Mathematics,' or the statement of the truths themselves which do not change. His genius for lucid explanation is particularly noticeable in his treatment of every-day topics to illustrate fine shades of meaning, but we think that if a few geometrical figures referred to by letters could have found a place in print, the effect would have been still more complete. For all its brevity the book is by no means elementary, including as it does a consideration of the infinitesimal calculus. The historical aspect receives a full share of attention, and it will interest Theosophists to read

that the Arabs derived their knowledge of algebra from the Hindūs. Altogether this little manual is quite a classic in its way, and will doubtless come as a revelation to many a student who may have hitherto regarded this subject as dry and formidable.

Co-operation, by Joseph Clayton.

W. D. S. B.

The co-operative movement is regarded by the author of this little book as "one of the greatest accomplishments of the working-class in the nineteenth century," and certainly in these days when the principle of democracy is being held in the balance, the subject is one which all who have the welfare of the people at heart should study. For clear, concise information on the subject the general reader may well be recommended to Mr. Clayton. He gives a short history of the movement during the years that have elapsed since its inception in 1821 and then outlines the work of the various most important departments of its activity; its aims, moral and economic, being defined by the way. A bibliography is given at the end of the volume, and in the Introduction the author enumerates some of the phases of his subject upon which he has been unable to touch—a very wise proceeding, as it points the way to the reader in the direction of further study.

A. de L.

Navigation, by William Hall, R. N., B. A.

Travellers voyaging by sea frequently express some interest as to methods by which the master of the ship finds his way from port to port. This little book gives just such a general survey of the processes of navigation as will satisfy the voyager's curiosity. It provides in easily understood language a brief description of the various branches of navigation. Though not sufficiently detailed to be of service to the yachtsman, the book will give those who spend their summer holidays by the seashore an additional pleasure in observing sailors and ships.

C. R. H.

Cecil John Rhodes, by Ian D. Colvin.

The author of the interesting *Romance of South Africa* is here giving an excellent summary of the life-work of one who

has contributed greatly towards the building of British Africa. Those who by temperament are what the Theosophists call Ruling-Ray-people will find this booklet very interesting as unfolding the hidden powers of a great statesman as he encounters and overcomes difficulty after difficulty. The work of Empire-building has its charms, and the story of such past building is instructive. The name of Cecil John Rhodes is and will remain a great name in the history of the Empire, and the study, not only of his work, splendid as it is, but also of the man himself, both in his public and private life, is full of fascination, and affords such inspiration that we would fain persuade every young man to read this work.

Friedrich Nietzsche, by M. A. Mugge.

The Theosophical touch in Nietzsche's character and philosophy is rather a fine one. His vigorous teachings, apparently hard and sometimes crude-sounding, have here and there a truly Theosophical lining, and students of Theosophy will do well to acquaint themselves with this strange character and queer philosophy. The little manual will form an excellent introduction, admirably written by one who is master of his subject. A good index facilitates the work of reading and an equally good bibliography shows the way to further study and research. The Introduction gives a useful outline of the "main problems with which he [Nietzsche] was engaged," and is followed by: I. Nietzsche's life; II. "Beyond Good and Evil"; III. The Antichrist; IV. The Superman. The booklet is strewn with the interesting and attractive thoughts of the philosopher-poet, and we may here give some:

"If you desire peace of soul and happiness, believe! if you want to be a disciple of truth, search!"

"We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions—we are not so certain of them as all that. But we might let ourselves be burnt for the right of possessing and changing our opinions."

"Passion for power is the earthquake which breaketh and upbreeketh all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres; the flashing interrogative sign besides premature answers; passion for power: before whose glance man creepeth and croucheth

and drudgeth, and becometh lower than the serpent and the swine, until at last great contempt crieth out of him."

Atlas in Full Colours, by J. Bartholomew, F. R. G. S.

This is a production of marvellous cheapness: 56 coloured maps of all the countries of the globe. A very useful Index to Countries enhances the value of this sixpenny book. It is the most handy atlas we have come across.

B. P. W.

The Homeland of the Soul, by the Rev. John Spence, F.R.A.S. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The object of this book is to establish the doctrine of human immortality and of a happy *post mortem* future. A distinction is drawn—though curiously one in favour of the superiority of the soul—between the soul and the spirit. The soul is defined "as intelligent existence and existence intelligent. The spirit is really that which animates the body, that distinguishes a living man from a dead man, while soul is the very man himself". Heaven is defined as a dear home-like condition, the central source of love: "It is a progressive state, condition or place, where all the powers of mind will grow strong by service." The book gives the reader rather a scrappy feeling from the amount of quotations it includes, both theological and scientific, with a sprinkling of the results and thoughts of modern psychic research. With its foundation of orthodoxy and the author's often rather sentimental contributions, it presents finally rather an incongruous pot-pourri from this forced intermingling of so many foreign elements. Its appeal, if any, will, it seems to me, be to the already orthodox, who, however,—and I fear their number is considerable—are not so sure as their orthodoxy should make them of their own immortality or of their own possibly happy *post mortem* experiences. The unorthodox, and the sceptic would require, I can but think, a more scientific treatment of the subject; a stronger and more consecutive diet of reason and of feelings—one less on the lines of a special appeal.

E. S.

The Spiritual Message of Fiona Macleod; The Coming of Psyche; William Sharp (Fiona Macleod) A Memoir compiled by his Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. (William Heineman, London.)

Do not speak of the spiritual life as 'another life': There is no 'other' life: what we mean by that is with us now. The great misconception of Death is that it is the only door to another world.

I say that I no longer ask of a book, is it clever, or striking, or is it well done, or even is it beautiful, but out of how deep a life does it come. That is the most searching test.

Profoundly significant, these memoirs of William Sharp and Fiona Macleod. Gratitude is due to the compiler for the form in which they are presented. In these days of the exhibition of men by mannikins (vide *Life of Gissing*, by Morley Roberts) Mrs. Sharp's attitude of delicate reserve is unusually refreshing. Biography is one of the rarest, subtlest arts, requiring an extraordinary blend and balance of faculties, analytical, psychological, and synthetical.

The compiler's comments are always sympathetic, sometimes intuitive. We have an idea that there must remain a number of unpublished letters and 'remains' of extraordinary and enthralling interest; however, in this collection, the unpretentiousness of the editorial portion of the book is an art in itself. She has done what she set out to do; no common achievement, now or ever.

The meteor known to the world as Fiona Macleod flashed across the heavens of literature in clouds of glittering fire. Imaginative artists (whatever their medium) felt themselves enkindled to an answering rapture by the ardour of that flame; white, myriad-coloured, opalescent, glowed the splendour of those "trailing clouds of glory," those most ancient yet ever-fresh spiritual truths reproclaimed by the author of *The Winged Destiny*. 'The Vision Splendid' so nigh to poets and children is withheld from the wise and prudent. The greatest poets and artists have ever been and will be 'babes' in the eyes of the world. This is inevitable, for their values differ, inasmuch as the gold of creative imagination issues neither from the mines nor mints of earth.

The chief interest of the book centres round the orbit of Fiona Macleod. The tension between the two personalities, the "critical intellectual mood" which was William Sharp, and the intuitive, spiritual dreamer, (F. M.) must have been well-nigh unendurable at times. A poignant illustration of the reflex action of these dual vibrations is shown in the account of how he heard the call of the sea, round his window on a London midnight, whose insistence drew him to Arran within the space of a few hours. From there he writes: "The extreme

loneliness . . . was like balm . . . It is . . . as though Fiona were asleep in another room . . . The flowing of the air of the hills laved the parched shores of my heart . . . In these vast solitudes peace and joy came hand in hand to meet me." At these times, he knew (like many another creative vessel, well-nigh broken with the mingled joy and sorrow, the ichor of the Gods) that in solitude and flight lay the only safety for the mortal instrument.

Mrs. Sharp expresses well the aim of the modern school of spiritually-imaginative literature when she says (speaking of her husband and Professor Geddes) that they sought "to preserve and nurture what is of value and of spiritual beauty in the race, so that it should fuse into and work with, or become part of, the great acquisitions and marvellous discoveries of modern thought. To hold to the essential beauty and thought of the past, while going forward eagerly to meet the new and ever increasing knowledge, was the desire."

None but those who are of this company (however minor their part) know the stress and strain at which each member must live, wherein no relaxation is possible (save in those brief moments of life and freedom vouchsafed from Nature, unclouded by man) because the following of that Quest takes every power of spirit, mind and heart. The sympathy between the two personalities, is, however, frequently in evidence in declarations such as: "The flashing of sunlight in the waters of the fountains, the green of spring in the flowered fields and amongst the trees, and the songs of birds and the little happy-eyed children, mean infinitely more to me than the grandest sculptures, the noblest frescoes, the finest paintings." Here speaks William Sharp, on his first visit to Italy, glad to escape from Galleries to Earth's Garden. After speaking apologetically of his love for Nature rather than Art, the poet re-asserts himself: "I would not be otherwise after all. I know some things which few know—some secrets of beauty in cloud, and sea and earth have an inner communion with all that meets my eyes in what we call nature—and am rich with a wealth which I would not part with for all the palaces of Rome." The Muse is justified of her children. There be Gods many and lords many, in the world of critics and appraisers, but how few the priest-votaries of Urania!

Many of the critical remarks of William Sharp are invaluable and illuminating and might well be studied by members of the fraternity. "What is new in literature is not so likely to be unfit for critics, as critics are likely to be unfit for what is new in literature." The following description of Criticism is not easily excelled: "The basis of Criticism is imagination: its spiritual quality is sympathy: its intellectual distinction is

balance." In words such as these the gulf between critic and creative writer is bridged. This is clearly the production of a series of good-vibrations from the poet-seer. "I am tortured by the passionate desire to create beauty, to sing something of 'the impossible songs' I have heard, to utter something of the rhythm of life that has most touched me." These words were uttered on the threshold of the awakening of Fiona Macleod. The preface to *The Children of To-morrow* is, in Mrs. Sharp's words, "the direct forerunner of the series of romantic tales he afterwards wrote as Fiona Macleod". There could hardly be a braver rallying-cry for singers of the spiritual Renaissance.

Forlorn the way, yet with strange gleams of gladness;
Sad beyond words the voices far behind.
Yet we, perplexed with our diviner madness,
Must heed them not—the goal is still to find!
What though beset by pain and fear and sorrow,
We must not fail, we Children of To-morrow.

We are not surprised to read that one critic described it as "depressing . . . out of touch with realities". The toast and bacon school of critics are still in the majority.

The importance of Art as fine fashioner of Images formed after the similitude of things beyond mortality, is well expressed in the remarks on ethics and optimism, in connection with art.

The question is not one of weighty message, but of artistic presentation. To praise a poem because of its optimism is like commending a peach because it loves the sunshine, rather than because of its bloom and savour . . . The first essential concern of the artist must be with his vehicle. In the instance of a poet, this vehicle is language emotioned to the white heat of rhythm.

Sayings such as these, from one who was both spiritual devotee and human artificer, are priceless to all artists (in whatever medium) working along lines of constructive idealism. "Work must be beautiful in itself. Beauty is a Queen and must be served as a Queen." Of *Pharais* (the first 'Fiona Macleod' book) the writer tells us: "It is a book . . . out of the core of my heart. I wrote it with the pen dipped in the very ichor of my life." The reception by the public was characteristic: "Ignored in some quarters, abused in others, and unheeded by the 'general reader'." Minds such as those of George Meredith and Theodore Watts leapt to its greatness and recognised the genius of its writer.

We shall not mutilate the writer's 'Credo,' (p. 241), by quotation. Happy are all who can say Amen to it. None can read 'The Rune of the Sorrow of Women' without feeling that the writer's experience in the composition thereof bore direct fruit in truth of expression, feeling, and atmosphere. "It was as though in some subtle way the soul of

woman breathed into my brain . . . as if I had given partial expression at least to the inarticulate voice of a myriad women who suffer in one or other of the triple ways of sorrow." The poet's moments of prophecy are of special significance to those among us who believe that the new Renaissance is here, at last, at our doors. The following is a quotation from one of Fiona Macleod's letters to Yeats, and is the conclusion of 'her' description of a vision:

All the heart, all the brain, of the Celtic races shall be stirred. There is a shadow of mighty changes. Myself, I believe that new spirits have been embodied among us. And some of the old have come back. We shall perish, you and I and all who fight under the 'Lifting of the Sunbeam'—but we shall pioneer a wonderful marvellous new life for humanity.

There is a war-cry for those who choose the path of the pioneer rather than paving-stones, the way through the wilderness rather than fat servitude. One of the most interesting letters is that from A.E., the Irish Seer, Poet and Painter. The difference in the emotional calibre of Nature-Lovers is significant of that harmony which is the secret of Unity. Says A.E. to Fiona:

Your nature spirit is a little tragic. You love the Mother as I do, but you seem for ever to expect some revelation of awe from her lips where I would hide my head in her bosom. But the breathless awe is true also—to "meet on the Hills of Dream," that would not be so difficult . . . Your inner nature preserves the memory of old Initiations . . . I cannot regard art as the 'quintessential life' unless art comes to mean the art of living more than the art of artists . . .

To those who know the respective work of the writer and reader of this letter, much may be revealed of the surface differences and deep unity of the two voices. Both have that power set as a seat on genius, the magic touch whereby we too, with them, go "back to the distance which is all the future".

Nowhere has the truth of reincarnation received more adequate and poetic expression than through the medium of Fiona Macleod. Speaking of the Joy in Remembrance of spiritual things, she says:

Not only as an exile dreaming of the land left behind, but as one travelling in narrow defiles who looks back for familiar fires on the hills, or upward to the familiar stars where is surety. In truth is not all creative art remembrance: is not the spirit of ideal art the recapture of what has gone away from the world, that by an imperious spiritual law is forever withdrawing to come again newly?

Spiritual energy thus reaches earth in great tidal waves. All cosmic impulses are tidal in nature. This is a necessity, for mortality's crucible is, after all, finite; it is the alembic alone which pertains to eternity. Even at low water, there are still deep land-locked pools. At the softest turn of tide, from ebb to flow, these shore-bound waters rise. Fiona Macleod's work is

accused on the score of undue iteration. Heralds and pioneers are seldom free from this charge. Spiritual messengers are voices in the wilderness, and the desert is not made straight without pickaxe and shovel, nor with a few blows. Similarly in the histories of the making of the highway of the soul of nations and individuals, there must inhere the genius of one-pointedness. Fiona Macleod possessed this genius, to a remarkable degree and also, what is perhaps even more notable, the combination of subtlety and persistency, an invaluable distillation of spiritual alchemy.

To materialists, Fiona Macleod's message is only one more voice in the Chorus of the deluded, those who follow mirages, whose quest is that Chimera, the Soul. It may be that ever and anon some solitary note in the Song of the Dreamers, the litany of Psyche's votaries, may wake a faint echo of remembrance in their hearts even across that Lethe which is the portion of materialists. Some, hearing, mock; others sigh, wishing, perchance, that they too might extend their boundaries, beyond the plains and low hills of to-day, the only horizon visible to them. Yet no true son of Psyche can despise materialism or its victims. They know that it is only a stage on the return home. A steep path, a dark road, an imprisonment in stone walls, wherein oft-times the incarcerated one knows not that he is in bondage to the flesh.

Since Fiona Macleod's day the spiritual consciousness has received a mighty kindling from the Creative Breath. Events cast ever deeper, longer, shadows on the screen of the world. Psyche is coming into her heritage, and "the moving Finger" writes, through a chosen few, words of daily increasing import. The World-Psyche is waking, her wings are unfolding. Token of this may be found in the general movement towards mental emancipation and emotional fulfilment. For this simultaneous uprush of mind and soul is the well-known forerunner of an outpouring of the Spirit. The currents meet, and there are those who walk upon troubled waters, as well as those who are caught in the swirl of the maelstrom.

In Art and Science, alike, in the Drama, in the Laboratory, the Muse of this Twentieth Century unfurls her wings. The materialist still seeks to maim her with negations, the narrow clerical element would clip her wings, stultify her utterance, expurgate her vocabulary. But Fire and Air are the Muse's Elements. "Slight Air and Purging Fire," they bear up her flight. To-day it is no Sibylline prophecy to declare that the dry soil of materialism is giving way beneath the feet of its supporters. The ground is literally almost untenable, it quakes and crumbles alternately. Do not let us forget the pioneers. This is all too easy. William Sharp knew the pains

and perils of the way of his other self. He gave up much (more than we know, or have any right to know; yet that which we have surmised is a certainty to a few) that the voice of Fiona, should be heard above the clamour, that she should reign in his soul, untouched by world-contagion. He wrote to a friend:

It is a happiness to me to know that you feel so deeply the beauty that has been so humbly and eagerly and often despairingly sought, and that in some dim measure, at least, is held here as a shaken image in troubled waters. It is a long long road, the road of art . . . and those who serve with passion and longing and unceasing labour of inward thought and outward craft are the only votaries who truly know what long and devious roads must be taken, how many pitfalls have to be avoided or escaped from, how many desires have to be foregone, how many hopes have to be crucified in slow death or more mercifully be lost by the way, before one can stand at last on "the yellow banks where the west wind blows," and see, beyond, the imperishable flowers, and hear the immortal voices.

Thus William Sharp, one of the finest constructive poetic critics and men of letters. Fiona's declaration is a fitting conclusion to this reminder of their spiritual significance in the world of current literature: The greatest artists, whether living in or out of the walls of flesh, echo the words—a multitude of immortals, whose voice is as the sound of many waters: *I am content to do my best, as the spirit moves me, and as my sense of beauty compels me.*

L. N.

NOTICE

THE ADYAR BULLETIN, May, contains the first part of an article by Mrs. Besant on Giordano Bruno. This is published by request and is really the revised copy of a lecture given in 1898. It is written in Mrs. Besant's most terse and telling style. Mr. Leadbeater contributes a paper in which he deals clearly with the origin of, and dangers incurred by, exaggeration. A well-known Scottish Member gives us an interesting account of how she became a Theosophist. Mr. Henry Hotchner writes a balanced paper on 'How an Old-fashioned Theosophist regards the Orders'. 'When Friends Meet' treats of the Eternal Now in the accustomed conversational style, and 'Students in Council' discuss the criterion of a Theosophical Movement in a very valuable and illuminating way. 'Of Love and Life,' being thoughts by Philip Oyler, and 'The Vision and the Voice' being pages from a dream-diary, by K. F. Stuart are concluded this month—a very interesting number.

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

FINLAND

The latest feature of the work in this country is a scheme for establishing a Theosophical colony around the headquarters at Aggelby. Mr. Pekka Ervast, the indefatigable General Secretary, has already bought land, erected three buildings, and gathered round him a group of devoted workers. A circular giving an outline of the scheme and signed by influential citizens was drawn up in the Swedish as well as the Finnish language, and its distribution has resulted in the collection of eight thousand marks in two months, a very encouraging response. The propaganda fund has also been well supported. A series of lectures was recently given by Mr. Pekka Ervast entitled 'Theosophical Personalities,' the motto chosen being Bhagavad-Gītā IV, 6-8. Miss Eva Blytt visited Finland at the beginning of the year and delivered five lectures in Helsingfors, including a breezy account of life at Adyar. She enthusiastically explained the objects of the Order of the Star in the East, and was much appreciated. Theosophists in Finland have been fired by the prospect of a visit from the President, and this hope naturally figures prominently in their letter. A later letter announces the founding of the Finnish Section of the Star on Good Friday, March 21, with W. Angeröo, M. D., as National Representative, Mr. Toivo Vitikka as National Secretary, and Mr. Pekka Ervast as Protector of the Order in Finland. There had been a strong inclination in this direction for a year past, and after Miss Blytt's visit all obstacles disappeared. The first meeting augured well for the future of the work; lectures were given by Mr. Toivo Vitikka and Mr. V. H. Valvanne, and there was a recital in the interim. It is expected that the Theosophical movement in Finland will receive a fresh impulse after the Congress at Stockholm, and the Annual Convention is being postponed in expectation of the President's visit.

W. D. S. B.

HUNGARY

Word comes from Hungary of active work in the Lodges there, both in those open to public attendance and in those

devoted to training workers to lecture, write or hold classes. In these latter, the members aim at facility in answering questions and in preparing articles by much careful study and collateral reading. One Lodge is making a special study of Christianity from the Theosophic point of view. The crying need is felt to be for lecturers who are at home in the Hungarian language. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few." Books are slowly but steadily being translated and published in the Hungarian tongue.

M. K. N.

DUTCH EAST INDIES

The Sixth Annual Convention of the Theosophical Society in the Dutch East Indies, held at Solo, was a great success and very harmonious. This was due to the splendid arrangements made by our Javanese brothers, of whom the Solo Lodge principally consists. The house of R. M. Ngabehi Mangoen di Poero had been beautifully decorated for the purpose, while brother Dr. Radjiman as Chairman welcomed the members. Many lectures were given, of which one by the Pangeran (Prince) merits special mention. Various influential persons of the Courts of Djocja and Solo joined the Society, among them the Crown-Prince of Solo and the son-in-law of the Soesoechoenan (Local Princes). Generally speaking the Java Section shows a good deal of activity. In addition to the many propaganda lectures given, buildings for Lodges were erected at Batavia and Soerabaja. The foundation-stone of the Batavia Lodge building was laid by Mrs. Windust, and the descriptions of it show that the original plan has been made with many ideals. The Lodge rooms have been built in Oriental style with symbols of the great cosmic truths. The Soerabaja Lodge building with its massive and strong appearance gives a sympathetic feeling. We may expect great activity this year from the new Executive, consisting of the following members, D. van Hinloopen Labberton, Wynmalen, Ralf van Suchtelen, G. Vreede, Th. Vreede, K. van Gelder, and Miss H. E. van Motman.

J. H.

AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND

The Australian Convention, this year held at Melbourne, was once again characterised by a vigorous propagandist spirit—a sum of £200 being voted for distributing Alcyone's *Education as Service* to all the State-School teachers in the Commonwealth. As we write we have not yet received full reports of the Convention, but those to hand tell of the splendid spirit of harmony that reigned, and also of the great success of the Convention meetings, which included a reception and E.S. and Comasonic meetings as well as those for business, and an

excellent lecture delivered by Mr. T. H. Martyn on 'The Evolution of the Theosophical Society,' in which he mentioned that the work of the future would be the reconstruction of society. In addition to the meetings mentioned there were also conferences of the delegates of the Order of the Star in the East and Sons and Daughters of the Empire movement. A most tastefully executed little programme for the Convention week was provided. Encouraging reports are to hand from New South Wales and our friends at Armidale have at last, after many years' labour, been successful in securing a Charter; often before have they looked forward to this, but constant removals defeated their aim. The Tweed is now not the only Country Lodge in New South Wales. The members who attended the summer school at Cudgen Headland, organised by this small lodge, are very glad of the impetus given them to make greater efforts in the Master's Work. The General Secretary has been on tour to Tasmania, Westralia and South Australia. The work in these states is going on briskly and at Launceston (Tasmania) much benefit was derived from a series of lectures by Mr. H. Wedersee. In Queensland the members are active, and continued newspaper discussions keep Theosophy before the public.

The New Zealand Annual Convention was held at Wellington, and a very large gathering of delegates and members took place. The conferences of the various activities resulted in their being placed on a better financial basis and organised for more effective work in the future. It was decided also to have a stall at the Auckland Exhibition for the sale of Theosophical literature. Miss Christie, the National Lecturer, is doing splendid work, and the established lodges are receiving a considerable stimulus from her visits. Much new ground is also being broken, especially among the miners on the West Coast, where Theosophy has never before been carried, and one new lodge has been formed. The membership of the Theosophical Society is thus steadily increasing. The newspapers of the Dominion contain frequent references to matters Theosophical, and on the whole are becoming more friendly. A very interesting and appreciative review of Mrs. Besant's *Theosophy* appeared in the Methodist Recorder, but the writer thinks the ideals to be lacking in motive power.

R. P.

From Victoria comes news of the success of an experiment on the part of the indefatigable Representative of the Round Table and the Golden Chain. The Golden Chain Pledge was published in an Official School paper which is said to reach every State-School child, with the result that within a fortnight nearly three thousand applications were received. The number

has since increased to five thousand, and they are still coming in. Another good piece of work, this time on behalf of still 'younger' brethren, and also an individual effort, is the founding of a 'Home for Lost Dogs'. The objects of the home are: "To restore lost dogs to their owners; to give temporary shelter and food to lost and starving dogs; to provide good homes for dogs at moderate charges, and to secure a merciful and painless death for those which are old, injured or diseased." The scheme is now thoroughly launched, and a temporary home was officially opened by the wife of the State Governor, Lady Denman. In the Constitution provision is made against the dogs in the home being taken out for purposes of scientific experiment or research. Queensland Theosophists are also busy, and great enthusiasm pervades the work which is being done.

The Round Table work in particular goes with a swing, thirty five members were enrolled on a recent visit of the Representative of the Order in Australia. We hear of the endowment of "The Round Table Cot" in a Sanatorium for children, and a prize offered for the best essay written by a State-School child on "The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals". In the face of such judicious propaganda, it is not surprising that great interest has been evinced by the public in the Golden Chain, the Sons and Daughters of Australia, and the Round Table movements.

A. E. A.

VOL. XXXIV

No. 10

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

I FIND in the *Lichtbringer*, the German organ of the Order of the Star in the East, a pleasantly worded message from Alcyone.

MY DEAR DR. HUBBE-SCHLEIDEN,

May I through you thank all the German members of the Order of the Star in the East for the loving greeting they have sent me. I hope that millions of men in Germany will listen to the message which the great Teacher will deliver when He comes; and I pray that His blessing may rest on all of those who are already preparing the way for His coming.

In His love

J. KRISHNAMURTI

It is clear that he, at least, does not regard himself as the great Teacher, and the distinction which was so unintelligible to Mr. Justice Bakewell is clear enough to the person concerned!

It is interesting to see the desperate efforts made by the *Hindu* of Madras, à la Mrs. Partington, to stop

with its mop of abuse the advancing Atlantic of Theosophy. Even the judgment of Khan Bahadur Osman Sāhab, has had no effect in checking the steady inflow of new members into the Theosophical Society in India. Malice has at last overreached itself, and the solid fact that thousands of respected Indians are Fellows of the T. S. and are entirely unshaken by the vitriolic attacks of our enemies, and that they honour and love Mr. Leadbeater and treat with contempt the false charges made against him, outweighs in the mind of the public all the epithets and libels so plentifully supplied. And the fact that our enemies, with their pretence of morality, have no word of honest indignation for the father who blackened his innocent son with false charges of revolting crime, makes its fairly clear that it is not immorality that they object to, but that their sole aim is to injure Theosophy. After a while the public will recognise that the steady defence of Mr. Leadbeater and the rallying round him of the Theosophical Society does not mean that Theosophists are indifferent to morality, but that they know that he is a man of pure and noble life, and this cannot be driven out of their knowledge by libels manufactured in America and taken as evidence in Madras without proof. When the present illusion is over, people will recognise that, as so often before in history, they have been betrayed into shameful injustice.

* * *

I was invited to give a lecture on Theosophy on board the *Persia* and very willingly did so. The chair was taken by General Sir Henry Mohun, D.S.O., and the interest aroused was shown by the enquiries next morning for literature in which to pursue the study. 'Theosophy and its Bearing on Life' was the

subject, and it proved itself a very attractive one. Some amusement was caused by a reference to the belated attitude of the *Times* on religious questions, belonging to the nineteenth century rather than to the twentieth and its naïve statement that it had regarded Mysticism as an "exploded superstition," when it found itself obliged to report the Dean of S. Paul's lectures on the subject.

* * *

By the way, the *Times* article on Theosophy in India was much garbled in transmission. Reuter—or the Indian newspapers quoting him—carefully omitted the fact that Theosophy is regarded as a "backward movement" because it is "an encouragement to Hindūs to consider, as has been justly said, that 'their Gods, their philosophy, their morality, are on a higher plane of thought than the West has ever reached'. Theosophy must, of course, be allowed to run its course, but it should have no approval, or the semblance of it, from the government." There lies our crime in the eyes of the *Times*, or is it in those of Sir Valentine Chirol? We have aroused the Hindūs to the value of their own great literature, and have awakened their self-respect. The article would have been less useful in India as a weapon against Theosophy, if it had been honestly quoted, for it would have been seen that it treated with contempt the religion of two hundred and fifty millions of British subjects. It was not quite honest of the *Pioneer*—if it knew this—to omit from its telegram the reason for the condemnation of Theosophy. The *Times* has also printed the falsification of the judgment of Mr. Justice Bakewell in the High Court in relation to Mr. Leadbeater, sent out from Madras and corrected after

it had done its work of injury. It is a little difficult to struggle against the deliberate distortions sent out to every country from Madras, but in the long run "Truth conquers, not falsehood". They who "live in the Eternal" can afford to wait.

* * *

There was one painful matter in connection with the trial—the treachery of some members of the Esoteric School. They gave to our opponents the documents they had sworn to keep private, and thus exposed our most sacred religious feelings to ridicule, and our holiest beliefs to misrepresentation. The result of this is the cessation of our private journal the *Link*. In the police-court trials, in that atmosphere poisoned with the emanations of crime, our most cherished religious ideas have been profaned and blasphemed. A Mussulman, a Christian, a Hindū would have been respected, but the Theosophist is fair game. None the less, we may count it privilege and joy to suffer thus, for here and there some groping soul may have heard, even in this way, the first notes of the celestial music which hereafter shall fill all life with melody. Even for one such, it has been worth while to suffer through these weary months.

* * *

I have received from America a copy of a journal entitled *The Divine Life*. Fourteen pages out of twenty-four are devoted to abusing the Theosophical Society, the Order of the Star in the East, Alcyone, and others. The Editor promises that "we shall fully criticise their principles and practices in the further issues". Some people have odd ideas as to what constitutes the 'Divine Life'.

* * *

The Theosophical Educational Trust has started well. It has bought for Rs. 40,000 from Babu Govinda Das, a fine plot of land near Shānti Kuñja, Benares City, whereon the necessary buildings can be raised. When the Hon. Paṇḍit Madan Mohan Malaviya declared publicly that Theosophy should not influence the Hindū University, I saw that the University had no place for me, nor for any one loyal to the Theosophical Society. The University Committee has been glad to get hold of the College, built and supported largely with the money of Hindū and non-Hindū Theosophists. All that is to be taken over; the services of Theosophists all over the country have been freely given to collect funds; they have contributed largely, believing that the Hon. Paṇḍit was friendly, and that the President of the Theosophical Society was a welcome co-worker. Now, we suddenly find that we have been deceived, and that Theosophy is in no way to be recognised. When I saw this, I resolved to hurry the formation of the Trust, so as to be ready to continue the work on the lines we had always tried to follow. We shall have two Schools at Benares opened on July 7th. There will be a boys' College and a girls' School opened at Gorakhpur on July 1st. The large self-supporting School at Bankipur comes over to the Trust, as does the High School at Madanapalle. In other places action is also being taken, and before the year is out we shall be in full swing of work. That is our answer to those who have tried to ruin us.

* * *

The Distressed Indian Students' Aid Committee, of which Mrs. Herbert Whyte, F. T. S., is Hon. Secretary, has just issued its second Annual Report. The

Committee is a very strong one, with Sir James Wilson, K. C. S. I., as Chairman, and with three members of the India Council, the Educational and Assistant Educational Advisers to Indian Students, and other well-known people as members. Its work is most useful in helping students stranded in a foreign country, and as all the work is done by efficient volunteers, the office expenses are extraordinarily low. The superior landlord of our T. S. Hostel for Indian Students in London has become bankrupt, but it is hoped that some arrangement may be come to which will prevent the closing of this useful Students' Home.

* * *

The liking for Theosophical Summer Schools has spread to Germany, and a 'Theosophische Ferienkurse' is to be held in Weisser Hirsch, near Dresden, from June 25th to the end of July. An admirable programme has been drawn up, and courses of lectures are to be delivered by Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden, Herr Ahner, Frau Irma von Manziarly, Herr Anders, Herr Gorsemann, and Herr J. Cordes, Austrian General Secretary. Herr Gorsemann's lecture-cycle on Wagner's Operas is peculiarly suitable to its surroundings. We heartily wish success to our German brethren in their efforts to spread a knowledge of Theosophy in their Fatherland.

* * *

New Zealanders do not seem inclined to submit to the tyranny of orthodoxy. The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association of Greymouth invited Miss Christie to lecture to them on Evolution, in an old Kirk which had been turned into a Hall. The Moderator, who had control over church property, closed the hall, much to the disgust of the would-be audience. The

Y. M. M. I. A. thereupon disbanded, and its members are engaging themselves in the study of Theosophy. In Westland, a neighbouring town, some Roman Catholic larrikins disturbed the Theosophical meeting, and locked lecturer and audience into the Hall! However, they were set free by an energetic friend, and were none the worse for their temporary imprisonment. In Australia the 'Golden Chain' is spreading, some three thousand applications from children having lately come in, as the result of the insertion by Mr. Studd, F. T. S., of the Golden Chain promise in the Journal of the Education Department, Victoria.

* * *

A curious story comes from the north of India. There is a man who has formed a group to pray for the early coming of the Kalki Avatāra. He declares that the Kalki Avatāra is born in India and was fourteen years old in 1910. He says also that several great souls are already born into the world and that others are coming. In the prayer book used by this group reference is made to the R̥shis Devapi and Maru as the forerunners of the movement. This man is a Brāhmaṇa, and knows neither English nor Persian; he knows nothing of the Theosophical Society, nor of the coming of the Lord Maitreya, so it is interesting to hear what is practically our own story under other names. It is not however, surprising, as there are Hindūs scattered over India who are in touch with the White Lodge.

Our readers must have noted an interesting article on 'Time and Eternity' from the pen of J. S. Mackenzie,

LL.D., Litt. D., in our May number. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has written on the same subject of Time in the June *Adyar Bulletin*. After describing what we mortals call Time and what it means to us he proceeds to describe 'God's time'. He says:

That other time is God's time; and in *that* time what we call our past is not irrevocable, but is constantly changing, though always in the direction of improvement, or evolution. It may be said that the events of the past cannot be changed; but that statement is after all an assumption. The important events of the past are our contacts with other egos, our relations with them; and these relations *are* being changed, whether we know it or not; for they are in this direction at right angles to what *we* call time, which at present we are unable to appreciate.

But just as it is now possible for us to become conscious all along our line instead of only at one point of it, so will it in the far-away future be possible for us to acquire a consciousness which shall contain *the whole square*—a consciousness equivalent to that which now seems to us the Divine Consciousness. Probably then the whole process will be repeated, and we shall find that the whole square is moving at right angles itself; but it is better to try to grasp one facet of the idea at a time. In the same way our railroad is not only being carried round from west to east as the earth rotates upon its axis, but it is also being carried through space at a far swifter rate as the earth revolves round the sun; and it has yet again an additional and quite different motion as the whole solar system revolves in its incalculable orbit round some far greater central sun.

He quotes the late Mr. C. H. Hinton on this transcendental view of Time and we may draw our readers attention to *The Secret Doctrine*, Vol. i, p. 69 and Vol. ii, p. 466. This article of Mr. Leadbeater should be carefully studied by every Theosophical student.



HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY

A CHAPTER OF HER PAST

By A. L. POGOSKY, F. T. S.

IF one were to take a geographical map and mark on it Helena Petrovna's movements during the period 1848-1872, it would present the following picture: From 1848 to 1851,¹ travels in Egypt, Athens, Smyrna and Asia Minor, *the first* unsatisfactory effort to penetrate into Tibet; in 1851 (the date is given in her own notes) a visit to England, where occurs her first meeting with the Master who appeared to her in her childhood, and whom she called her Protector; from 1851 to 1853

¹ The years are taken from Mrs. Besant's pamphlet, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*, published in 1907. Other articles on this subject give comparatively the same dates.

travels in South America and a journey to India, the *second* attempt to reach Tibet, and return *via* China and Japan to America; from 1853 to 1855 or 1856, wanderings through North and Central America, and move to England; from 1855 or 1856 to 1858, return from England *via* Egypt to India, and the *third* vain attempt to penetrate Tibet. Here we encounter a discrepancy. The Countess Wachtmeister, who stood nearest to Helena Petrovna during her last years, in her speech at the Leipzig Theosophical Society, meeting on 30th September in 1899, said that her first journey to Tibet happened in 1856.¹ In December, 1858, Helena Petrovna suddenly appears in Russia, stays with her relatives first in Odessa, then in Tiflis up to 1863; in 1864 she at last penetrates into Tibet, whence she goes for a short time to Italy (in 1866), then again to India, returning *via* the mountains of Kumlun and the lake Palti once more to Tibet; in 1872 she passes through Egypt and Greece to her relatives in Odessa, and thence in 1873 she goes to America; and this ends this period of her life.

These wanderings over the face of the globe, lasting some twenty years—even if we omit the four years spent with relatives—seem at first sight quite aimless, because we have to do not with one bent on scientific research, but with a woman who had no profession whatever; and the only indication of her real aim is the oft repeated endeavour to reach Tibet. Besides this indication, we have no definite information as to this period of her life. Even relatives whom she warmly loved—her sister and aunt, to whom she was tied by

¹ The Countess Wachtmeister added an interesting detail of this journey: as foreigners were not allowed to enter this country, the Hindūs who came to meet her at Darjeeling put her in a car and covered her with hay, and in this way she went through.

tenderest friendship—even these two knew nothing of this epoch of her life. For some time they felt sure she was no more among the living.

In the *Memories of Madame Ermoloff*, who knew all the circumstances of Helena Petrovna's maiden life, we find a little detail, not mentioned anywhere else, which may have had an important influence on her destiny. At that time there lived in Tiflis a Prince Galitzyne, a relative of the Viceroy of the Caucasus, who often visited the Fadéeffs, and was greatly interested in this original young lady. He was considered, as Madame Ermoloff puts it, "either a Freemason, or a magician, or a fortune-teller".¹

Immediately after the departure of Prince Galitzyne from Tiflis came the sudden decision of Helena Petrovna to marry a very unsuitable old gentleman, M. Blavatsky. Putting together these circumstances and the subsequent flight from the husband's house, it seems likely that, in conversing with the 'Magician' Prince Galitzyne, a man well-informed upon, or at least interested in, the phenomena of mediumship and clairvoyance, Helena Petrovna imbibed many hints affecting her decision to break with the limitations of a young lady's life in society. It is very probable that she told her sympathetic listener of her visions, and of her 'Protector,' and received from him information, and perhaps even the address of that Egyptian Copt who is quoted as her first teacher in Occultism. Confirmation of this lies in the fact that, on reaching Kerch with her servants, Helena Petrovna sends them back from the steamer,

¹ H. P. Blavatsky's relatives replied to my inquiry that Prince Galitzyne was indeed very often with the Fadéeffs before Helena Petrovna's marriage, but whether he was an Occultist or not they could not say, but thought it very likely.

and, instead of going to her father, as her relatives and servants believed, she travels to Egypt, not alone, but with a friend, the Countess Kisselva. It is possible that this meeting with a companion was a mere chance, but it might have been previously arranged. If my surmise is true, all the character of her disappearance in the East changes: instead of being an aimless hunting for adventures, it appears in the light of a definite striving towards a definite aim.

Three years later occurs the important event of this epoch of her life: her first meeting with the Master. This meeting, in London, in 1851, is mentioned by H. S. Olcott, the Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Besant. The full significance of this meeting can be understood only having regard to her heroic, glowing devotion to her Master, which never weakened, but overcame all difficulties, remaining till her last breath. This devotion, revealing the whole capacity of her greatness of soul, was the brightly burning beacon directing all her future actions; by its light, all her wanderings, all her bizarre experiences, and her oft-repeated efforts to reach Tibet—where she hoped to approach Him—are invested with a new, and deep meaning. Her foes and those who judge by appearances surmise that the mystery of her life hides something objectionable, or why should her life not be open, just like that of anybody else? Yes, she had something to hide, but it was no commonplace adventure which filled the mysterious part of her life, but the indomitable striving of a big soul after a big aim.

To be able to understand this side of her life, one must know what discipleship means, what it consists of, what responsibilities it puts on the disciple, and what is the attitude of a disciple of an occult school towards the

Master in the East. Without a slight idea of these things, a true understanding of the life of Helena Petrovna, who undoubtedly was a disciple of high Adepts of eastern Wisdom (Brahma-Vidyā) is quite impossible. To Europeans, who have lost every idea of Esotericism, the very existence of the eastern Masters, living quite a separate life somewhere among the inaccessible Himālayan Mountains, unknown to any but a handful of dreamers—Theosophists—seems a fairy tale. But this attitude completely changes as soon as one begins to understand the inner meaning of the religious teachings of India. The difference between the intellectual and spiritual life of the materialistic West and that of the mystic East is very deep, and the misunderstandings arising in the one concerning the most vital life of the other are natural. But in the East no one doubts the existence of high Adepts of Divine Wisdom.

In the *Boston Courier* of 18th July, 1886, with reference to the accusation brought against Helena Petrovna of having fabricated fictitious communications with non-existent Masters of Wisdom, appeared a protest signed by seventy paṇḍits, from a nursery of scholars of the ancient Indian religions, stating that Mahātmās or Sāḍhus are not a fancy of Madame Blavatsky, but are superior Beings, the existence of whom no enlightened Hindū can doubt, who were known to the elders, and with whom many Hindūs, not in the least connected with the Theosophical Society, are in constant communication. This is a testimony of eastern scholars. But western scholars too, at least the advanced ones, do not deny the possibility of supernormal psychic powers, which in the majority of men lie latent, but which will develop in time to their full degree of manifestation.

Once admit this, and it is quite illogical to deny the possibility of higher and yet higher degrees of psychic and spiritual evolution, involving the existence of 'superior Beings,' whose spiritual powers and gifts are as yet unknown on *our* level of development. Many are confused by the mystery surrounding Them. But there are very grave reasons for this mystery. One of the more comprehensible of them to a European mind lies in the fact of the natural refinement of the nervous system which must take place in such cases—the fact that such sensitive organisations must suffer excessively from our modern surroundings and modes of living; this will be easily understood by anyone who has 'sensitive nerves'. If we picture this sensitiveness increased to a much greater degree, it is easy to imagine a limit beyond which the noise and vibrations of modern city life, and the crowding together of a multitude of inharmoniously attuned human natures may be felt as an actual danger and injury. In this lies the main reason why people who have reached a high degree of saintliness, inevitably implying extreme sensitiveness of the whole nervous system, always sought solitude, hiding in deserts and lonely places. If a man with exceptionally fine psychic development—following his life's aim—is forced to remain in the crowd, he must suffer greatly, and, the higher his stage of development, the less able is he to stand the gross noises of modern city life without certain measures of precaution known to Occultists.

If one has but the slightest idea of occult phenomena one can truly say, in analysing H. P. B.'s life,

¹ It is well-known to H. P. B.'s nearest disciples, how she suffered from physical noises.

that this whole period of it was firstly a preparation for discipleship, then discipleship itself; while the last years of her life bear clear evidence of a definite spiritual mission. Many features of her life, as well as the character of her literary work, prove it. Firstly, the Stanzas of Dzyān, for which all three volumes of her *Secret Doctrine* serve as commentaries, could be accessible only to a disciple of an Adept, who, for reasons of the highest order, considered it right and necessary to give them to the world towards the end of last century. Otherwise, the Stanzas would have been known a long time ago, if not to western scholars, at least to eastern pandits; but this was not the case, and the Stanzas were actually given to the world for the first time through H. P. B. Had this not been really so, the learned Brāhmaṇas in India would have risen in loud protest to expose the imposture of this woman who claimed for herself the merit of the first transmission of so precious and ancient a document, more particularly as she belonged to a race of secretly despised barbarians.¹ The other book, *The Voice of the Silence*, does not reveal her discipleship only to Europeans, who have lost touch with religious Esotericism; those who understand the real meaning of the line "*Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life and few they be that find it,*" and know what the eastern religious path means, see clearly that H. P. B. was a disciple of the esoteric school of the East; for only *there* was she likely to find such sentences as these—permeated through and through with the spirituality of the ancient East. Only a true chelā, moulding his spiritual life on new lines with mighty efforts, burning

¹ Mlechchas.

all his lower nature in the fire of inward battle, is able to give expression to the experience of the Spirit as H. P. B. did in her *Voice of the Silence*.

The second proof of her discipleship is afforded by her constant communications with the Masters of the East, to which we have frequent testimony from Europeans and Hindūs. These communications were of varying character; they were seldom held directly on the physical plane, but more often by writing, and still oftener they were of a clairvoyantly psychic nature, to which sphere belong the so-called 'astral' communications, when the form of the absent was clearly seen and his voice heard. But in the stage reached by the psychic powers of Helena Petrovna such communion between Master and disciple (Guru and chelā, as they put it in the East) can be as definite and continuous as physical communion. Between them something like a wireless telegraphy seems to have been established. Many witnesses testify how, even in the middle of a lively conversation, when Helena Petrovna's attention was riveted on a definite subject, she would suddenly stop, as if listening to something, and after this there appeared invariably either a letter or inner directions, which she immediately set herself to fulfil. No one, at such times, ever heard any sound; her open inner ear alone clearly distinguished the words uttered by the Master, which were conveyed by the magnetic currents playing between them. All such phenomena, such as clairvoyance, clairauidience, psychometry, telepathy, inspiration, etc., considered as supernormal not so long ago, begin to be registered in the annals of scientific research, but modern science will not be able to explain them till it

recognises the spiritual nature of man, his spiritual evolution. Up to now only Occultists can truly discern all the 'abnormal' psychic phenomena, but they do not consider them abnormal; they consider them to be powers of the human soul developing prematurely and one-sidedly, therefore inharmoniously. In the normal progress of evolution these powers open very gradually and slowly and in definite, mutual correspondence, whereas by forced evolution they can only manifest in an inharmonious and therefore undesirable manner, as is the case with most mediums, who have developed their vehicles before the development of the Spirit. Or they can develop *through orderly inner culture*. In the last case a teacher is needed, who himself has gone through a similar training; besides, it is necessary to be initiated in the higher spiritual spheres, and if the disciple has enough spiritual strength to bear the tremendous efforts required for the conscious inner rebuilding of the whole of his psychic nature, then he can outstrip his race in an extraordinary way. These forces, which in others act as yet cosmically, will be mastered by his own will; he will be their master, and therefore a great quantity of energy in him will be liberated for the higher spiritual work. On the other hand, such psychic powers as are developed prematurely, and are not submitted to the consciousness and will, can only harm him who possesses them; he is not lord, but slave of these powers, which master and confuse him. Although his prematurely developed inner eye and ear catch the coarser vibrations of light and sound of the unseen world, he does not become more spiritual and intelligent. He is unable to analyse them, and does not understand the mutual relations existing between

the facts of the super-physical world. An orderly training of higher psychic powers has its science, its strict principles, its discipline, its experience, its many stages, its masters and its schools; and one of these eastern schools accepted H. P. B. as a disciple. The fact is proved by her last years, when the results of the systematic training of her powerful gifts as a medium were clearly evident. "Then (1859 to 1860) all these phenomena were beyond her power and control," writes her sister W. P. de Jelihowsky, "but when we saw her again in 1884, all these manifestations of unseen agents were obedient to her, they were *never* manifested without her will, and ceased instantaneously by her wish. The same change occurred with regard to her practice of clairvoyance. At one time she saw things *without any desire*, things which did not interest either her or her surroundings; twenty years later she could transfer her spiritual sight wherever she wished, and saw what she *wished* to see."¹

These psychic powers, developed to full consciousness and fully subservient to her will, prove indisputably that her psychic development went through the orderly training of an occult school. These powers can be subdivided into several groups: (a) 'Suggestion,' calling forth various illusions—in light, sound, touch, taste and smell—in those who are under the suggestion; (b) clairvoyance of all kinds—the reading of other people's thoughts and moods by change of aura in the subject read; (c) communication from a distance with those who are gifted in the same or a higher degree; (d) a greatly developed intuition (super-consciousness) which made her able to obtain knowledge by means unknown to the

¹ *The Russian Review*, 1891.

majority of people, such as the reading of the *Ākāsha*, the cosmic chronicle of the world; (e) precipitation of objective pictures by will-power on paper or other material. The pictures obtained by H. P. B. in this way, by putting her hand on a clean sheet of paper, were submitted to experts in 1895, after a period of seventeen years, and they could clearly see the design, as though it were made in water-colours, blue, red and green pencils, ink, and gold. In all such cases the concentrated imagination appears as the creator, force and matter as its working tools. All these methods are known only to the eastern schools of Occultism, no western medium owns them; (f) phenomena requiring knowledge of the primitive forces of nature; of the law of cohesion forming the various agglomerations of atoms; and the nature of ether, its composition and potency. It would be useless to enumerate her other powers, as they could only be explained by one who knows as much as H. P. B. knew herself.

Further evidence in favour of her high occult development is given by her determined silence about all the circumstances of this period of her life. This fact is especially important in the case of one so frank and unreserved in character. Her relatives state that she never considered what she said, nor before whom she was speaking. This did her great harm, giving her opponents a handle against her. One who knows the conditions of occult training will find such a silence not only perfectly natural, but the best testimony that a certain man really was a disciple of an occult school. One may live with a disciple under the same roof for a whole life-time, and not realise that he belongs to any such school.

Further proofs we find in her persistent assurance that *she is not* the author of her books, but only a tool, only one who writes under dictation, etc. If this had not been so, if the Master had not been behind her, if she had herself invented *The Secret Doctrine*, with its innumerable references and quotations, she would have been not only a person of immense learning, acquired in an unknown way, but also the greatest genius imaginable, for such an individual creation as her *Secret Doctrine* cannot be found in any epoch. What could make her deprive herself of the deserved fame, honour, and esteem of her contemporaries, and persist in ascribing her personal creativeness to imaginary phantoms? What power could make one who by her own efforts acquired such a store of knowledge disown it in favour of a creation of her own imagination, calling forth insult, distrust, derision and misunderstanding from all sides, even from near and dear friends? Only a hopeless insanity could bring about such an incredible state of things. Helena Petrovna was accused of many failings, but never of *this* one.

The foregoing probably throws sufficient light on the true meaning of the second mysterious period of her life. The few facts known to her friends concerning this period give indication of the same qualities as characterised her last years, which were spent in the presence of many witnesses: the same iron will, the same heroic courage, the same unlimited devotion to an idea, the same fiery enthusiasm, the same indomitable energy. This second period of her life may have been rich in brilliant personal experiences; one may be sure at any rate that such experiences as she did have were of no trivial description. It is also possible that, being

often without money during her wanderings, she had to earn her living by means which did not correspond with her social position, and may easily have evoked gossip and undeserved suspicions. This looks the more probable when one recollects the daring nature of her disposition, which stuck at no obstacles, and must have shown many a characteristic calculated to irritate the Philistine.

One of the episodes of her journey through Mongolia, mentioned in *Isis Unveiled*, gives some idea of the kind of situation she had to encounter during her wanderings. It was in 1855, when she was twenty-four years old and was trying to reach Tibet for the *third* time. She started from Calcutta with three companions, passing through Kashmir under the guidance of a Tartar Shaman. Her companions did not go far: two of them were sent back by Government agents and the third got ill with a terrible fever. The fearless Helena Petrovna went on alone with the Shaman, yearning after the 'forbidden land'. During a rest in the Mongolian steppe, under a tent, the Shaman agreed to show his young companion the effect of the talisman which he constantly wore. Without any explanations, he swallowed it, and almost immediately fell into a deep trance. Two hours were spent by the young woman in company with the rigid body, in solitude, in a Mongolian desert, and these two hours appear to have been a very interesting time, for she made the Shaman's astral body travel all over the world and tell her what her friends were doing: One of these friends, an old Russian lady, even appeared to her in person, in a corner of the tent, with a letter in her hand. It was found afterwards that this lady, while reading a letter at the time, had

lost consciousness and had "seen Helena in some desert place, inside a gypsy tent". Helena Petrovna finally sent the astral body of the Shaman for help; and in a little while a whole party on horseback arrived at the tent and extricated her from a rather unpleasant situation.

I may here quote an interesting document, relating to her second sojourn in Tibet, between the years 1866 and 1871, and published in Mrs. Besant's book, *H. P. Blavatsky and the Masters of Wisdom*. This document was delivered in an extraordinary way to Helena Petrovna's favourite aunt, N. A. Fadéeff, who thus describes its appearance in a letter dated 26th June.¹

I wrote to Mr. Sinnett two or three years ago, in answer to one of his letters, and I think that I told him what occurred in connection with a letter received by me phenomenally, when my niece was on the other side of the world, or when to speak the fact, no one knew where she was—which was exactly the thing that troubled us. All our enquiries had ended in nothing. We were ready to believe her dead, when—I think in the year 1870 or soon after—I received a letter from the Being whom you call, I think, Koot-Hoomi, which was brought to me in the most incomprehensible and mysterious way, in my own house, by a messenger with an Asiatic face, who vanished before my eyes. This letter, which begged me not to be anxious and assured me that she was safe, is still in my possession, but at Odessa. When I return I will forward it to you, and I shall be very glad if it is of use to you. Excuse me, but it is difficult, almost impossible for me to believe that there can be people sufficiently stupid to think that either my niece or yourself, invented the men whom you call Mahātmās. I do not know if you have long known them personally, but my niece spoke to me about them, and that very fully, years ago. She wrote to me that she had seen and re-knitted her connection with several of them before she wrote her *Isis*. Why should she have invented these personages? With what object? and what good could They do her if They did not exist? Your enemies are neither wicked nor dishonest, I think; they are, if they accuse you of that, only idiotic. If I, who am, I hope, to remain to my death a fervent Christian, believe in the existence of these men—

¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 8.

though not in all the miracles alleged about Them—why should not others believe? I can certify to the existence of one of them, at least. Who could have written to reassure me in the moment when I most needed such reassurance, if it were not one of these Adepts they talk of? It is true that I do not know the writing, but the way in which it was delivered to me was so phenomenal that no one, save an Adept in occult science, could have accomplished it. It promised me the return of my niece, and the promise was fulfilled. Anyhow, I will send it to you in a fortnight, and you will receive it in London.

The letter was duly forwarded ten days later, enclosed in a note from Madame Fadéeff; it was written on Chinese rice-paper, "backed with the glossy hand-made paper one sees in Kashmir and the Punjab, and enclosed in an envelope of the same paper. The address is: 'To the Honourable, Very Honourable, Lady Nadeijka Andriewna Fadéeff, Odessa.' In one corner, in the handwriting of Madame Fadéeff, is the note in the Russian language in pencil; 'Received at Odessa, November 7th, about Lelinka (H. P. B.'s pet name), probably from Tibet. November 11th, 1870, Nadeijka F.' The note says: 'The noble relatives of Madame H. Blavatsky have no cause to mourn. Their daughter and niece has not departed from this world. She lives, and wishes to make known to those she loves, that she is well, and feels very happy in the distant and unknown retreat that she has chosen. . . . Let the ladies of her family comfort themselves. Before eighteen new moons have risen, she will have returned to her home.' Both the note and the envelope are written in the now familiar handwriting of the Mahāṭma K. H."

A. L. Pogosky

DISCRIMINATION

By JANET B. MC.GOVERN, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 328)

IF Occultism is to be a working power in our lives in the sense in which James defines Pragmatism, then must it be made a practical thing, capable of application to present-day problems. In no respect is this more markedly the case than in that which has been called the Feminist Movement of to-day. This subject has been so admirably treated by Bhagavān Dās in his recent book *Science of Social Organisation*, that but little remains to be said, except as the result of personal observation of the Woman Movement, carried into both the political and economic fields, by one who is both a westerner and a woman.

Personal observation corroborates both ancient occult and modern scientific statements (see Havelock Ellis) on the subject. Woman is the complement, not the duplicate of man, the co-operator, not the competitor. "Could we make her as the man" not only "sweet love were slain," but also would be slain all those functions intellectual and spiritual, as well as physical, for which woman, as woman, exists. Very literally: "Woman is not undeveloped man, but diverse," and it is in her diversity that her power exists.

Were one incarnation the only life of the soul on earth, then perhaps naturally, at this particular stage of evolution, might the soul clothed in woman's body cry out for the privileges and (superficially considered) the wider opportunities which modern civilisation has given man in the fields of economics and politics; more particularly would this be justifiable where—as not infrequently happens in this transitional era—mental aptitudes and inclinations are masculine rather than feminine, in the narrower sense of these words.

To one, however, who accepts the hypothesis of reincarnation such an attitude of mind is impossible, logically considered, since—conceding reincarnation at all—it must be conceded that experience both as man and as woman is necessary for the perfectly developed soul. Ruskin's statement to the effect that the future of civilisation lies in the hands of the women of to-day is (to the discriminating) obviously true, for as wife (or as mistress), and as mother, woman's influence is literally unbounded, either for good or evil. It is she who sets the standard for the citizen of to-day—her husband—and the citizen of to-morrow—her son. "Woman exists for the sake of husband and son" is a truism, not brutal but ideal; "either sex alone were half itself"—the centripetal and centrifugal forces respectively—and the moment this fact is lost sight of, *i.e.*, when woman, instead of being the co-operator, becomes the competitor of man, then is civilisation demoralised, and woman herself the chief sufferer in consequence.

This ideal is true, whether judged from the occult or the scientific viewpoint—the two being a unity when not superficially seen; and it does not imply that woman

is a toy, only to be "braided and jewelled and kissed," but rather emphasises the necessity for the higher education of woman, that she may be, in the true sense, 'helpmate' to husband and to son, intellectual, as well as emotional, a stimulus and an inspiration, rather than a clog. In other words, woman's education should be such as best to fit her, ethically, intellectually, and physically, for the most perfect fulfilling of 'woman's rights'—wifehood and motherhood—and experience has shown that in this education the influence of masculine instruction and intellectual attrition, as well as of feminine, is desirable.

The modern western woman—such as is not infrequently found to-day—whose time is so filled with "contemplation and meditation upon cosmic consciousness" that she has no time to devote to husband and children—these in consequence being neglected as regards the needs of every-day life—is, to the discriminating mind, less advanced than the sweet wife, referred to in *The Light of Asia*:

Sujata, loveliest
Of all the dark-eyed daughters of the plain;
Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood—
Passing calm years of household happiness
Beside her lord in that still Indian home,
Save that no male child blessed their wedded love.

Then afterwards when "that jewel of her joys"—a male child—was given her, and she, in thankful reverence, worshipped the Lord Buddha, recounting to him the simple and exquisite code of her life, He said:

Thou teachest them who teach—
In thee is seen why there is hope for men—
As thou accomplishest may I achieve!

Another point upon which discrimination bids some emphasis be laid is that we are not worthy of that which we have received, along Theosophical lines or otherwise, if we make no effort of our own to add to the store of knowledge, or at least to amplify some fragment of it by individual study (which does *not* mean mere committing to memory), and, as far as time and capacity allow, by experiment on our own part. Is there not too much of a tendency on the part of some of us to sink into mere parrot-like repetition of truisms and of statements made by earlier, or by more advanced, students and investigators? It is quite possible to yield to none in reverent love, or in profound gratitude to those further on the Path, whose greater intellects or more advanced occult development have made possible for our understanding the Knowledge which we now hold, and at the same time to realise the danger of stagnation on our own part. This phase of Discrimination is as greatly needed in Occultism as it is in other branches of science, where it is perhaps more generally recognised.

Stagnation in any direction is but the first step to retrogression, and no one was more on the alert that Theosophy should not crystallise into a hard and fast dogma, become a thing of 'authority' only, than was the great-souled, broad-minded H. P. B., with her constant warning against the apotheosis of personality, her own or any other, and her plea for the upliftment of the abstract, the impersonal; also her constant reminder that if Theosophy lives but to become another sect it will have failed of its mission.¹

¹ The latter point was also emphasised by Mrs. Annie Besant in her lecture, 'The Work of Theosophy in the World,' delivered at the Queen's Hall, London, July 7, 1905.

From which follows sequentially another point, not to be overlooked by the true seeker after the Wisdom of God; that is, that all of the Divine Wisdom given out in any age is not, never has been, and never can be, contained in any one vessel; that each organisation is, as it were, but an arc of the one whole, the splendid Truth, which none of these bodies know, or ought to pretend to know, in its entirety. This fact is occasionally lost sight of apparently by certain members of every organisation, filled with zeal for that particular organisation, but lacking in discrimination, consequently mistaking the fragment for the entirety. The partisan spirit is fatal to the earnest wooer of Theosophia.

We are reminded in the *Doctrine of the Heart*, (page 29): "Knowing as we do that our Society [the Theosophical Society]—or for the matter of that every movement of any consequence—is under the watch and ward of vastly wiser and higher Powers than our little selves"; and this is a reminder which should be unnecessary to the well-balanced, discriminating Theosophist, who is quickened with the *spirit* of the true Theosophia, rather than paralysed with the *dead letter* of party spirit, who recognises that "every movement of any consequence" serves its purpose, the more so when it is willing to recognise that the others have each a purpose also to serve.

To the discriminating mind it would seem certain that when the soul has evolved to the point implied in S. Paul's great declaration concerning Love (*I Corinthians*, xiii), when such a soul truly lives in the "united spirit of life" which it consciously realises as its "true Self," then will open to it the Gateway of Initiation, irrespective of organisation or party affiliation. Label

counts for nothing; the inner spiritual reality for everything.

Each uplifting spiritual movement is but as a note in the perfect harmony, which, lacking any, would be incomplete; or as it is put in 'Abt Vogler' (Browning): "On earth the broken arcs; in heaven, the perfect round." Only instead of the "broken arcs," one prefers to think of many small circles—each representing a different phase of the Wisdom of God—interlacing to form the perfect Great Circle.

What is wanted to-day is, to quote Matthew Arnold, "lucidity of mind and largeness of temper, in a strife of imperfect intelligences and tempers illiberal".

Discrimination bids us beware that we do not mistake the part for the whole, but remember these words:

Stone by stone, mankind is building a new Earth: a mansion of many chambers, wherein are warmth and comfort, toil and play, school and home, and every room has doors opening into every other room. Soul by soul, it is building a new Humanity; it is making men after the pattern of strength, beauty and love. And in that mansion these mortals shall gather—the children shall fill its heights with laughter, the men set its walls resounding with their excellent labour, the women touch it with the grave miracle of motherhood. Harmoniously they shall live and toil and play. And the name of that mansion where these mortals are to dwell?

It has many names. Each leader, prophet or poet gives it a special name. But these are only words for the real name, which no man yet knows.¹

In order to maintain a just sense of proportion, of relative value, of discrimination between the label and the reality which the label should represent, as implied in the preceding paragraphs, it is essential that there be not lost, or that such be cultivated, if it be not ours already, the "saving grace of humour". It has been

¹ Just as Christianity—apparently, from intelligent research—was the pleroma, or fulfilment, of the various spiritual movements of that era—on which point see *The Pleroma*, by Dr. Paul Carus.

compliments only to gain them, scorns itself only as a bid for praise. Pride has a thousand compensations imperceptible to ourselves and nothing is rarer than humility for its own sake.

To which may be added the biting skit of Southey:

And the devil was pleased, for his darling sin
Is the pride that apes humility.

True humility—that noblest and rarest of virtues, which unconsciously sacrifices “the self to the Self impersonal”—does not parade itself; it is the most effectual armour against gossip and slander; for a man of sterling humility, a corollary of a true sense of humour and proportion, is wise enough not to bother about what ‘they say,’ nor, of all things, to resort to petty slander and back-biting in return.

A sense of humour is conducive to true simplicity—absence of pretence and pose, than which nothing is more fatal to the would-be Occultist. All intelligent persons who have been thrown at all with children know how difficult it is to impose upon them; how quickly a little one will see through sham, pose, cant and buncombe. In this respect—as in others—he must verily become “as a little child” who would know the kingdom of heaven, a kingdom which, as the discriminating of all ages and races have recognised, may be manifested on earth as well as in the world beyond death.

He who would learn Discrimination can do no better than take as his watchwords: Purity, Simplicity, Serenity, Gladness.

Janet B. Mc.Govern

THE RITUAL OF PLAY

THE SYMBOLISM OF CHILDREN'S TOYS AND GAMES

By CLAUDE BRAGDON

Author of *Seven Essays on Theosophy and Architecture etc.*

GOD loves all little children, those souls, “trailing clouds of glory” lately fared forth from His presence into this stained world of sad dreams.

And that His blessed little ones, in the first bewilderment of their changed surroundings, shall not too soon forget the precious secret of His love, they are reminded of it, in their toys and in their games. These things become to them, all unconsciously, the very ritual of their worship. That is why playing children, like praying Mystics, though happy, are so often of so serious a mien.

Most children are instinctively religious in the psychological, not the theological sense of the word: their souls open to true transcendentalism as naturally as flowers open to the sun. It would seem as though of life's profound secrets they had only to be *reminded*, and not taught.

That instruction is always the most apt and enduring which springs from interest, from delight; and as the child's interest and delight are in its play, here is a

said that an Occultist is never without a sense of humour—a self-evident truth, since the genuine Occultist is perforce a being of intelligence, and the greater the intelligence, the better developed the sense of humour—another term for the sense of proportion. “Wit,” it has been aptly said, “is a needle for pricking gas-bags”—the most effective weapon against shallowness and presumption, sham and self-righteousness, the weapon used by many of the most effective reformers in all ages.

“The second-rate poet always takes himself seriously,” is an axiom in literary circles. Second-rate intelligence, whatever the line of its expression, takes itself always *au grand sérieux*, losing all sense of the *ridiculous* and hence of proportion. Nothing so much as a true sense of humour—than which, parenthetically, nothing is further removed from either buffoonery or inconsequent giggling—helps us to maintain equilibrium, to keep a sane, wholesome, unsoured, optimistic, outlook upon life. As has been well said :

There is no virtue in bearing crosses of our own seeking. Many a misguided man prays for strength to bear burdens that do not belong to him, and for grace to endure trials that he has gone out of his way to make for himself. Life's blessings outweigh its burdens, its joys outnumber its griefs, and a prayer for common sense and a healthful outlook is quite as necessary as a prayer for grace. There is nothing more blinding than tears of self-pity.

Were this more generally borne in mind there would be less cant, less ostentation, less pose of ‘responsibility’; the man who bears most genuine and most vital responsibility makes least display of it; there would be a more general recognition that the most powerful forces are the most silent ones. Life would be simpler, saner, happier, more courageous.

Only as men and women hold that sense of proportion, only as they maintain that sunny optimism, only as they are without cant and without affectation, will they in any true sense be called upon to become helpers in that mighty wave represented by the present-day Movement—known in its different phases by different names—which is sweeping mankind on to a new and to a more splendid civilisation, a civilisation where Brotherhood shall be not talked, but shall be lived. True it is :

There is everywhere a striving after a saner, fuller, and more wholesome life, for something more vital and simpler. There are everywhere signs that the ugliness of cities has reached its limit; that the power of commercialism has palled; and once more men and women are returning to the rhythm of life long ago broken by the rush and whirl of machinery, and are seeking beauty in colour and form and sound as men found them in olden days when they saw in all beauty, whether in nature or in art, a manifestation of the Gods they worshipped.

Before each individual lies the choice of becoming in the New Era either an accelerator or a clog. Those who would be as wings to carry the New Movement forward must discriminate between the real and the counterfeit; must above all things avoid hypocrisy—to self as to others; must remember that there is a lower, as a higher, aspect to all things; that in no respect is there greater liability to subtle self-deception than in mistaking self-centredness and personal pride of a not particularly admirable sort for true humility.

La Rochefoucauld says :

Pride transforms itself in a thousand different ways, but it is never better disguised and more capable of deceiving than when it conceals itself under the garb of humility.

And Massillon says :

Pride conceals itself only to be discovered, runs away from praise only that it may be followed, disclaims

natural channel for instruction which a wise parent would do well to utilise.

The following interpretation of children's games and toys makes no pretence of being exhaustive, neither are the imputed meanings anything more than suggestive, for every symbol, from the very nature of symbolism, means many different things. All that has been attempted is to gain recognition for the truth that child's play is symbolic, and inspire the parent first to perceive, then to explain and interpret these allegories to the child. This will have the effect of stirring into growth those fine flowers of the mind and spirit, even while the little hands are engaged in the mastery of the mere machinery of existence. By these means the child will early acquire those keys which open the portals to the transcendental life.

DOLLS

The body is but the doll of the higher nature, for without the ministrations of its divine mistress the body is only a stuffed and painted image, its flesh no better than wax, its bones than sawdust. Just as a child plays with its doll, so does the soul attend the body, determining, directing, and manipulating the manifold activities of its "reflex personality".

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as it loves and cares for its doll, so it is loved and cared for by the divine part of its own nature.

KITES

A kite is an ambition toward the Highest, held firmly against the buffeting winds of circumstance by the strong string of common sense. It is hard, sometimes, to get a kite into the air: again and again it

tumbles, just as new resolutions are so desperately hard to keep. But once aloft it easily rides the breezes, going, like a good habit, 'of itself'. The great thing in a kite is to have it easily balanced. This is a matter of adjustment, and adjustment to life saves the high-soaring ideal from disastrous plunges and falls.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as it walks the ways of earth it should send up to God some part of its nature to be held there aloft, serene and calm.

TOPS

We are all tops set spinning from the hands of God. What we call our life, our sustained rotation about the point of personality, is but His love. Because, like the top's motion, this life inheres in us, we cannot think of it as other than our own.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that as the top can stand only as long as it is in motion, effort and activity keep the soul fixed and firm amid the temptations of the world.

QUOITS

The stake is Ambition, the rings are Opportunity. To excel in pitching quoits it is necessary to regard each ring pitched, as the only one, focussing all effort and attention upon that. So in life, to attain any ambition, each opportunity must seem to be the last. Perhaps this is the reason why, though the soul has lived many lives, we do not remember them.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that the skill gained in many abortive efforts paves the way to ultimate success.

THE RETURN BALL

(A ring for the finger, to which is attached an elastic cord, and on the other end of the cord, a ball.)

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The child's hand is the bosom of the Father: the ring is the spirit, forever in union with the Most High. The ball is that eager and adventurous desire nature which flies forth, questing concrete experience, and would return never but for the soul—the stretched string 'attached' both to Heaven, its home, and to earth, its lodging for a night. The soul pursues its earthly lover gladly, but only that, when the outgoing impulse slackens, it may bring that poor prodigal back home.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that into whatever hell of suffering he in his sightlessness may wander, there is always that in him through which he may attain the Light.

BALL

A ball is a thought: it flies wherever it is directed, to a distance and with a velocity proportional to the power which propelled it. If a ball is thrown too high it falls short; if it is thrown too low it hits the ground and, diverted by some chance obstacle, may fail to reach its destination. Similarly, if one's thoughts soar too high they lose in practical efficiency, while if they fly low, they are diverted by every trivial circumstance.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that while he is learning to throw a ball swift and straight, to catch it with certainty and to return it nimbly, so in sending out thoughts he should be accurate and forceful, and in receiving the thoughts of others he should be receptive and alert. Teach him that just as he should keep his eye on the ball, so he must keep his mind upon the thought.

FIREWORKS

Pick apart your bomb or rocket (carefully, though!): what do you find? Ugly gray powder, little black things like stones; strings, perhaps, and a paper fuse or two. Yet out of this scant handful of seeming dirty rubbish can come sound great enough to drown out thunder, light bright enough to eclipse the arrayed constellations

of the midnight sky. And all that is needed to liberate this latent beauty is a *little spark of fire*.

Though in our unilluminated moments we seem such poor and pitiful creatures, there is a dynamic power in us, which, set free by some spark of love or ambition, may "magnify the Universal Soul" to the amazement of mankind.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that fired by some noble passion, the heart of the humblest may blaze forth into transcendent beauty, like a rocket in the night.

THE HUMMING WHEEL

(A hollow tin wheel, with holes in it, hung on a double axis in the middle of a loop of soft string, and alternately tightening and slackening it at the right intervals, the wheel is made to revolve rapidly backward and forward. When it attains a certain speed of rotation it gives forth a musical note.)

The wheel is a symbol of our terrestrial nature. The soul (the string) communicates to it the rhythm of its life movement, and so converts an inert and voiceless thing into a harmoniously vibrating vehicle for sensation.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that if it would hear the song of life it must discover and observe the rhythm of life.

THE SKIPPING ROPE

The skipper leaps at those intervals established by the rhythm of the revolving rope: if he jumps a moment too soon or too late the rope will trip him.

We should seek to discover and respond to those cyclic movements of the universal soul by means of which we are able to transcend the plane of every-day existence. But if we attempt to precipitate our moments of illumination, or to prolong them beyond their natural term, we lose all sense of the rhythm of existence.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in life, as in rope-skipping, the secret of success is to seize, but never to over-stay, the opportune moment for action.

STRING FIGURES

(The Cat's Cradle)

A piece of string is perhaps the simplest of all playthings, and the most universal. The invention and manipulation of string figures is a favourite amusement in all quarters of the world. This order of diversion is popular not alone among children, savages and peasants, but among serious-minded men and women, who exchange their devices in the same way that chess players send one another their games and problems of chess. Learned articles have been published, and books written on the subject of string figures, which readily rises to the dignity of a cult.

This forming of intricate and ingenious patterns on the hands with a simple loop of string is a symbol of art. For art is the intention of consciousness upon such simple and universal things as sounds, forms, colours, with the effect of organising and arranging them into significant and rhythmic pattern, pleasing to the senses and eloquent to the mind and soul of man.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that it is not so much the richness of his endowment which matters, as the use he may be able to make of any talent, however meagre, of which he stands possessed.

JACK STRAWS

It is impossible to win at the game of Jack Straws, unless all one's attention and effort are concentrated upon one straw at a time. Hesitancy at the wrong moment, or the attempt to release two straws from the pile in a single trial, both spell disaster. This game is an apt symbol of the complex life of to-day and the manner in which it should be dealt with. Each morning we are confronted with a heaped pile of tasks,

duties, problems, solicitations to enjoyment. Success and happiness depend on our wisdom in choosing, and having chosen, the single-mindedness and concentration we are able to bring to each. Failure is sure to follow if in attempting one thing we cannot help thinking about another, or if we try to do too many things at once.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that sureness, deftness, concentration, so necessary for the trivial game of Jack Straws, are not less necessary in the great game of life.

STILTS

If a man essays to elevate himself artificially above the level of ordinary humanity on the stilts of a special morality, he is in a state of unstable equilibrium: his only chance of safety, like that of the stilt-walker, lies in unceasing shifting about.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that if he sets himself up as superior to other children he is in constant danger of a fall.

HIDE AND SEEK

In the game of Hide and Seek, the child, after an interval of 'blinding,' seeks out his scattered playmates one by one. So does a person, after the lethal interval of death, seek out those kârmically linked to him, resuming and carrying forward relations established in antecedent earthly existences.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that life is a seeking and a finding, a sport of the soul, interrupted but never ended, carried on with familiar, dear, immortal companions.

SNAP THE WHIP

In the game of Snap the Whip the secret of not being thrown when the jerk comes lies in holding tight to the hands of one's companions on either side.

In the great crises of life a man needs first and most the support and sympathy of his friends and those he is sure of only if he holds to them firmly and loyally at all times.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in life as in the game of Snap the Whip, the farther away one is from the leader, the greater the danger of being thrown down and left behind.

SKATING

The act of skating is a condition of falling, the fall prevented from becoming complete by the skill of the skater in so adjusting the weight of his body in relation to its centre of gravity that the perpetually imperilled equilibrium is never irrevocably lost. Learning to skate is therefore learning to fall and to recover in such rhythmic sequence and with such certainty and swiftness that when the art is mastered delightful motion ever triumphs over immanent disaster.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in learning to live, as in learning to skate, there must not be too great fear of falling, for only by falling can one learn. As Blake says: "You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough."

FISHING

The suspense and excitement of fishing finds its analogue on the higher arc of the spiral of life whenever the hook of desire is cast into the deep waters of experience. The stern joy of the struggle between the fisherman and the captive fish finds its parallel in the exultation which comes at the moment of achievement of any desired object; and the feeling deep in the heart of the fisherman when he sees his spent victim gasping its life out at his feet, corresponds to that distaste and disillusion which forever dogs the footsteps of gratified desire.

Teach the child that the fascinating and cruel sport of fishing is a thing to be experienced, perhaps, but in the

end outgrown; just as that see-saw of consciousness between wanting and having the petty objects of ambition, however native to the terrestrial nature, is neither native nor necessary to the soul and is therefore to be outgrown.

SWIMMING

In swimming, perhaps more than in any other sport, *confidence* is a prime requisite. The feeling that water will as easily sustain the body as engulf it is a great factor in learning to swim. This is proven by the fact that a beginner often succeeds in keeping afloat when he imagines he is being supported, but fails as soon as he learns that the support (which he only imagined) has been withdrawn. The swimmer must trust his medium, submerge himself to the utmost: the higher he tries to keep himself out of the water, the more frantic must become his efforts to keep from going under.

Teach the child by means of this symbol that in the life of the spirit there must be faith, there must be trust.

Claude Bragdon

EARTH AND INFINITY

There's part o' the sun in an apple;
 There's part o' the moon in a rose;
 There's part of the flaming Pleiades
 In every leaf that grows.
 Out of the vast comes nearness;
 For the God whose love we sing
 Lends a little of his heaven
 To every living thing.

Augustus Wight Bomberger,
 in the Outlook

THE BASES OF THEOSOPHY

A STUDY IN FUNDAMENTALS—PHILOSOPHICAL, PSYCHOLOGICAL,
PRACTICAL

(Concluded from p. 341)

By JAMES H. COUSINS, F. T. S.

CHAPTER IV

Theosophy in Personal Practice

WE have now examined the principles underlying the bond of universal brotherhood to which every candidate for Fellowship of the Theosophical Society must give assent. We have seen that the broad religious-philosophical teachings which form the basis of the *Theo-sophia*, when applied to human activity in its historical, horizontal, or extensive aspect, explain the inter-relationships of humanity, and impel towards an illuminated toleration in respect of the inevitable differences in human affairs which are inherent in a relative State. We have seen also that applied Theosophy is only another term for practical altruism. We have moved from the universal to the general. Let us advance our consideration a stage further, to the particular, to the point of view of the human unit—not the unit as unit merely, but the consciousness awakened to the things which distinguish it from all other

consciousnesses, and awakened also to the things which link it up with every other consciousness and with the whole.

In a former part of our study we considered the bearings of the psychological fact that the active consciousness—which is the relative expression and limitation of the Self—cannot ever be in full possession of the total consciousness, which is the distillation of our accumulated experience in this or other lives, for the very simple and conclusive reason that the part cannot include the whole. It has been said that the past is all that we possess. The truth is, we do not possess the past: the past possesses us. We are not the sovereigns of the larger consciousness: we are its obedient servants. Its essence has passed into the blood and tissue of our life, and reappears in those inevitable reactions to new experiences which distinguish our conduct in any set of circumstances from the equally inevitable conduct of our fellows. The minutiae of past experience have been sifted in accordance with our own particular genius; they have been classified, generalised, sublimated, and transformed into faculty. This transformation into faculty, that is, faculty as the media of a developing consciousness, would appear to be the ultimate end of experience.

But when we have realised these truths, which are involved in the great fundamental doctrine of the Divine Unity actuating and nourishing diversity, we have not come into possession of a merely mechanical universe. In all the concerns of humanity, in the aggregates called nations, and in the individuals, we are constantly faced with the idiosyncrasies of the *x* quantity, the something behind the *persona* which cannot be caught

and put under a microscope. It is not a mere glimpse of the totality of human experience behind the temporary personality. In the history of a particular entity it appears to remain unaltered in kind through all the fluctuations of physical and mental experience. The nearest approach to an expression of it is the word *temperament*. It runs like a strand through the heart of the twisted rope of life, but its beginning is somewhere beyond the life. It is the inherent thing against which the earliest experiences are smitten into infant faculty. In the Theosophical view it is itself a totality of faculty developed through experience in past lives, and carried forward as the distinguishing characteristic of the present life. Whistler and Leonardo da Vinci were painters. They both used the same materials; but Whistler might not feel complimented if a picture by Leonardo were accidentally attributed to him. Say the name Dante to a student of literature. Then say the name Hugo. You have touched two stops which evoke entirely different responses in the mental instrument on which you have played. Yet these poets, and others that might be named of equal distinction and equal distinctiveness, put words into lines with rhythm and rhyme. Behind the analysable work there is the impalpable but intensely real worker.

It is not necessary here to enter into a discussion of the doctrine of reincarnation. For our immediate purpose of uncovering the philosophical, psychological, and social bases of Theosophy we need only emphasise the wide distinction between the temporary, active consciousness—the personality—and the more stable, though by no means permanent, inner consciousness—the individuality. But while we bear in mind this distinction,

we must also bear in mind the fact that between the personality and the individuality, as between all else in the universe, there is no final gulf fixed: each is part of the other. However distinct any two personalities may be even when in closest contact; however distinct each personality may be from its own individuality at a given moment in time and space; we have to recognise an influx from the vertical side of life as being responsible for the processes of memory and continuity; we have to acknowledge an interaction of powers from the thither side of the personality that makes recognition and understanding possible; and the more actively these powers of the vertical life operate in human intercourse, the more is that intercourse raised above the things pertaining to the transitory personality, and made to vibrate harmoniously.

Just here is the problem of all education—of the child in the school, and of the adult awakened to the educative value of life. The problem is, how to discipline and intensify the active consciousness so as to bring within easy reach the accumulated treasures of the deeper consciousness. We cannot hope to make the boundaries of the personality coincide with those of the individuality; but we can endeavour to expedite transit so as to bring about a metaphysical if not a physical shrinkage of our world; we can whip up the slow trundle of the stage-coach into the three thousand six hundred revolutions a minute of the apparently stationary and silent turbine.

But why should we seek for this intensification and expedition in the active consciousness? The most obvious answer, on the lowest level, is that if we do not, we shall find ourselves in the rear in the race of life.

The western world has developed to a high pitch the propensity to 'hustle'. It does not seem likely to relinquish it: indeed it is more likely to impart its speed to some extent to the East, than to slow down, for a considerable time to come. As a matter of self-preservation, therefore, it behoves us to strive after physical and mental fitness. It is in answer to this exigency of modern life that there has arisen an immense interest in physical culture and in various forms of mental training. In probably the vast majority of cases the matter is taken up from a wholly selfish motive. Professors of muscle-training and brain-training hold out elaborate promises of success, chiefly in the way of getting the better of one's fellows. But the Theosophist knows that, however low the motive may be, any attention to the bettering of the physical and mental instrument can only in the end result in the enrichment of the general life of the community. The physical qualities now so eagerly sought after are not brute force or destructiveness. They are qualities of resilient strength, of quick response to stimuli, of endurance. Their practice is an exercise in co-operation, and whatever the ostensible aim of the practitioner may be, the real end will be far beyond him. The same may be said of the mental culturist. His object may be to acquire powers whereby to get the upper hand of his neighbour, but here or hereafter the betterment of his mental vehicle can only result in the betterment of his entire world.

These things are plain to the Theosophist. He understands their purport in the evolution of the race, and he takes his share in helping the numerous movements for hygienic and dietetic reform, bodily development and mental improvement. He endeavours also

to expedite their progress by infusing through them the spirit of Beauty, and to this end he invokes the aid of the muses of poetry and the drama and of the plastic arts. By means of the quickening power and exaltation of rhythm in movement and in sound, he seeks not merely to develop the life on the sensible side, but to lift the active consciousness into the realms of the super-sensible; to transfigure the physical with the spiritual. In this way he ambitions the dignity of co-working with the centripetal tendency in the whole and in its parts, the tendency to surmount the horizontal phase of life, and by making the *persona* less gross and domineering, so to speak, and more transparent and tractable, to forward the process of indrawal or redemption. This is the further answer to the question, which we have stated to be the aim of education: Why should we seek to intensify and expedite the operation of the active consciousness?

But the methods whereby the Theosophist seeks to pursue the true education (*ducere*, to lead) of himself and his fellows, are not exhausted when he has trained his thinking apparatus and his machinery to the utmost of their possibilities. He will not have gone far in physical discipline, and especially in the practice of concentration and meditation, before he will experience in uplifted moments a curious sense of power beyond that which he is normally capable of exerting, and a feeling that, if something would only push him, he could overleap the boundary between the world of sense and the world that he feels with increasing vividness to be just beyond his finger-tips. He touches the deep significance of the English poet's words:

Our hearing is not hearing,
And our seeing is not sight.

of the man-woman within himself be accomplished in love that seeketh not its own, but seeketh only the good of all; and he knows with joy that in his efforts to climb above the swamps and mists of the lower life, his feet are on the open and ascending road of evolution, aided by those ahead, and accompanied by the Universe in the homeward march of the worlds.

This, then, is the gift of Theosophy to humanity: a philosophy based on the fundamental laws of nature, realised in the consciousness, warmed by the glow of religious enthusiasm; a religion, not as creed, but as purified and poised emotion, made sure and stable in reason; to the thinking man and woman, a key to the mysteries of life and a revelation of the divine Order; to the Theosophist, an irresistible urge to live out his religious philosophy in a wise, earnest, unremitting activity for the good of all.

James H. Cousins



INTUITION AS SEEN BY THEOSOPHY AND PHILOSOPHY

By ANNIE BESANT, P. T. S.

DURING the last five or six years there has been a good deal of change in the world of thought with regard to certain subjects, which, up to that time, were almost exclusively monopolised by the people who are called Theosophists. Theosophists have indeed very much in common with the various religions of the world, but, on the other hand, many things that in the

He is filled with an intense desire to force himself through and past the indirect and complicated processes of the 'senses into the realm of immediate cognition. The desire is a prophecy. All along the ages there have been those who have borne witness to the reality of such extension of faculty as is called clear-seeing (clairvoyance), clear-hearing (clairaudience), and true dreaming. In the materialistic phase in the West through which religion and science have both passed, these 'superstitions' were argued out of existence. But to-day an extraordinary outburst of abnormal faculty has snowed over the arguments; the brain-trace theory of mental processes cannot find a trace of itself; and radio-activity has lit the way of physical science, that was paved with ultimate atoms, into the world of Spirit.

In the development of these faculties of the inner Self, the Theosophist sees a powerful reinforcement to the redemptive movement in humanity. But, like all else in the relative universe, such powers may be put to uses on a lower level than their possibilities. A strong and active body may, because of lack of development of the finer influences of the soul, become only a means to tyranny over weaker bodies; a mind highly developed in one direction, and unsweetened by love, may become only an exponent of astuteness; the faculty of telepathy may be exercised in uncharitableness; the gift of healing may be squandered in personal gain. Against these possibilities the Theosophist seeks the safeguard of spiritual character, whose outward and visible signs are compassion for all God's creatures, purity of motive, and disinterested action. He knows that the command "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be

added unto you," is the universal law of attainment; and so, with his aspiration directed toward union with the Divine Unity, he seeks to withdraw his activities from those phases of life that make for separateness. He is therefore more intent on developing the similarities that he observes in his fellows, with a view to finding common ground for sympathy and co-operation, than dwelling on differences, unless such differences illuminate and aid the synthetic process. He puts his heel upon pride in himself. His desire is to be a servant to the least of his brethren in order that he may bring them to the knowledge of their divine inheritance. But his humility is not a pose: it is not the obsequiousness that degrades: it is the native air of one who has become conscious of his royalty in the Spirit, and has also become conscious of the royalty of his fellows in the Spirit, whether they are conscious of it or not. Spiritual pride is an abasement, and an assertion of personality and separateness. Spiritual humility cannot sink below the level of its divine vision; but its vision is beyond the personality; it encloses and permeates all life; it is an assertion of the essential oneness of the universe. And so, while the Theosophist aims at the perfecting of his physical and mental instrument, he only regards the instrument as *instrument*, and he only regards its perfectionment as a means, not as an end; and while he aims at the development of lapsed or latent powers within himself, he does not concern himself with them as *powers* for the glorification of the personality, but as extensions of media whereby he may the more fully and rapidly unfold his higher consciousness, and exalt his active consciousness, so that the twain shall ultimately be as one, and the divine marriage

ordinary religious world are matters of faith, are to us matters of study, and ultimately of knowledge; so that a number of things which many believe on authority come gradually to us to be matters of science rather than of faith; of definite and ascertained knowledge instead of a belief based either on sacred books or on ecclesiastical authority. But there are many other things which belong more to the ordinary domain of science or philosophy, where we have for the most part stood alone: not recognised by science as accurate in the statements made, because ordinary science could not verify them; looked at somewhat askance by the recognised schools of philosophy, which tended during the latter part of the nineteenth century more and more in the direction of materialism, whereas Theosophy opposes the materialistic view of life and of mind. Hence we have been a good deal alone, but during the last five years things have altered very considerably on the side of science. Science has been trying to understand something of the subtler constitution of matter, and, in dealing with that, it at once entered on the domain that we had regarded as exclusively our own.

One illustration will suffice to indicate this *rapprochement*. We have talked a good deal about what we call the human Aura, a certain cloud-like appearance surrounding the whole of the physical body and taking somewhat of an egg-shaped form, this cloud being made up of finer matter than the gaseous physical; because of this, the cloud shows various colours when its particles are thrown into vibration. Colours, it is well known, may be seen by refracting ordinary white light, or, if the sun be looked at through a fine handkerchief, a disc or fringe of colours may be obtained by diffraction.

Now, Theosophists have observed that one way of causing changes of colour in the Aura is by arousing certain feelings belonging to our emotional nature, so that if a person feels anger, or pride, or affection, or any other emotion, it is at once shown by a great wave of colour sweeping through the whole of this egg-shaped cloud.

Last year a book was published in London by Dr. Kilner under the name of *The Human Aura*—a name taken, as he said, from Theosophists. He has done more than observe this Aura: he has enabled other people to observe it with the physical eye through an arrangement of glass screens containing a liquid. By this arrangement of screens part of the Aura becomes visible—the coarser part of it. This part of the Aura shows the condition of the person's health, and so on. And if we compare the drawings he has made with drawings issued by Theosophists many years ago, we at once recognise that we have both been looking at the same thing. Theosophists have looked at it clairvoyantly, while Dr. Kilner, by looking at it through an ingenious physical arrangement, is able to see the hitherto invisible cloud.

Further investigation is likely to take place after this scientific confirmation of one part of Theosophical studies, and the more such investigation goes on, the more important the Theosophical view of the human constitution, as regards the material side of man, will be seen to be: it will come under scientific observation and pass into ordinary belief.

But, when we come to deal, not with the physical side of man, but with the consciousness of man, we are in a different region; consciousness cannot be observed

by sight however refined, but can only be known by the evolution of our own consciousness to higher levels, whereon we become conscious of that higher level in another person. This great difference between bodies and consciousness must always be remembered, that, whereas bodies, of whatever kind, may be susceptible to vision where the ordinary vision is by organs composed of materials similar to that of the bodies, no extension of vision can bring within its powers that which we know as consciousness.

We are dealing with an entirely different category when we are thinking of consciousness, and the only way of knowing that it exists in any particular phase is by possessing that phase in our own consciousness; then the one consciousness can contact the other, and can come into such touch with it that that which is present in the one becomes present in the other. All spiritual experience recognised in every religion is of this nature. The spiritual consciousness of an individual becomes so awakened that he knows a spiritual consciousness outside himself, comes into direct contact with it, so that he is absolutely certain that that other consciousness exists. It is in the form of the spiritual consciousness that this idea is more familiar than in that of the instinct and the intuition with which I would now deal. I mention the spiritual consciousness merely because in all religious books of a lofty character we find testimony to the existence of this religious consciousness, to the possibility of the person who is deeply devout coming into a personal relationship with God, and a relationship of a character which no argument can shake, which no amount of scepticism can persuade the person who has experienced it to

disbelieve. He *knows* he has had that experience: in his heart he is absolutely certain of it. The whole testimony of Mystics in all ages, of great saints, of religious teachers of a high order, shows that it is possible for man to come into direct touch with the divine consciousness by raising the human to a point above its normal level.

Let us accept that view for the moment. It is the view of every thoughtful religious person and of every idealist, but it is a view which would not be recognised by a large number of scientific people, although step by step they are coming to it. There is a good deal of testimony on this matter in the writings of Sir Oliver Lodge, who, in studying psychology, has realised the possibility of this super-physical consciousness in man, and states definitely that every one of us only uses a very small part of our consciousness in the physical brain. There is much more outside the brain than works through it, and that larger consciousness, which is the greater part of every one of us, is a consciousness which may more and more illuminate the consciousness in the brain as it is carefully cultivated by meditation, prayer, contemplation, and so on.

It was not, however, until quite lately that philosophy dealt with consciousness in this more extended way. If we take any philosophical book of the last century by the philosophers of Germany, Britain, or France and if we study the philosophical textbooks used in our Universities, in all these we find that intellect is the only faculty in man to which the arguments in philosophy are addressed. Although it is perfectly true that in some of the Indian Scriptures we find it stated quite definitely that by the intelligence

we cannot realise God, still the ordinary philosophical schools confine themselves to the intelligence. I must exclude one division—the Vedānta—which in the East has gone far, and leads man on to the direct knowledge of God.

Lately, however, a new philosopher has arisen, Mr. Bergson, who is putting forward a theory of human consciousness which comes very closely into touch with Theosophical ideas, and, although he puts the thing in a way other than our way, he none the less definitely declares that man has a faculty within him which is capable of developing and which is different from the intellect and superior to the intellect; that that faculty is closely related to instinct, not to intelligence, and that it is along that line, if it can be followed, that man may hope to know many things which the intellect is unable to grasp.

His view should be studied by Theosophists in order to utilise the suggestions which it makes, if we find that they throw light on some of the problems which are interesting the thoughtful world at this time. Very often it is possible to induce people to accept a light which is offered to them simply for the sake of seeing by it, and it is rather from that side that I would put the Theosophical idea of consciousness. I contend that, if the Theosophical view of human consciousness is understood, a student is able to grasp very much more rapidly this new philosophical theory, and to convince himself perhaps that it is on the right lines. Thus a very long step forward is taken towards the philosophical side of religious belief, and so it is possible to present some points of religious belief, which tend to be rejected by the outer world of the intellectual, in a way

which they cannot toss aside as unworthy of consideration. One may perhaps fairly say that in the presentment generally made of the Christian Religion, the philosophical side has been far too much left out.

Mr. Bergson is supposed to be the coming man. He is supposed to have taken up philosophy where it was practically dropped by the German School, so that his is a new departure on a line which is being recognised as full of promise for the future of philosophy in Europe. The ideas he puts forward are original from the standpoint of philosophy and are of enormous importance to religion. He puts intelligence and instinct as two modes of consciousness, originating in a simpler condition common to both—a simple form of consciousness into which enter rudimentary instinct and intelligence and from which both have grown up. He then defines intelligence as that mode of consciousness which deals with matter, and which uses mechanical apparatus outside itself in its investigations. Along this line, he says, you must have a world of law; you must have a geometrical and mechanical theory of the universe. You deal with matter, rather than with life. You deal with objects, rather than with functions. And he maintains that you must, in a general way, distinguish intelligence by its manipulation of inorganic matter, forming out of this its apparatus, using it and studying it in all its phases; so that from the intelligence we obtain a mechanical philosophy, regarding the world as a machine in which play the various laws of chemistry, physics, and so on, but in which life, as a distinct and separate thing from matter, is ignored. Intelligence, says Bergson, is unable to understand Life. It can only observe the facts produced by Life in matter.

It cannot cognise Life itself; therefore it cannot truly cognise consciousness.

He then goes on to define instinct as that which works from within, while intelligence works from without; that which uses an organ which it often creates or improves in order to direct the Life of which it is a continuous expression. In an instinct which we see in the animal, the animal is working through some internal organisation, and is directly exercising life by means of this organ, which is part of itself, and which becomes more and more perfected by the activity of the life within. Then, he says, if it be possible for us to get hold of this instinct, it will bring us into direct relation with Life. And he goes on to say that instinct is only a germ which is probably capable of evolution, when it will become intuition, and he defines intuition as self-conscious and unselfish instinct—a very important definition if it be true. If we can get hold of instinct, develop it along much higher lines, consecrate it to the general service of the race rather than to the preservation of the life of a single organism; if in that way we can widen its scope, making it general instead of special, unselfish instead of selfish, self-conscious instead of conscious—then we shall evolve a faculty which has to Life the relation which intelligence has to matter, and which will be capable of solving for us the profound spiritual intuitions already existing to some extent, and putting them into an order which we shall realise as natural and sequential; we shall thus find ourselves with a vast universe of knowledge which intelligence is quite unable to grasp.

He argues very carefully and very subtly to bring himself to this position, and he maintains that by using

only intelligence in a universe which is made up of matter *and* consciousness, we are practically like people working with only one hand. Intelligence and instinct springing as they do from a common source, are never found quite pure; they have developed along different lines. Instinct has been the method by which the animal has preserved itself and maintained its growth; intelligence is the line along which man has travelled, gradually subduing external nature to himself. Now, this fact that evolution is not a continuous line but a constant branching is being recognised by science. Different qualities are brought out and perfected in each branch along its own line; one quality or set of qualities is evolved along one, and another set of qualities along another. The great fact of sex, especially in the animal and the human kingdom, is the separation of a life-function which in the lower organisms is found expressing itself in a single organ, whereas, as evolution produces higher forms of bodies, the two sexes arise out of the common sex found in the lower organism; in one sex the emotional side is more highly developed, in the other the intellectual. As evolution goes on there is a blending observed in these, but if we take the types at their extremes, we find that to be true.

Then, looking at intelligence and instinct, Bergson further points out that these two are working in inverse ratio to each other—the greater the intelligence the less the instinct, the greater the instinct the less the intelligence. But is it possible for the human race, having intelligence developed to a very high point, to set to work to develop along the other line, and to become all-round instead of lop-sided, as we are to-day? Can we develop instinct in a higher form, having already

developed intelligence? "The intelligence seeks things which it can never find, while the instinct finds things that it would never of its own accord seek." That is a brief epigrammatic way of putting what is a significant truth. By virtue of the intelligence man is always seeking after knowledge, continually endeavouring to pierce further and further, and to gain more and more. But, says Bergson, you cannot go beyond a certain point with your intellect; you desire to find out certain things about Life, about Spirit, but your intelligence has entirely failed to enable you to reach these. He assures us that man has not the capacity by the intelligence of finding these things, which nevertheless he is always seeking after. He has a notion that they must exist, yet he cannot find them.

Now, Bergson holds that there is a quality which, if it can be developed, will bring man into direct touch with Life, Consciousness, Spirit, and that quality would be the instinct we find in the animal kingdom superimposed on the human intelligence. It is curious how that comes back to the Indian theories as to the relation of Spirit and matter: Spirit is given as a man with eyes but no legs; matter is imaged as a robust man with good legs but no eyes; and so it is said that Spirit with his vision must be carried on the back of matter with its strength, and then the two together will be able to go forward, carrying us to true knowledge. That is very much the idea of Bergson. There is this faculty in us—embryonic; but it is the faculty which will enable us by the stimulus of the intellect to find out the higher truths of life. Only we must remember that we can never evolve it by increasing the intelligence, which is on a different line; this quality belongs to the instinctual nature which deals

with Life and which forms *from within* the apparatus by which Life can function; therefore only along that line will it develop the intuition, the unselfish, self-conscious instinct.

That view of man is true; at least it is full of hope. It opens up a new line of evolution hitherto altogether unacknowledged by ordinary philosophy. How does that fit in with the teaching of the constitution of man which Theosophy has been engaged in spreading over the world during the last thirty-six years? Spirit, soul and body is a division which we recognise as one which is exceedingly useful in that very simple form; to divide man into a triple constitution expresses a profound truth; the existence of the Spirit who is divine in his essence; the existence of the soul—the connecting link between the Spirit and the body; the body with its senses, whereby the soul can observe and thus come into touch with the outer world. The soul has the intellect, or intelligence, by which the man can think and reason on observations; the Spirit is in a different category; he knows the things of the Spirit, that which the intellect cannot grasp, that which the senses cannot observe.

Now, we allege that the Spirit is triple in his nature, and that triple nature of the Spirit inevitably exists by virtue of the derivation of Spirit from God Himself. This triplicity is asserted in all the great religions of the world. Man, from the Theosophical standpoint and from the ordinary religious standpoint as well, derives his Spirit from God. You have it in the old phrase: "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." Hence it ought not to be at all difficult for anyone to grasp the idea that the human consciousness

is triple. The human Spirit—the reflection of the divine—is triple in its nature although not yet fully developed, unfolded in all its divine powers. The highest aspect of Spirit has Will, or Power, for its expression in human consciousness; Will, or Power, is the highest aspect of the spiritual nature, the immediate reflection of the Father in the Christian Trinity. Then comes the Intuition aspect—that which sees, which recognises the unity of all consciousnesses by their likeness to itself; that which we sometimes call the Christ-nature in man, because it belongs to the divine sonship; that stage through which the average man passes when—to use a Christian phrase—Christ is “born in him”; the condition which S. Paul desired for all those who were converted by him. He called them still carnal, and expressed the wish that Christ might be born in them. That is a phrase Theosophists often use for this awakening of the intuitional aspect in consciousness, the reflection of the Wisdom which is always related to the second Person in the Christian Trinity. You will remember how it is said that Wisdom ever abides with God, and by wisdom the Universe was built. The third aspect is that which is sometimes called the Creative Intelligence, or the activity reflecting the Creative Spirit of the Christian Trinity.

Having these three aspects manifest in our own thought of God, reflected in our own Spirit as the divine image in ourselves, it is not difficult to grasp the Theosophical idea that this Spirit really shows out the aspects of Will, Wisdom, and Creative Activity. Hence we are thoroughly at one with Bergson in regarding intellect and intuition as two different aspects, but we go

somewhat further than that; we see that these aspects of the Spirit reflect themselves in vehicles of denser matter, and that that reflection behaves exactly as reflection occurs in our physical world. A mountain is imaged in a lake. The foot of the mountain is close to the shore in the water; the middle of the mountain is deeper down; the peak is the deepest of all. That is the law of reflection; that which is highest in the object is reflected lowest in the mirror at its base. Intellect and mind are as object and image closely connected with each other. Intuition—higher than intellect—reflects itself lower down in emotion and instinct; while Will—the highest of all—reflects itself on the physical plane as the instigator of action.

That which shows itself in our emotional nature, to which instinct is so closely related, is joined to the higher intuition and not to the intelligence at all: that is connected with mind in the lower. Let us think for a moment how it works out practically. How is it that we come into touch with higher realities of the spiritual world? If we want, for instance, to reach an experience of the Christ, how would we address ourselves to the gaining of that experience? Not by long intellectual arguments as to the nature of Christ, the relation of Deity and manhood—that would leave us cold, but by an impulse of aspiration and of love, by an intense longing of the heart to come into touch with Him: thus we awaken intuition, thus we are able to contact Him, not by an intellectual argument but by a strong emotion. That is the experience of every religious person. It is the appeal to the emotions, to the heart, which awakens a response in that second aspect of the Spirit which we know as the Intuition, which then comes directly into

contact with the Christ, who is the divine representative of that side of the human Spirit.

Many of us have experienced this practically, to whatever religion we may belong, whatever may be the name which we give to the Object of devotion. But few devotees take the trouble to understand it theoretically. And yet, surely by adding to our faith knowledge of this higher view of our own nature, our faith would become stronger, not weaker. We should there have done exactly what Bergson wants; we should have used intelligence to stir up the intuition, which finds that which the intelligence recognises but is unable to reach. That is the process that unconsciously some may have been following. I am only suggesting that it should be followed consciously. Let us realise that we have within our reach the power which, rightly directed, will awaken in us the higher spiritual nature and enable us to come into direct contact with the spiritual world; then that which we have done instinctively by love and emotion, we may do consciously and deliberately by the awakening of the intuition, the higher aspect of instinct.

The two theories in fact run side by side—this Theosophical view of intuition and Bergson's view, which he is now putting forward as a new departure in philosophy. He is throwing into an argumentative philosophical form, which appeals to the western mind, that view of human constitution which Theosophists have been teaching more along the eastern way of deliberate personal experience and the gaining of knowledge by such experience. We teach the use of meditation. We follow the deliberate self-conscious method, whereby from the emotional nature we can evolve the

intuitional. The whole of the practice of that on the intuitional side is directed to cause vibrations in the matter through which the emotional side of our nature expresses itself, and these are answered by vibrations from the matter in the higher spiritual world, through which is expressed the intuitional.

We have seen in our investigations into the past that the way in which man became individualised depended on the part of his lower nature which was stimulated into activity; that those in whom the mind was chiefly stimulated by devotion became individualised by the intellect—the intellect answering the effort of the mind; that those who became individualised by pure devotion were answered from the spiritual world by that part of the spiritual nature we call intuition; while those who were stimulated into action by devotion received a response from that region of the Spirit which we call the will aspect, that which is the third in the great human trinity.

If a man makes himself familiar with the Theosophical conception—which is easier to grasp than the philosophical—he will find himself able to understand this new departure in philosophy more easily. It fills up very many gaps which Bergson leaves unfilled. He has not yet quite definitely recognised the connection between instinct and emotion. Doubtless he will recognise that, because we can see in the animals how strong emotions are developed and closely united with, almost indistinguishable from, instinct. I have not read all Bergson's works and I may be doing him an injustice, but he certainly does not fully recognise this in his book on *Creative Evolution*. He shows there the value of the intellect, but he does not show this close

connection between instinct and emotion necessary for effectively utilising his theory. Bergson puts before you a very beautiful study—intelligence on the one side, instinct on the other. These are the different lines along which evolution has gone. But we need a bridge. We need to know *how* to do what he says is so desirable, to add intuition to the highly developed intellect. And we need help to find that part of our nature which we can evolve along these higher lines, and so make all-round the evolution which is lop-sided.

Hence I believe it will be useful to all, without becoming Theosophists, to study the human constitution as it may be found described in Theosophical books. Let a student take that as a theory, and see whether it does not give him the practical information he wants in order to turn Bergson's valuable philosophy into a guide for human life and conduct. Man's power over nature is growing out of all proportion to his personal evolution. He is developing power much more rapidly than consciousness. He is evolving the strength of his own mind far more than he feels and recognises his obligations to those around him in our social organism. We must try to evolve this side more rapidly unless our civilisation is to perish, as all former civilisations have perished, leaving man to build again from barbarism, and climb again to the point we have reached in our present civilisation. In this civilisation there is much that is really priceless for the future of humanity, and yet we see surging up around us forces that threaten to tear down, to destroy, to pulverise.

How, then, can we prevent these forces from overwhelming civilisation as they have overwhelmed civilisations as great as our own, over and over again, in the

historical past? I see no way save that of trying to direct our knowledge to the evolution of human nature, the evolution of the individual. We have splendid theories of social organisation and no materials with which to build them; great architects' plans as to a perfect society, with remarkably imperfect people to build after the plans. But there are ways of swifter evolution of human nature and human character within our reach, placed there in order that society may meet this crisis better than ever it has done before. On the one side Philosophy is bringing a theory intellectually defensible, gaining a hearing in the world of thought; on the other side Theosophy brings to us practical methods of swifter evolution. Shall we not then awaken in ourselves and others the desire to study and to understand? May not this juxtaposition of a popular philosophy and of a very ancient and profoundly religious teaching stimulate us into further thinking and lead us to apply the philosophical theory to our personal evolution?

Annie Besant

A SOUL'S PROGRESS

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

God took a formless spark of Life Divine,
 And made a soul ; touched it, and prisoned it
 Within a cage of dull and heavy flesh.
 The soul grew dim with fear. It could not bear
 The Splendour of His Face, could not endure
 The Glory of His Touch. Shaking, it rushed
 To hide within the warm, dark flesh—and found,
 Once merged in it, that there was no escape.
 "Poor shrinking thing," God said; "be not afraid.
 This house shall be a haven, yea, a wall
 To shield thy sensitive and starry frame.
 The world that waits thee teems with sharpest pains
 And keenest blisses—so impetuous
 That they would shatter thy frail soul-substance
 With silver swords of feeling, if they reached
 It straight, undulled by passage through these nerves.
 Therefore—and also that thou mayst find scope
 For growth—I give thee body ; and the quick
 Vibrations that would cause thee agony
 Shall fail to pierce its unresponsive wall,
 And thou shalt dwell within it, safe and glad."
 But the soul wept, torn by a great new fear.

"I am alone ! I am alone !" it cried.
 "My senses all are dead. I cannot see
 With these weak eyes the pure, ethereal tints
 That made my world till now. I cannot hear
 With these dull ears the perfect harmonies
 That filled me with delight. Locked in this shell,
 So dark, so terrible, how can I reach
 To Thee or any other soul ? . . . O God !
 I could bear every pain if I were free !"
 "Thou must bear pain, but canst not bear it free,"
 God answered. "All thy fellow-souls are wrapp'd
 In fleshly houses like to thine, that act
 As shields between the violent world and them.
 Each is alone, yet each can love thee still.
 When thou hast learnt to pass beyond the flesh,
 Even while locked within it, thou art free—
 But this thou canst not learn, except through Love."

The soul passed down into the crowded earth,
 Helpless and hopeless—a dumb prisoner.
 It gazed at other souls through puzzled eyes,
 And, after long bewilderment, at last
 The joy of sight, the joy of lovely sound
 The ravishments of scent and taste and touch,
 It learnt to know, and revelled in their use.
 It lived, and sinned ; desired, and loved, and died ;
 Not once but many times ; and at each death
 Matter grew false, while Spirit grew more real :
 But in each life earth-joys seemed miracles
 Because it had forgotten Spirit ways.
 Yet there were times when memory flashed back.
 Ah, then the pent-in soul no comfort found
 In any of the body's dear delights

That else had held it sensuously enthralled.
 "I am alone!" it cried. "I am alone!
 I who could once plunge gloriously deep
 Into the Fount of Being! I who could
 Express all thought and joy and love without
 The use of barricading words! I who
 Could See and Hear and Know! I who could Sense
 All radiant Truth by growing one with it—
 I am alone, alone! There is no help.
 The souls I love are prisoners. Words fail,
 Looks fail, touch fails, to draw us close, to make
 One known unto another's inner Self.
 None can come near me. I can turn to none
 For help or comfort. I beseech Thee, God,
 Break down this body! Set me free again!"
 But God kept silence, and the soul's flame quaked
 With terror of the soundless Universe.
 Held in the body's deadening embrace,
 It could not hear the stars and planets sing,
 Nor the earth chant her slow, majestic psalm:
 It could not hear the sun and moon converse
 In threads of music over boundless space:
 It could not hear the sea call to the clouds,
 Nor the wind speak to the still mountain-tops.
 It could not feel the waves of Thought, of Love,
 That swept around its walls, nor could it see
 Their iridescent colours flowing by.
 All seemed one deathly Silence, void and black,
 In which it hung alone, dumb, deaf, and blind.
 "O God," it whispered, piteous and low,
 "Where art Thou? Hast Thou too fled far away?
 If Thou art gone I crave for nought but death.
 For Love's sake, speak! For Love's sake, come to me!"

But God spoke not, nor came. Yet, suddenly,
 At that great name of LOVE the soul awoke
 Out of its livid dream of loneliness.
 "When thou hast learnt to pass beyond the flesh,
 Even while locked within it, thou art free—
 But this thou canst not learn, except through Love."
 Some angel brought the words back, down a stair
 Of crumbling memory . . . "Have I not loved
 Enough?" the soul thought sadly. "Have I not
 Learnt all Love's wonder, power, and cruelty?
 Love's passion and Love's calm? Love's hope and fear,
 And glory and despair? Can I learn more?
 Can I love more? . . . Love, teach me! Teach me, Love,
 Until I AM LOVE learnt and known and lived!"

And slowly the blank darkness passed away,
 Till e'en with body's eyes the soul could see
 Beauty and Love triumphing everywhere—
 Beauty and Love and Truth, the Three in One.
 Armed with new knowledge, dimly it perceived
 That sin and pain were passages to light—
 Dark ways that led, through surfeit of desire,
 From earthly things to heavenly. It saw
 That in a strain of music, a bird's song,
 A picture or a poem; in a kiss,
 A touch, a glance from loving eyes; in all
 Things that speak Harmony, a soul may find
 Dim omens of the glories that await
 Its further growth, when freedom from the flesh—
 For ever, not for moments—shall fling wide
 Infinite doors of wonder infinite.
 "God knew," it cried, "when He placed living souls
 In sheaths of flesh, that the worst grief to bear

Would be the grief of mortal loneliness.
 He knew the dumb, fierce struggle that would rage
 Within each heart, the struggle to break through
 These long-resisting barriers of speech
 And touch and look. He knew the agony
 Of wild despair at failure, and the Fear
 Of Nothingness that would o'erwhelm each soul
 Pent in its blinding, stifling body-sheath,
 Shut off from God's Soul and the souls of men.
 And, knowing this, He filled the world with cures
 For loneliness to be found out through Love.
 First, Nature, with her fellowship of trees;
 The ocean's splendour, the embracing sky;
 The wind's touch, and the peace of mountain-lakes;
 The voice of rivers and the face of flowers.
 All these are Love, are Truth. Then human things:
 Kind faces; acts of perfect sympathy;
 Warm, understanding hearts; soft touches, smiles,
 Laughter, and little children's kisses; hands
 That clasp and cling. These too are Love—are God
 Speaking through Love. And more than these He gave.
 When man's despair accumulated, vast
 And ponderous upon the groaning earth,
 He sent great Spirits, each in their own time,
 Who, wrapp'd in veils of flesh, could yet show forth
 The Truth of Spirit, and could lead men up
 To soaring heights of sacrifice and peace.
 What greater helps than these could He devise,
 All to be found through Love? . . . Ah, Love's pure flame
 Undimmed by any thought of self, shall lift
 At length all souls to union with God!
 I am no more alone! Through Love I am
 One with the heart of Nature, as I am

One with the soul of Man; and at the last
 I shall be one with God, unveiled and free.
 I have been sore deceived by sin and death,
 Evil have thought and wrought—and learnt its fruits;
 Until my need for Light o'erpowered all else
 And drove me from the evil to the good.
 My need less, my desire had been less, too.
 Ah, now at last I learn, I long, I grow!
 Through sin and suffering I grow towards God! . . .
 The day will come—again through thee, O Love!—
 When I shall pass at will beyond the flesh
 Though locked within it still, even as now
 I pass from it in moments of pure joy:
 And then, again through thee, will dawn the day
 When I shall dare to meet all things that are
 In heaven or earth, without the body's shield
 Of slow, dense nerve and brain—to feel and know
 At last the Only Truth! yea, I shall dare
 To meet God unashamed face to face,
 To stand before Him in a ring of light,
 While sounds and colours never dreamed before
 Throb, flash, and burn amid the reeling worlds;
 While old stars die and new ones flame to life
 Around His Head; and universes swing
 Beneath His Feet with unretarded speed,
 And suns and moons sail past His piled Throne.
 And I shall hear a voice say from the Height:
 'Thou hast learnt well Love's lesson. Thou shalt be
 Alone no more, nor pent in bonds of flesh,
 But one with Me for all Eternity.'
 And on the Wings of Love I shall fly past
 His shining Knees, between His star-white Hands,
 To nest within His Heart for evermore."

For countless æons the soul lived and learnt,
 Passing through many fleshly births and deaths.
 And at each birth the body grew more fine,
 More sensitive to the surrounding world's
 Highest vibrations, till the low ones—those
 Of falsehood, cruelty, or avarice,
 Of hate, of all self-seeking—lost their power
 To penetrate so purified a shell.
 And at each death the soul fled joyfully
 Away from Matter, to the regions where
 Dwells naught but Spirit, glorious and free.
 Through the most exquisite and poignant waves
 Of bliss and pain on earth, of bliss in heaven,
 The soul passed shuddering, half-drowned at times
 By the vast Feelings it experienced ;
 Until through Feeling and through Love it grew
 From a faint spark that quivered at God's Touch,
 First, to a flame of many-coloured joys,
 Then to a fire, pure-white, immaculate.

Thus, grown too fair and light for house of flesh,
 It left the last illusory, thin veil
 Of Matter, and beyond the highest plane
 Yet known, it soared 'mid shining Presences
 To where God dwelt, made manifest in form
 Of Life and Light, Alone yet All in All.
 In wordless ecstasy of joy it stood,
 And gazed and loved and worshipped. And God spoke :
 "Soul, now make choice. To realise thy dream
 Of sweet eternal unity with Me,
 Or to strive on, an individual life,
 To work and help, to yearn and agonise,
 Attaining heights of purity and grace

And beauty vast beyond expression ; there
 To find at last, through Love, the One Supreme,
 The LOGOS, Ultimate and Unmanifest,
 WHO speaks through Me, of WHOM I am the Voice
 And the Appearance only. Choose, O Soul !"

The Soul paused, hovering, amazed and dumb,
 At the Feet of God. Other souls, flame-like, rose,
 Passed and re-passed, fluttered, and prayed, and hung
 Upon His Brow, His Lips, adoring Him.
 Some sought His glowing Heart, there to enjoy
 Infinite rest and close communion ;
 Some floated rapturously out through Space,
 Their radiant auras streaming in the Wind
 That blew among the worlds. And the Soul clasped
 God's Feet, and clung, and looked upon the host
 Of wheeling planets, blue and green and gold,
 The crowded myriads of stars, the chains
 Of circling universes. Right and left
 Plunged comets hissing fire ; wild nebulae
 Swirled in the fathomless and vibrant Gulf.
 Star beyond star, sun beyond sun was there,
 Universe looming beyond universe—
 All hanging unsupported in the vast
 And limitless abyss, and yet all linked
 By one stupendous miracle—by Light !
 Light flying wingless over dizzy space,
 Uniting star to star and world to world,
 Spanning the Void with LOVE made manifest !
 The Soul, beholding these emblazoned swarms
 Of Love-attracted, Light-united spheres,
 Pulsated with the Cosmic Harmony
 That chained them each to each and all to God.

formations and ancient systems of irrigation; in the course of this he was surprised to find indubitable evidence that the greater part of the floor of the depression had at one time been the site of an immense lake. Subsequent investigation led him to conclude that there were two lakes, the northern, about 50 miles long by from 5 to 10 miles wide, being separated by about 10 miles of comparatively speaking high ground from the southern lake, which was about 30 miles by 10 in extent. A comparison of levels will give some idea of the volume of water therein contained.

The general level of the floor of the Oasis is about 60 metres above the sea, but at some spots much lower altitudes have been reported, as, for example, 21 metres at Kasi Zayan; and one level of only 2·6 has been noted.

The highest level of the lake was 85 metres, and it seems to have stood for a long time at 70. We can infer therefore that when it was at its highest, its mean depth was 80 feet, with a maximum of over 200.

The following extracts from Mr. Beadnall's book will sum up most of the information it affords on this portion of his subject:

It is, of course, obvious that the lake was, geologically speaking, of comparatively recent date In a pit sunk for surface-water in the neighbourhood of headquarters some fragments of pottery were found at the base of the deposit these were without question *in situ*, and proved that the lake was contemporaneous with man Further search led to the discovery of human settlements apparently on the margin of the lake. In these localities large quantities of broken pottery were found associated with the bones of domesticated animals, while the fresh-water gastropod (*Melania tuberculata*) was found to be abundant in some of the beds the lake continued to exist well into the historic period There is good reason to believe that the depression was inhabited previous to the formation of the lake The evidence is the discovery of an earthenware pipe embedded *in situ* in the lake clays, at a height of 42·85 metres, of the type used by

the ancients for lining their water channels It is possible therefore that as a result of the industry of the ancient well-borers—following their initial discovery of these deep-seated sources—the long-confined waters welled up with irresistible force and gradually flooded the country There is another explanation which it is advisable to keep in mind . . . The very existence of artesian water depends on the presence of porous strata overlaid by impermeable beds. If one or other of the porous beds, charged with water under pressure, should, through the action of denudation on the overlying beds, become exposed at the surface, the waters would escape through natural springs in very large quantities. This might indeed continue for a long period of time, until the bed was nearly depleted and the pressure reduced to nil.

It will be observed that Mr. Beadnall merely hazards the above suggestions as to the possible cause of the formation of these fresh-water lakes, but there are difficulties in the way of their acceptance.

The piercing of the impermeable clay would hardly be made by several bores simultaneously, nor would the hole that first tapped the artesian water be likely to be of large diameter, as the water welling up “with irresistible force” would quickly drive away all the well-sinkers in the neighbourhood, thus leaving the filling of the lake to be dependent on a single orifice. Moreover this would account for only one of the two lakes, and leaves out of consideration the fact that these bores, unless lined, are apt to silt up.

His second hypothesis is not altogether convincing. One would suppose that he would have mentioned the locality where the impermeable bed of clay had been pierced by the comparatively modern denudation, especially in view of the great difference in level of the floor of the Oasis, and that, had such a place been discovered, his Company would have made their deep-level bores thereat, instead of adopting the costly and in this case fruitless, expedient of placing their bores where hundreds of feet of rock and clay had to be

Was not here scope for further life and work,
 For further growth—for love? From looking down
 And out, the Soul looked up to where the Face
 Of God Made Visible shone luminous. . . .
 And lo! around, above, beyond, what Cloud
 Of Radiance more radiant than God?
 What Breath of Truth and Beauty more sublime
 Than any yet endured? GOD beyond God.
 The WORD beyond the Word. . . .

“I choose to strive
 Further! I choose to suffer more! I choose
 Through help of Love to reach yet greater heights.
 I will forego the Everlasting Bliss,
 And, veiled once more in matter, will return
 To guide and help those countless myriads
 Of souls who climb through darkness towards the light.
 O Infinite God of Love, receive my vow!”

So chose the Soul; and was o'erwhelmed with flood
 Of poignant and miraculous ecstasy,
 While all the suns and moons in rhythmic chant
 With stars and planets loud and louder sang:
 “A Soul has chosen to renounce his Rest,
 To suffer and become a Sacrifice.
 He would not enter in the Heart of God,
 But now God's Heart doth beat and burn in him.
 He shall be Christ of a new world; and God
 Of a yet uncreated universe.
 Through Love he chose: through Love he shall attain.”

Eva M. Martin

THE ĀRYANISATION OF EGYPT

By R. B. D. B.

SOME interesting information which may bear upon the above is to be found in a book entitled *An Egyptian Oasis*, by R. Beadnall, Esq., an ex-official of the Survey Department of Egypt.

West of Thebes, at a distance of not less than 100 miles from the Nile, and separated therefrom by a waterless sandstone plateau over 700 feet high, lies the Oasis of Kharga. This is a cup-shaped depression, on approximately the same level as the Nile Valley at that latitude, and forming what may fairly be termed the easternmost projection of the Sahara Desert.

Several wells in this depression afford a constant but not over-abundant supply of water from the surface-water sandstone to a small and by no means industrious population. Mr. Beadnall left the Egyptian Government Service in order to take up the management of a Company whose object was to develop this Oasis by utilising the artesian water which is to be found in a lower bed of sandstone. This last is separated from the upper or surface-water bed by a band of impermeable grey shale which, in Northern Kharga, has a depth of about 75 metres (250 feet).

His work entailed residence in the Oasis and gave him an unrivalled opportunity for studying its geological

penetrated before there was a chance of the deep-seated supply being tapped.

Mr. Beadnall also calls attention to the existence of a line of folding and faulting which, running North and South roughly, cuts the site of the northern lake longitudinally into two halves, and says that the earth movements to which it owes its origin have had similar disturbing effects on the underlying and hidden water-bearing strata.

It is here that Mr. Leadbeater's article affords matter for reflection, and the following is put forward as a third hypothesis to account for the existence of the lakes. When Poseidonis sank beneath the waves, a ripple passed over the surface of the globe, raising the bed of the shallow Sahara Sea and causing huge tidal waves in the Mediterranean. This earthquake would most certainly affect both the water-bearing and impermeable clay strata of the Oasis, splitting the latter, and allowing the penned-up waters to escape through fissures which would, in the course of years, close up again.

Reference to Map IV of Scott-Elliot's *Atlantis* shows that the coast line of the Sahara Sea was further west than Kharga, which would account for the "vast salt swamp" mentioned by Mr. Leadbeater. This third hypothesis fits in with the observations of Mr. Beadnall. The present floor of the Oasis would have been inhabited by man prior to the formation of the lake, while the latter, having come into being in 9,564 B. C. would have existed up to the commencement of the 'historic period' of Egypt.

It now remains to be seen whether there is any trace of the tidal wave mentioned by Mr. Leadbeater. The

following observations made by the writer of these notes may throw light on this point as well. The level of Cairo is 20 (20 metres above sea level); six miles N. E. of Cairo is the new town of Heliopolis, at level 43, connected therewith by an electric railway. The latter passes through a cutting at Pont de Roubbel at an approximate level of 30 or rather more; about 3 metres below the top of the cutting is a bed of mud, resting on and overlaid by desert sand.

On the $\frac{1}{50000}$ Survey Map of Egypt the nearest level to the Pyramids (Mena House) is shown as 28 and that of a spire above the level of the base of the great Pyramid as 55. The mud above referred to could only have been brought to its present position by water, and a comparison of the above levels will bear out the accuracy of Mr. Leadbeater's description that "there remained only the Pyramids towering in lonely desolation".

Compare also the Arabian traditions quoted by Mr. Donnelly on p. 331 of his *Atlantis*, which linked the Pyramids with the flood.

R. B. D. B.

AN ORDINATION OF BUDDHIST MONKS

By F. L. WOODWARD, M. A., F. T. S.

AT the edge of the lake at Kandy, hidden away among the trees, there stands an ancient monastery, secluded and unknown to many of the visitors who throng the courts of the Temple of the Tooth on the other side. It is the Malwatte Vihāra (Flower Garden Retreat), the residence of the head of the Buddhist Order in Ceylon, the Mahānāyaka Thero, or Lord High Abbot of the Siam Sect of monks. Here is performed the ceremony of admission to the ranks of the brethren of the yellow robe. An ordination may take place anywhere, provided that it is conferred by a chapter of ten elders, *thera's*, or monks of ten years' standing; but the seal of importance is added by the ceremony taking place at this Kandy head-vihara, and this is usually done on Wesak Day, the great Buddhist festival, the full moon day of the month of May.

To be ordained a monk is a solemn step, and to be ordained upon this day of days, when the heart of every Buddhist is fixed upon the Birth, the Illumination, the Preaching of the Good Law, and the Parinibbāna or final passing away of the Teacher of Gods and men, and here in this place, where for centuries the succession apostolic has been preserved, confers a spiritual touch and awakens associations that are in their way unique. Youths from distant villages have come up, attended by their relatives

and friends, to receive the robes and take the vow of *pabbajja*, renunciation of the worldly life. A boy may not do this till he is at least eight years of age. At the age of twenty he may receive full ordination (take priest's orders, as Christians would say) or the *upasampada*. Till then he is called a *samanera* or novice. All alike, whether novices, or elders, are termed *bhikkhus*, begging monks, and form the Saṅgha or Order of the Buddhist 'Church'. On this day, too, are present many *samanera's*, attended by their tutors, who have come up to Kandy from monasteries throughout the island.

It is the evening of Wesak Day, and all the place is lit with lamps which cast their stars upon the still surface of the lake, and white-robed forms move to and fro. The hollow booming of the big tom-toms reverberates among the huge overhanging trees. A flight of stone steps leads up from the road to the ordination-hall, now crowded with monks and laymen. A solemnity pervades the atmosphere which is not dissipated by the subdued chatter of the numbers squatting at the lower end. As we enter the hall, the first thing that strikes the eye is the great glass-enclosed Buddha, before whose calmly-seated cross-legged form blink numberless little lights, amid the heaped-up offerings of many-coloured flowers, in front of which, facing outwards, is seated the aged High Abbot, the president of this gathering. Next to him, on either side, in order of seniority of ordination, are ranged the elder monks, and down the two sides of the hall are rows of juniors, in yellow robes of various hues, orange and ochre, russet and lemon, for the hue varies according to the process and times of dyeing. At the bottom stand the candidates, along with a gorgeously dressed figure in the Kandyan national dress, a

ratamahatma, or chief, who is the head *dayaka* or trustee of the temple, befrilled and padded out in white muslin and linen, his fingers decked with jewelled rings, an imposing figure of a man, in strong contrast to the meek and simply-clad close-shaven monks, an ivory-topped garden of sunflowers. The white-clad laymen squatting on the floor form an appropriate background to this scene.

In thought one is carried back two thousand and five hundred years, and pictures to oneself the first giving of the robes by the Master Himself. "Come, monk! (*ehi bhikkhu*)"—this, and nothing more, marked the admission of Yaso, the eager youth, to the perpetual brotherhood of the sons of the Buddha. In aftertimes, when applicants were many, He gave permission for the robes to be conferred by a chapter of ten elders, with a view to a time when He should be no longer with them, and this ceremony has been performed unchanged, age after age, until the present day. One receives the impression that these yellow-robed shaven-headed monks, with their typical cast of features, are a rock of conservatism on which the waves of centuries of thought have beaten and been rebuffed, confused and ineffectual. Our western ways, our tongue and thoughts have passed here as the foot-prints of the seagull on the ocean's wave, as the gusts on a rocky promontory, "tempest-buffeted, citadel-crowned".

A voice calls the gathering to order. Silence falls for a moment, soon broken by the rumble of the sonorous Pāli invocation, which has resounded down the centuries.

Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammasambuddhassa.
Glory to Him the blessed Saint, the all-enlightened One.

A youth in layman's garb comes forward. He is decked with jewels and fine clothes, lent him for the occasion by relatives and friends, the trappings of the worldly life which he has donned to enhance the effect of the sacrifice he is about to make, and which he will presently doff in exchange for the beggar's robes. He is led by a monk who has been his spiritual guide (*upajjho*) during his preparation, who has trained him in the Doctrine (*dhammo*) and the discipline.¹

Standing before the president he bows low and says:

"Give me leave. Lord, in compassion confer on me the robes. (*Kneeling*) Lord, I beg the robes of thee." (*thrice.*)

He now presents to the abbot the bundle of yellow robes, which he is to don, saying thrice these words:

"Lord, in compassion take these yellow robes and confer them on me for the ending of all sorrow, for the winning of the Peace."

He holds out his folded palms, on which the old monk replaces the bundle with trembling hands and fastens the band round his neck, repeating the *mantram* forwards and backwards:

Kesā Lomā Nakhā Dantā Taco
Taco Dantā Nakhā Lomā Kesa

This formula sums up the transitory nature of the human form, compounded as it is of
Hair o' the head, hair o' the body, nails, teeth and skin;
Skin, teeth and nails, hair o' the body, hair o' the head.

Then rising he retires with his sponsor and another monk, who disrobe him of his finery of borrowed

¹ I have translated the ritual, with a little condensation, from the Pāli text of *Upasampadā-Kammavācā* (ordination chapter) as given by Dickson (*Journ. R. A. S.* 1873). His version will partly be found in Warren's *Buddhism in Translations*.

plumes, and while the process goes on—for he wears a series of gaily coloured suits, one over the other—prompted by them he chants the stanzas as he assumes the mendicant's yellow robes.

*Patīsaṅkhā yoniso cīvaram patisevāmi
Yavad eva sīlassa patighatāya unhassa patighatāya.
Damsamokasa vālāpa sirimsapasamphassānam
patighatāya
Yavad eva hirikopīna paticchādanattham.*

Thoughtful and wise I don the robe
To guard me from the heat and cold,
From flies and gnats, from wind and sun,
From snake-bite, and to hide my shame.

From bare necessity, not for luxury, he puts on the robes, which, under the old dispensation, were made of rags picked from the dust-heap, (see the sermon at the end). Bhikkhus of the present day carry umbrellas, fans, wear silken robes sometimes, and sandals; some carry purses and otherwise conform to the changing times.

Now he returns, led by his sponsor, and, again standing before the president, bows and says to his tutor.

"Give me leave. Lord I bow before thee.
Have patience, lord, with my faults.

May the merits I have won be welcomed by my lord.

"Tis meet to give to me the merits that my lord has won.

"Tis well. 'Tis well, and gladly I receive them.
Give me leave. Out of compassion, Lord.

Give me the Three Refuges and the Precepts Ten.
(*Kneeling*) Lord, I beg the Refuges and Precepts."
(*thrice.*)

The precepts are given and repeated by the candidate in faltering tones, with occasional prompts from

the tutor. (To the eight given in 'A Buddhist Sabbath' add these two.)

"From the use of high or wide couches or seats—I promise to abstain.

From taking gold or silver—I promise to abstain.

These ten precepts I undertake to keep. (*Rising and bowing to his sponsor.*)

Give me leave. Lord, I salute thee and accept with thanks." (*As above.*)

Such is the ceremony of *pabbajjā*. If duly qualified for the full orders the candidate now retires a moment and returns to make an offering to the abbot and says:

"Give me leave. In compassion. Lord, give me thy aid (*nissāyam*). (*Kneeling*). Lord, I ask thy aid. (*thrice*) Be thou my spiritual guide." (*thrice.*)

The president. "'Tis well."

The candidate. "'Tis fitting. Lord, give me leave. I accept. (*thrice*) From henceforth the elder is my charge (*nissāyo*) and I am his." (*thrice*)

He rises, bows and retires alone to the end of the assembly, where his begging bowl is fastened on his back. The tutor now goes to him and leads him up to the president. Another monk stands up and the two address the *saṅgha* (gathering of monks).

The sponsors (*Acting for the assembly*). "Give us leave. (*Then to the novice*) Thy name is (*e. g.*) Nāga?"

C. "Give me leave. 'Tis so."

S. "Thy spiritual guide is Tissa the elder?"

C. "Give me leave. 'Tis so."

S. "*Namo Tassa Bhagavato Arahato Sammāsambuddhassa.*" Glory to Him, the Blessed Saint, the all-enlightened One.

First a spiritual guide is to be obtained. This done, we must enquire about the bowl and robes, thus: "Is this thy bowl?"

C. "'Tis so, Lord."

S. "And this thy upper robe?"

C. "'Tis so, Lord."

S. "And this thy under robe?"

C. "'Tis so."

S. "Go and stand yonder." The candidate retires backwards and stands at the end of the hall. Now one of the sponsors addresses the assembly.

"Listen, reverend brotherhood. This Nāga desires ordination from the reverend Tissa. If it is seasonable to the brotherhood, I will instruct Nāga."

They bow to the Lord Abbot and go down to the candidate and cross-examine him thus:

S. "Hear now, Nāga. 'Tis time to tell the truth and speak of facts. In the midst of the brotherhood of monks, when asked 'is it true?' 'tis right to make reply 'Tis true,' or as the case may be. Do not hesitate. Be not distressed in mind. I will ask thee thus:

Hast thou diseases such as these: leprosy, boils, dry leprosy, or phthisis, or epilepsy?"

C. "Nay, Lord."

S. "Art thou a human being, a male, a freeman, debtless, no soldier of the king? Hast thou thy parents' consent? Art thou of full age, and are thy bowl and robes complete?"

C. "Yea, Lord."

S. "What is thy name?"

C. "Lord, my name is Nāga."

S. "What is thy preceptor's name?"

C. "Tissa, the elder, Lord."

The examiners now return to the top end and bow to the Abbot. One of them says, addressing the Order: "Listen, O monks. Nāga desires ordination from the Venerable Tissa. He has been admonished by me. If it be seasonable to the brethren that he should approach, let him be told to approach." (to Nāga). "Come hither."

The candidate comes forward, and, between the two monks, bows and kneels, saying: "O, Lord, I ask the brotherhood (*saṅgha*) for full ordination. May the reverend order have compassion on me and lift me up!" (*This thrice.*) He rises and bows.

The elder to the Order: "Listen to me, O reverend order. This Nāga is desirous of ordination from the reverend Tissa." (The same as the above examination.) He turns to the monks and says:

"He is free from the hindrances. His bowl and robes are in order. He asks the ordination from the venerable Tissa."

He now thrice 'puts the motion' to the chapter of monks, saying: "If any approve of the candidate, let him be silent. If any object, let him speak."

If no objection be made, both bow to the Abbot and announce the decision. "Nāga is ordained under the venerable Tissa. The brotherhood approves. This is their decision (*esa ñatti*). Thus I take your decision."

The ordination is now over and the formula of examination is repeated with each candidate. If there be many, as on this occasion, the proceedings are very long, the patience of the audience is exhausted and the monks find it hard to fix their attention on the words, as they had been enjoined to do. A buzz of conversation arises from the lower end. Then, when all have been duly ordained, an elder rises and exhorts

the new monks, who stand before him reverently, as follows, with the time-honoured admonitions.

The preacher. "Now should the shadow be measured.¹ The exact time must be declared. The portion of the day must be recorded. In conjunction these things are to be told. The four supports (nissāyā) of the monk and the four forbidden actions must be told. Food collected in a bowl is the monk's support. Thus fed must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances:—food given to the Order as a whole, occasional food, invitation food, ticket food, fortnightly meals, full-moon feasts, and food of the day after the full moon.

The candidates. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Robes made of rags are the monk's support. Thus clad must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances: Robes of linen, cotton, silk, wool, hemp, or made of all these five.

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "A seat at the foot of a tree is the monk's support. Thus seated must ye strive, as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances: A residence, a lean-to, an upstairs building, a walled house or a cave."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Ammonia² as medicine is a monk's support. Thus physicked must ye strive as long as life shall last. These are the extra allowances:—butter, cream, oil, honey and sugar."

C. "Even so, Lord."

The Four Forbidden Actions.

¹ The exact time and date of ordination are to be recorded for future reference in case of dispute, for seniority in the Order depends solely on priority of ordination.

² Pātimmattā

P. "The sexual act must not be practised by a fully-ordained monk, nor any act of bestial nature. The monk that follows this pursuit is no monk, no son of the Sākya clan. Just as a man whose head is severed from the trunk can live no longer, so is a monk who follows this pursuit a monk no longer, no son of the Sākya clan. Thus restrained must ye strive, as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "Things not given to him a fully-ordained monk must not take with thievish intent, were it even a blade of grass. The monk that takes thus thievishly a little coin, or half a coin or anything worth as much or more than that, if it be not given, is no longer a monk, no longer a son of the Sākya clan. Just as a withered leaf, once severed from the stalk, hath no longer any part in greenness, even so the monk who takes dishonestly what is not given, is a monk no longer, no longer a son of the Sākya clan. Thus must ye refrain, as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "No living thing, e'en were it but an ant, must be deprived of life, with intent to slay (*sancicca*), by a fully-ordained monk. Moreover, if a monk slay a being of human form, even by slaying a foetus in the womb, he is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. Just as a rock once split in twain can never be rejoined, so is a monk who takes life, with intent to slay, a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. From this act ye must refrain as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

P. "No superhuman powers are to be claimed, not even to the extent of saying 'I delight to live in a lonely

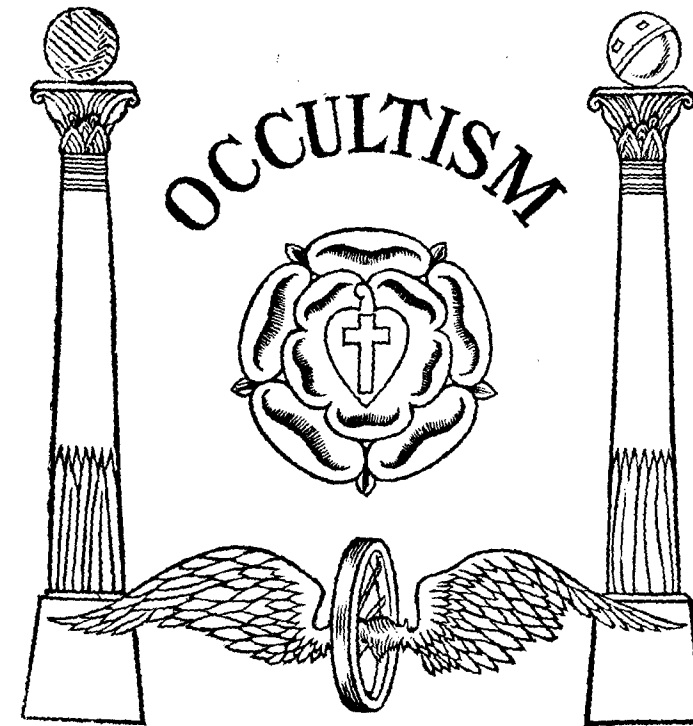
hut,' by a fully-ordained monk. If a monk deceitfully, for gain, falsely lay claim to superhuman qualities, be it the Trance,¹ the Ecstasy,² the Absorption,³ the Path⁴ or the Path's Fruit,⁵—he is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. Just as a tall palmyra palm, whose top has been cut off, can never put forth shoots again, so a monk, who deceitfully, for gain, falsely lays claim to superhuman powers, is a monk no more, no more a member of the Sākya clan. These things ye must avoid as long as life shall last."

C. "Even so, Lord."

Our ceremony is now over and the night is far spent. The newly-robed bhikkhus go forth with eager hearts, hoping to tread the Path by living in the ancient way; and surely, sooner or later, they shall attain, for not for naught do Buddhas take birth in this world of ignorance; and we, who in thought have been carried back to ages long ago, descend again to the world of *rikshas*, hotels, gas-lamps and railway trains.

F. L. Woodward

¹ *Jhāna*, ² *Vimokkha*, ³ *Samādhi*, ⁴ *Maggo*, ⁵ *Phalaṃ*.



MY OCCULT EXPERIENCES

By JOHAN VAN MANEN, F. T. S.

WITH

Explanatory Notes by C. W. Leadbeater, F. T. S.

(Concluded from p. 409)

X. MUSICAL FORMS

OF visual impressions akin to Mr. Leadbeater's descriptions and pictures in the book on *Thought-Forms*, I have experienced none. Music sometimes suggests forms to me, but without accompanying vision.

There is a phrase in the *Kreuzer Sonata*, for instance, which suggests a waterfall or a big wave breaking with a deep boom. Such suggested forms, however, I do not intend to describe. They seem to belong to the simpler and more exterior forms of mechanical association.

22. *A Cathedral and Angels.* In Amsterdam I once heard Bach's *Missa Solemnis* executed by Mengelberg's famous band. At a given stage I saw the walls of a magnificent Gothic cathedral slowly arise. The lines and disposition of these walls were in harmony with the strains of the music, and as the music proceeded so did the walls rise up. At last they were completed up to the roof. At this point a new *motif* or a new movement commenced, and the picture followed suit; the roof remained absent, but instead of further construction angels came from above, descended and flew upwards again. There was a system of graceful response and counter-response between these angelic visitors, bringing messages from on high and answering from below. It was a sort of chorus and anti-chorus. All this again was in complete harmony with the music. Then again the music changed and the vision disappeared. What puzzles me specially in this vision is the appearance of orthodox angels, *parfaitement en règle*. I don't believe in them in the Christian sense and form, and had no reason to think on ecclesiastical lines. I knew that the composition was a Mass; but I was merely following and enjoying the music as music.

In speaking about this matter with a friend recently, she told me that she had once had a similar experience. Hearing some music she suddenly saw a gigantic face, and though she hears very much music she had never had another such vision.

These two experiences here related, are, I think, different in nature from what I call the suggestions arising from listening to music. With these one can trace the link, with the former that is not the case. So I have always associated a certain composition by Chopin with Morocco, most likely because whilst hearing the piece played for the first time, I was reading Hall Caine's *Scapegoat*, and because the melancholic and exotic nature of the music fitted in on that occasion with the mood produced by the book.

XI. NATURAL BEAUTY

One experience in connection with the beauty of natural scenery stands isolated. It is remarkable enough to relate, however.

23. *In the Vosges.* Some five years ago I made a motor trip in the Vosges with my friends Mr. A. Ostermann, Professor O. Penzig, and Mr. Leadbeater. We left Colmar, in Alsace, went to Gérardmer, in France, and returned to Colmar, crossing the beautiful pass named the Schlucht. We went home towards evening, and when we neared the Schlucht the sun was setting. Alsace with its quaint old towns and villages, itself a broad, flat and verdant valley in which the Rhine winds its silvery stream, flanked on both sides by the Vosges and the Black Forest, both equally beautiful—Alsace is altogether a delightful country. On this occasion the beauty of the Vosges struck me again greatly, and whilst the motor-car was spinning ahead I tried to drink in all the beauty of hillside and valley, of clouds and sun, of pine-forests and rocks. Suddenly a sharp curve of the road changed the position of the car and a new view

lay spread out before our sight. At that very moment, a sensation of utter ecstasy, of utter beauty, struck me, so to say, full in the chest ; a sensation of such overwhelming happiness and at the same time such strangely deep and endless sadness, that I had to take a firm grip of myself not to cry out. As a matter of fact I felt tears well up in my eyes, and the slightest provocation would have made me weep. The emotion was purely an artistic one, and that accounts for the happiness, but I am ignorant why sadness should have been mingled with it.

This emotion, provoked by either artistic or other causes, I have never before or since felt in any like measure. I am not an emotional man in these matters, and I have seen, in three parts of the world, enough beautiful scenery to make me look in vain for an adequate reason for this particular experience. Furthermore I had motored some thousands of miles in and around Alsace without ever experiencing such a feeling. Therefore I simply note it down and add it to my record.

XII. LECTURING EXPERIENCES

I once had an interesting experience whilst lecturing at Rotterdam.

24. *A Sea of Light and Lightness.* One winter evening I lectured in a fairly big hall in Rotterdam. There was a biting frost, and I came away with a formidable cold. In the midst of the lecture, quite of a sudden, I felt the atmosphere change. A sense of lightness and buoyancy came over me which changed my feelings altogether. At the same time I was aware that I was surrounded by a brilliant (non-physical) light of

rich golden colour. The change of atmosphere was so complete and total that it seemed as if the air before had been of mud and slush in comparison with the rarity, refinedness and purity of that which I was now breathing. Simultaneously I was conscious that, instead of being as it were wholly immersed in my subject, I was listening to myself with a corner of my consciousness. It seemed as if my voice had changed also. There was a curious metallic ring in it which was new to me and which pleased me very much. This lasted for some phrases, I think some minutes, five or ten at the utmost, if so much as that, and then the old conditions set in again. The contrast between the feeling of the atmosphere during and before the experience made a very vivid impression on me.

25. *Other Phenomena connected with Lecturing which are not of my own experiencing.* I have several times been told by friends in my audiences that they have seen luminous halos around my head or even figures behind me. In some cases a stately Hindū wearing a turban has been described. I mention this in order to make the catalogue complete, but as the information comes from others I am not responsible for it. I myself have never seen such forms, and the above Rotterdam experience is the only case in which I have experienced a 'light' phenomenon myself. It is amusing that in that case no one of my audience told me he had seen anything of the kind.

XIII. APPARITION AT A DISTANCE

The following two incidents concern me, but they are not within my own personal knowledge. Still I think they ought to be mentioned for completeness' sake.

They relate to my appearance, without my knowledge, to others—these others being in the waking state. I have two examples.

26. *Advice at a Distance.* Some years ago a young man, fairly psychic and, I think, also very weak-willed, came several times to me for advice and to talk Theosophy. He was at that time in all sorts of difficulties, financial, domestic and otherwise. He was a black-and-white artist. One day meeting me, he said: "I thank you very much for the advice you gave me yesterday." As I was not aware of having seen him on the day before, I asked him what he meant. He told me that he had stood in one of the streets, leaning against a wall in a state of despondency, and that I had appeared to him and had spoken some cheering words of advice. I had no reason whatever to doubt his good faith. The important point is that I must have been up and doing at the time he mentioned. If I had been asleep the explanation might have been easier.

27. *A Visit aboard a Steamer.* The second case of my being told that I appeared was aboard a steamer from Hull to Holland. A friend of mine, travelling on that ship, related to me that she had seen me (I think at about 7 A. M.) and she described my costume completely, a description which tallied with the clothes I was then habitually wearing. I do not know whether I was asleep at the moment of the apparition; I also am ignorant if I, or rather my simulacrum, said anything. I, at the time, was in England.

XIV. KĀRMIC PROBLEMS

I remember twice, at least, in my life having been in serious danger, from which I escaped unhurt. There

is no need to invoke hidden intervention to explain the safe endings, but to make sure not to pass by even faint indications I note them down here.

28. *Trick Cycling.* When I was a boy of some twelve years I happened to read in a paper a story of how a cyclist rode down the steps of the Washington Capitol. I may about the same time have seen some trick cycling in a circus. I was then living at Haarlem, not far from the sea-side resort Zandvoort. With a friend of my own age I went one day to Zandvoort, where there is a big flight of stairs, divided into three series of steps, leading from the station below to the Gallery on the top of the dunes.

When returning to the station we came to the steps, and the sight of them was too big a temptation. I said I would cycle down them. My friend, who was wiser, protested, but I was obstinate. He ran down the first flight. I started on my adventurous ride, but immediately lost control over the machine and came down crashing, banging and bumping, rapidly gathering speed. Fortunately my friend caught hold of the cycle and I fell down without hurt, the machine being only slightly damaged. There is no doubt that he saved my life. But now I ask myself: "An incident of such importance for me, and my present incarnation, can it stand utterly unrelated to my personal karma?" How easily my friend might have missed the grip, how easily might he have become afraid or have lost his head! Was there something lying at the back of his action which made it fatally necessary that he *should* be there to be a karmic agent? Of course, I do not forget God Chance, nor the purely rationalistic explanation; but are they enough? This incident is therefore not so much an occult experience as an

experience giving rise to an occult problem! What is the nature of the determining factor which in a crisis leads to a solution in one definite direction with far-reaching and incalculable results, where any other solution would have led to equally far-reaching results of an entirely different character? This seems to me a very difficult problem indeed, only answerable with certainty by Occultists.

29. *In the Gorges d'Héric.* A similar but less obvious case occurred to me a few years ago in the south of France. Mr. Leadbeater and I were staying in the beautiful district of the southern Cevennes, in the department of Hérault. We used to take long walks, and one day we went to the Gorges d'Héric, descending through them into the plains. We lost our way, and darkness overtook us before we had passed out of the Gorge. We had no guide, no lamp, and no knowledge of the country. At a given moment I, leading the party, crossed—in the dark—the stream over a series of boulders, and so we transferred ourselves from the right to the left bank of the stream near the bottom of the Gorge. At that spot we found a path, and, gropingly following that, reached a point where we saw spots of light. Some shouting brought peasants with lanterns, and eventually we came home safe and sound. Now the peasants told us that had we followed the Gorge for only a quite small distance, we should have come to a sudden drop of some thirty metres, a well-known danger-spot in those parts, where quite frequently some one or more unfortunate tourists, in the same plight as ourselves, meet their end by falling over the edge. Now what I want to know is: what made me cross the stream at that particular spot in the pitch dark? I do not know it in the least.

I could not see a track, and on the other side, though there was a path, we had to feel our way along it. May it be that I 'picked up the trail' as a dog does; or was it a case of inspiration?

As said before I record these two cases more as involving problems than as being occult experiences in the true sense of the word, for (faithful to H. P. B.'s injunction) we should be attentive to the smallest details.

XV. UNPLEASANT EXPERIENCES

Most of the visions related up to now are of a pleasant and elevating nature. I have also experienced some unpleasant sights which should not be omitted from this catalogue.

30. *An Unwelcome Visitor.* One evening when just about to step into my bed, in Amsterdam, I saw a sort of elemental creature of a most objectionable kind sitting on my pillow. It consisted of a soft round body from which, at what may be called the waist, some ten long necks extended, each one something like the neck of a swan. These necks wriggled and twisted and wound through each other as snakes do. The evil eyes in the heads leered and sneered in a wicked way. The colour of the thing was green, that particular slimy and filthy green associated with old stones which have lain in a gutter for a long time, or with the stomach of some frogs. The creature gave an impression of softness and decay, like a jelly-fish or cuttle-fish. Besides, it spread a horrible and filthy stench. Its height was something over a foot. It happened that I was absolutely tired out on that evening, and that I had but one thought, that of

rest. I felt that the creature could not *do* anything to me, and I was in no mood to wait or to try some elaborate magic. So I jumped into my bed and laid my head on the pillow, thinking at the time: "There is no room for both of us here; either you go, or I." And at the moment I lay down the creature burst up, as it were, and disappeared. I have never seen it or its brothers since.

At the time I wondered much if a creature like this may have had any connection with the origin of the story of Medusa's head.

31. *Undesirable Cattle.* On a few other occasions I have seen creatures, seemingly of the same class. I remember in particular a herd of cattle-like beings, somehow a cross between calves and elephants. They had the trunks of elephants (only the ends resembled the snouts of pigs), and something of the build and size of calves. They were white in colour, with a suggestion of leprosy in the whiteness, and these bodies gave the impression of corruption. All over the bodies were festering circular sores, like red flowers on a white field, altogether nauseating. I am reminded in thinking of them of Mr. Leadbeater's description of the hosts of elementals which he saw tramp past him when he had his experience on the Adyar river island (*The Perfume of Egypt*, 'A Test of Courage'). In this case also the malignant gleam in the eyes of the creatures was the chief characteristic. The beasts spelled evil.

XVI. SUNDRIES

With the above cases I have practically exhausted my personal experience of things psychic or occult. It only remains to gather together and enumerate a few

items which fall within the scope of this article without being readily susceptible of special illustration.

32. *Thought-Action on Dreamers.* There are two cases known to me in which I, awake, exercised thought-influence on different other persons who were then asleep. The interesting point to me was to hear the reports of their dreams, and to note the dream symbolism, which had completely transformed the formal side of the transaction, but had kept it absolutely intact from a symbolical point of view.

The two cases were slightly dissimilar in nature. In the first, I was in a highly excited and turbulent state of mind of an undesirable nature. A very good and intimate friend of mine slept in the room next to me. He was asleep when I was still lying awake. Next morning he told me that he had had a vivid dream about me being in a burning house, and that he had rushed up to help me and to extricate or rescue me from the danger. I recognised at once the 'fire of passion' in the burning house, and could not but feel grateful for my friend's astral loyalty.

In the second case I was deliberately thinking of another person with regard to a certain course of action. Next day that friend told me that he had dreamt that I had come to him, and my appearance and conduct as he described it tallied *mutatis mutandis* with my thoughts of the previous night. Only I, knowing the details, knew also what his description meant; whereas he, not having any data to go on, could not see further than his mere recollection, symbolising but not explaining the affair.

33. *Dream Interpretation.* I have noticed that I am very often able when a dream is told to me, to give on

the spur of the moment and quite spontaneously an interpretation of it to the dreamer, with which he is satisfied. Again, this is merely a note in passing, which is given only for what it is worth. I have never studied dream-books, or dream interpretation, and am not specially interested in the subject, except so far as it forms a branch of general psychology.

34. *Running Water.* Running water, I notice, has always a strange fascination for me. Whether it be a waterfall, rapids in a river, a swiftly rushing stream, waves by the sea, merely rain or even water running from a tap, the motion and sound always please me. I like sitting near a stream or staring at the sea. The sound nearly always suggests voices to me, in a language I do not understand, but *might* understand if I just could get a little bit more *inside* it.

An American author describes something similar in a recent story. An invalid is lying in a hospital, wearily awaiting convalescence:

She listened. Rushing down the valley in the large grounds, there was a stream—a liquid, unending, deep chord of many broken notes! . . . The sweet hollow silver of the booming water divided, changed into voices that called, talked, laughed. There were long, low sentences; there were single questioning words; there were murmuring names spoken, and tender half-sounds, all unhurried, all contented and sure and adequate. She did not catch definite words, only intonations, the rise and fall; but the steady strength of the voices seemed to lift her weakness and bear it out on a calm flood. The stream was her friend; the voices of the stream were unreal voices, yet peace-giving.

I thought that this feeling might have something to do with the water elementals, but recently whilst motoring in a particularly noiseless motor-car I experienced the same feeling in hearing the smooth swish of its revolving machinery.

35. *An Anecdote.* To finish this lengthy article I relate an insignificant little anecdote about a dream I had the other night. It is amusing.

I dreamed I was in London, where I moved through parts I know well in my waking consciousness. Suddenly and without any transition I was in Paris, which I know equally well, physically, continuing my wanderings which I had begun in England. The curious thing is that the action was unbroken and did not change, whereas the scene was cut clean in two halves. It was like a conversation begun in English and continued in French without change of subject, listener or speaker.

And herewith my catalogue is complete.

Johan van Manen

EXPLANATORY NOTES

The special picture seen in the twenty-second experience may well have been of this nature. Our author wonders that he should have seen angels in the curious and anatomically incorrect form usually adopted by Christian painters; but he is perhaps overlooking the fact that what he saw was not his own thought-form, but probably that of the composer. There is still another possibility—that it may have been the thought-form of some devout auditor, who had heard the composition frequently, and associated it with such a vision as is described; but it is on the whole more probable that we owe so large and so well ordered a form to the marvellous genius of the great musician.

The gigantic face seen by a friend is a phenomenon that we can hardly pretend to diagnose without a good deal more information than is given to us. If the music was devotional in character, it may perhaps have been someone's idea of a Divine Face. Or again it may have been a real apparition of one of the great musical angels, or possibly a personification of some of the great powers of nature.

The twenty-third experience comes evidently from a definitely exterior source. As our author points out, he has seen many beautiful landscapes in various countries, yet they have never produced upon him at all the same kind of impression. Indeed, I believe he had passed over that very spot at other times without unusual agitation. Clearly, therefore, the emotion was not his own, but was impressed upon him from outside. The most probable explanation is that someone of acute perception and intense artistic feeling had recently been admiring the view from that particular spot—had perhaps even been painting it; and that our author happened just at that moment to be sufficiently in sympathy with the mental attitude of that artist to absorb and to reproduce fully all that he felt. Another possibility is that for the moment our author came into union with the angel or great nature-spirit ensouling that particular part of the country. This hypothesis, however, is less likely than the other, since he describes a strong feeling of sadness as part of his experience—an emotion which is little likely to have been part of what may be called the sensations of Nature itself. Either of these temporary unifications of consciousness with another entity is possible to any sensitive person; but he must have within himself the sympathy to understand and the power to respond.

The twenty-fourth experience implies not so much a change of atmosphere as a change of consciousness in the lecturer. It is evident that he at least partially left his body, so that he was able to watch himself from without. The part of himself which was temporarily freed from physical limitation was able to see the mental conditions surrounding him; and the rich golden colour which seems to have been so prominent a feature is exactly what might have been expected as an expression of the mental activity which was being put forth by the lecturer. The description of the difference between that and the physical atmosphere is most graphic; it constitutes precisely one of the little touches which manifest so clearly the author's accuracy, and appeal so strongly to those who have passed through a similar experience. It seems evident that he must have carried with him in his externalisation a certain amount of his etheric double, since he was still able to hear his own physical voice, although with an alteration which suggests the inclusion of higher notes than those perceptible to physical ears, and probably also a compensating exclusion of some of the latter.

This being a subjective experience, dependent upon a partial projection of the speaker's consciousness, there is no reason why any member of the audience should have noticed it. In the cases described in paragraph 25, there is no change of consciousness in the speaker, but a temporary accession of sensitiveness in certain members of his audience. The halo seen round the head of a lecturer has often been described. It is one of the easiest non-physical phenomena to see. The mental activity of the lecturer projects this strong yellow light, all of it focussed in the upper part of the

aura, and therefore surrounding the physical head, so that it readily becomes visible to vision even slightly raised above the normal, especially if it happens to be projected against a dark background. The presence of an Oriental stranger on the platform is also by no means unusual, and it would be rash to assume, as our students so often do, that the visitor is necessarily a great Adept. Even after years of reading on the subject, it seems to be difficult for our students to grasp the utter naturalness of the astral life, and to understand that those who have left their physical bodies (either temporarily or permanently) may be just as much interested in a lecture as if they still retained the coarser vehicle. Astral visitors may attend any lecture anywhere, and they constantly do so; but probably the percentage of such visitors is higher at Theosophical lectures than at others, because those who study our subjects are a little more likely than others to know something of their capabilities along these lines. Naturally our subjects have a special interest for Orientals, and Indian members of our Society, whether living or dead, are likely to watch with comparatively keen interest the endeavours to spread their ideas in western lands. It often occurs also that they good-naturedly endeavour to assist the lecturer by suggesting to him additional ideas or illustrations; and if any member of the audience happens for the moment to develop sufficient sensitiveness to catch sight of such a visitor, a legend immediately grows up like that which our author describes.

The appearances described in paragraphs 26 and 27 are examples of a very interesting class about which our information is as yet defective. In the second case it seems probable that the author was asleep, and so we

have merely an ordinary astral visit; but in the former of the two cases he distinctly says that he was awake and going about his work in one place, though at the very same time he appeared in another and gave some useful advice. Several possible explanations of this phenomenon may be offered. It may be a case in which some invisible helper, seeing a poor man sadly in need of counsel and comfort, resolved to give it to him, but took for this purpose the form of a friend who was well known to him, in order to make the advice more natural and acceptable. Another possibility is that our author as an ego was watching with interest a person whom he had already tried to help, and—seeing him urgently in need of further assistance at a time when his own physical body was otherwise employed—materialised a thought-form of himself through which he could convey the ideas which he wished to give. Either of these hypotheses would satisfactorily explain the appearance described by our author; but there are other cases on record in which neither of these suggestions seems appropriate. The double of the late Mr. W. T. Stead, for example, can hardly be supposed to come under either of these heads. It seems rather to be a case of an intensely strong thought-form made of him by another person, and then occupied and energised—whether by his own ego or by someone else we have not sufficient evidence to show. In rare circumstances personation on the physical plane by a materialised astral entity becomes possible. There is, however, no reason to suspect anything of that sort in the case described, for we have no evidence to show that anyone but the young man to whom our author spoke was conscious of his presence at that time and

place, so that the phenomenon may have been simply subjective.

Experiences 28 and 29 are not, strictly speaking, occult at all, but we may certainly take them to represent items in the working out of the destiny of the persons concerned. It clearly was not intended by the Powers directing his evolution that our author should perish at the age of twelve in a cycle accident. And since that was not intended, it became necessary to circumvent him in his little effort at self-destruction. The easiest way to do this was through the hands of his companion, who seems to have arrested him precisely at the only point of his descent where such interference would have been possible. I do not know that we are bound to infer anything more than courage and promptitude on the part of that friend; but if more be necessary, the presence of some invisible helper to steady the friend's hand, and show him exactly what to do and when to do it, would surely be sufficient to account for what happened. And in this case, when I speak of an invisible helper, I do not at all necessarily mean to imply a member of the band of Theosophical students who devote themselves especially to such work. Any dead person of promptitude and resource who happened to be on the spot may have shown the boy-friend how to do what was necessary, and strengthened him in the action. The very fact that he ran ahead to the only place where he could check the headlong descent seems to show that a certain amount of prevision was exercised—most likely not by the boy. Another possibility is that the author's ego awoke to the danger of the situation. He was unable to control his juvenile personality, which had apparently taken the bit between its teeth, and

was in a condition of excited determination. The ego may have found it easier to control for a moment the other boy (who was apparently not excited) than his own lower manifestation; and we have the yet further possibility that the ego of the friend saw here an opportunity of a good piece of work. Or indeed he may have undertaken it at the urgent request of the other's ego; for this is something which one sees not infrequently in ordinary life. A personality may for some reason take up obstinately some line of action of which the ego behind does not at all approve; and when that happens it is sometimes actually easier for that ego to induce a friend or friends to remonstrate and advise, than to act directly upon the fragment of himself which by its stubbornness has shut itself away for the moment from higher influences.

We should say Theosophically that "it was not in his karma" that our author should come to an untimely end in that particular way; and therefore, since he insisted on making so wild an experiment, he put somebody to the trouble of interfering with its natural result. I know that many similar cases are allowed to pass without interference, and consequently end fatally. In them we are bound to assume that there is something in the stored-up karma of the person concerned which can discharge itself in that particular way, and consequently there is no interference with his free-will. Evidently our author was needed for other work later, and consequently in his case the interference took place. Readers may think that this is very much like the old Christian idea of a Providence which watched over every moment of our lives. It is precisely the reality which lay behind that idea—the difference being that we do not recognise any principle of arbitrary selection,

but hold that such interference can take place only under the working of natural law.

In case 29 we have no proof as to whether the guiding force was that of the ego or some friend, or whether it may have been, as our author himself suggests, the action of some sort of survival of animal instinct. From what we were afterwards told by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, it would appear that there had been cases in which no such interference took place. Once more, we can only say that he was not destined to die at that time and in that particular way.

The unpleasant entities described in paragraphs 30 and 31 are specimens of low and undesirable forms of life which prey almost exclusively on the emanations produced by a particular type of emotion. Their appearance must, I fear, indicate the presence somewhere in the neighbourhood of a person in the habit of yielding himself to unrestrained sensuality. At least, that is almost certainly the origin of the peculiarly objectionable creature described in 30, and the form of the story suggests that it had been intentionally sent by someone. Those mentioned in 31 may have been of the same nature, but may also have been attracted by abnormal manifestations of aggravated envy and jealousy. The author may be congratulated on his courage in so entirely ignoring the horrible beast which he describes. Assuredly most of us would have spent some time and trouble in driving it away or dissipating it, instead of calmly lying down to sleep, secure in the conviction that it could do no harm.

In the first case mentioned in paragraph 32, the author's astral body was in a turbulent condition—

which means not only brilliant colour and energetic vibration, but also great temporary expansion and vehement pulsations extending over a considerable area. The friend sleeping in the next room could not but be within the sphere of influence of these alarms and excursions, and when his attention was attracted by them, his innate spirit of helpfulness immediately asserted itself, and he pluckily rushed in to try to readjust matters.

In the second case, the writer gives us scarcely sufficient detail to enable us usefully to comment upon it further than to remark that during sleep people are specially susceptible to thought-influence, and that each ego has usually his own system of symbolism into which he would be likely to translate whatever was impressed upon him.

In 33 we see the manifestation of a useful and valuable faculty—evidence of an ego which is quick to read the symbolism of other egos, and has the power of impressing the results of his knowledge upon his own physical brain. As to paragraph 34, I incline to our author's suggestion that it does indicate that he is in special sympathy with the element of water—with what have sometimes been called water-elementals, or perhaps rather nature-spirits; and I would suggest that the sound of machinery which he describes as having produced upon him a similar effect, produced that effect precisely because it *was* similar, and so gave subconsciously a suggestion of the sound of water. Such a sound consists of a set of vibrations which evidently exercise a special soothing influence upon the writer, and obviously similar vibrations would produce a similar result, even independently of the mental suggestion conveyed by them.

The concluding anecdote gives us a characteristic example of the instantaneous changes which are possible when one functions in the mental body. It might happen equally well in the astral, but not quite without at least a momentary sense of transition. The strong probability is, therefore, that our author was at the moment of this experience using the mental vehicle; but that also implies that he may not really have been either in London or Paris at all. He may simply have been moving among his own mental reproductions of parts of these two cities.

It is one of the peculiarities of this set of stories that the hero of them appears to be more at home in the mental world than the emotional—that so many of his glimpses of higher consciousness show him to be using the causal or mental vehicle rather than that astral body in which most of us have to be content to begin our superphysical voyagings. But students who may be disposed to look enviously upon such capacity may console themselves by the thought that each line of development has its special perils, and that ready use of the mental body brings with it a dangerous facility in criticism which, if indulged to excess, may hold a man back from those still higher realms which are the kingdom of the humble and the especial inheritance of those that be pure in heart.

As a concluding note I can only repeat what I have suggested in the beginning, that the man who has had this singularly complete series of experiences ought to have had more—and even yet should have many more—since they clearly show a degree and type of sensitiveness which is very well worth cultivating, with a view to practical results. We must all thank our author

for having thus so fully and so carefully unbosomed himself. He may assuredly take unto himself such reward as is involved in the knowledge that what he has written will be useful to many, and will help them to understand and to co-ordinate similar happenings in their own lives. Few students have such a wealth of varied experiences; fewer still have the faculty of stating them so clearly and so impersonally; so we may end, as we began, with thanks and congratulations, and (let me add) with high hopes for the future of the author.

C. W. Leadbeater

INVISIBLE HELPERS AND OUR SOUL-CULTURE

By A THEOSOPHIST

IV

VERY early one morning last spring when the sunshine was streaming in upon me through the open windows above my bed, I was awakened out of sleep by a chorus of busy birds settling their domestic differences outside on my window-sill. When I sat up to watch them, they seemed to resent the interference and flew away, leaving me to continue my rest. I must quickly have fallen into a doze, dreaming that I was seated in my own room deeply engrossed in meditation. In this dream-consciousness I seemed to hear the visitors' entrance-bell ring. Regretting the interruption, I reluctantly rose and oddly enough went upstairs to receive my visitor instead of downstairs as would have normally been the case.

The room I entered at the top of the house was quite strange to me. It was large and lofty, with dormer windows and a vaulted roof. My husband met me on the threshold of the room, and in presenting our visitor to me pronounced the name of one of our Theosophical Worthies whom I had never met but with whose writings I was very familiar.

On meeting a stranger, it has been my habit for years past to search the countenance for evidences of

spiritual unfoldment; not for criticism, but to discover a comrade. On the present occasion, when greeting this newcomer, I noted the marked evidences of very great self-discipline and high-minded purpose depicted in the expression of the mouth and lips; also that the forehead and eyes both revealed deep spirituality, whilst the countenance as a whole conveyed to me a profound impression of innate refinement and nobility of character.

In my dream, however, I most clearly understood that the corporeal presentment of the man I was greeting had no actual resemblance to his real physical body. On the contrary, it was just a form shadowed forth to my consciousness by means of some materials stored up in my brain-cells, and used as a symbol to portray the special points and inner characteristics it was one purpose of this dream to impress upon my attention.

Together we moved forward to the fire-place, which was built of small oblong rose-coloured tiles, set with white cement. The fire was blazing most brilliantly, but had a mysterious centre which seemed to be *one glowing incandescent light*, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before. Looking at my companion who was now seated beside me, I saw that his boots, very large heavy ones saturated with water, were placed in front of the glowing fire; also that his feet, clothed in fine white woollen socks, were set upon the hearth, the soles placed close up to, and directly in front of, the glowing incandescent centre of the blazing fire.

In my dream it was distinctly conveyed to my mind that the boots saturated with water symbolised the astral vehicle, replete with astral knowledge and experience. The feet, and the colour and quality of the socks, I understood, were symbolic of the understanding

and its condition. All of these I saw were exposed to the transmuting forces of the Divine Fire by my companion's strong will and firm purpose.

Reverently and humbly I turned to gaze once more into the midst of the mysterious glowing light. A feeling of intense awe overcame me, for I could perceive no limits to its unfathomable depths, and yet I seemed to be looking right through this light straight into the *Forever* into the very Heart of all Life and Being. Absolutely still, yet absolutely living, this transcendent centre of essential light began to affect me as if it were some supreme magnet. I began to long intensely to throw myself right into its very midst, but could not compass it, because whilst I had stood gazing into this ineffable light all power of movement had left my limbs. The cry of the Psalmist, "All my bones are poured out like water," rose up in my heart. Shaken with the awful intensity of my longing, exclaiming passionately, "O my God, these things are too great for me," I awakened from my dream, but by no means from the consciousness of that overwhelming desire to throw myself into that mystic centre of living light. Nor indeed did this overwhelming desire diminish as the day advanced. In fact, during several succeeding days it deepened so much in intensity as to become all-absorbing, even to the point of interfering with the proper execution of my daily duties. At last so vivid did this ever-present consciousness of that mystic light become, and so overmastering was the passion in my heart to yield to its compelling magnetism, that I realised that a condition of mind had arisen which required prompt attention, if I were to maintain my true mental balance.

Knowing that my position was analogous to that of an infant crying passionately for an object unsuited to its development, and that the vision of that ineffable light would never have been given to me if it were incapable of being translated into an inspiration for the perfecting of my present earthly life, I set myself to meditate deeply upon the matter, and commenced by facing the vision and looking once again right into the very Heart of it with courage and restraint. Continuing to hold the dream-picture of that unfathomable light steadily in my imagination, it gradually assumed the definite outline of a sun. Restraining the passionate desire to plunge right into its very midst with all the power of my mind, I faced the luminous body steadily for a short time until I saw a globe approaching it from one side. This globe, which was an image of the earth, passed in front of the sun after the manner of an eclipse, and remained a dark body in the centre of the sun for some moments. Continuing to watch, I saw that the luminous brightness of the sun began to burn through the earth until it too became as bright and luminous as the sun itself, one with it, and yet always remaining the earth, with the earth's own characteristics. Then illuminated and ever-glowing, it passed away from the face of the sun and disappeared from my consciousness. This image of the earth was followed by a series of emblematic objects representing the qualities and kingdoms of the earth. First, the mineral kingdom was represented by a great mound of rough broken stone; this, following the exact path of the earth-globe, passed also in front of the sun as a dark body; then, becoming luminous and one with the sun, moved onwards and passed out of my consciousness.

Earth and rocks, trees, plants, and animals—all were successively represented and all passed through exactly the same programme. When the turn came for the human race to appear, the first representatives were such terrible apparitions of vice and degradation that I could hardly bear to look upon them, but they too passed in front of the sun and left its face glorified, and yet themselves. Grade after grade of humanity came forward in one long continuous stream of men and women, each representing a mode of humanity more spiritual, noble and refined than its predecessor.

At this point I was obliged to interrupt my meditation, but I had none the less learnt therefrom all that was requisite for my needs, great as they had seemed to be. I knew that wherever I was, or whatever I was looking upon, whether upon the beauties of nature or the hideous works of sordid men—whether my service led me into converse with those who were wise or with those who are fast in the bonds of ignorance and vice—I knew that in one and all I had but to look in order to realise the unfathomable all-pervading centre of Divine Light working within as a burning, transmuting force. I knew that everything that I could touch, whether with my soul or my body, afforded me, through the portal of love and compassionate service, an immediate entrance into the ineffable depths of that "Sacrificial Fire which fills the earth, the heavens, and all the regions that are stretched between"—"in which we live and move and have our being," and which eternally is.

A Theosophist

IN THE WOOD

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Ghostly Phenomena, Werewolves, etc.*

I

IT was a cold night. Rain had been falling steadily, not only for hours but days—the ground was saturated. As I walked along the country lane, the slush splashed over my boots and trousers. To my left was a huge stone wall, behind which I could see the nodding heads of firs, and through them the wind was rushing, making a curious whistling sound—now loud, now soft, roaring and gently murmuring. The sound fascinated me. I fancied it might be the angry voice of a man and the plaintive pleading of a woman, and then a weird chorus of unearthly beings, of grotesque things that stalked along the Cornish moors, and crept from behind huge boulders.

Nothing but the wind was to be heard. I stood and listened to it. I could have listened for hours, for I felt in harmony with my surroundings—lonely. The moon showed itself at intervals from behind the scudding clouds and lighted up the open landscape to my left. A gaunt hill covered with rocks, some piled up pyramidically, others strewn here and there; a few trees with naked arms tossing about and looking distressfully slim

beside the more stalwart boulders; a sloping field or two, a couple of level ones, crossed by a tiny path, and the lane where I stood. The scenery was desolate—not actually wild, but sad and forlorn, and the spinney by my side lent an additional weird aspect to the place which was pleasing to me.

Suddenly I heard a sound—a familiar sound enough at other times, but at this hour and in this place everything seemed different. A woman was coming along the road—a woman in a dark cloak with a basket under her arm, and the wind was blowing her skirts about her legs.

I looked at the trees. One singularly gaunt and fantastic one appalled me. It had long, gnarled arms, and two of them ended in bunches of twigs like hands—yes, they were exactly like hands—huge, murderous looking hands, with bony fingers. The moonlight played over and around me—I was bathed in it—I had no business to be on the earth—my proper place was in the moon—I no longer thought it—I knew it. The woman was close at hand. She stopped at a little wicket gate leading into the lane skirting the north wall of the spinney. I felt angry; what right had she to be there, interrupting my musings with the moon? The tree with the human hands appeared to agree with me. I saw anger in the movements of its branches—anger which soon blazed into fury as they gave a mighty bend towards her as if longing to rend her in pieces.

I followed the woman, and the wind howled louder and louder through those rustling leaves.

How long I scrambled on I do not know. As soon as the moonlight left me, I fell into a kind of slumber—a delicious trance—broken by nothing save the murmurings of the leaves and the sighing and groaning

of the winds—sweeter music I never heard. Then came a terrible change—the charm of my thoughts was broken, I awoke from my reverie.

A terrific roar broke on my ears and a perfect hurricane of rain swept through the woods. I crept cold and shivering beneath the shelter of the trees. To my surprise a hand fell on my shoulder; it was a man, and like myself he shivered.

“Who are you?” he whispered in a strangely hoarse voice. “Who are you? Why are you here?”

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you,” I replied, shaking off his grasp.

“Well—tell me, for God’s sake, man!” He was frightened, trembling with fright. Could it be the storm, or was it—was it those trees? I told him then and there why I had trespassed—I was fascinated—the wind, and the trees had led me thither.

“So am I,” he whispered, “I am fascinated! It is a long word but it describes my sentiments. What did the wind sound like?”

I told him. He was a poor, common man, and had no poetical ideas—the wildly romantic had never interested him—he was but an ignorant labouring man.

“Sounded like sighing, groaning and so on?” he asked, shifting uneasily from one foot to another. He was cold, horribly cold. “Was that all?”

“Yes, of course! Why ask?” I replied. Then I laughed. This stupid, sturdy son of toil had been scared; to him the sounds had been those of his Cornish bogies—things he had dreaded in his infancy. I told him so. He didn’t like to hear me make fun of him; he didn’t like my laugh, and he persisted: “Was that all you heard?”

Then I grew impatient and asked him to explain what he meant.

"Well," he said, "I thought I heard a scream—a cry! Just as if someone had jumped out on someone else and taken them unawares! Maybe it was the wind—only the wind! but it had an eerie sound."

The man was nervous. The storm had frightened away whatever wits he may have possessed.

"Come, let us be going," I said, moving away in the direction of the wall. I wanted to find a new exit, I was tired of paths.

The man kept close to me. I could hear his teeth chatter. Accidentally I felt his hand brush against mine; his flesh was icy cold. He gave a cry as if a snake had bitten him. Then the truth flashed through me—the man was mad; his terror, his strange manner of showing it, and now this sudden shrinking from me, revealed it all—he was mad; the moon and trees had done their work.

"I'm not going that way," he said. "Come along with me; I want to see which of the trees it was that cried!" His voice was changed, he seemed suddenly to have grown stranger. There was no insanity in his tone now, but I knew the cunning of the mad, and fearing to anger him, I acquiesced. What an idea! One of the trees had cried; did he mean the wind? He grew sullen when I jeered at him. He led me to a little hollow in the ground, and I noticed the prints of several feet in the wet mud; then I saw something which sent the cold blood to my heart—a woman bathed in blood lay before me. Somehow she was familiar to me. I looked again—then again. Yes! there was the dark shawl, the basket, broken it was true, with the contents

scattered, but it was the same basket; it was the woman I had seen coming down the road.

"My God! Whatever is this?" the man by my side spoke. He swayed backwards and forwards on his feet, his face white and awful in the moonlight—he was sick with terror. "Oh, God! it is horrible! horrible!" Then with a sudden earnestness and a crafty look in his eyes he bent over her. "Who is it?" he cried. "Who is the poor wretch?" I saw him peer into her face, but he didn't touch her—he dreaded the blood. Then he started back, his eyes filled with such savageness as I had never seen in any man's before; he looked a devil—he was a devil. "It's my wife!" he shrieked. "My wife!" His voice fell and turned into what sounded like a sob. "It's Mary! She was coming back to St. Ives. It was her cry! There—see it—confound you! You have it on your arm—your coat—it is all over you!" He raised his hand to strike me; the moonlight fell on it—a great coarse hand, and I noticed with a thrill of horror a red splash on it—it was blood! The man was a murderer! He had killed her, and with all the cunning of the madman was trying to throw the guilt on me.

I sprang at him with a cry of despair. He kicked, bit, and tried to tear my arms from his neck; but somehow I seemed to have ten times my usual strength. And all the while we struggled, a sea of faces waved to and fro, peering down at us from the gaunt trees above.

He gave in at length; and I held him no longer with the iron grip, and help came in the shape of a policeman.

The man seemed to grasp the situation easily. There had been a murder, the man whom I had secured

was known to him. He was a labouring man, of unsteady habits; he had been drinking, had met and quarrelled with his wife. The rest was to be seen in the ghastly heap before us.

The wretch had no defence, he seemed dazed, and eyed the bloodstains on his face and clothes in a stupid kind of way.

I slipped five shillings into the policeman's hand when we parted. He thanked me and pocketed the money; he knew his position and mine too—I was a gentleman and a very plucky one at that. So I thought as I walked back to my rooms, yet I lay awake and shuddered as visions of the nodding heads of trees rose before me; and from without, across the silent rows of houses, lanes and fields, there rose and fell again the wailing of a woman—of a woman in distress.

II

The murder in the spinney was an event in St. Ives; the people were unused to such tragedies, and it afforded them conversation for many weeks. The evidence against the husband was conclusive, he had been caught red-handed, he was an habitual drunkard, and he paid the penalty for his crime in the usual manner. I left St. Ives; I had seen enough of Cornwall, and thirsted for life in London once more; yet often at night, the sighing of the wind in the trees sounded in my ears and bade me visit them once more. One day as I was sitting by my fire with a pile of magazines by my side, taking life easily, for I had nothing to do but kill time, my old friend Frank Wedmore looked me up. We had been at Clifton together in the far-off eighties and he

was the only friend of the old set of whom I had lost sight.

He had not altered much, in spite of a moustache and a fair sprinkling of white hairs. I should have known him had I met him anywhere. He was wearing a Chesterfield coat, very spruce and smart, and his face was red with healthy exercise.

"How are you, old chap?" he exclaimed, shaking hands in the hearty fashion of true friendship. I winced, for he had strong hands.

"Oh, fit enough," I said, "but a bit bored. But you—well, you look just the same, and fresh as a daisy." I gave him the easy chair.

"Oh, I'm first rate—plenty of work. I'm a journalist, you know. Plenty of grind, but I'm taking a bit of holiday. You look pale. Your eyes are bad?"

I told him they got strained if I read much.

"I daresay you will think me mad," he went on, "but I'm going to ask you rather a curious question. I remember you used to be fond of ghosts and all sorts of queer things."

I nodded. We had had many such discussions in my study at school.

"Well, I am a member of the Psychical Research Society."

I smiled doubtfully. "Well, you can't say they have discovered much. The name is high-sounding, but nothing beyond."

"Never mind. Some day, perhaps, we shall show the public that at present it is only in the early stages of investigation."

Wedmore lit a cigarette, puffed away in silence for a few seconds, and then went on:

"I am undertaking a little work for the Society now."

"Where?"

"In Cornwall. Ever been there?"

I nodded. Wedmore was very much at his ease.

"Been to St. Ives?"

I knew by instinct he would mention the place. He thought I looked ill, and told me I had been over-doing it.

"It is merely a case of 'flu'," I assured him. "I had it six weeks ago, and still feel the effects." The woman in the hollow was before me; I saw again her shabby shawl and the blood round her throat.

"There was a murder down there, a short time ago."

"I heard of it," I remarked, casually. "It was a wife-murder, I believe."

"Yes! just a common wife-murder, and the fellow was caught and hanged."

"Then why the ghost?"

"Well, that is the odd part of it," Wedmore said slowly, leaning back in his chair, his long legs stretched out. "I have heard from two St. Ives artists—I beg their pardon, golfers—that screams have been heard in the spinney about twelve o'clock at night. Not the time for practical jokers, and the Cornish are too superstitious to try their pranks in unsavoury spots. And from what I heard, the spot is singularly uncanny."

"They haven't seen—anything?" I asked.

"No, only heard the cries, and these are so terribly realistic and appalling that no one cares to pass the place at night; indeed, it is utterly banned. I mentioned the case to old Potters—you may have heard of him,

he is the author of *When the Veil is Cleared Away*—and he pressed me to go down and investigate. I agreed—then I thought I would look you up. Do you recollect your pet aversion in the way of ghosts?"

I nodded. "Yes, and I still have the aversion. I think locality exercises a strange influence over some minds. The peaceful meadow scenery holds no lurking horrors in its bosom, but in the lonesome moorlands, full of curiously moulded boulders, grotesque weakness must affect one there; creatures seem to come, odd and ill-defined as their surroundings. As a child I had a peculiar horror of those tall, odd-shaped boulders, with seeming faces—featureless, it is true, but sometimes strangely resembling humans and animals. I believe the spinney may be haunted by something of this nature—terrible as the trees!"

"You know the spinney?"

"I do. And I know the trees."

Again in my ears the wind rushed, as it had on the night in question.

"Will you come with me?"

Wedmore eyed me eagerly. The same old affection he had once entertained for me was ripening in his eyes; indeed, it had always remained there. Should I go? An irresistible impulse seized me, a morbid craving to look once more at the blood-stained hollow, to hear again the wind. I looked out of the window, the sky was cold and grey. There were rows and rows of chimneys everywhere, a sea of chimneys, an ocean of dull, uninviting smoke. I began to hate London and to long for the countless miles of blue sea, and the fresh air of the woods. I assented, when better judgment would have led me to refuse.

"Yes; I will go. As for the ghost, it may be there, but it is not as you think; it is not the apparition of a man; it may be in part like a man, but it is one of those cursed nightmares I have always had; I shall see it, hear it shriek, and if I drop dead from fright you, old man, will be to blame."

Wedmore was an enthusiast; psychical adventure always allured him, and he would run the risk of my weak heart, and have me with him.

A thousand times I prepared to go back on my word, a thousand tumultuous emotions of some impending disaster rushed through me. I felt on the border of an abyss, dark and hopeless; I was pushed on by invisible and unfriendly hands; I knew I must fall, knew that the black depths in front would engulf me eternally. I took the plunge. We talked over Clifton days, and arranged our train to the West. Wedmore looked very boyish I thought as he arose to go, and stood smiling his good-bye in the doorway.

He was all kindness, I liked him more than ever. I felt my heart go out to him, and yet, somehow, as we stood looking at one another, a grey shadow swept around him, and an icy pang shot through my heart.

III

It was night once more, and the moonlight poured in floods from over the summit of the knoll where the uncanny boulders lay. Every obstacle stood silhouetted against the dark background. A house with its white walls stood grim and silent; the paths running in various directions up and alongside the hill were made doubly clear in the whiteness of the beams that fell on them.

There were no swift clouds, nothing to hide the brilliance of the stars, and it was nearly midnight. The air was cold—colder than is usual in St. Ives. The lights of many boats twinkled on the bay, and Godrevy stood out boldly away to the right, looking not more than a mile or so away. There were lights to be seen in St. Ives itself. The town was absolutely still and dark; not a voice, not a sound, not even the baying of a dog.

It was very ghostly, and I shivered.

Wedmore stood by my side. I glanced apprehensively at him. Why did he stand in the moonlight? What business had he there? I laughed, but I fear there was but little mirth in the sound.

"I wish you would stop that infernal noise!" he said. "I am pretty nervous as it is."

"All right," I whispered. "I won't do it again." But I did, and he edged sharply away from me. I looked over his head; there was the gaunt tree with the great hands—I fancied the branches were once again fingers; I told him so.

"For God's sake, man, keep quiet," he replied. "You are enough to upset anyone's nerves." He pulled out his watch for the hundredth time. "It's close on the hour."

I again looked at the trees and listened. Suddenly, although there had been absolute silence before, I heard a faint breathing sound, a very gentle murmur. It came from over the distant knoll. Very soft and low, but gradually louder and louder, and then as it rushed past us into the spinney beyond, I saw once more the great trees rock beneath it; and again came those voices, those of the woman and the man.

Wedmore looked ill, very ill I thought. I touched him on the arm. "You are frightened," I said. "You, a member of the Research Society, you afraid!"

"Something is going to happen!" he gasped. "I feel it, I know it—we shall see the murder—we shall know the secret of death! What is that?"

Away in the distance the tapping of shoes came through the still night air. Tap—tap—tap—down the path from the knoll. I clutched Wedmore by the arm. "You think you will see the murder, do you? And the murderer?"

Wedmore didn't answer, his breath came in gasps; he looked about him like a man at bay.

"And the murderer! Ha! It comes from there! See, it is looking at us from those trees. It is all arms and legs, it has no human face. It will drop to the earth, and then we shall see what happens!"

Tap—tap—tap. The steps grew louder—nearer and nearer they came. The greater shadows from the trees stole down one by one to meet them.

I looked again at Wedmore, he was fearfully expectant; so was I.

A woman came tripping along the path; I knew her in an instant—there was the shabby shawl, the basket on her arm—it was the same. She approached the wicket. I looked at Wedmore, he was spell-bound with fear; I touched his arm. I dragged him with me.

"Come!" I whispered, "we shall see which of us is right. You think the ghostly murderer will resemble us—resemble men. It won't. Come!" I dragged him forward. Had it not been for me he would have fled, but I was firm. We passed through the gate; we followed the figure as it silently glided on. We turned

to the left. The place grew very dark as the trees met overhead.

I heard the trickling of water and knew we were close to the ditch.

I gazed intently at the trees: when would the horror drop from them? A sickly terror laid hold of me. I turned to fly.

To my surprise Wedmore stopped me; he was all excitement. "Wait!" he hissed, "wait! it is you who are afraid. Hark! It is twelve o'clock!"

And as he spoke, the clock of the parish church slowly tolled midnight.

Then the end came.

An awful scream rang out, so piercing and so full of terror that I felt the blood in my heart stand still. But no figure dropped from the trees. Not from the trees, but from behind the woman, a form darted forward, and seized her round the neck; it tore at her throat with its hands, it dragged and hurried her into the moonlight, and then, oh! damning horror, I saw its face—it was my own.

* * * * *

The world in general laughed at the strange tale of Francis Wedmore.

The madman he had led at midnight, gibbering into St. Ives, did not convince the sceptical readers of the London dailies with his corroboration. But the St. Ives people knew and understood. It is on account of this that the spinney so soon lost its ghosts, though the wind whistles as dismally there as ever.

Elliott O'Donnell

THE SPHINX

By ANNIE BESANT

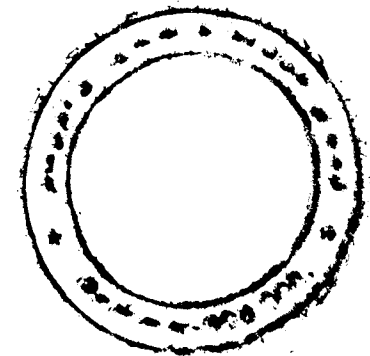
THE picture of the supposed interior of the Sphinx, which we present to our readers by the courtesy of the *Times of India* and the *Sphere* is one which does credit to the imagination of its artist. The statements about it first appeared in an American 'Sunday Edition,' but were apparently well substantiated.

I have, however, received a letter from a member who spent the winter in Egypt, and who read the accounts which appeared in the London press. He and his friends could find no signs of excavations at the Sphinx, though Professor Reisner was excavating about a mile away, on the other side of the Pyramids." Still they thought there must be some truth underlying the precise statements made, until shortly before they left Cairo. Then they found the following decisive contradiction in an Egyptian newspaper:

The American press lately announced that Professor Reisner, the Harvard Egyptologist, had communicated to the authorities of the Harvard Semitic Museum and the Boston Museum of Fine Arts the results of his investigations of the Sphinx. Elaborate details of a number of remarkable discoveries were published and apparently emanated from the Harvard and Boston Museums. But it appears all these stories were the fictions of American journalists, for Professor Reisner, writing to us from Kerma in the Sudan, states that the story of the excavations at the Sphinx is absurd and from beginning to end is a fabrication, the origin of which he is not able to ascertain at such a distance. He adds: *I have never excavated at or in the Sphinx. I have never intended, nor do I now intend, to do so.*

This is certainly decisive, and places the story among the many hoaxes perpetrated on a confiding public.

Annie Besant



QUARTERLY LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REVIEWS

Instinct and Experience, by C. Lloyd Morgan, D. Sc., LL. D., F. R. S. (Methuen and Co., Ltd., London. Price 5s.)

Dr. Morgan begins by stating that he approaches his subject from the standpoint of biology; he disregards the mode of origin of the world and its final end and purpose, holding that these belong to metaphysics and not to science. While, on the surface, this attitude may appear to be rational and impartial, it is fairly obvious that if the world be an expression of a cosmic life, any investigation into its problems that ignores that life must be but partial and may be misleading. Nature's processes are not stored in water-tight compartments, but are guided by an all-pervasive life. A painter who refused to recognise the body under the folds of the garments that clothed it would give us but a lifeless picture.

Instinct is regarded by Dr. Morgan as a complex biological response to a group of stimuli, originating prior to experience but, later, modified thereby. Heredity builds the organism which responds, and here experience comes into play, by affecting and gradually modifying the organs, for experience embodies a meaning, and this meaning gives it a guiding value. Dr. Morgan analyses the processes which go on in the higher and lower brain-centres, and illustrates his theory by tracing the behaviour of a young moorhen swimming and diving for the first time. The description of the machinery is subtle and instructive, but one seeks in vain for the power by which it moves. For those who wish only to understand the machine, the process described is enough. Consciousness is the property of the cortical centres of the brain, and experience is correlated to this; hence instinctive motions become perfected by acquired experience and by the play of intelligence thereon. "Conscious guidance is specially correlated with cortical conditions."

Instinct belongs to the sub-cortical. Hence Dr. Morgan separates innate mental tendencies—belonging to the cortex—from instincts belonging to the sub-cortical centres.

Naturally, our author disagrees with Bergson, whose view of instinct as related to life, the internal, while intellect is concerned with matter, the external, is to him a bringing of metaphysics into science. But to many it is this very connection which gives value to Bergson's ideas, because he sees life as acting on a mechanism. Students will do well to study Dr. Morgan, as the keen dry light of science can never be aught but useful in the search for truth.

A. B.

The Lost Language of Symbolism. An inquiry into the origin of certain letters, words, names, fairy-tales, folklore and mythologies, by Harold Bayley. Two vols. (Williams and Norgate, London. Price 25s. net.)

Our review of this book must be a short and a sad one. It is a complete and irredeemable failure. We sincerely condole with the author in having run across a publisher with such an indiscriminating reader that he could pass this work. Its acceptance and publication is a cruel injustice inflicted on the writer. For many reasons this is a pity. The material execution of the work, for one, is excellent. Would that the labour and care expended on it had been devoted to contents more worthy of them! Another reason is that we recognise the author's zeal and enthusiasm, his guilelessness and industry. Had these qualities been given scope after sufficient preliminary training in methods and facts, something useful might have been the result. As it now stands the book is worthless, and if—one sincerely hopes that it may not be so—the book sells at all, it will only serve as a bulky prop for mischievous superstitions with regard to language, history, mythology and mysticism generally.

The author believes he has discovered a new basis for the rendering of the etymological elements of language in general. He does not seem to be aware of the existence of phonetic laws or etymological canons anyhow. He has quite anew started out to discover a science of etymology of his own, with the result that the etymological labours of the last century seem to have remained unknown to him. As

a result he has produced a work on the level of those of Court de Gebelin and Fabre d'Olivet, only more fantastic than these. He discovers a root *ak* in Herakles, which is like discovering a root *eg*, in bridegroom. He solves the otherwise unknown etymology of dog, by referring it to dogma and to the Venetian Doge. This is a find! And, lastly, the word pigeon is not derived from *pipio*, as Skeat would have it, and does, consequently, not mean a 'chirper' but is to be resolved into *pi ja on* and means 'Father of the Everlasting One'.

In short, if the writer had read, studied, and digested the ten simple canons of etymology, covering only some twenty lines of print, as prefixed to Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language*, then this alone would have prevented him writing at least nine-tenths of his work, and it would have also prevented its publication, precisely one century too late.

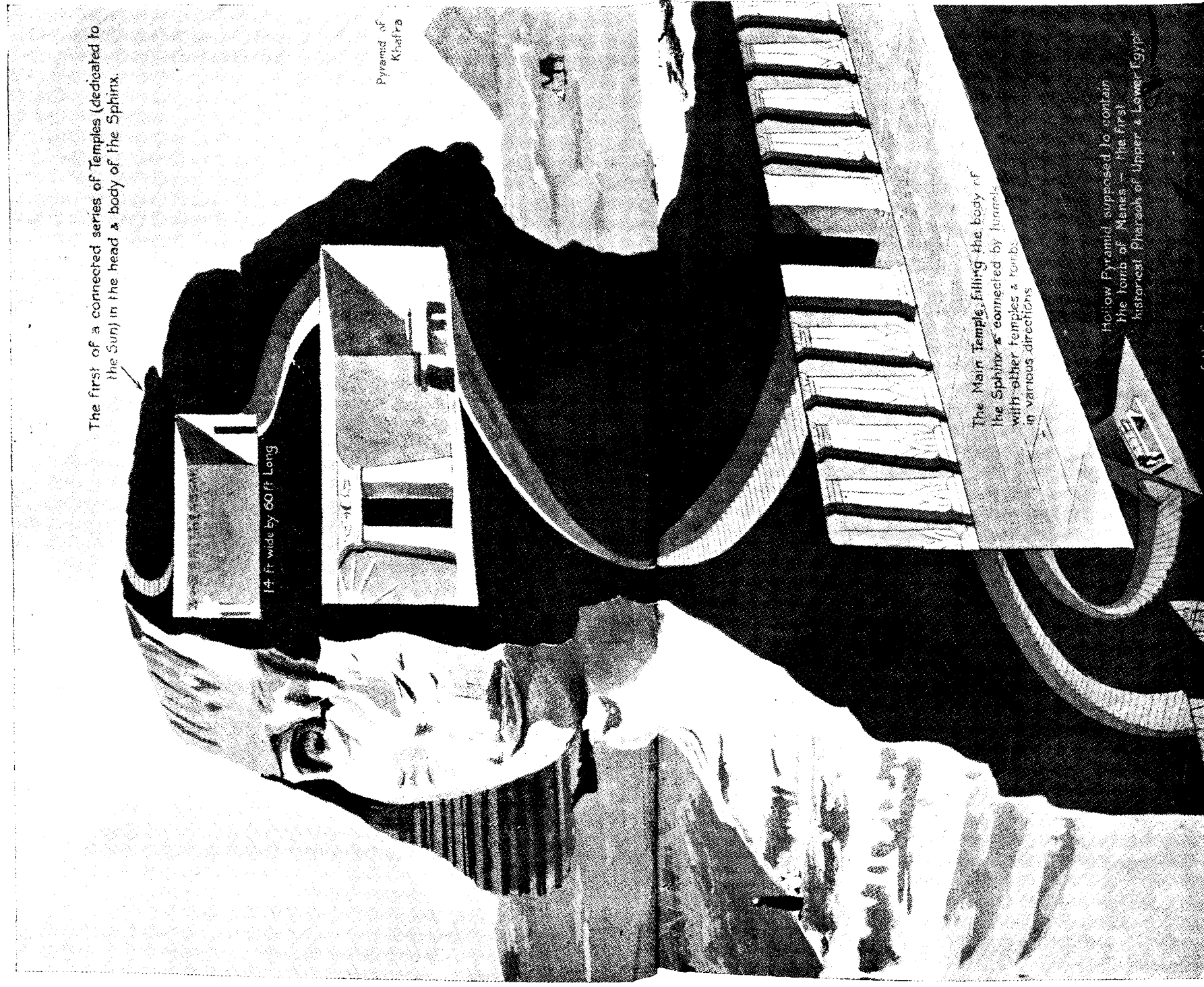
The book, besides its text, contains the neat and clear reproductions of over one thousand and four hundred water-marks of various paper makers. They are interesting but seem to have very little connection with the text. The text itself does not seem to sustain any single fixed thesis, but rather a never-ending stream of disjointed observations, very loosely knit together, and with some vague mystical tendencies together with the linguistic obsession permanently in the background. The merit of the book is solely one of intention; the execution is altogether a dismal failure.

J. v. M.

Science and the Infinite, or Through a Window in the Blank Wall, by Sidney T. Klein. (William Rider & Son., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The idea running through this attractive little book is the old but ever new quest for the Reality underlying appearances. The eight 'views' are brief but bright essays on philosophic puzzles such as space and time, tinged with a type of Mysticism characteristic of much New Thought literature, and replete with scientific illustrations well adapted to impress the popular imagination. It is by introspection rather than by intellect that the author urges his readers to follow his endeavours to pierce the veil; and he certainly makes a most praiseworthy attempt to describe his own method, which strikes us as peculiar, but

REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES WITHIN THE SPHINX.



By kind permission of "The Sphere."

Diagrammatic view of the discoveries recently made of hidden temples within the Sphinx.

Repeated reports are coming from Egypt of the extreme interest which is being evoked by the remarkable discoveries now being made by Professor G. A. Reisner, Egyptologist, of Harvard University. He is unveiling a series of hidden temples within the natural rock of which the Sphinx is formed. The drawing above is only approximate in its details as the measured drawings now being made by the explorer are not yet available. The temples and stairways are, however, shown in their relative positions. Not only is the head of the Sphinx occupied by two small chambers, one superimposed above the other, but the actual body of the Sphinx is also occupied by a larger pillar-lined temple with passages leading off in several directions. The actual tomb of Menes, the great but mysterious founder of remote Egypt, is also supposed to be within the Sphinx. The most remarkable discoveries may be looked for at any time.

which seems to have at least proved the inadequacy of words to express the higher flights of consciousness. The chapter on 'Mysticism and Symbolism' contains a neat theory (to one who is not a Mason) ascribing the origin of the Gothic arch to a symbolical interpretation of the equilateral triangle in Euclid I, i, and later on in the book we are taken for some exciting tours through the solar system to the limits of astronomical discovery; but we must confess that these mysteries seem as remote as ever, though, unlike ourselves, the author seems to expect that death will make all clear. Inconclusive as they may appear, such books as this make people think—which is a good deal.

W. D. S. B.

Great Issues, by Robert F. Horton. (T. Fisher Unwin, London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

The tone of the book is undoubtedly Christian, but that broader Christianity born of later days, and less confined by doctrine and dogma than the strictly orthodox would approve. Not yet has the writer quite reached the point of admitting the brotherhood of all religions, for he says: "But if it may appear too latitudinarian to say that the religion of all good men is the same, there can be no hesitation in admitting that the religion of all genuine Christians is the same, to whatever age or Church they belong." But this may be said in order to safeguard himself from a wrong interpretation of a former phrase: "Christianity is not so sharply marked off from the religions of the world as dogma and exclusiveness lead us to think." He bases his faith on Christianity on its 'fruits'—"The best fruit which is hitherto found in humanity." It is the application of the Christian spirit to the Great Issues of life which forms the theme of this interesting volume. The essays are written quite simply, and are easy to read and to understand, but the author has rather an irritating habit of introducing quotations in quantity throughout, and he puts in little stories here and there. Possibly these devices may give the book a popular touch, but one feels one would rather have a more uninterrupted exposition of the author's own opinions than the somewhat chequered effect he has produced.

T. L. C.

The Light of India, by Harold Begbie. (Hodder and Stoughton, New York, Toronto, London. Price 1s. net.)

This is one of the books which ought never to have been written, or, if written, never published, for it can but stir up hatred and encourage bitterness. Hindūism is called "an idolatrous superstition surviving from the dark night of paganism"; a "British-looking gentleman in a more or less European suit of clothes" is a Hindū who "believes that the world is flat; his god is a mixture of Bacchus, Don Juan and Dick Turpin"; and so on. "I found myself saying very often as I walked in the wide and magnificent streets of Indian cities: 'All these people believe that the world is flat.'" Why, "these people" knew that the earth was a ball rolling in space when all Christendom believed it was a disk with a vaulted firmament over it, "so fast that it cannot be moved"! Hindūism, Mr. Begbie tells us on another page, is a mental disease—quoting, he says, Sir Monier Williams. "Terror is the spirit of Hindūism." "All the unrest in India which is treacherous, unscrupulous and bloody-handed comes from the Brāhmaṇas." "Hindūism is the absurdest superstition imaginable." It "contains absolutely nothing which can be of the very smallest service to the evolution of humanity." It is not worth while to spend more time over Mr. Harold Begbie. The excuse for him is that he obtained his information from a Salvationist, and Salvationists go merely among the lowest types. It is as though a Hindū described Christianity from the views of costermongers in the New Cut.

A. B.

The Diamond Sūtra, (Chin-Kang-Ching) or Prajñā-Paramitā. Translated from the Chinese, with an Introduction and Notes, by William Gemmell. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This latest translation of *The Diamond Sūtra*, a title given, so says the text, by the Lord Buddha himself, is evidence of the increasing attention which Buddhist philosophy is attracting in the West, and forms a fresh link between the Teacher of the Law and those who are ready to turn from the excitement of western civilisation to the path that leads to Nirvāṇa.

To attempt to describe the scripture itself would be presumption. It is with reason admitted to be one of the most paradoxical of Buddhist scriptures, and is apt at first reading to leave a curious sense of emptiness. But the student who is accustomed to the eastern method of teaching knows that 'hard sayings' and negative statements are deliberately intended to throw him back on his intuition, and so he does not expect to find spiritual truths formulated in cut and dried definitions. Through all the picturesque repetitions which form the setting of such discourses there runs a positive message which seems to be complementary to the well-known negative aspect—that truth cannot be perceived until the mind is free from passion. "What immutable Law shall sustain the mind of that disciple, and bring into subjection every inordinate desire?" In answer to the natural question, comes the Buddha's opening pronouncement: "By this wisdom shall enlightened disciples be enabled to bring into subjection every inordinate desire!" And the message goes straight to the root of all thought and subsequent action. "Not assuming the permanency or the reality of earthly phenomena, but in the conscious blessedness of a mind at perfect rest."

Even the teaching here given, difficult as it must necessarily be, seeing that it was "delivered specifically" for those who have "entered the stream," is spoken of as being nothing more than a raft to bear them to "the other shore". Those who wrangle over creeds would do well to ponder over the sublime sweep of the following stanza.

The Lord Buddha addressed Subhuti, saying:

What think you? Has the Lord Buddha really attained to supreme spiritual wisdom? Or has he a system of doctrine which can be specifically formulated?

Subhuti replied, saying:

As I understand the meaning of the Lord Buddha's discourse, he has no system of doctrine which can be specifically formulated; nor can the Lord Buddha express, in explicit terms, a form of knowledge which can be described as supreme spiritual wisdom. And why? Because, what the Lord Buddha adumbrated in terms of the Law, is transcendental and inexpressible. Being a purely spiritual concept, it is neither consonant with Law, nor synonymous with anything apart from the Law. Thus is exemplified the manner by which wise disciples and holy Buddhas, regarding intuition as the Law of their minds, severally attained to different planes of spiritual wisdom.

The practical charity which is so plainly insisted on in the more popular teachings is here almost taken for granted as the natural outcome of spiritual enlightenment. The following stanza gives a glimpse of the stupendous gap in development between such an one and ourselves:

Subhuti, regarding the third Paramitā (endurance), it is not in reality a Paramitā, it is merely termed a Paramitā. And why? Because, in a previous life, when the Prince of Kalinga (Kaliradja) severed the flesh from my limbs and body, at that time I was oblivious to such arbitrary ideas of phenomena as an entity, a being, a living being, or a personality. And why? Because, upon that occasion, when my limbs and body were rent asunder, had I not been oblivious to such arbitrary ideas as an entity, a being, a living being, or a personality, there would have originated within my mind feelings of anger and resentment.

We leave the merits of the translation as such to the judgment of Oriental scholars, but may add that the choice of words produces an effect that scholarship alone might have missed—the subtle touch of comprehension that catches the magic of the teacher. This faculty is further evident in the selection of parallel passages from Max Muller's translation of the *Vagrakkhedika*, Beal's *Kin-Kong-King*, Arnold's *Light of Asia*, Cockburn Thomson's *Bhagavad-Gītā*, and others; and nowhere more strikingly than in the brief references to the New Testament. In fact one wonders how any intelligent person can remain blind to the one fundamental process which all the various systems of religious philosophy are framed to portray. Other extracts from Eitel, Edkins, and others give valuable sidelights of information. A full and instructive introduction is contributed by the translator, and it will interest Theosophists to know that he speaks of 'The Diamond Sūtrā' as representing the Mahāyana school of Buddhist thought founded by Nagarjuna. Certainly this is a book for the few who have the will to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

W. D. S. B.

A Brief History of Modern Philosophy, by Dr. Harold Hoffding, translated by Charles Finley Sanders. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

No better estimate of this work as a whole can be given in a few words than that of the translator in his preface. He says: "The book is clear, compact and comprehensive. The various schools are analysed and criticised and the thread of continuous development is constantly kept in view. . . . The

student is constantly aware that a familiar spirit is safely guiding him through the bewildering maze of philosophic problems and tentative solutions." The author begins his history at the Renaissance and continues it up to the present day, discussing at the end Bradley, Eucken, Bergson and other contemporary writers. To say that a book on this subject written by a man of Professor Hoffding's reputation among scholars is highly to be recommended, would be superfluous; but it may not be out of place to remark that even the general reader will find it pleasant reading, comprehensible, and invaluable as a book of reference in case he wishes to see a balanced and reliable epitome of the work of any western philosopher of note since the days of the Revival of Learning.

A. de L.

The Present and the Future Christ, by the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M. A., D. D. (S. P. C. K., London. Price 2s. 6d.)

The author in his preface describes his little book as "practically a spiritual commentary upon the Fourth Gospel, intended more for devotional reading than for deep study". It is in this attitude we must approach it. The study is based on the seven "I ams" of Jesus, to be found in S. John's Gospel. These sayings, Dr. Hitchcock contends, stand above all criticism, for they are "too sublime and divine to be invented even by a Mystic like S. John," and they are utterances in which "the Lord Jesus seems to speak *in propria persona*". On each of these sayings of Jesus the author dwells, giving the result of much careful thought, and showing how those words spoken nearly two thousand years ago are still living and inspiring, even pointing to their continued influence, until Christ shall again come to Earth in the fulness of time. The inspiration of the present is the hope of the future. This series of meditations on the present and future Christ will doubtless be very helpful to its readers, and will appeal especially to the devotional type. It should be studied in connection with the Fourth Gospel, as practically all its teaching is drawn from that source, and its aim is to share with others some of the inspiration which the author himself has drawn thence.

The Laws which govern the Course and Destinies of Religions. [No Author given.] (The Year Book Press, London. Price 7s. 6d.)

This is a curious and somewhat mysterious book. Not only is it published anonymously, but the laconic Prefatory Note states: "These Lectures were prepared but not delivered, with the exception of one, and that in a very summary way."

The author adds that he issues them nevertheless in the hope that they may draw more attention to a particular aspect of a great subject which hitherto has not received the attention to which it is entitled.

This latter phrase sums up, indeed, the real value of the book, of which the title is the most important part. That title is fine and suggestive; the text itself is well-meaning but fairly mediocre, neither distinguished by depth of thought, or learning, or philosophical insight, nor by gracefulness of style, nor by subtlety of understanding. We do not mean to say that the book is wholly useless, but it is certainly not a great book, which it would have been if its subject-matter had fully come up to its title. There are elementary divisions and analyses of the mechanism of religions (rather in the meaning of church organisations than of spiritual movements), which are useful as starting points but do not carry us very far. Yet the claim is rightly made that the subject dealt with is one apart from so-called comparative religion as well as from church history.

As a first attempt at what may be called the study of the physiology of religion (in its physical embodiments) the work may be welcomed. It also may incite further thought and research on the subject, but it is a mere A. B. C. and not by any means a complete grammar of the science announced in the title. The English in which it is embodied is far from elegant and in places is not even correct.

J. v. M.

The True Religion, by Henry Phipps Denison, B.A. (Elliot Stock, London. Price 5s net.)

To the Theosophical student we fear the book must prove a disappointment since the author appears to have taken for granted that the entire history of the 'True Religion' is contained in the records of Judaism and Christianity. He begins his historical sketches therefore in the garden of Eden and concludes them with the recent Catholic Revival, it not having occurred to him evidently to seek for any evidences of the 'True Religion' outside these limitations of time and space. And what according to Mr. Denison is the 'True Religion'? "The Catholic Faith, the Apostolic Ministry, Bishops, Priests and Deacons, the old Catholic worship, Reverence for sacraments, quiet perseverance in old paths, order." Unfortunately it is possible for all this external paraphernalia to be in full swing among a people who nevertheless remain sunken in ignorance, filth, degradation and cruelty, so that we do not feel very satisfied with this attempt at definition on the part of Mr. Denison, preferring indeed for its practical simplicity that conception of spirituality and compassion outlined by the first Christian Bishop: "Pure religion . . . is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Every great religious movement has sooner or later fallen into the hands of the Philistines of formalism and ritualism but Mr. Denison laments that Modern Catholicism has not only the 'Philistines behind,' it has the 'Syrians before'. By the Syrians he designates the undenominationalists, among whom we suppose he would class Theosophists. We agree that they are 'before,' but not in order that they may attack as he implies. They are before because they are pioneers and have to blaze the trail. They are before because they have realised with Lowell that

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast with Truth."

In a word, they are 'before' because they have perceived, what has not yet dawned upon Mr. Denison, that a stationary religion can never satisfy an evolving humanity.

K. F. S.

The Individual and Society, by James Mark Baldwin, D. Sc., LL.D. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

This is a very interesting and sensible book in which preference is given to neither of those conflicting forces, the individual and society, but an honest attempt is made to reason out the manner and nature of their interaction and mode of working. For this interpretation the author conceives of Society as "a mode of organisation *sui generis*; its matter is psychological; its rules of organisation are those which characterise the personal development of minds in relation to one another: it can be understood only by the knowledge, direct or indirect, of the motives and movements of minds capable of certain modes of intercourse". The book treats from the point of view of resorting to sociological interpretation for the results of social psychology. From the interaction of society and the individual Mr. Baldwin deduces that "the effective group shows a character of tempered individualism, that is, a tendency to competition, rivalry, self assertion, for personal advancement tempered by the requirements of group life as a whole". It is decidedly novel to find business treated as a philosophy but it is very well worked out in a stimulating chapter in which the nature of business, its method and morality are all considered with the satisfactory result that—"If there is one maxim of business morality which I think the considerations of a more philosophical sort justify, it is 'love excellence,' excellent goods, excellent men, excellent business and social relationships." The summing up of the whole thesis is: "There is but one human interest when all is said and this is both individual and social at once." Written "under very exact and exacting limitations of space," a great deal of matter and of argument has been compressed into a small compass with the result that, clear though the style is, a fuller treatment of certain points, a development of the argument, might to the untrained psychologist or sociologist seem occasionally desirable. It thus provides a good mental discipline to those who will take the trouble to think over what they read and to work out the conclusions in more detail for themselves.

E. S.

The Universe of Ether and Spirit, by W. G. Hooper, F.R.A.S., F.S.S. (T. P. S., London. Price 4s. 6d. net.)

In an introduction to this book Mr. Macbeth Bain recommends it "to any truth-loving soul," after naively confessing that he has not read it; we happen to have read it, but can recommend it all the same. It is a simple but happy blend of scientific speculation, liberal Christianity, and personal experience, relieved by a sprinkling of modern philosophy. As far as precise information goes, the student of Theosophy will probably find this exposition somewhat elementary, but we gather from numerous references that the author's previous work *Aether and Gravitation* expounded some original theories concerning the constitution and function of the ether of space, for he here assumes much as already proved. His purpose in this later work seems to be more religious than scientific, and so the word ether is evidently used as little more than a mental bridge from which to view the whole universe as a manifestation of spirit. Granting that the hypothesis of a substance interpenetrating all known forms of matter is scientific, it is perfectly logical to regard such a substance as "the garment of spirit," which is the poetical expression the writer adopts; but, though the present tendency of scientific opinion with regard to the ether renders it a most illuminating symbol of the Divine Immanence, the word ether cannot well be extended into the domain of the superphysical without losing in scientific status.

However, the chief value of the book lies in its virile sincerity as a testimony to the reality of the higher life and an appeal to all who seek to test its laws for themselves; and as such it is likely to prove of great benefit to Christian readers whose devotion is practical and tempered with common sense. The collection of quotations is a useful feature, though the arrangement slightly errs on the side of redundancy, possibly owing to the conventional form of theology on which it is moulded. But to catch the delightful enthusiasm of the author, one has to read the book.

W. D. S. B.

An Introduction to the Study of Adolescent Education, by Cyril Bruyn Andrews. (Rebman Ltd., London. Price 5s. net.)

This book deals fearlessly with the problem of education, and contains a great many thoughts that will give the reader to think furiously. The writer is not afraid to state his views nor does he hesitate to strike hard at one of our most cherished national institutions, the Public School.

State schools have, in his opinion, two advantages:

(1) They are day schools, so the young scholar has the benefit of a certain amount of regular home training.

(2) They are the subject of political controversy which is growing ever more and more keen, so the education received will tend to be on the most approved methods, and will not be conducted on rigid or fixed lines.

Education is not a science which admits of unalterable dogmas or sweeping generalisations. The living truth of one generation becomes sterile in the next. The environment of the adult alters; the surroundings during adolescence should change in sympathy. The finest education of to-day will to-morrow unfit the adolescent for his future life; and if we allow any rule to guide us in the science of education, it should be a theory of constant change and sympathetic variation.

The state school may be said to attempt to adapt its curriculum to the present needs, and is suitable as a rule for the dreary routine which is still the lot of many of our working classes; but the boarding school is conservative, and does not march with the times. The author says:

But among the directing and wealthier classes the case is different: to these we look for initiative, ability, originality, imagination and wide sympathies, and the expensive and prolonged education they receive does little to develop these qualities. The large preparatory and public schools in England have few points in common with the free and potent life which will be the future of most of the boys, and unless we believe that a training under one set of conditions adapts boys to a life which is to be led under totally different circumstances, we shall find much to blame and little to praise in the life of most of our large boarding schools.

The author is in favour of co-education. In the present day, when men and women work side by side in every walk of life, he feels that if in adolescence they were to work together, it would be an excellent preparation for later life.

The restrictions of the existing boarding schools—the rules which cramp, the compulsory games, the discipline which

turns out boys of one type, stultifying their individuality at a time of life when they naturally and instinctively seek for self-expression—are, in the author's opinion, inimical to the adolescent and are causes for the immorality which prevails so largely within their walls. It is no use shutting our eyes to facts. "Few seem to realise that when we turn from immorality in disgust we are doing our best to further its continuance." We should consider the matter calmly and temperately. Mr. Andrews thinks that the restrictions of boarding school life, often accompanied by a system of *espionage*, are an incentive to the boy thus hedged in, to seek an outlet for self-expression in an undesirable way. The dreadful results of immorality which are pictured to him in order to deter him, cease to have much effect when he sees older boys, given to the same practices, among the athletic heroes of the school.

It is not possible here to enter into the questions of reform with which Mr. Andrews deals, but they all tend to give to the boy a freer environment, and one calculated to let him grow up *himself* rather than 'cut to pattern'.

This is a book which all parents should read. It would scarcely be too much to say that it is *the duty* of every parent to read it. The public schools are too much a part of English life to be abandoned, but reforms within them might well be effected, and there should be a certain constant 'fluidity' in the course of education, to suit the changing times. In theory one feels quite convinced by Mr. Andrew's arguments, but when one sees what an amount of good a public school does for some boys, one cannot help thinking that after all there is something in such training.

The most valuable portion of the book is where the author grapples fearlessly with the problem of immorality in schools, and to that point too much attention cannot be paid, and the more the question is *openly* threshed out, and thoroughly discussed among parents, the better it will be, for surely some ways and means (and our author indicates a few) will be found to direct the same force turned now on secret vice, into noble and healthy channels.

T. L. C.

Astrology: How to Make and Read your Own Horoscope, by Sepharial. (William Rider & Son, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)¹

The fact that two editions of this little handbook have already been called for and exhausted, points to the conclusion that the West is really waking up to the practical value of the science of astrology. In the East of course the drawing up of the horoscope is almost as much a matter of course as the naming of the new-born child. The time seems to have gone by when western astronomy could afford to float the claims of her elder sister to a little careful investigation, if only on account of her antiquity, since so long ago as the year 2154 B. C., we find her held in high esteem at the Court of the Chinese Emperors. Surely a science that Aristotle incorporated in his philosophy, Bacon and Newton found worthy of their attention, and Tycho Brahe and Kepler applied to the problems of life—in the case of the latter, particularly, with brilliant success in his 'marvellous forecast of the rise and fall of Wallenstein,' as our author informs us—such a science is not beneath the notice of the man in the street. As Sepharial very sensibly puts it:

... These are stressful times, and we have to be economical in our efforts. We have strength enough to carry us through, but neither strength enough to thresh the wind nor time enough to fish in puddles. What then does astrology offer to the patient worker? First and foremost it will enable him to gain an insight into individual motive and character which no other science can possibly afford. It will enable him to know himself, his own strength and weakness, and so fit him to deal harmoniously with others... he will know whom to cultivate and whom to avoid... he will choose his path in life with the confidence that it is for him the path of least resistance and therefore of greatest progress... he will see the end from the beginning... he will find causes for inexplicable things... Rightly employed astrology cannot fail to improve the man who makes of it a serious study fitting him to be of greater use to others and of higher service to the race at large.

We do not however ask our readers to accept the word even of an authority like Sepharial that astrology is a fascinating and fruitful study; let them experiment for themselves and thus "let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind," and not in that of another. This little book is a capital one for a beginner.

K. F. S.

¹ Obtainable at THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

in it morality is rooted; and through it alone will the sovereign nation of the future be established.

The problems with which we are faced are individual, racial, national, and *international*. Owing to external changes that have taken place and are taking place among the nations, the range of the problems is extended; and owing to internal changes in the world of thought, their vital significance is enhanced; in other words these problems are being transferred to the humanistic plane.

They involve questions of distribution of wealth, the right place of amusement, the dangers of "the lower attainment," the passion for material comfort, "the insane rush of our times," "the sense of the complexity of life and of conflicting ideals," "the lack of the sense of Law in the moral and spiritual world," "race prejudices and antagonisms". These represent the challenge of external conditions, and the qualities required to cope with them, as described by Mr. King, read like paraphrases of portions of the *Gītā*, with a local application. One chapter is devoted to the elements of encouragement in this modern 'Kurukṣhetra,' its call to great achievements, and its promise of splendid development. He concludes by saying:

One cannot review even the external conditions of the new modern world without a quickening of the pulse and a stirring of moral determination. . . . Its dangers and problems are threatening; but its resources also are immense, and the elements of encouragement deeply significant. . . . Intelligent and unselfish co-operation for the highest ends is now possible to men, as never before in the history of the race.

"The moral and religious challenge of the new inner world of thought" is no less striking; the developments in scientific and historical research, in psychology, sociology and comparative religion have introduced many new factors, calling for a re-adjustment of our mental outlook and probing the heart of our religious and moral convictions.

Mr. King is a theist and a Christian of what has been called the 'athletic type'. He says: "For myself, I cannot doubt, either, that the world's experience bears unmistakably toward the Christian religion. Under the double pressure of the scientific spirit and of the social consciousness of our modern civilisation, it is becoming more and more difficult to keep belief in any other religion. The Orient is certain to feel this more, the deeper its knowledge of the modern world of thought

becomes." At the same time he does not undervalue other religions, for in another passage he says:

The progress of comparative religion makes certain, also, that more and more religious education will make use of the contribution of *the entire religious consciousness of the race*, especially of oriental thought, and that religious faith everywhere will share in increasing degree in the best insights of all.

One extremely interesting section of the book treats of "The Lessons of the Historical Trend of Western Civilisation". In it the outstanding features of the ancient and modern periods are contrasted and the moral-religious significance of each is outdrawn and emphasised; the religious, economic and social blunders that have arisen out of a misinterpretation of the underlying principles of western civilisation are impartially discussed; and the relation of these principles and characteristics to moral-religious convictions is shown to be fundamental.

In another section the author applies his guiding principle—reverence for personality—to the problems of the American nation in particular, and upholds the ideals towards which that nation should strive, embodied in what he calls 'the new Puritanism'. Such lofty ideals might well find world-wide application. "The new Puritanism calls the nation, therefore, at once, to a deeper spirituality, to a sounder and broader view of man, and to a vigilant and victorious moral life."

The last chapter gives the arguments in favour of the adoption of this principle in all international relations and concludes with these words: "But whether or not it is to be given to America, or to the English-speaking peoples as a whole, or to the still broader Teutonic races, or to some other people or group of peoples, to lead in the world's civilisation of the future; we may not doubt that reverence for personality will continue the guiding principle of all human progress, and that we are advancing towards the goal of a civilisation in which that principle shall be completely regnant."

Mr. King's book is one of those which can be marked 'in constant circulation' in any Theosophical library; for it holds the interest of the reader from beginning to end, and provides much material for thought.

A. E. A.

The Secret of Life, by Henry Proctor, F. R. S. L. (L. N. Fowler & Co., London. Price Rs. 2 or 2s. 6d. net.)

The type of book of which the present volume is a good example is one which is very common in these days of 'Higher Thought,' and one which to many people has proved very useful. Those to whom it will especially appeal are such persons as are groping after new and more spiritual interpretations of life than the one given by orthodox Christianity. A great many very large subjects are superficially touched upon—the author relying on the industry of his reader in looking up the scriptural references with which his text is copiously besprinkled. We cannot regard conversion to Mr. Proctor's views as an end in itself—but merely as a means; we can only hope that its readers may be lured, some by the defects of the author's conception, some by its merits, to a study of a deeper and more scientific presentation of spiritual truth.

A. de L.

There Is No Death, by the Venerable Basil Wilberforce, D. D. (Elliot Stock, London. Price Re. 1-4 or 1s. 6d. net.)

The problem of Death is one that has perplexed humanity for many ages. The separation from those we love causes most of us a grief which is surely unreasonable for those who believe in an after-life. But human nature is inconsistent, and we are apt to give way to such grief. Archdeacon Wilberforce is not one of this number, however. He feels that our dead are not really separated from us, and that we can get into touch with them, in a spiritual sense; but we have to rise to a certain level. It is by our own spiritual development that we may rise to communion with those who have left the physical plane. The author fears, and rightly so, the possibility of deception if one employs a medium to communicate with the dead, for entities on the astral plane are apt to impersonate those whom we know. Although in this book there is no indication of the teaching of reincarnation, yet the thoughts are almost entirely Theosophical. The breadth of view of Dr. Wilberforce is well known, and we unhesitatingly recommend this book, coming from the pen of a dignitary of the Church of England, to all Christians—especially the clergy.

T. L. C.

The Scientific Basis of Religion, by Rev. J. O. Bevan, M.A., (George Allen & Co., Ltd., London. Price 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a simple but admirably worded reply to cheap attacks on religion in general and Christianity in particular, such as are still heard in London parks. Probably 'the man in the street' is by this time rather tired of the anti-religious humorist, whether he appear in print or on the platform; so much has public attention been diverted from forms of belief to lines of action. But undoubtedly many an earnest young man is at times shaken and chilled at finding himself drifting between the Scylla of mediæval theology and the Charybdis of blank negation; and for such this book cannot fail to clear the mental atmosphere by its healthy common-sense, and restore some measure of confidence in the exponents of Christianity by reason of the tolerant and candid attitude of the author, who, though a clergyman, is evidently in sympathy with scientific thought. A wide field of speculation is traversed by means of miniature essays, which mostly go straight to the point in terse and homely language, and, though the scientific element is scarcely as conspicuous as the title leads one to expect, the author is content to appeal to reason without recourse to scriptural or traditional authority. At the same time one is not surprised to find the religious outlook somewhat limited by a perfectly natural and dignified allegiance to the Bible. We imagine that this crisp little production will re-assure many unsettled minds in search of a more satisfying basis of belief.

W. D. S. B.

The Moral and Religious Challenge of our Times, by Henry Churchill King. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

This book has quite an exceptional interest for the Theosophist when studied in the light of recent events in the Society to which he belongs; for Mr. C. H. King, its author, President of Oberlin College, has one guiding principle, one touchstone whereby all things are tested—economics, science, religion, morality, philosophy; and that touchstone, that principle is *Reverence for Personality*.

It is for him the Ariadne thread which will safely guide the thoughtful man through the maze of conflicting ideals and complex relations of modern life; on it Christianity is based;

Conduct and Its Disorders: Biologically Considered, by Charles Arthur Mercier, M.D., (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London.)

Biological Aspects of Human Problems, by Christian A. Herter. (The Macmillan Co., New York. Price 6s. 6d. net.)

Biological Fact and the Structure of Society, by W. Bateson, M.A., F. R. S. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford. Price 1s. net.)

These three books follow lines so nearly parallel that they afford an instructive instance of the advantage to be derived from studying a subject through the medium of independent minds of similar bent.

The aim of the first book is to classify and relate the most general forms of human activity from the point of view of biology, and it must be admitted that such an undertaking appears at first sight almost unwieldy in the magnitude of its scope. But the skill of the author in confining his attention to plain statements of common observation has avoided the confusion which would have inevitably followed any digression into the province of psychology or religion.

The attitude is judicially scientific without being technical, for the author's fund of experience in the treatment of insanity enables him to speak with authority on the much-disputed boundary which distinguishes normal from abnormal conduct.

The welfare of the race, irrespective of the individual, is regarded as nature's ultimate aim, and is therefore taken as the starting-point of all normal motives for conduct, whether instinctive or reasoned, and as the standard by which all conduct is judged. On this foundation, with which probably everyone will agree as far as it goes, is built a logical structure of considerable ingenuity and interest, which may be taken as a straightforward summary of man's average development compared with that of the higher animals; in fact some of the author's deductions from the habits of animals form not the least attractive feature of the book, especially his convincing testimony to the marked development of reason.

From the biological standpoint assumed by the author, life consists in the pursuit of ends; the sense of capability is pleasure, and any limitation of capability is pain.

It cannot be said that the book contributes any distinct acquisition to common knowledge, but it is certainly useful to

have the prevailing scattered notions on the subject clearly recorded and neatly pigeon-holed; while the tedium of much that is obvious is continually relieved by touches of sound common sense and dry humour. One of the cleverest bits that we remember follows up Helmholtz in defining the biological aspect of beauty as a sensation affording the maximum of stimulation with the minimum of fatigue; and, when we read in confirmation of the relative nature of beauty that the less developed require more drastic stimulation than the more highly developed, we are even reminded of Theosophical literature. The book is eminently healthy reading and by no means the purely medical reference volume that its somewhat forbidding title might imply.

The second book appears to be more ambitious in its object, which is argumentative rather than analytical. It is an undisguised advocacy of the mechanistic view of life applied to human relation; and, as such, is bold, honest, and cleverly worked out. The late author's general plea for a clearer understanding of the laws of our complex bodily mechanism is obvious common-sense, and no sane person will grudge the science of biology all the success it deserves as a means to perfect health; but if the biology of the future is to be cramped by premature conclusions such as the 'scientific fatalism' of this book, it is scarcely to be welcomed as a guide to conduct. Fortunately, however, biologists are mostly concerned with the eliciting of facts, and are content to leave the philosophical interpretation of such facts to individual opinion; so that, while we grant the author the same right to his opinions as anyone else, we refuse to regard biology as limited by them to the extent which he seems to suggest.

The book opens with a technical justification for regarding the physical body as a mechanism, and proceeds to apply the same arguments to the problem of consciousness and the will, in the attempt to reduce consciousness to a refined form of nervous discharge, and the will to an illusion which produces the sensation of freedom as a stimulus to action, just as hunger provides the stimulus necessary for nutrition. Apparently the author assumes that man can provide either suitable or unsuitable conditions for unlocking the possibilities of protoplasm (else, where is the purpose of his recommendations?), so that he is saddled at the start with at least two gods

—protoplasm and science. The former is considered as manifesting primarily in the two instincts of self-preservation and reproduction, which form the subjects of the second and third parts of the book. The fourth part deals with the higher human faculties, such as the literary and artistic, and attempts to show how they are all derived from the two elementary instincts already mentioned, which sounds rather like deriving the sun from a London fog. But occasionally the author forgets his dismal gospel and discusses social and artistic topics on their own merits, betraying a cultured idealism which suggests some higher origin than a happy combination of "protoplasmic reactions". The book may quite well provide intelligent exercise for students who are not afraid to investigate all sides of a question.

The third is the Herbert Spencer lecture delivered in February 1912. It is full of broad suggestions for the application of biological research to sociology. The lecturer commences by remarking on the advances that have been made quite recently in the study of heredity, notably by Mendel and Galton, and draws attention to the possibilities of physical and mental development that a deeper and more widespread knowledge of natural law would open out. We are glad to find that he recognises the extreme danger of public interference, in the absence of more definite data on the complex factors and issues involved, and we agree with him that even the segregation of the unfit has reached a limit in America—where, it is said, the doubtful precedent of sterilisation is being introduced. The germinal idea which is thrown out as a clue to social progress lies in the appreciation of the fact that society is an organism, though as yet only imperfectly organised; and, though the socialistic policy of limiting abnormal accumulation of property is approved, the unnatural levelling tendency of democracy is exposed with shrewd insight. The more humane treatment of criminals on medical lines, and the need for keeping the population within the bounds set by natural means of sustenance are questions which the lecturer has deftly touched on in the course of a contribution which represents the true spirit of scientific enquiry. The lecture worthily fulfils its purpose as an incentive to future effort in this particular direction.

W. D. S. B.

NOTES AND NOTICES

The Adyar Bulletin, June, is a very interesting number. Mrs. Besant concludes her paper on 'Giordano Bruno,' and Mr. Leadbeater contributes an article on 'Time'. This is particularly striking as it contains an entirely new theory regarding time, showing that there exists another kind of time from that with which we are familiar. Mrs. Gagarin outlines Ideals of Theosophical Service, and her paper contains a very practical summary of the Ideals at which all Theosophists should aim. 'Blind Eyes,' a poem by Miss Eva Martin, is delightful, and is written by a sure hand and with that delicacy of touch which distinguishes the true artist. 'The Mark of the Mystic' by W. D. S. Brown is an illuminating little paper; and a charming poem 'Yet a little while' by Mrs. Foulkes is included. Of the permanent features; 'Students in Council' has been crowded out this month, but Hector contributes an extremely interesting 'From Twilight to Dawn,' and 'When Friends Meet' contains a discussion—perhaps at too great length—on evolution in the animal and vegetable kingdoms. A number full of good things.

May I be allowed to call attention to the fact that when reviewing *The Rise and Fall of Nations*, by W. J. Balfour-Murphy, for the January number of THE THEOSOPHIST, the reviewer seems to have overlooked the very points in the book which make it of signal interest to Theosophists; more especially as it is written by a non-Theosophist? I. In his philosophical survey of a considerable portion of European history, the author puts forward logical arguments to prove the inherent divinity in man, refuting the materialistic doctrine that man is a body, and—perhaps—possesses a soul; maintaining, rather, that "man is a soul, to which the body serves as a temporary habitation"; and upholding the teaching that "humanity reaches her highest plane when she teaches man to know himself". II. The book, as a whole, is a scientific, historical analysis of the paralysing effect that rigidity of dogma has upon all spiritual growth. (Most of us will be able to recall some of Mrs. Besant's many remarks upon this subject!) III. It con-

tains an impassioned plea for patriotism founded upon the brotherhood of man—a brotherhood within nations, according to the author, in view of the present state of society. IV. The reference to the death of Hypatia, with its resultant suppression of all teaching as to reincarnation; the death of Hypatia being cited as one of the three events marking the overthrow of intellectual freedom, which was followed by many centuries of intellectual torpor.

Y. B.

Les Dieux Chez Nous, by George Pioch (Librairie Ollendorf, Paris), is a collection of short, and not interesting, sketches of characters to whom the writer gives the names of the old-world Deities. It appears to be a chance medley of unconsidered trifles. *Meditations*, by Hermann Rudolph (T. P. S., London, Price 3s.) is "a Theosophical book of devotion including directions for meditation" which a certain type of people might find useful. *Facts and Fancies or Hallucinations*, by B. H. Percy (Fowler), is not devoid of fancies and hallucinations. *Modern Miracles*, by J. Wallace-Clarke (Fowler), is a contribution to "health-culture" by "the application of Faith and Will-Power". *God a Present Help*, by H. Emilie Cady, (Fowler 1s. 6d) is a revised and enlarged edition of New Thought ethics and doctrines. The same author's *Lessons in Truth* (Fowler 1s. 6d), is a course of twelve lessons in practical Christianity. *Religion of Love* (T. P. H., Adyar, Madras, India), contains the hundred admirable aphorisms of Shāṇḍilya with Samskr̥t text and English translation, which are very useful for people treading the Path of Devotion. They are supplementary to the *Nārada Bhakti Sūtras*. *Nyria*, by Mrs. Campbell Praed (Messrs Rider and Sons, 2s.), is issued in a very handy form with a coloured frontispiece. It is a reincarnation story of special interest to Theosophists, and readers of this Magazine will remember Colonel Olcott's notice of the book when it was originally published. We have received *Saṅgiṭ Sār*, compiled by H. H. Maharaja Sawai Pratap Sinha Deo of Jaipur and now published in seven parts (Rs. 15) by the Poona Gāyan Samāi, who are to be congratulated on the issue of this excellent piece of work.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

THE following letter appeared in the London *Times* of June 2nd, but I fear that the misrepresentation of the judgment sent out from Madras will be repeated far more often than the correction. Respectable journals correct errors, but others do not.

NARAYANIAH vs. BESANT

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

SIR,

Returning to England, I read your summary of the above judgment. You will, I am sure, permit me to correct an error of fact. The Judge did not say that Mr. Leadbeater was "an immoral person"; that was the distorted version sent out by a hostile agency in Madras. The judgment as signed by the Judge states that Mr. Leadbeater holds opinions "which I need only describe as certainly immoral". The Judge rejected the accusations of the plaintiff as to immoral conduct, and stated that the plaintiff had "attempted to strengthen his case with lies," an opinion which your summary omits. Most men hold the immoral opinion that a man is not greatly to blame if he should yield to his 'natural passions,' and I have known doctors even advise this course where marriage is impossible. Governments provide facilities for celibate soldiers, and few care that thousands of women are thus ruined. Yet it would hardly be fair to characterise as "an immoral person" every man who does not insist on absolute celibacy outside marriage. Personally, I hold that all advice save that of absolute celibacy outside marriage is immoral, but would not venture to brand as "immoral persons"

all who hold a more lax view. Every one who knows Mr. Leadbeater personally is aware that his conduct is impeccable, whatever his academical opinion may be, and that this opinion is based on the desire to shield women from ruin by a sin which destroys the woman for life while the man goes scot free.

Sincerely,

ANNIE BESANT

Theosophical Society, 82, Drayton Gardens, S.W.

May 31.

* *

Mr. Studd of Melbourne made a great success by inserting in the Victorian Government School papers the pledge of the Golden Chain. He writes to me that he has received six thousand applications for membership. This should encourage members in other countries to take similar action wherever possible.

* *

The large Queen's Hall was packed on June 1st, and our readers will find elsewhere in our pages the comment of the *Christian Commonwealth* on the meeting. It is satisfactory to find that the cruel slanders of some Indian papers have not in any way affected English public opinion. It has been a relief to escape even for so brief a space from the poisoned atmosphere of Madras into the cleaner air of English public life, and to be treated once more as a human being.

* *

It is sad to see in the *Abolitionist*, the organ of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, so harsh an attack on Miss Lind-af-Hageby. She fought a gallant fight, and won the admiration of judge and opposing counsel for her eloquence, her ability, and her fine and generous temper. She has done in the past yeoman's service to the anti-vivisectionist cause, and

deserves the thanks of all lovers of mercy and righteousness, whether or not the late action was well-advised.

* *

The British Society for the Abolition of Vivisection held a crowded meeting in the Kensington Town Hall on June 5, Lord Channing in the chair. I was one of those who had the privilege of once again lifting up their voices against the crime of cruelty sheltered under the name of science. Future ages will look on the tortures inflicted to-day on behalf of science with the same horror as that with which we now regard the tortures inflicted in the Middle Ages on behalf of religion. The modern Inquisition is as ruthless as the earlier one, and will share the fate of its predecessor.

* *

Another crowded meeting was that of June 3rd, in the Chelsea Town Hall; it was held by the London T. S. Lodges to hear an address from the President. It is a great happiness to see the steadiness of the T. S. under the attacks made on it in India. Never before, during its stormy history, has it remained so perfectly unaffected by the fury of its enemies.

* *

I had the sad pleasure of calling on Mrs. Pankhurst in the Nursing Home to which she was carried on her second temporary release from prison. Her body is being shattered under the tortures of starvation, but her spirit remains undaunted. She has the true spirit of the martyr, the willingness to suffer, even unto death, for that which she believes to be her duty, and history will enrol her among its heroes. We do not ask for what beliefs martyrs suffered; we look at their motives, and do homage to the courage which can suffer but

cannot betray that which is held as true. The inefficiency of the Government has created an impossible situation, and if this prolonged martyrdom should end in death, the victory of militancy will be secured. Once more it will be said: *Le cadavre est à terre, mais l'étendard est debout*, and the standard of militancy will go forward to inevitable triumph. I cannot but regret that violent methods will once more have succeeded where law-abiding ones have failed, but history will brand with the heavier censure those who, by denial of justice, outwore the patience which had lasted for more than forty years.

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* *

The Russian T. S. has added itself to the others that have officially notified their support and approval in the difficulties in which the Madras and Benares enemies have involved me. The Lodges voted individually, and then the Executive. They are good enough also to express a wish that I should remain President for life. This is intended specially as a protest against the violent invectives of the late German T. S. Speaking of the latter, I am told that Dr. Steiner has issued in a pamphlet a categorical denial of the statement I took from others, that he had received any education from Jesuits. As he feels strongly about it, it seems a pity that he did not deny it when published in Germany, instead of leaving it to mislead the public; as, however, he now denies it, I, of course, withdraw it. I wish his adherents would withdraw their numerous inaccuracies, such as M. Schuré's statements about Mr. Leadbeater; he gives a remarkably untruthful recital of events which never occurred.

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* *

The second lecture at the Queen's Hall was delivered to a densely packed audience. The lectures are being published verbatim, as usual, by the *Christian Commonwealth*, and will be issued later, probably with those delivered in Stockholm, in book form. The lecture of June 8th was on the 'Restoration of the Mysteries,' and the following quotation from S. Clement of Alexandria was remarkably apposite to recent events. Speaking of the teachings given in the Mysteries, he wrote respecting giving publicity to them before the multitude:

Scarcely could anything they could hear be more ludicrous than these to the multitude; nor any subjects on the other hand more admirable or more inspiring to those of noble nature.

The ruthless cruelty with which our private beliefs were lately dragged out and made the subject of mockery would be universally condemned if shown towards Christians, Hindūs or Musalmāns. Our older readers will remember how Mr. Foote, the Secularist, was imprisoned for blasphemy because he ridiculed certain Christian teachings. But the sauce for the Christian goose is not sauce for the Theosophical gander, nor do we wish to imprison any one. Indian law punishes this kind of thing—the wounding of religious feelings—when the wounded feelings belong to members of the great faiths who have numerous adherents. But the Theosophist may be mocked without danger, as he is one of a small minority and will certainly not resort to riot in self-defence.

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* *

England is, however, becoming more civilised in its treatment of Theosophists, and from time to time a straw is thrown up which shows the direction in which the wind of public thought is blowing. One of these is

the kindly tone in which the great literary journal, the *Athenæum*, now speaks of Theosophical literature. It remarks, for instance, on Mrs. Despard's contribution to the "Riddle of Life Series":

Theosophy may well be the religion of the Woman's Movement, since it owes so much to womanhood in the personalities of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Annie Besant, and the author herself. To-day, when it may appear that we mark time materially and outwardly, it is well to read such a book and re-assure ourselves that, inwardly and spiritually, there can be no such thing as pause; that the heaven represented by noble lives of sacrifice is working everlastingly to the leavening of the whole.

The Woman's Movement, truly, has much in common with Theosophy, for it is inspired by that spirit of love and of joyful sacrifice for others which is the very heart of the Divine Wisdom.

* * *

Again, in a note on the Queen's Hall lecture of June 1st, the *Daily Herald*, speaking of "that mystic philosophy which the materialism of our working lives hides from us," remarks:

None could help recognising the innate purity, the great "striving after better things," of Mrs. Besant's peculiar yet enthralling philosophy.

It is a new thing for the London dailies to report anything of Sunday Theosophical lectures, but several of them gave space to notices on this occasion. One spoke of the great interest in Theosophy which was shown by the drawing of such large audiences.

* * *

Viscountess Churchill and Lady Emily Lutyens gave a reception to meet the President of the T. S. on June 10th, and some four hundred guests were present; it was a very interesting gathering, composed largely of people who influence public opinion by their intellectual

or social eminence, and I addressed it on 'Theosophy and India'; it was pleasant to meet there a number of public men who showed strong sympathy with me in the struggle now going on in India, and who realised that the reactionary party which is trying to destroy me is the party which is the real danger in India, and is essentially anti-English. The legal cases are merely on the surface, the causes lying in the hidden depths of the opposition to the friendly co-operation between the English and the Indians in the service of the common Empire, of which our Theosophical work has long been the symbol. This is, of course, obvious to all who know India, and who have watched the campaign against the Society and its President carried on by Mr. Tilak's organ and its supporters in the press. Supper and much conversation concluded a pleasant evening.

* * *

Professor Gautier, of the Sorbonne, says that vegetarians "suffer from lack of energy and weakened will-power". This is really rather funny, for it is so absolutely the reverse of the facts. The most energetic people I know are vegetarians, and they have also a 'staying' power, an endurance, as marked as their energy.

* * *

The *Oriental Review* is delightfully mixed in its metaphors, if a quotation from it in the *Hindu* should be accurate. It says of the "Besant-Leadbeater boom": "The bubble is burst however, and the antics of misguided people will not serve to give life to it." The antics of people well or ill-guided can scarcely vivify a bubble.

* * *

One of Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab's wild accusations against myself has brought down on him the wrath of a

lover of the Jesuits. All the world knows that the Jesuit body contains many of the most learned as well as of the most devoted and holy members of the Roman Catholic Church, and any religious body might well be proud of such an order. Antagonism has arisen against the Jesuits because of the political dangers which their presence in some countries has connoted, and their undeniable war against liberty of opinion. These regrettable faults are found also in other organisations, which do not rival them in devotion or in saintliness of life.

* *

A Theosophical lecture was given while we were still in the Red Sea; the audience was a curious one, being partly democratic—the steamer was going to Australia—and partly autocratic. The problem of the application of Theosophical teachings to methods of Government raised much discussion afterwards.

* *

The weather has treated us well and we have had calm seas, except for slight monsoonish ruffling between Aden and Bombay. (These two notes are written on July 3rd.) Even the monsoon has been kind to us, and our steamer, the *Delta*, has been very steady. To-morrow morning will see the shores of India rise above the horizon. For the first time, since 1893, I shall greet them with regret.

* *

Professor Homersham Cox honours the T. S. with his hostility, and informs an interested world in the *Modern Review* that in private conversation he has urged those interested in the Hindū University “to have nothing to do with the European Theosophists, or

else the whole thing will be ridiculous from the beginning. Theosophy is now, however, so thoroughly discredited that it is not necessary to insist on this a longer.” Presumably we have here one of the reasons for the Honourable Pandit M. M. Malaviya’s character of front as regards Theosophy. The C. H. C., chiefly run by Theosophists, having been secured, and much money collected from Theosophists having been paid to the Hindū University, Theosophy may be cast off by Mr. Cox, however, may find himself mistaken as to the “discredit”. The other body which is to be regarded with suspicion is “the Indian Civil Service”. Speaking generally, the Civil Service must always be opposed to the higher education of Indians. There is hardly a member of that Service from the Joint Magistrate to the Commissioner who does not freely express his dislike of education in private conversation. This libel on the Service of which so many members have worked hard for the higher education of India is a very cruel one. It is reprinted in the *Hindu* of July 4th. There are many misstatements of fact in the article in which the above occurs, as, for instance, that the C. H. C. has an English teacher of Hindūis, Babu Bhagavan Das Sahab and Mr. Subramania, who were taught in the College and the School respectively, who would be surprised to hear that they are English, although the former has evidently been engaged lately in a study of the Christian Bible, in order “to turn the Bread of Life into stones to cast at his enemies”. Mr. Cox may well have imagined that no Hindū could accuse anyone of having committed the “unpardonable sin” against that Holy Ghost!

* *

I am glad to hear that our Pañchama School boys and girls here had a royal time on Lord Hardinge's birthday, and enjoyed themselves all day long.

* * *

I have received a thoughtful and courteous letter from a Roman Catholic gentleman about the priesthood, in reference to my repetition of a statement made in a document used by my opponents in the recent cases. I sent the following answer:

I thank you for your courteous letter. I quite agree that priests gain power to remain pure through the Holy Sacrament. The point I mentioned was that Mr. Leadbeater learned the advice he has given in a few cases when he was a member of an organisation of priests. *It was not for themselves*, but was an effort to save women from being ruined by the passions of uncontrolled men. I know enough of the priesthood to respect the vast majority of its members as men who lead holy lives. I am sorry that the misunderstanding of what I said has caused pain to any.

It would be surprising to see so much excitement caused by my repetition of a harmless fact were it not that, for the moment, all the available vials of wrath are poured out on my devoted head! I sent the following explanation to the Madras papers immediately after my return:

Sir,—As I was leaving England for India I saw letters in Indian papers from the Bishop of Madras and some Roman Catholics, complaining of my statement that Mr. Leadbeater had brought over the advice complained about from the celibate priesthood of the Church. It is difficult to see why this fact should be treated as a slander by me. It was stated in 1906, and was put in as evidence in court by Mr. C. P. Ramasvami Iyer and Mr. Shama Rao in their respective cases, and was published in the paper without protest from either bishop or priest. It does not suddenly become a slander because repeated by me from the evidence brought out by my opponents. The complaint should be laid against them, not against me. But the Church is in no way responsible for the advice given by the priests in question any more than the Theosophical Society is responsible for one of these priests continuing to hold the opinion accepted long before he entered the T. S. However

much one may differ from them, one ought to recognise that they were men of holy life, honestly grappling with a terrible problem, and seeking to save women from the unbridled passions of men. Abuse of these priests does not solve the conditions which bring tens of thousands of women annually in the West to shame and early death. I disapprove the advice because I believe the problem can only be solved by self-control in marriage and rigid celibacy outside it, but I recognise the noble motive of the slandered priests, however mistaken their effort. The harm done would have been confined within very narrow limits had not the matter been made public by theological hatred, as it would not have gone beyond the confessional and the doctor's consulting room.

P. & O. S. N. Co.,
S. S. "MONGOLIA."

ANNIE BESANT

27th June, 1913.

The Bishop of Madras and the Roman Catholics who are so angry write as though I had accused the priesthood of immorality. One understands the Bishop of Madras, as he is bitterly antagonistic to Theosophy, and any stick is good enough with which to beat the Theosophical dog, but the Roman Catholics should be more reasonable.

* * *

Mr. Leadbeater, with the generous consideration for others which ever marks his conduct, has withdrawn from the Theosophical Educational Trust, lest the unjust prejudice against him should handicap the Schools of the Trust in relation to the Education Departments in the different provinces, and render their recognition difficult. How ashamed another generation will be of the persistent persecution which blackens the name of a man whose radiant purity of life is manifest to all who know him. But the ignorant project their own shadows on the snow, and then say that the snow is befouled. It may appear to be so while they are there, but when they remove themselves it

shines out in its pristine whiteness. The darkness is in them, not in the snow.

* * *

The Theosophical Educational Trust seems to have been formed exactly at the right moment, and bids fair to wield a very powerful influence in India. The Madras Education Department has sanctioned the transfer to it of the Madanapalle High School, and we are consulting the Department as to the raising of the School into a College. The Madras Presidency is very badly supplied with Colleges, and the demand for tuition enormously exceeds the supply, so that thousands of youths, eager for the higher education on which their whole future depends, find themselves walking the streets when they should be studying in the classrooms. Appeals reach me asking me to open a College in Madras, but I hesitate to make any move in that direction at present, much as I would like to help these lads, as I have tried to help their predecessors for the last twenty years, not wholly unsuccessfully. It is a pity that so many Madras people leave all these young men unhelped, while they engage themselves eagerly in crippling those who have helped in the past and are willing to help in the present.

* * *

The legal proceedings must inevitably keep me much in Madras, but as soon as dates are fixed by the Courts, I hope to make short lecturing tours in order to visit our Lodges, and also to raise funds for building on the lands which have already been bought or given. Our Schools and Colleges should play a useful part in the national life, as they will bring boys of all faiths together, but striking a new note, the Theosophical, by

recognising their various religions and incorporating religious teaching into the curriculum, instead of ignoring religion altogether, "making a desert and calling it peace". In the class-room, in the playing-fields, in the hostels, Hindūs, Buddhists, Pārsīs, Christians, Muhammadans, will study, play and live together. Separate kitchens will have to be provided to meet the present customs, but in all else union may be achieved. The attempt is the first of its kind, as it is undenominational by inclusion of all religions, instead of being undenominational by the exclusion of all.

* * *

It is very interesting to watch the trend of social and political reform in England, and to see how changes are being proposed which, a few years ago, were put forward by prominent Theosophists and were regarded as utopian. The idea of separate local Parliaments in all the countries in the Empire, and of one Imperial Parliament consisting of representatives of each, is making its way into "practical politics," and the Irish Home Rule Bill now before the country, and the open advocacy of civil war should it be successful in Parliament, are rendering this solution the only way out of the position. Another very interesting question has lately been discussed in the *London Times*—the treatment of habitual criminals. General Booth advocates the system which I have been urging, of refusing liberty to those who are congenital criminals until they have been trained into honesty and industry. He writes:

The real difficulty, in the vast majority of cases, is in the minds and hearts of the criminals themselves. They thieve because they are thieves and like thieving, and like it in spite

of the temporary risks and inconveniences it involves. From which, it seems to me, two things follow:

1. That it is folly to allow men who have forfeited their privileges as free members of the community to pass from under control until they have proved their disposition and ability to live honestly. The going in and out of prison is a double curse—it ruins most effectively most of those who suffer from it, and it spreads the infection among hitherto innocent men. When a man has proved himself, by certain infallible signs, to be a criminal by choice, he should be required to show that he abandons that choice before regaining his liberty.

2. But if it be possible to change the preference to which Mr. Lilly refers when he quotes the words of Our Lord Jesus Christ “all these evil things come from within”—and this was certainly also Our Lord’s teaching—then every influence in favour of promoting that change should be brought to bear on the prisoner.

Labour colonies, not penal but educative, are necessary, and the congenital criminal should be taken in hand as a child, and brought under good influences. Captain Arthur St. John writes:

Is it sentimentalism or cant to say that when a person has been proved to be a confirmed criminal he should not be allowed complete freedom until he has satisfied a responsible body of persons that he has become a safe and desirable citizen, and that in the meantime his treatment should be educative? Is it sentimentalism or cant to say, as the last International Prison Congress said, that “no person, no matter what his age or past record, should be assumed to be incapable of improvement”?

Dr. Cobb declares:

The “pseudo-humanitarian school,” as Mr. Lilly dyslogistically calls those who disagree with him, deny that vindictiveness, deterrence, or retribution (all thinly disguised forms of anger) form any part of the law of nature, or should form any part of human law. They maintain that retribution as invented by man in his twilight days is neither a moral thing nor a successful method of dealing with crime. Its direct action hardens, or makes more cunning, but does not affect the free will, while its indirect action is far less beneficial than is commonly thought. It is a melancholy fact that all that our current penal theory and practice do is to produce a number of criminals, of whom 75 per cent. are recidivists. Could there be a more ghastly comment on the ethical utility of Mr. Lilly’s theory of punishment?

On one point both sides are agreed; it is the volition—the *liberum arbitrium*—which is the *crux* of the problem. Mr. Lilly thinks that the infliction of pain is the most suitable instrument for securing a good will, but the whole history of our criminal laws proves the contrary. What really is effective, and exclusively effective, is education with its consequent raising of the general moral standard. We may agree to segregate the professional criminals if we first of all agree that when segregated they shall be made to understand that they are there to be educated, not punished. This may be called pseudo-humanitarianism. To me it seems sound sense.

Here is the gist of the question admirably put. The criminal is “to be educated, not punished”. He is a savage born into civilised surroundings, and must be treated as an undeveloped being, a child so far as morality is concerned. He is not fit for liberty of body while he is a slave in soul. But he is to be helped to become fit for it, and for that end he was born into a society of more advanced souls. That he should become worse rather than better for the contact with them is a social crime; he is the victim of a condition for which his elders are responsible. In this fact lies the *motif* of the tragedy of ‘Society and the Criminal,’ that has so long been played in the world-theatre.

* * *

The Ramanathan College for Girls at Jaffna, Ceylon—which has been founded by the well-known Hon. Mr. P. Ramanathan, and is carried on under the direction of himself and his wife—is an institution full of promise. It accommodates two hundred boarders, and has adapted modern methods of education to eastern requirements. Its special object is to serve the great Tamil community, and Tamil literature forms an important part of the curriculum. May the noble institution flourish, and train Hindū girls into truly Āryan womanhood! That such a place should be founded is a mark

of Indian progress, and is another sign of hope for the future. Ceylon has a very large Tamil community, and Jaffna has a Hindū Boys' College of which our good Theosophical Brother, Sanjiva Rao, is now Principal.

* *

Mrs. Shiva Kamu, one of Miss Arundale's and Miss Palmer's pupils at the C. H. C. Girls' School, has passed the Matriculation Examination of the Allahabad University, and the late Principal will be very proud of this first-fruits of her self-sacrificing work. The higher classes of the School have been discontinued by the C. H. C., but are going on in the Vasantha Āshrama under Miss Palmer, B. Sc., Miss Arundale's co-worker and successor. Mrs. Shiva Kamu remains at the Āshrama to continue her studies, and we may hope to see one or two other ladies successful next year.

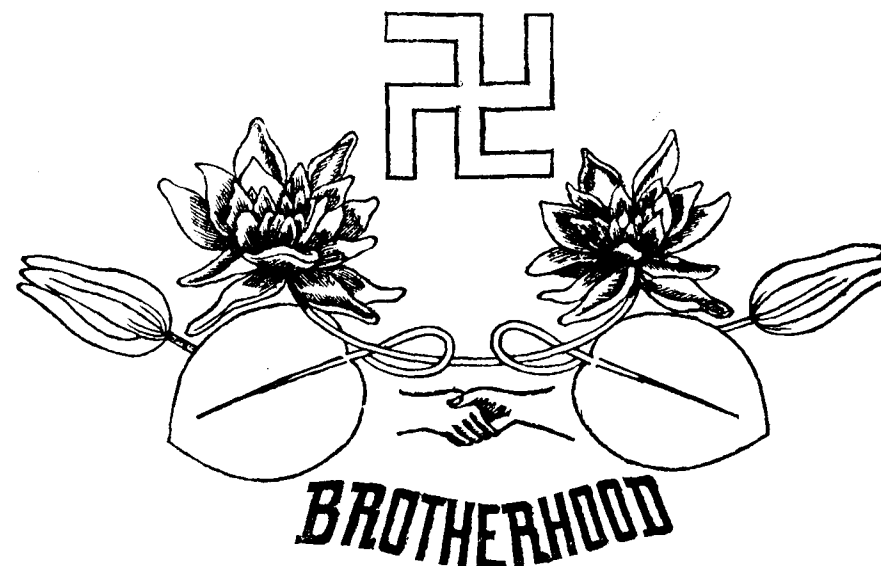
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The *Bookseller* says :

Mr. H. G. Wells will contribute to the July issue of *Cassell's Magazine of Fiction* an article entitled 'The Future is as Fixed and Determinate as the Past,' and will endeavour to show that it is scientifically possible to forecast broadly what will happen in the centuries to come.

* *

I am very glad to congratulate a dear friend and co-worker, living at Adyar, G. Soobhiah Chetty, on his inclusion in the list of birthday honours. The bestowal on him of the title of Rao Sahab is as gratifying to his friends as it is well-deserved by himself.



THEOSOPHY

A CRITICISM AND A PLEA

By ITHURIEL

I say again, every earnest Theosophist regrets to-day from the bottom of his heart that these sacred names and things have ever been mentioned before the public and fervently wishes that they had been kept secret within a small circle of trusted and devoted friends.

H. P. BLAVATSKY—*Key to Theosophy*

MOST criticism of Theosophy up to the present time has proceeded from those who are prejudiced against our system of thought on personal or religious grounds. As a rule it is based on crass ignorance of the teachings propounded in the literature; or instigated by some fanatical notion that Theosophy must be wrong,

and therefore must be fought and derided. Such sympathetic criticism as has come to the notice of the present writer in most cases very distinctly bears the aspect of a request for more information, so that it can hardly be regarded as criticism proper. The former kind can only be treated by us psychologically; the latter by the supplying of pertinent and useful information to those who thus clothe their requests in a pseudo-critical garb.

True criticism must be based on sympathy and knowledge; sympathy with aims plus a knowledge of facts. Criticism devoid of appreciation, in some respects, is not unlike logical sequence, the working out of which does not necessarily call for a comprehension of the conclusions reached.

A certain amount of courage, however, is required of the Theosophist who ventures to criticise that system of thought which brought very life to him and which he knows has brought very life to thousands of his fellow-students. Yet, where love is blind to facts the door is opened to intolerance and fanaticism. And, though Ultimate Truth is not for man—truth to each man is but the horizon of his own spiritual outlook—so much as he *can* get of truth may serve as a corrective to love's tendency to overflow into the mind region where, as a matter of fact, it has no business.

My criticism has to do with facts and their interpretation, and also, to an extent, with the attitude of some of those to whom the common Theosophical interpretation of these facts appeals.

One of the claims of Theosophy—its 'scientific' claim—is that it supplies us with an interpretation of natural phenomena, and of the laws underlying them.

But it goes further. It not only presents an elucidation of perceivable things, but attempts to give one of the faculty of perception itself, the consciousness. It undertakes the explanation of superphysical as well as of physical phenomena, whether the former be regarded from the point of view of the five ordinary senses or from that of other avenues of perception. Given the existence of these metaphysical phenomena—and their reality cannot be denied—a scale is required for measuring them. The scale provided by our Theosophical system will constitute the first point of my critique.

When looking at the world from a purely sensual point of view, I can only express what I observe in terms of previous sense-experience, whilst my audience can only translate my interpretation of my experiences into terms of experiences of their own. My image-making faculty—my imagination—cannot go beyond a very limited range of previously noticed objects, or their parts. Mentally I may combine the parts of objects as fancifully as I wish, and am perfectly at liberty as to comparative size, but I do not exceed my previous sense experiences. So that, if I am being told of a new and, to me, strange kind of phenomenon, say a superphysical one, I only image it in physical terms such as I am used to, with, perhaps, a qualification that this conception is only provisional.

Now we are told of the existence of various worlds, like the physical, the astral, the mental, *etc.*, of which there are seven, each divided into seven sub-planes, analogous (and here is the tangle) to the sub-planes of the physical world. Of the latter, however, hardly more than with three do we come into conscious touch, they thus being to some extent known to us. So that

those of us who have not as yet developed distinct psychical senses are taught to base our comprehension of some forty-nine 'sub-planes' (and that refers to what is called 'the lowest cosmic plane' only) on a very slender consciousness of three physical states of matter. This is not, it would seem to the writer, a very scientific method of procedure. No scientist worthy of the name would venture to generalise on only three half-understood facts. If I happen to live in a valley from which I can see just three mountain peaks it would be rather rash for me to conclude that the whole world is covered with mountain peaks ranged in an order similar to that of those visible from my valley. But then we are told by those who *do* have their extra-physical senses sufficiently developed to establish points of contact for their consciousness, that this series of three is to them considerably extended, so that, though they may not as yet know by conscious contact that there are those forty-nine worlds, their existence to them is a less unscientific conclusion than it is to those who as yet only know three.

However, we are also told by our psychists that each sub-plane is not merely an extension of the previous one, except perhaps when they happen to belong to the same plane. For instance, the first sub-plane of the astral is not merely a refinement of the seventh sub-plane of the physical world. A new aspect of matter comes into play, or, rather, a superior aspect of force manifests itself through this substance, giving it qualities that cannot possibly be comprehended by our physical consciousness, such, for instance, as are often referred to as four-dimensional. Also, for example, whilst physical matter is static in principle, astral

matter is essentially the opposite, requiring an effort of the will to keep it steady. So that we have on the one hand the statement that there are these various sub-planes of matter, material and spiritual, and on the other hand the warning that we must not believe these sub-planes to be what they are represented to be by the very statement describing their existence!

It is a significant, but apparently little recognised, fact amongst students of Theosophy that the further we get away from the physical world the less intense becomes the distinction between the self and the not-self, the subject and the object.

In the physical world this distinction to us is most pronounced. We here have little difficulty in knowing what belongs to our personal organisation and what is outside it. A chair, a table, a street, the sky and the sea, they are all things of which we are cognisant, but with which we have no unavoidable connection. They do not apparently depend upon our imagination; on the contrary, our imagination seems to be dependent upon them. Things are somewhat different on the astral plane. There our self-consciousness and our not-self-consciousness are not quite so separate. There, when contemplating any object, we must identify ourselves with it to a considerable extent to become aware of it at all. This, of course, applies to persons as well. The novice in the astral world will often identify himself with some other disembodied entity, especially when moved to sympathy with his condition. He will do this sometimes to such an extent that his consciousness actively participates in the thoughts, the feelings, and the vicissitudes of the other person. In certain regions the landscapes, buildings, and other objects surrounding

the inhabitant are not only created by his and his fellows' imagination (based in the main on preceding physical experiences), but are actually part and parcel of his and their existence in those regions. This principle is further extended on the mental plane where the ordinary earth-being's heaven surroundings *are* himself: here the man and his world are one. He may not recognise this to be so, and indeed, in most cases does not; but that is due to the habits of consciousness which he has acquired on one plane and which he has transferred to another, thus giving his new world an entirely fictitious value. On the buddhic plane this Self-identification extends itself over all living creatures of the regions below, the man thus becoming omniphilous, whilst on the nirvāṇic level it enfolds the entire Solar System in one living, throbbing embrace.

It need hardly be repeated that nothing is more untrue than to speak of this process as a gradual extinction of individuality, culminating in Nirvāṇa. On the contrary, it is a progressive widening of the consciousness to embrace more life, to respond with more simultaneity to both the without and the within, until, at the final stage of human evolution, man's consciousness presents an exact balance between the infinite heights of this Logos System and the infinite depths of his own being, the impact and the response being simultaneous.

It will thus be seen that it becomes more and more impossible to represent as separate physical facts what really are superphysical noumena-phenomena. And this difficulty increases the further we get away from the physical. Here our avenues of consciousness are separate and distinct. We can only appreciate things in succession. When I listen to a far-away sound I

firmly close my eyes so as not to be distracted by even the diffused light that falls on the retina through lightly-closed eyelids. In the main we can only pay attention to one thing at a time. Hence our sense of succession, or, as it is usually called, time. But as *we* extend from plane to plane, this one-at-a-time consciousness also extends, until finally, as we reach the highest spiritual world it is possible for us as men to reach, we find that we have, or rather *are* an all-at-a-time consciousness. It is here that time and space meet. Here, or rather *thus*, we have a solution of the Present, Past, and Future; and the I, There, and That, problems.

Interpretation, therefore, by appealing to the succession-imagination of the physical brain must necessarily remain inadequate. Occult truths can never thus be properly stated. Whatever can be said in this way may serve one of two purposes: the guiding of the consciousness as it widens to embrace superphysical worlds; or else the aiding of the purely spiritual advancement of the soul. It should not be used overmuch to satisfy mere intellectual curiosity; though, indeed, an intellectual stimulus is sometimes required to accelerate spiritual awakening.

The whole tendency of modern Theosophy is in the direction of explaining the mechanics of microcosmic and macrocosmic activity. As the physicist seeks after the principles regulating the interaction of inorganic, and the physiologist after those of organic matter; the chemist after the laws of analysis and synthesis; the astronomer after cosmic processes; so the Theosophist seeks after all of these laws, principles and processes, insists upon interrelating them, and applies them every one to metaphysical phenomena. He therefore

may be said to concern himself with 'higher physics,' 'higher physiology,' 'higher chemistry,' and 'higher astronomy'. However interesting these studies may be, it is very clear that, just as the mathematician may not legitimately concern himself with higher mathematics until he has thoroughly mastered all that pertains to the elementary part of his science, so the man who wishes to gain an understanding of the 'higher anything else,' should first become thoroughly conversant with the lower branches of his proposed line of study. Else he will only be a dabbler in knowledge that excites his curiosity, that tickles his mental palate, and that will remain shrouded in attractive, and at last irritable mystery.

To the writer it would seem that there is a crying need, amongst Theosophists, for an intelligent comprehension of the exact and natural sciences, more especially of mathematics and logic. Not indeed so much for the sake of these sciences themselves, but rather for the purpose of training the mind to understand and appreciate the value of phenomena in their simultaneous relations to each other (space) and their mutual successive relations (time). For unless the ideas of space and time are properly definable to one's mind, their mystic negation cannot be appreciated intellectually and the chasm between the 'normal' and the 'religious' experiences remains unbridged.

Now it is perfectly legitimate, before taking up any special line of study, research, or meditation, to try to obtain a bird's-eye view of the entire human field of knowledge under cultivation. This not only will facilitate the prospective student's realisation of his own particular bent, but it will also help to adjust his mind

to a proper valuation of any special branch of work in connection with the whole scheme, resulting in a balanced judgment and a sense of right proportion. But that is as far as Theosophy should go on its mechanical or scientific side, and no further. To state anything but the broadest principles exoterically must necessarily befuddle the mind of the average Theosophist, make it lazy, and unfit it for independent development. He should indeed get enough to excite his interest, but not enough to make him feel satisfied with what he is getting.

Now there are signs that our psychic researchers do not recognise the importance of this view. That we have a book dealing with the analysis of chemical elements, taking up the subject more or less where physics and chemistry of the ordinary schools are constrained to lay it down, is a sign of excellent scientific tact. Such a book, however, as *Thought Forms* does in an inverse sense for Theosophy what, say, Fox's *Book of Martyrs* does for Roman Catholicism, viz., it is sensational; it appeals to the curious, the fearful, and the fanatical, and leaves a somewhat unpleasant taste in the mouth of the student of actual facts. Also it may serve as a deterrent, or at any rate as a wonderful picture book with a moral! The same applies, though of course to a very much milder extent, to *Man Visible and Invisible*. To represent pictorially superphysical phenomena may satisfy the physical consciousness, but it does not by any means satisfy the true occult researcher. In pre-Theosophical literature, symbol was the chief means of conveying that knowledge of superphysical facts that the mind could grasp; and if it could not grasp that, it was a sure sign that that mind was not prepared for superphysical knowledge.

Theosophy has sometimes been accused of being a hyper-materialistic system of thought; and so it is from a purely intellectual point of view. For this reason it seems essential to the writer that only those individuals should have access to occult truths who are prepared to run their spiritual development parallel with their intellectual enlightenment, lest Theosophy initiate a far more subtle and dangerous materialism than that which at the outset it was sent to counteract.

At one time it may have seemed necessary to substitute a higher kind of materialism for the crude variety that was ravaging spiritual Europe during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Spiritualism was popularised, and the Theosophical theories were advanced. They have served their primary purpose: the lower materialism is dead; to continue to fight it would be quixotic. For this reason Theosophy ought now to advance spiritually rather than intellectually.

Now the question is, can it do so by means of our present Theosophical literature? Of course, the answer may be both Yes and No, since this depends on the reader rather than on the book. Yet, in spite of a somewhat voluminous literature, there is as yet lacking, it would seem, the exact kind of books for that purpose, books which, when studied at all, cannot but have one result—the spiritual enlightenment of the reader. The Scriptures of the great sages of all times, especially those of ancient India, of the *Veda*, the *Vedānta*, the *Upaniṣat*, have not up to the present acquired sufficient popularity amongst our western Theosophists. Many, if not most of them, have attached themselves intellectually or emotionally to the Bible (or even the *Bhagavad-Gītā*) trying to substitute for its native expressions,

parables, lessons, and teachings, the dollars and cents, the pounds and pennies, the annas and pice of Theosophical nomenclature. They are veritable money-changers in the Temple. It does not necessarily cause them to understand better these Scriptures. But it is a pretty occupation for the mind to sort out and store away each idea on its own Theosophical shelf—a kind of Theosophical stamp collecting!

Wherever we meet with such an attempt at uniformity we may feel sure that there is as yet no understanding. Understanding needs no uniformity: it recognises the Same under all disguises. It is the mere intellect which seeks to arrange, systematise, and cramp. But the wise man refuses to continue a Sisyphus. He uses his mental energies to interpret rather than reconstruct; his mind becomes the messenger of the Gods, the Hermetic Mirror which reflects, and from which he can read the Divine Wisdom, Theosophia.

To the understanding of many Theosophists there still seems to be considerable confusion as to what constitutes spirituality. To some it is purity in its 'highest sense'. But purity, after all, merely refers to each thing as it should be ideally, and unconfused by the admixture or the contact of any other thing. To others spirituality means purposefulness. But may not the millionaire or the seeker of evil be as purposeful as the willer of good? What of devotion—Is not the vivisectionist as devoted as the Theosophist, as desirous to uplift and benefit the race? What of devoutness?

Spirituality, in the occult sense, has little or nothing to do with feeling devout; it has to do with the capacity of the mind for assimilating knowledge at the fountain head of

knowledge itself—absolute knowledge—instead of by the circuitous and laborious process of ratiocination.¹

In fine, spirituality is man's capacity to come into conscious touch with the aspect of Omniscience of the Deity, and is independent of the avenue through which it is attained.

The only method of arriving at the maximum of *scientific* truth accessible to humankind is to look at each phenomenon with the consciousness belonging to the plane on which the phenomenon occurs, unvitiated by the consciousness of any other plane. It does not help us much to interpret superphysical phenomena through the ordinary physical consciousness. By doing so they lose for us that which essentially brands them as superphysical, and they take rank with the physical. It is for this reason that, as long as we rely upon our physical intellect only for the understanding of things, this understanding cannot but be materialistic. The main objections to a materialistic world-view are (1) that it impairs the possibility of the development of our latent super-intellectual faculties; and (2) that it is merely enumerative (cumulative) as to facts, instead of comprehensive, and therefore distinctly inadequate. It makes little difference how far this materialistic tendency is carried; whether it comprises three, forty-nine, or seven times forty-nine sub-planes.

It is not my intention to speak in a derogatory way of the Theosophical teachings as expounded by H. P. B., A. P. Sinnett, and their successors, in saying that, if viewed from the succession-standpoint of the mind, they are partially, but only partially and fragmentarily true; but they are not wholly true. They are more or less

¹ *Esoteric Buddhism*, by A. P. Sinnett, p. 192 (6th American Edition.)

correct as a translation of superphysical actuality into the language of earth, water, and air. This language, however, is utterly inadequate to serve as a medium of exposition. Like most other translations this one may stimulate a desire for first-hand acquaintance with the original, create a wish to break the Seal and open the Book. But it can never satisfy the seeker of Occult Truths. All the teaching, as we have it, concerning the higher planes of nature, their phenomena, and their inhabitants should be regarded as a scaffolding we may use for the construction of a grand and wonderful mansion of beauty and truth; but it is only a scaffolding which will have to be knocked down when our spiritual structure nears completion. Besides, it is only one of a number of possible aids to the construction of a habitat for the Spirit. There are many different ways to arrive at Truth. But to mistake the scaffolding for the building, the means for the purpose, fits the Theosophist as little as it does the average religionist. His means may be more adequate, but for this very reason they are so much more easily mistaken for the end.

Theosophy, as it stands to-day, is indeed a system of thought that may satisfy some types of highly intellectual thinkers. The man harassed by doubts and tortured by the terrible suffering of his fellow-men; the man who resents the unequal division of labour and its products; the man who sees but the increase of selfishness and cruelty in the advance of civilisation; the man who regards the entire animal kingdom as a bloody battleground: to these men the teachings of Theosophical mechanics come as a balm and as a boon. If they do not give ultimate answers, peace of mind is assured at least for a time, until the mental vision has become accustomed

to the wider outlook and begins to distinguish the limitations of the new horizon. But in the meantime the higher emotions have an opportunity of coming to the surface and being cultivated, emotions which in the stress of existence had been pushed into the background. Theosophy also gives directions how to handle these emotions to the best advantage, how to transform them into genuine religious experience. So that it is clear that, though the mind is temporarily set at rest by the explanations Theosophy has to advance towards the solving of the more common riddles of life, this putting at rest of the mind and this temporary solution of tantalising questions is not the chief aim of the system, if indeed it is aimed at at all. The principal purpose from this point of view is surely the fanning of the latent and long suppressed and nearly extinguished mystic spark, in order that it may flame up in holy ecstasy before the new perplexity of the intellect makes its appearance; whereupon the latter can be dealt with as it deserves.

There are other and even more important matters that call for the attention of the critic. When we come to deal with our conceptions of beings of other worlds than ours they become, in the main, only matters of words. Names and titles are freely flung about even in ordinary Theosophical conversation. Over and over again I have heard the word LOGOS pronounced with as much reverence as the word rock, and with less comprehension of its meaning. If that is a result of Theosophical teachings—as I cannot but think it is—there is something radically wrong with our exoterising of occult truths. The word Master by us should be used with as much circumspection as is the word

JHVH by the Hebrews. It would seem, however, that familiarity with terms tends to breed contempt for the truths they are to convey.

An underhand discussion seems to be going on in Theosophical circles as to the standing in the occult world of some of our leaders. No doubt they stand high, at any rate in some respects; and honour and reverence is due to them, as to others, on that account; but not on that account alone. To many of us they represent the bellows that blew away the ashes of superstition from the smouldering fires in the grates of our inner lives. What heights they have reached in the occult world is solely their business and none of ours. And how can we measure them? Be they Arhats or Asekas, disciples or renegades, they have earned a gratitude and we have contracted a debt that it will be difficult for us to satisfy. It is molish blindness for any of us to reject their unconscious claims because their attitudes do not happen to agree with what we have imagined their attitudes should be; because their sense of the weight of certain facts and principles differs from the importance we attach to them; because their way of handling certain problems would not be our way, were we in their positions. But it is also foolishness on our part to accept blindly and credulously every statement they make without first testing it on the touchstone of our own consciousness. Let us consider such statements provisionally without either accepting or rejecting. Already H. P. B. recognised the danger involved in the former course when she said: "*All Theosophical books must be accepted on their merits and not according to any claim to authority which they may put forward.*" All that the best

teachers can do is to prepare our mental food. But we have to bite it and chew it and swallow it and digest it ourselves—and carefully; and it is well to consider in this connection that the more that intellects have to be catered for, the greater will have to be the individual adaptations. Indigestion amongst Theosophists is not conspicuous by its absence.

To the writer it would seem that the primary purposes of Theosophy are: (1) to spread far and wide the doctrine of karma and reincarnation; (2) to inspire teachers that will go out into the world to spread that doctrine; (3) to point the way to such men and women as are prepared to advance simultaneously along intellectual and spiritual lines. The three purposes at present advanced by the Theosophical Society (with which, however, I am not dealing in this article), namely the forming of a nucleus of universal brotherhood, the study of comparative religion, the investigation of Occultism, as may readily be recognised, are secondary to those above enumerated. They were not so thirty-seven years ago. Since then the doctrine of human brotherhood has spread and the study of comparative religion become appreciated. These two therefore are gradually falling outside the specific Theosophical pale. Not that Theosophy can do without them: our *Weltansicht* could not be presented shorn of these aims. But they are becoming such obvious and widely recognised human requirements that they are ceasing to be specifically Theosophic. It is less of a necessity now for arguments to be adduced in their defence in our literature than it was thirty, twenty, or even ten years ago.

Theosophy then is not the *ultimum dictum* of Truth: it is not even a universally helpful system of

thought. But it has advantages that are unsurpassed—I am tempted to say unsurpassable—for dealing with contemporary conditions. Properly to judge a thing one should not ask whether it is wholly good or wholly bad: no thing is either. But its advantages should be weighed against its disadvantages either in universal or particular application, and one's view formulated accordingly. So our Theosophy is not wholly good, not wholly acceptable. But, if properly understood and not driven to death, it is a system that may stimulate spiritual activity, that may anæsthetise to a certain kind of intellectual suffering, and that fulfils the needs of the times.

One of Theosophy's deadliest enemies is orthodoxy of the petty variety. What we need is a progressive spirit even in our presentation of the Most Ancient Wisdom. We must retain our relative position to the *Zeitgeist*. When he threatens to catch up with us, on we must go: not too far in advance to be out of his sight; nor so close as to be indistinguishable from him; but near enough to stimulate him to pursuit, and forward enough to point the way.

Ithuriel

THE FOOL

By BARONESS M. D'ASBECK, F. T. S.

IN a certain village, there once lived a fellow whom everybody called 'the fool'. He was always happy. His simple face shone with satisfaction. People who had had experience of life and complained bitterly about it, looked upon him with contempt. They were sure he had never had any real feeling. Their hearts were full of bitterness far deeper than that known to the Fool, as they thought.

Nobody knew how it befell that he had become a fool and nobody cared, so that it was not even known what form his folly took. So far as one could see, he did nobody any harm. He took long walks into the country, he talked with the cattle, the horses and the hounds, and conversed with the little children who were never at all afraid of him. But when intelligent people made their appearance upon the scene, then the Fool took flight and making gestures as though to defend himself from the attacks of insects, he exclaimed: "Ah, I know you. You want facts . . . discussions . . . explanations . . . but they are for intelligent people! I am a fool and I never discuss anything," and off he would go, with his broad grin, kicking at the pebbles as he went, with child-like *abandon*, his nose in the air.

One day a traveller arrived in the little village. He came from afar. They said he was a lover of the Truth, in other words, a Philosopher. He had been seeking Truth for a long time. He had spent nights and days over the search, but alas! Truth, though ever more beguiling and bewitching to her suitors, is not so easily to be taken captive. Just at the moment when the Philosopher felt most sure that he had her at last, she escaped him. He complained bitterly, that, having renounced all worldly pleasures as he thought in favour of a lasting happiness, he had fallen victim to a Being as cruel and capricious as Truth. Sometimes a rumour reached him that some one had succeeded in finding her. Filled with new hope, he would take the road again, but upon arriving at his destination, he never saw anything in the least resembling her. He made many inquiries to know where he might be most likely to find Truth. They told him she had quitted France in disgust because there they had disputed her divine origin. They had dared to tell her that she was born out of the dust like everything else. Then the Philosopher repaired to Germany only to find that there Truth had fled before an attack upon her life.

It appeared they had attempted to cut her in two; Truth Noumenal and Truth Phenomenal. The Philosopher then sought her in England, where he knocked hopefully at the door of a *confrère*. The latter however laughed at him.

"I have only two stories to my house, friend," said he, "science dwells below, and above, in the lumber room, if you seek, you will find the 'unknowable'; but what do you mean by asking me for Truth?"

By this time the Philosopher was quite discouraged. He had lost the scent, nevertheless he was determined not to abandon the chase. Starting off again, he arrived at the village where the Fool dwelt. As he passed along a road that ran along the mountain side, a voice suddenly hailed him: "Hi! Hi! stop! you below there! Whither away so fast with your eyes fixed on the ground? Do you not see the glorious sun sinking behind yonder mountain?"

The Traveller lifted his eyes and saw, seated upon the wall above him, a quaint figure. The face wore an expression of innocence and good humour whilst the grey eyes were full of penetration and silent wit. He sat upon the wall with his legs crossed and his hands clasped over his knees and smiled knowingly.

"Where am I going?" repeated the Traveller.

"Why, to yonder town."

"What for?"

"Why, to sleep."

"And of course you are in a tearing hurry. . . . Good Heavens! what a hurry people are in. . . . and after all. . . . I wonder, where do they go with their haste?"

The grey eyes seemed to question the Beyond for a moment, then the Fool turned briskly to the Traveller: "But can you not sleep here?"

The Traveller began to lose his temper: "After all what business is it of yours?" he was about to say, but perceiving the benevolent expression of the Fool, he was softened in spite of himself and he only said: "I come from far and I go far."

"But where do you go?" asked the Fool. The Traveller looked him full in the face. Who was this

strange being who thus dared to cross questions with a stranger as though he were an old acquaintance, and yet had none of the rude familiarity of the peasantry. What did it mean, this child-like innocence, this goblin wisdom?

Said the Philosopher to himself: "I will even tell this fool the object of my journey and since no wise man has been able to give me a satisfactory reply, I shall not waste any more time by addressing myself to this simpleton." Then the Philosopher spoke gently to the Fool and said: "I go to seek Truth."

"To seek Truth!" echoed the Fool, and he threw up his hands into the air, and laughed so much that he almost fell off the wall. Then suddenly he became serious and said to the Philosopher: "But do you know what is that Truth that you seek? If not, you may find her without recognising her—and if you knew," he added significantly, searching the face of the Philosopher with his piercing eyes, "you would not travel so far to find her. So there!"

He drummed with his heels upon the wall and sniffed the air.

"What a delicious evening to be sure! No, my friend, Truth has not gone to the devil; she is here, now, above us, before us, within us."

"Alas!" replied the Philosopher, "that may be, but even so Truth is difficult to find. I, for example, seek these many years, but I only find contradictions."

"Then why seek?" asked the Fool pensively.

"Well to be sure, what next?" fumed the Philosopher quite offended; "where then if you please, did you find her? you who speak as though you knew everything."

"Yes, I have seen her," said the Fool, "and ever since that day, I ceased to be a man. For to be always uneasy, always grasping, never to be satisfied, that is what it is to be human! In this frenzy, the human race rushes past all the treasures of existence without perceiving them, just as you passed by the glory of the sunset, absorbed in your silly thoughts. Yes, I was human once; how I suffered! but then, after I had thought too much and felt too much, I ran away into nature..."

The grey eyes became so gentle, that the Philosopher remained silent, full of wonder.

"But you were asking questions," said the Fool, awaking from his reverie. "Dear me, it is long since I spoke with a human being. How long, I cannot say, since I do not play at carefully dividing Eternity into days, hours, and minutes, in months, years and centuries, as you do. But if you would find Truth, take your hat off. It addles your brains. Do you not understand that all that people call civilisation is in league against Truth? you who are pent up in your houses, and bound up in your clothes, how do you expect Truth to reach you? You fly from nature, which is Truth in the physical world. And if these were physical barriers only that you erected! But the scaffoldings of your ideas! of your systems! you must empty your brain, friend, and then, perhaps Truth will condescend to enter it.

"Be still also and do not rush about over the earth. Truth is certainly not going to run after you when you put on your hundred league boots to chase her and are flying away from her all the time as fast as your legs can carry you!... And then, of course, you must be silent if you wish that Truth should speak..."

Such is the pride of men, that a being like myself, who has no roof but the Heavens and no dictionary but Nature, who is simple, who is silent—why they call him a fool!... And then, love tenderly all that you see... you may learn that there are other intelligences than the human, and you may begin to understand these intelligences. Then you will come much nearer to a vision of Truth."

The Fool turned to the little bunch of daisies plunged in fresh water and lifted them tenderly: "This little bouquet is as important as you, and holds the same mysteries.

"You know the stupid game that lovers play, tearing away the petals of the daisies, one by one in order that, dead and dispersed, these may prophecy their destiny. You, savants and philosophers and scholars, you do the same with facts and theories and human beliefs. You tear them away from the flower to which they belong, and you drag these dead things into your studies which smell of mildew and decay, and with that you think to reconstruct a universe—a live universe! And moreover, you are astonished not to succeed in your attempt!" The Fool went into peals of laughter, drummed with his heels more noisily than ever. And for the first time in his life the Philosopher felt himself to be utterly ridiculous.

M. d'Asbeck

THE DISCRIMINATION OF THE SELF

By P. H. PALMER

THE extraordinary growth of what is called Christian Science must be considered one of the most striking among the many portents of an age of awakening. A time there was when the reality of the spiritual order was not seriously questioned, but with the lapse of centuries the minds of men have become more and more engrossed in and mastered by material things, and the certitude which aforetime prevailed concerning the realm of the immaterial has been lost. But the hour of this darkness is passing, some gleams of light appear faintly in the sky, and men are stirring uneasily in their sleep. Vague dreams—incoherent and irrational oftentimes—flit through their troubled minds. There is an intense yearning for the daybreak among all grades of men, and it seems as if there is no new doctrine of the soul, however illogical and ill-evidenced, which can be propounded but it will be welcomed by some few enthusiastic adherents. For any light is better than the Stygian darkness which holds sway over the morasses into which men have wandered.

There was thus a place for Christian Science in the awakening of dormant souls, in spite of its rather obvious guessing at truth and its somewhat *unmeta*-physical first principles. Had these been more truly

philosophical and less removed from scientific accuracy they might have failed to fire the imaginations of men and women in the manner and to the extent which they did.

Yet enquiry into these 'principles,' some comparison of this philosophy with those that are older, can scarcely be forbidden, even though we should conclude concerning the philosophy, as of the wine, that the 'old is better'.

Let not what shall be said be construed as an attack upon the more reasonable doctrines of Christian Science—for these also are an expression, though perhaps through a distorting medium, of the innermost Reality which the adherents of Christian Science seek as much as we. The writer has friends in this body also, and their sanity is not to be questioned, nor their goodness of heart, nor their works of mercy, yet the wonder frequently arises as to how much they accept without examination or how far they understand the metaphysics upon which their Science is professedly based. While there is here therefore no antagonism to these, or others like them, there is some attempt to enquire into the premises upon which their arguments are founded, some examination of the metaphysics of the Science (which have nothing whatever to do with its practice of healing), and there is also here a desire to indicate a few lines of thought which may prove helpful to any who are struggling to discern between the form and the substance in this direction.

Surely the 'self-evident' propositions of this Science form the most bewildering medley of words without meaning ever submitted for the unqualified and unreasoned acceptance of men. Be it noted they are not



submitted for our judgment, which is of 'mortal mind' and hence of error! but we are asked to accept without comment, and by a prostitution of the intellect, statements which Mrs. Eddy says are self-evident "*to me*"; apparently not recognising the fact that what is self-evident is so to all normally constituted minds and cannot reasonably be disputed.

Let us at once acknowledge that there is this much of truth which we hold in common, that we both conceive of mind as fundamental to all being, and inseparable therefrom. Perhaps a quotation from Romanes' lecture on 'Mind and Motion' may help to clear the issue:

Let it be observed that we do not even require to go so far as the irrefutable position of Berkeley, that the existence of an external world without the medium of mind, or of being without knowing, is inconceivable. It is enough to take our stand on a lower level of abstraction, and to say that whether or not an external world can exist apart from mind in any absolute or inconceivable sense, at any rate it cannot do so *for us*. We cannot think any of the facts of external nature without presupposing the existence of a mind which thinks them; and therefore, so far at least as we are concerned, mind is necessarily prior to everything else. It is for us the only mode of existence which is real in its own right; and to it as to a standard, all other modes of existence which may be *inferred* must be referred. Therefore, if we say that mind is a function of motion, we are only saying, in somewhat confused terminology, that mind is a function of itself.

Christian Science appears to have taken an inverted view of Berkeley's position, and to be of the opinion that the inhibition of certain tracts of conscious feeling annihilates the external facts from which those feelings arose. If this were all, we would suggest that an operation destroying certain brain centres would be a comparatively easy method of attaining the altitude of abstraction which they seek.

In this comparison of Christian Science and Theosophy we are inevitably led to a consideration of the

varying levels and contents of consciousness, and it is here that the two find their common ground of agreement, while here also is the point of departure to their eventual divergency. Both agree that Reality is One and that forms are not reality, but the Christian Scientist wilfully shuts his eyes, and having discussed the unreality of forms, forthwith denies their existence *in toto*. To satisfy his demands nothing would serve except the Night of Brahm, when manifestation should cease. He seeks not merely to know but to become and to function as the Absolute; and all that is relative and conditioned is incontinently relegated to the limbo of 'mortal mind,' without any accurate disclosure of the nature of this exceedingly useful drudge and whipping-boy.

Theosophic doctrine, from whatever quarter it is given, recognises varying levels of consciousness, but they are not mutually antagonistic or exclusive, and possibly we may conclude that all below the level of Buddhi would be comprised under Mrs. Eddy's term, 'mortal mind'. Herein is some agreement between us, for we also consider these lower levels as in their nature temporary, and in their use illusory (though the illusion has also its purpose). But we do not deny the existence of these lower levels, regarding them as necessary stages in the upward ascent of the soul. Some day we expect to transcend these forms and lay them aside for ever, but not while still prisoned in the flesh which renders the forms necessary and even compulsory. In saying these forms are unreal we do not mean that they do not exist, but that their existence is conditional, changeable, and impermanent, and so differing from the unchanging, uncaused, absolute Reality whose outer

vestures they are. As says the Nature Spirit in *Faust*:

Thus at time's roaring loom I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by.

Further, the Theosophic position is lucid enough when it posits the Ego as possessing these lower levels and functioning there at will. For since these are not Itself, but merely its vehicles, it is plain that when the Ego can adequately organise these lesser instruments they can then be left to function automatically in the affairs to which they are related. For instance, the body can be taught to work without conscious supervision, controlled solely by the automatic reflexes and the subconscious areas of the brain. Similarly the mind when habituated to its regular work will act more consistently when left unattended than when constantly checked and controlled. In witness whereof we need only mention as a matter of common knowledge the fact that with words of whose spelling we are doubtful, the arrangement of letters which first presents itself from the automatic subconscious region is almost invariably accurate, while the result of conscious effort in this matter is often misleading. The true path must thus be found, not in the denial of these valleys in favour of an exclusive devotion to the heights, but in the domination and organisation of the soul's inheritance of faculty upon all levels until they can be left to take charge of themselves and of one another; which, of course, is a condition partly achieved by the race so long ago that we have forgotten its origin, and are only confused if we attempt to recapitulate the steps by which this organised self-domination was reached.

But Mrs. Eddy claims for herself and for her followers a state of consciousness appropriate only to pure, unconditioned being, having no relation to anything outside itself, and this necessarily leads to the venial heresies and pardonable (even lovable) inconsistencies of the Christian Scientist when his life is judged by the deeper implications of his book.

Mrs. Eddy seems also most solemnly to blunder in confounding together the Transcendent and the Immanent. Not only Mrs. Eddy and her followers, but others also, appear to us to miss the way somewhere in their search in this direction. The *Bhagavad-Gītā* is quite clear upon this point:

Nor is there aught, moving or unmoving, that may exist bereft of Me. . . . Whatsoever is glorious, good, beautiful, and mighty, understand thou that to go forth from a fragment of My splendour. But what is the knowledge of all these details to thee, O Arjuna? Having pervaded this whole universe with a fragment of Myself, I remain.

But so many appear to confound this unmanifested remainder with the reality within the manifestation.

Mrs. Eddy says "God is Life," and forthwith proceeds to deny the existence of manifested life, *i.e.*, the only life of which we can be said to have knowledge. On our part we say that God is Life, and is in all things, so that the very dust beneath our feet has something vital in it, and this vitality is the secret of such permanence as it possesses. But she sits there firmly declaring that there is no life and hence no God in matter. If this be so we can only remark that her book appeared to us to consist of very material leaves and markings thereon, and the only conclusion to be drawn is this—that since it is a material book it has nothing of life, or of God, in it. A conclusion not

likely to prove acceptable to her followers, but logically following from her own statements.

To distinguish the real from the unreal, the noumenon from the phenomenon, the true and abiding from the false and transitory, is undoubtedly one of the hardest lessons set before humanity in its schooling, and it would appear that the present stage is devoted largely to this problem. The gross materialism of the age, its worship of success, of wealth, of the accomplishment of action, whether good or bad, its strenuousness in outward and material things and the resulting indifference to the larger matters appertaining to the Spirit, are of the gravest concern, and are perhaps insufficiently apprehended by those whose lives are fortunately placed above the fret and corrosion of anxiety concerning material considerations. From this devotion to material concerns arises the indifference, or even antagonism, displayed (not by the masses alone, but also by those whose heredity has given them the opportunity of devotion to higher interests) towards the ancient religions. It also accounts for the decreasing number of those who enter upon the Path through the gateways which it is one of the functions of those religions to keep open.

In the last analysis, all knowledge is a knowledge of consciousness, and to know oneself fully and entirely is to pay less attention to the outward surrounding and circumstance of the conditioned being, and to pay a greater regard to that hidden spring whence arise these manifold activities, these thoughts, feelings, ideals, inspirations, which are not of the external world nor derived thence nor directed thereto, but which merely find occasional form and expression therein.

"Know Thyself," is the ancient word, and if we knew that which we call our Self fully and entirely we should know all that it has been since Time was, we should know all the causes which have conspired together to produce the present effect. At this very moment we are the sum and product of all that has preceded us, and the Self hidden behind the personality of the moment, which personality is often no more than a phase of feeling, holds the record within it of all past racial and individual experience, effort, and achievement.

So the Self lies at the root of all being and experience, and (having attained but 'conditional free will' as yet) expresses itself as best it can through such vehicles and by such means as it can find; ever striving towards Self-realisation, that is, to the expansion and expression of the Real which is the secret of its innermost nature.

But a deeper implication lies here to be revealed. We have already spoken of the individual as the sum of his experience, which must be held to include emotion, reasoning, and devotion. So that the fuller, richer, and more widely diversified those experiences have been, and the greater their depth of meaning, which is the spirit of thought and mental experience, the more complete and rounded will be the individuality, which is one outpouring of the Self. But here lies the stumbling block over which somehow we seem destined to trip, namely the recognition of the Self as something other than its experiences, and apart from them; in short as the substance in which those experiences inhere. This also is of Discrimination, and is seemingly not to be found perfectly by way of the study of scholastic

psychology. Yet perhaps in this connection a further quotation from Romanes may be permitted:

Each of the mental sequences at that time was a result of those preceding and a cause of those succeeding; but behind all this play of mental causation there all the while stood that Self which was at once the condition of its occurrence and the *First Cause* of its action. It is not true that that Self was nothing more than the result of all this play of mental causation; it can only have been the First Cause of it. For otherwise the mental causation must have been the cause of that causation, which is absurd. Who, or What it was that originally caused this First Cause, is, of course, another question, which I shall presently hope to show is not merely unanswerable, but unmeaning. As a matter of fact, however, we know that this Self is here, and that it can thus be proved to be a substance, *standing under* the whole of that more superficial display of mental causation which it is able to look upon introspectively—and this almost as impersonally as if it were regarding the display as narrated by another mind. I say, then, that the theory of Monism entitles us to regard this Self as the *fons et origo* of our mental causation and thus restores to us the doctrine of Liberty with its attendant consequence of Moral Responsibility.

Thus we again, though this time by the method of modern philosophy, arrive at the conception of a Pure Self, uncaused, *i.e.*, outside our categories of causation, and transcending its own manifestations. But while it transcends these, it is also limited by them, and the manner in which these limitations are set forth by Romanes in the remainder of the lecture quoted from will provide an admirable corrective for those who imagine that 'willing' is 'being,' since it is shown that thwarted will (unable to achieve its object) is no more than desire. This is indeed true and may be shortly stated in this way, that "desire is the will for the unattainable".

But such an attitude as this of Romanes is exceptional among our modern teachers, though on that account it is the more to be welcomed. On the other side, Professor William James, sympathetic and wide

as is his thinking, can yet in a critical moment make no more of personal identity than this, that it is a thought among other thoughts. A thought that persists, if you like, but still a Thought and not a Thinker. This is a helpful view in many respects, but depressing when considered in its relation to the continuance of the individuality, when the particular eddy in the mind-stream which gave it birth shall have swirled at last into stillness and merged itself in the general current flowing elsewhere. We should thus have no guarantee of the continuance of any one thought when the conditions which bound them all together were broken, even though that thought were the thought of ourselves, and Descartes' famous maxim, *Cogito, ergo sum*, being reversed, would become the death-knell of human hope for immortality.

From so desperate a position we are rescued by this intuitive perception of a Self that is not so much the Thinker as the Observer of thought. The writer has often in discussion compared consciousness to a point of observation where the Ego looks out upon conditioned existence. As the eye is a gateway through which the outer world enters upon the soul, or the ear, or the senses generally, so also consciousness is a mind-process, the analysis and synthesis of varied notions and life-experiences, which is observed by the Ego immersed in the stream. We may picture the matter to ourselves as though we were watching the time-flow through an aperture of varying dimensions. When at its widest we are exalted, keenly alert, viewing a wide expanse of the experiential field, which need not be entirely on the physical plane, but may be, and often is, purely mental; when it is narrowed we are dull,

listless, unobservant; while in sleep we might, except for our dreams, consider it to be temporarily closed. Thus we arrive at the conception of a being which transcends the temporal thought of our earth-life, and the conditioned reasoning of the physical brain; and since it persists but little changed through all the evanescent current of life and thought, we have some warrant for our belief in its permanence in spite of bodily dissolution. But this discrimination is seemingly only to be attained by an act of introspection which shall divide not only 'myself' from what I feel and do, but also 'myself' from what I think.

Subject and Object there must be, and neither of these is the thought which relates them. A thought must correspond to some object by which it is evoked even as my thought of a tree must correspond to some real tree, or to some general idea of a tree which my stored-up sensations present to me, so my thought of Self and of Self-identity must be evoked by some reality which, even if it cannot be explained, cannot be explained away. Yet it may be objected here that the object of thought may have no real existence other than as a figment of the imagination, so that my idea of Self may be no more than a fantastic notion of the mind.

But this is merely to shift the ground and not to alter the quality of the argument; for the question is immediately pertinent as to where this figment of a diseased imagination arises. In some diffused, incoherent psychic Nothingness? or in some focalised centre thereof? or will it not prove easier and more rational in the end to concede that Thought and Thinker are not one, but two, and that thinking is not one of the functions of this sublimated Self, but rather a faculty to

be as clearly distinguished from it as are the organs of sight and hearing?—a faculty working by its own laws (which we concisely name Rationality) and presenting the results of its labours to the Self as apperceptions. Thus does the Self become known to us by the method of elimination, of negation, by denying to it all that belongs to the level of its manifestations, and leaving to it no more than substantial—and nothing of phenomenal—existence; or, if we must give to it some positive shape it shall be the Observer, that to which all our life and thought relates, and from which it acquires its consistency and continuity.

The meditative effort involved appears to be two-fold. First the recognition of the individuality with its special and particular history, experience, and acquirements, and then the close and indissoluble connection subsisting between it and the one Reality below all forms, even the form of individuation. This is to discriminate the Self from the SELF—the Self inward and individual, derived and conditioned, and the SELF transcendent, unique, and unlimited. And discrimination of the SELF from all forms and external shows must include the discrimination thereof from forms of thought also, for the SELF, this absolute SELF, knows utterly, apart from all reasoning, which is a quasi-mechanical deductive operation, proceeding from the known to the unknown, through a faith that these two must be in some respects equivalent and of one nature.

But the SELF, knowing all things because substantial with them, needs not deduction, nor sight, nor hearing, nor any presentation of ideas verbally clothed. '*Esse*' and '*percipi*' are indeed one and the same thing in this high state, and to know the SELF

would be to know absolutely, without the intermediation of any forms of relativity, since relations are between discrete parts, while the knowledge of the SELF is the knowledge of that which is identified with all that is. This is the exaltation of the Mystic, when, lifted above himself, and passing beyond the ordinary forms of mental life, he beholds in one vision 'all he had thought, or hoped, or dreamed'; a state where passion is hushed, reasoning silenced, the outward forgotten, and the innermost reality alone makes its presence felt to the chastened soul.

Now it would appear that the difference here between the Christian Scientist and the Theosophist lies in this, that the former seeks absorption in the Divine by the loss or submersion of the individuality, by a numbing of the intellectual process rather than by its purification, intensification and ultimate transcendence. This method denies rather than affirms, in spite of the positive form of its mantrams, and hence is negative. The true follower of the Discriminative Yoga, on the other hand seeks to lift himself to a higher level of consciousness, *i.e.*, of *knowing*, by the recognition of the unreal and false, by their elimination from the notions of the mind, by the transcendence of forms of whatever kind, and combining with this an intenser and ever increasing apprehension of the Reality which manifests itself as notion or idea in the mental sphere, as desire or appetency in the emotional, and phenomenally in the physical world. This is of the positive order, and the positive pole is that of affirmation, of building, the synthesis of scattered entities; it is activity and progress. The negative pole is that of passivity, of dormancy; is will-less, retrograde, atavistic and disintegrative.

It may also be suggested as a kind of parable (and indeed all speech upon these matters is parabolic) that the Divine has also its subliminal and its supra-liminal consciousness, and that the Christian Scientist immerses himself in the former, while the discriminating seeker climbs the mountain peaks to find the latter. In a way the one is concerned with the Immanent, vainly imagining that this is all, while the other endeavours to proceed through the Immanent to the Transcendent. The Christian Scientist loses his individuality, his separateness, by deprivation: he attains Nirvāṇa in the popular but misunderstood sense, loses himself in the All to gain, and to give, nothing. He becomes the All, or imagines he does, but the All does not enter into him. But the true contemplative regards himself rather as a centre through which, when cleansed and purified, the Other which is not This, may find a channel for out-pouring, so that This may eventually become the Other by means of these selected and specialised centres of interpenetration, illumination, and transmutation.

For the problem is also two-fold in this respect: having discriminated the unreal to discriminate the Real as well. It is not the recognition of falsity (negative) but the knowledge (positive) of truth which shall make us free. The Christian Scientist has attained to a knowledge of the transitory nature of forms, but does not appear to have discovered the Real notwithstanding, for he mistakes the form of his attempted apprehension of the Divine for the Divine itself, and rests content in a form which is none the less a form although it appears to be new, and which, must not be considered as true intuition or mystic knowledge *because* it is delirious and incomprehensible. Indeed the writer can but enter his

protest at the unmeaning nature of the phrases which contain the 'Articles' of Christian Science—words without meaning and strung together—and it is doubtless true that whether read forwards or backwards, or in any other way, they mean the same thing, but what that meaning is cannot be discovered by the 'mortal mind' of the average man. The Reality as the heart of things may not be Rationality, or that word may not be an adequate definition thereof, but Rationality is one of its manifestations, and we suppose one of its permanent attributes also, and nothing is gained by the ignoring of forms; the only real gain is in their mastery, the only real progress possible is by recognition of the forms, not by ostrich-like heedlessness of their presence.

At this point it may be well to make some reference to the problems of pain, disease and sin, for the Christian Scientist has been taught to hold some rather peculiar views upon the matter. Now pleasure and pain are both affections of the conscious state, and of these more than of all else it is true that they have no existence except in our knowledge of them. They are subjective conditions set up in the mind by the meeting of the world without and the world within, the insurgence of the Not-I upon the I; and the twin conditions of disease and pain carefully considered, would appear to provide a working model of the difference between 'things-in-themselves' and our knowledge of them. For pain, as a conscious state, bears no sort of likeness to the disease from which it arises. Indeed we may, and often do, experience feelings of pain without being in the least aware of the nature of the physical cause, and were there no other source of information than our pain-feeling we should remain ignorant of the character of

the most common ailments. Disease is distinctly one thing and our pain-consciousness another, belonging to two different orders of being. Now the mental denial of pain-feeling may be so complete as to obliterate the feeling from the consciousness, but this by no means implies that its physical counterpart, or cause, is destroyed.

The Christian Scientist, denying the validity of his sensations of pain and disputing the existence of the disease which has appeared to manifest itself in his 'mortal body,' does not behave consistently when he admits the presence of those joys and pleasurable feelings whose place of origin is identical with that which produces his pain, *viz.*, a visible, tangible, extended world, of which his body is part.

The question which faces us would appear to be, not whether one shall deny or confess the existence of either pain or pleasure, or the existence of a pain-provoking world, but whether we are to be ruled by these affections of the conscious state, or shall not rather rise above them, rejecting them as motives or compulsions to conduct, and ruling our souls by reference to a higher ideal. The horror of pain, sin, disease, and all *unpleasant* things displayed by the Christian Scientist, while it is the antithesis of morbid asceticism, inevitably must lead, if logically followed out, to some taint of selfishness or self-seeking, or hardness of heart, even in the best of them, being indeed an ever-present motive for choosing personal ease and gratification.

Thus is the choice ever before the soul—whether to live in the outward-seeming, seeking pleasure and avoiding pain, or dismissing both these as alike unimportant, seeking to live in the inward truth; in stability of soul

regarding the Self as eternal and untouched by the accidental features of the changing external life, but not unmindful of these conditions, especially in so far as they consist of the afflicted states of others.

So we can turn to more satisfactory considerations. Doubtless there are many who will proceed as far as this in their discrimination, that they will relinquish the outward world as not of their being, learning by the transitory and unsatisfying nature of their possessions therein that the Eternal they seek abides not there. Dismayed, and mayhap confounded, by the frailty of the reeds whereon they leaned and the friendships with men and the universe, whereon they had built and in which they had trusted; reduced to hopelessness, though not to despair, by the vanishing of their familiar forms of thinking; recognising with consternation the rapidly dissolving nature of even that which seemed most permanent; they do at last turn inward to themselves for salvation. Shall we approve then, and say this is the end? But it is not the end; indeed to the true Seeker it is no more than the beginning. As says the *Gītā*:

Among thousands of men scarce one striveth for perfection; of the successful strivers scarce one knoweth Me in essence.

For the soul still looks backward to the forms of its own creation. Some yearning for the vehicle of its pain and hard-won learning still lingers with it. Some fear of the darkness, the loneliness, that surround the Deity chills their hearts and hinders their feet upon the path which leads to the perfect day. But the last remaining hindrance upon the pathway is more subtle than the others; closely inwoven with the fibres of the soul's being is its love for itself, for that fleeting phase

of its conscious earthward existence which we call personal. Yet in the end this too shall be seen to be no more than a form (indeed it frequently is but a mood) and hence not eternal. Hard it is to say that That in which I have known myself and in which I have at times seen mirrored the image of the Eternal, That without which it would seem I am *not*, is also but temporary and must pass when its brief season is over. For we no longer measure 'brevity' or 'length' as men do. To us also "a thousand years are but a day" in the making of man; and this coral-like structure or personal feeling, the aggregate of manifold experiences of the outer world and the soul's dealings therewith, must also cease ere the Real beneath it returns to its place in the Real from which it came.

Shall we grieve therefore? If we are wise our tears will vanish in expectancy, for the greater must lie before us since we are leaving the lesser behind; and "when half-Gods go the Gods arrive".

The Life-tree, Ygdrasil, whose roots are in the kingdom of darkness and death and whose upper branches reach the heavens, is no unfit emblem of the eternal substance of our being. For the tree is one and lasting, root and stem and branches are all of one substance and endure through the 'day and the night'.

Though the leaf be gone as to its outer form, its work—the summing up of what it was—remains. Its life, the spiritual essence and value of all its hours of labour and effort, is retained in the age-enduring monarch, who is the permanency of which they are the impermanency.

P. H. Palmer

WHO ART THOU, LORD?

By M. L. FORBES

Who art Thou, Lord, the keeper of the deep,
The builder of the ways by which we go,
Some to the sweetness of the dreamless sleep?

In different ways the world is waking, lo!
That is a mockery which was once divine.
Thy seers have spoken feebly. No one knew.

As from the crater flows the molten flood,
In deadly struggle is the soul athroe,
Leaping to catch the distant call of good.

And floods of light are quenching every claim,
For what was truth and creed of yesterday,
The flight of years gives bitterness and blame.

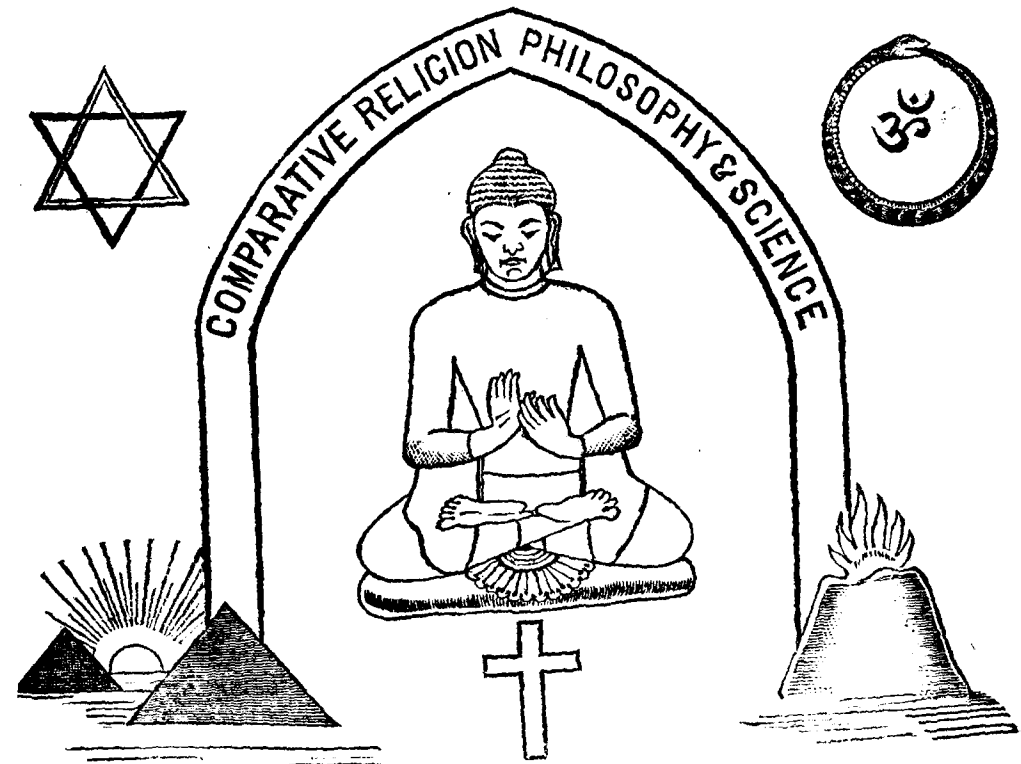
We creep upon our way with shadowed eyes,
Nearing the point, the mystic Hercules.
To it the great round system ever flies.

Gripped in the deadly maelstrom of the night,
Strange whispers haunt the waking hours anew.
Thou art the Angel of the Infinite;

And Thou that Mystery, Thou that Man of Might.
The Waiting Wonder, none shall ever know,
Save he that vieweth that great Star aright.

Out of the depths where stars in whiteness shine,
Like points of light, from a deep blur of blue,
My soul looks up to reach Thee, O Divine.

The record of Thy name is writ afar
In beauty in the everlasting skies.
I lift my eyes, O Crowned Conqueror.



BEFORE THE DAWN

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

THERE seems, in these present days in which we live, to be a great and wide-spreading reaction from absorption in the material facts of existence to contemplation of the deeper spiritual realities which those facts conceal—or rather, which, when looked at rightly, they reveal to us. This is one of the most interesting phenomena of an age that surely surpasses in interest, in almost every department of life and work

and thought, any other of which we possess a record. An upheaval, it may almost be called, of interest in spiritual things, is seen not only in art, but also in religion, and has completely revolutionised the daily life and the mental outlook of immense numbers of people. Some even go so far as to say that material things have no existence, that it is given to us, here and now, to realise, even to prove, that nothing is save Good. Others, while recognising the present existence of limitation, and consequently of evil, look upon matter only as a veil, grown marvellously thin in places, through which we may perceive the strange and beautiful shapes of the realities of things.

On every side do we find unmistakable signs of this new uprush of spiritual perception. Social reformers have for some time been realising rapidly that the distribution of indiscriminate charity is not the only, and is very far from being the best way of helping the less fortunate members of the human brotherhood. Religious thinkers are gradually realising that Truth, when shut in by barbed-wire fences of prejudice and dogma, has a way of escaping its warders, and springing up in new places beyond the fences which are set up with such toilsome care and guarded so jealously. In a word, they are beginning to think more of Truth, and less of the fences within which it is confined. In many other branches of human activity and interest similar signs of the dawning of the new era may be seen, but my present object is to draw attention specially to those appearing in the realms of literature, music, and art, since in these, as we are often told, lies the truest reflection of the mental and spiritual life of a nation; though indeed the movement of which I write

is in no sense confined to one nation, but is a world-wide movement, of whose breadth and depth only those who are in the heart of it can attempt to judge.

In literature it is to the poets that we must look, first of all, for evidences of the new era; for poets, ever since the beginning of time, have had clearer eyes than the rest of humanity, and ears more delicately attuned to the distant spirit-harmonies which reach most of us only as broken notes and fragments.¹ But it may here be argued that even if we find the signs we seek, no real proof will have been gained, simply because all poetry is concerned chiefly with an inner, spiritual world of imagination. And this is true. All real poetry does—must, if it be poetry at all—let in the light of imagination upon its subject, be that subject never so material; but there is some poetry that deals not at all with the material side, not even with the material beauty, of this so strangely two-sided universe; poetry which may be likened to an open window wherethrough gleam visions and float melodies, fair and sweet, but unfamiliar to our waking eyes and ears. And there is also poetry which, while treating of the beauties of the material and visible world, yet ‘sees through’ these outer appearances to the hidden beauty of the reality that lies behind.

We are led to believe a lie
When we see with, not through, the eye,

said Blake, and it is poems of such ‘true vision’ that I have in mind. From the present day, back into the far past of literature, poems showing this influence—the influence of Mysticism, we may perhaps call it—gleam

¹ It has been put into a single sentence by one of them: “The literate, the erudite, the learned, mount by means of ladders; poets and artists are birds.”

out like shining pearls in the treasure-house of the world's poetry. In all periods and languages they are found. Such poems are concerned with worlds lying within and beyond the material world seen by our bodily eyes; the mystic worlds of loveliness which some poets find behind the eye-delighting world of Nature's beauty, as Wordsworth in his immortal 'Ode,' and 'A. E.' in so many of the poems in *The Divine Vision*; the inner soul-worlds to which others attain through the beauty of religion, as Henry Vaughan in 'The Night,' and Francis Thompson in 'The Hound of Heaven,' and the vast worlds of imaginative symbolism of which William Blake was the great exponent, and with which so many modern poets—especially those of the 'Keltic revival'—have concerned themselves.

In spite of all that is heard in these days about our miserable lack of any great poetical genius, I think it can be claimed that more poetry of the kind just indicated is being written among us now than has been the case in any known epoch of our history. The only period that might—if we knew enough about it—be excepted, is that of the ancient Keltic bards, such as Ossian and Taliesin; but our knowledge is so vague and legendary that we cannot tell whether they were isolated stars, or only two out of many poets whose works are lost to us. Let those who doubt the truth of this claim take at random a dozen books by modern poets. Francis Thompson, Christina Rossetti, Walt Whitman, Edward Carpenter, Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, Clifford Bax, A. E. Waite, Anna Bunston, William Watson, Fiona Macleod, Katharine Tynan, W. B. Yeats, 'A. E.,' Alice Meynell, John Freeman, H. E. Hamilton-King, are a few of the names that suggest themselves.

Note roughly how many of their poems are concerned with material things, such as the bodily beauty of woman, nature's outward beauty, or the splendours of human achievement, and how many with things beyond the range of the material senses. I venture to say that the large majority will fall into the latter category. Then let them take any good anthology of English poetry in the past, and make the same comparison. They will find mystical poems, certainly, and some very lovely ones, but even in this wide range of centuries—and much more in any one period—they will find a far greater proportion of love-lyrics, (exquisite and unrivalled in their perfect choice of words), sonnets to the Moon, to Sleep, to Morning, sweet verses to flowers and shepherdesses, odes to Spring; innumerable poems, in fact, inspired by the things whose outward beauty charmed the poet's eye, or stirred his passions and emotions.

I am not attempting to compare the style, or the value *as literature*, of the works of old and new poets. But even in these respects it is notoriously difficult to pass a fair criticism on contemporary work, and we must always remember that modern poets are attempting a task of supreme difficulty. They are trying to confine within the limitations of language and metre the essence of those things "which cannot be spoken". Few of them succeed more than very partially, but the attempt in itself is magnificent, and may it not be that a future generation will carry to fuller perfection the work now tentatively begun? When this happens—and surely there is every hope of it—our English poetry should show forth such a spiritual radiance as will clear away for ever all the old controversy as to the relative value of

thought and its expression. We shall see once for all that the poet's message and the medium of words through which it is delivered—in other terms, the soul and the body, or the ensouling Spirit and the revealing form—are but two sides of the One Truth. If the poet's thought is flawless, the form of his poem must be flawless too. Otherwise he will have created but an imperfect medium, holding an incomplete idea. This is the stage which many of our modern poets seem to have reached. Their spiritual perceptions are further developed than their powers of expression but all honour is due to them because they are, to the limit of their powers, trying to fulfil what we have been told is the true and ultimate aim of poetry—"to keep open the great road that leads from the seen to the unseen". The modern poet's attitude towards life in general, and towards nature in particular, seems to be summed up in these four lines by one of their number (Richard Le Gallienne)—lines very telling in their simplicity, and holding a great truth in a few words:

Up through the mystic deeps of sunny air
I cried to God: "O Father, art thou there?"
Sudden the answer, like a flute, I heard:
It was an angel, though it seemed a bird.

And now, since there are always those who will scoff at poetry as impractical, unnecessary and useless, let it at once be said that others than poets are pointing the same way, and pointing it no less definitely. By no means can this be more plainly shown than by a consideration of the striking increase of novels lately issued which deal almost solely with the inner, spiritual lives of human beings as opposed to their surface lives of fortune and event. Some there are that go even further than this, that for their

interest depend entirely upon the revelation of some mystic or hidden side of life, in a fashion which no novelist of, say, fifty years ago, would have dared to attempt, even had he so desired. We will take, for the sake of illustration, a few at random. There is *The Column of Dust*, by Evelyn Underhill, a book wonderful in every sense of the word, whose first and last chapters are masterpieces of imagination and of expression. The daringly original conception is in almost every detail excellently carried out, and there is one passage, that of the vision of the 'Shining Tree,' any idea of the beauty of which can only be conveyed by quotation, though it is unfortunately too long to be given here in full:

It sprang upon her consciousness out of the patchy, sunny world of paving-stones, window-boxes, and pale blue sky; complete, alive, a radiant personality, whose real roots, she was sure, penetrated far beyond the limitations of the material world. She gazed, astonished, into the heart of it; saw the travail and stress of the spirit of Life crying out for expression, the mysterious sap rushing through its arteries, the ceaseless and ritual dance of every speck of substance which built it—that eternal setting to partners which constitutes the rhythm of the world It broke, like an imprisoned angel, through the concrete prosperities of the street; its airy filaments enmeshed a light which she had never seen before. In that light it dwelt, solitary: apart, yet very near. . . . She saw each leaf fierce and lucent as an emerald, radiant of green fire: blazing—passionate with energy—a verdant furnace, wherein the transcendent life was distilled, cast into the mould of material things. . . . It gave her a vision of another universe; of the whirl through space of countless planets, all teeming, feathery, flowery, to the angelic eye, with some such radiant inflorescence as this . . . She saw it thus for an instant, the shining, glassy, pulsating thing. Then, as it seemed, another veil was stripped from her eyes, and she saw it in its unimaginable reality, as it is seen by the spiritual sight; remote, and more wonderfully luminous, the fit object of her adoration.

The Watcher's voice cried within her, "Ah, beautiful, exquisite world! Here at last is the meaning, the Real, the Idea! Why did I not understand before?"

Then there is *The Education of Uncle Paul*, by Algernon Blackwood, a book brimful of spiritual beauty

and poetic imagination. The passages descriptive of the awakening of the winds at dawn in the lost forest, and of the migrating of the spirits of the trees, are the most perfect expressions of a haunting and exquisite loveliness that pervades the whole book. "Who could ever believe that *that* man," says Uncle Paul, of the great child-heart, catching sight of himself in a mirror, "wants above all else in life, above wealth, fame, success, the knowledge of spiritual things, which is Reality—which is God?" And a little further on we find this passage:

Like many another mystical soul he saw the invisible foundations of the visible world . . . In his contemplation of Nature, for instance, he would gaze upon the landscape, the sky, a tree or flower, until their essential beauty passed into his own nature . . . For him everywhere in Nature there was psychic energy. And it was difficult to say which was with him the master passion: to find Reality—God—through Nature, or to explain Nature through God.

Again, take the following paragraph from *The House of Souls*, by Arthur Machen:

Now I know that the walls of sense that seemed so impenetrable, that seemed to loom up above the heavens and to be founded below the depths, and to shut us in for evermore, are no such everlasting impassable barriers as we fancied, but thinnest and most airy veils that melt away before the seeker, and dissolve, as the early mist of the morning about the brooks.

And this from Maurice Hewlett's *Open Country*:

Surely, in a world of wonders, there's room and to spare for the Souls of things, seen only by poets but felt by all country people . . . So long as youth is clean and quick and eager, so long will Artemis the Bright fleet along the hill-tops—and that will be for ever and ever, the Lord be praised!

And, lastly, this from *The Creators*, by May Sinclair:

He was a seer; a man who saw *through* the things that other men see. . . . To him the visible world was a veil worn thin by the pressure of the reality behind it.

Other novels which could be quoted to the same effect are too numerous to mention, but the similarity of thought in these unconnected passages gives a striking indication of the spiritual forces that are at work. If we look back to the days of George Eliot, of Charlotte Brontë, of Scott, of Fielding, of Jane Austen, of Trollope, of Thackeray and Dickens—who, in any of their times, could have been found to write novels such as those we have been quoting? Who—still more vital question—could have been found to read them? Neither fame nor literary value is here under consideration. The point is that now-a-days such novels *are* written and not only written, but read. Truly, the times have changed, and perhaps Blake, when he said that "if the doors of perception were cleansed, everything would appear to man as it is, infinite," was voicing no extravagant impossibility (as his contemporaries no doubt considered it), but a truth to be literally realised at no such very distant date. No survey of present-day literature such as this—incomplete though it must necessarily be—can omit Maurice Maeterlinck, a modern seer, who, after suggesting that a 'spiritual epoch' may be upon us in these days, goes on to say:

A spiritual influence is abroad that soothes and comforts. . . . Men are nearer to themselves, nearer to their brothers. . . . Their understanding of women, children, animals, plants—nay, of all things—becomes more pitiful and more profound. The statues, paintings, and writings, that these men have left us may perhaps not be perfect, but none the less does there dwell therein a secret power, an indescribable grace, held captive and imperishable for ever. . . . Signs of a life that we cannot explain are everywhere, vibrating by the side of the life of every day.

In another place he says that "perhaps the spiritual vases are less closely sealed now than in bygone days," and in a most memorable passage he suggests that,

owing to this growth of the soul of man, Hamlet, if he were to walk among us now, would be able to say many things for which, in his own day, he (or Shakspeare for him) could find no words:

The soul of the passer-by, be he tramp or thief, would be there to help him. For, in truth it would seem that already there are fewer veils that enwrap the soul; and were Hamlet now to look into the eyes of his mother, or of Claudius, there would be revealed to him the things that, then, he did not know.

Here are a few short extracts taken from a recently published, anonymous book, *A Modern Mystic's Way*:

There is no power but is His; I and the stuff of my earth and body meet in His Oneness—when I do not forget to see. The world, for me, is full of miracle and mystery, when I do not forget. . . . The light in which the great mystics see, as other men do not, transfigures all their world. . . . they, to whom heaven and earth's garden seem to lie in open sight, are indeed "a chain of stars" in the firmament of man. . . . For me the way of these great ones and the brightness of the light they see lie remote. The covering of my world and self conceals both from my sight; but the covering has at last begun to grow translucent, and the divine light is breaking through. . . . The heights of heaven must be close to every lower place, as close as heart and heart may be.

And here are some passages from a little book called *Religion and Immortality*, by G. Lowes Dickinson:

Nothing exists but individuals in the making. All things live, yes, even those we call inanimate. A soul, or a myriad souls, inform the rocks and streams and winds. Innumerable centres of life leap in joy down the torrent. . . . the sea is a passion, the air and the light, a will and a desire. . . . Man is discord straining to harmony, ignorance to knowledge, fear to courage, hate and indifference to love. He is a system out of equilibrium, and therefore moving towards it; he is the fall of the stone, the flow of the stream, the orbit of the star, rendered in the truth of passion and desire. To apprehend Reality is the goal of his eternal quest.

Nor must we forget Victor Hugo, that marvellous genius who seemed to be the forerunner of the time in which we are living now; who, concerning the grandeur of Art, the glory of the stars, of the sea, of the whole

universe, has written—in prose and poetry—words of flame that can never be forgotten. He calls a beautiful work of art, "the eternal affirmed by the immortal," and speaking of a masterpiece he says:

The glimmer of the absolute, so prodigiously distant, sends its ray through this thing—sacred and almost formidable light by reason of its purity.

Or again:

Goodness has welled forth from beauty. There exist these strange elemental effects relating to the intercommunication of the deeps. . . . Beauty enters our eyes, a ray, and issues forth, a tear. To love is at the summit of all. . . . I have faith that the infinite is the great trysting-place.

With regard to the spiritual significance of form, or expression, of which we were speaking a little while back, he says:

Beauty is form. Strange and unexpected proof that form is substance. To confound form with surface is absurd. Form is essential and absolute; it comes from the very womb of the idea. It is beauty; and everything that is beauty manifests truth. . . . For thought, expression is what it needs must be, a garment of light for this spiritual body. . . . The idea without the word would be an abstraction; the word without the idea would be a sound; their union is their life.

In another place he says:

Man is a frontier. Double being, he marks the limit of two worlds. . . . To be born is to enter the visible world; to die is to enter the invisible world. . . . Death is a change of garments. Soul! You were clothed with darkness, you are about to be clothed with light! . . . The whole creation is a perpetual ascension, from brute to man, from man to God. . . . True philosophy turns aside from religions, and pushes forward to religion.

Quotations could be multiplied, but we must turn from individual writers to the world of periodical publications. Here we find such magazines as *The Quest*, *The Hibbert Journal*, *The Theosophist*, *Orpheus*, *The Occult Review*, *The Seeker*; all written and all read by people, who, in their different ways—and some of their ways are very

different, I admit—are more interested in the search for Reality than in any material goods the world can offer them. These magazines do not, of course, command huge circulations, but the very fact that so many of them are published, and that they all do circulate to a certain extent—some more and some less widely—in England and America and all over the globe, is a noteworthy one.

It is rather more difficult to trace the growth of this movement in other branches of art; to lay one's finger on a spot and say, "Here it is to be seen," and again, "Here is another sign of it". Yet in painting it certainly burns forth with a clear and unmistakable flame in the spiritual allegories of Watts. It is found also in what have well been called "Turner's golden visions"—Turner, who saw with the eye of the Spirit as well as with that of the body, if ever an artist did. In sculpture it animates the vast, imaginative conceptions of Rodin, who has succeeded in expressing in solid stone and marble such abstract subjects as Thought—in 'The Thinker,' Love—in 'The Kiss' and 'The Eternal Idol,' and the power of God—in 'The Creation'. In landscape-painting, apart from Turner, it is shown (in slighter degree, perhaps, but no less certainly) in the work of so many modern artists that to name any in particular would be invidious. It seems as though artists had been learning to look upon Nature with new eyes, as though their aim were no longer to paint the outward appearance only of a river, a meadow, or a road, but so to reproduce the spirit of the place on their canvas that the observer should at once feel himself *to be there*. In a word, the artist tries no longer (as Rousseau has put it) to "make the picture spring into life upon the canvas";

his aim is rather to remove, one after another, "the veils which concealed it". With regard to portraiture also, it has been said that "never before, not even by the great portrait-painters of the past. . . . have the men and women of the day been presented with so unflinching and psychological a treatment"; and it would not need a very deep or detailed study of the *best* modern portraits (could such be brought together, as are the best portraits of the old masters) to show the truth of this. Of the ultra-modern schools, Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and the like, it is difficult for an outsider to speak, their work (particularly that of the second class named) being at present so largely the outcome of a state of revolt and transition. But it may at least be said that their aim appears to be the representation of ideas rather than of facts, of the "spirits of things," if one may so put it, rather than of the actual things themselves. Whether this aim is one that they will carry out successfully, time alone can show.

Music presents a still more difficult side of the question, for it is hard for any of us to believe that music will ever attain to more serene and spiritual heights than it reached long ago in the celestial melodies of Beethoven, in the deep and solemn harmonies of Bach. But it is certain that there are in these days more people competent—not only in technique, but also in sympathetic understanding—to interpret the works of these and other great masters, than there have been in any other age of the world, and surely this in itself is a strong sign of the spiritual epoch whose dawn we see approaching! Also, among composers, Wagner and Tschaikowsky—to take two quite dissimilar examples—have given us a new music, full of passionate imagination, full, in

Wagner's case, of an intense poetical Mysticism. Macdowell has shown a wonderful power of interpreting—or rather, perhaps, of reflecting—Nature in terms of music. Debussy, again, has introduced a new style, which, whatever its shortcomings, undoubtedly aims at appealing to the imagination rather than to the senses; and those who should know say that there exist among us young composers, unheard as yet, but none the less, enthusiastic, whose work shows strongly the same influences that we have found in Art's other branches, and who may be the forerunners of a new school of very pure and spiritual music, full of a deep mystical significance.

Of the astounding revolution which has taken place of late in the attitude of scientists towards 'the unseen,' it is hardly necessary to speak here. Two names may be mentioned—those of Professor William James and Sir Oliver Lodge. Says the former in one of his essays:

The further limits of our being plunged, it seems to me, into an altogether other dimension of existence from the sensible and merely 'understandable' world . . . we belong to it in a more intimate sense than that in which we belong to the visible world, for we belong in the most intimate sense wherever our ideals belong.

But the most casual reference to the published writings of these two men will suffice to show how present-day scientists are discarding, or rather, over-reaching, the testimony of the physical senses, and are holding 'open minds,' to say the least of it, with regard to many matters which their predecessors looked upon merely as fit subjects for sceptical derision.

There is certainly no lack of evidence to show this awakening of the spiritual side of man is a very real thing and that it is slowly but surely permeating all life, all thought, and all art.

If there are some who are inclined to doubt the truth of this, and to think that we are, after all, living in "garish summer days," as Shelley called them

when we
Scarcely believe much more than we can see,

let them remember that all days have held some narrowness of vision, and that in every age the vast majority of men have preferred to glue their eyes to the surface show which lay immediately before them. The test is in the size of the minority who believe *more* than they can see; who can say in the words of our great modern mystic poet:

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.

Let us rest contented in the thought that those who hear "the drift of pinions" are an ever-increasing company; that the "estranged faces," though still many, are fewer than ever before; that now, more eagerly than in any other age of the world, do men "grope around the walls of life in search of the crevices through which God may be seen".

Eva M. Martin

[To the new men in music should be added the names of the Russian Scriabine, whose *Prometheus* was given in London by Sir Henry Wood, and the Finnish Merokanto whose Cantata was lately performed in Stockholm.—ED.]

THEOSOPHY AND DARWIN

By W. D. S. BROWN, F.T.S.

WHEN the time comes for questions at the close of a Theosophical lecture, it is frequently asked—does Theosophy support Darwin? To attempt to answer the question at all fully within the few minutes that usually remain on such occasions is apt to produce an impression resembling chaos more than cosmos; on the other hand to answer simply 'yes' or 'no' is a policy which has decided drawbacks. An unqualified affirmative, even if it satisfies the scientifically inclined enquirer for the time, only accentuates the difficulty which he is bound to find when he goes into the subject from the Theosophical standpoint, and meets with what seem to him quite contradictory statements, such as the existence of man on this planet before the appearance of animals; yet, if he receives a bald negative, he will probably jump to the conclusion that Theosophy repudiates scientific opinion altogether. Nor is one of religious temperament easily satisfied; for though he may be quite ready to brand Darwin as an 'unbeliever' when convenient, the religious position has been gradually compelled to withdraw its outposts and fall more or less into line with the weight of evidence. It is therefore advisable to be able to summarise briefly a few of the main points of agreement and

divergence between these two interpretations of that most elastic word—evolution.

In the first place we must remember that Darwinism is no more a hard and fast creed than is Theosophy. Charles Darwin, perhaps more than any other great man of science, was careful in the extreme to avoid drawing any sweeping conclusions until he had accumulated an overwhelming mass of detailed evidence; and probably, had it not been for the militant loyalty of Huxley, his work would not have won even the tardy recognition accorded to it. But his tireless researches into natural history have placed beyond all doubt the fact that every complex form in nature has developed by slow degrees from some simpler form, and what could be more natural than to point to man as the crown of this age-long process? While others argued and speculated, he constructed a genealogical tree the branches of which could be laid out on the table, showing where some types had shot ahead and others had stagnated or even died out. Gaps there were, and very important ones too, but the broad outline of the picture told its own story, though it had never before been noticed, at least within our memory.

Having established the first principle of a common origin of species, from which have sprung the innumerable types we see around us and can trace in the records of fossil beds, the question immediately occurred—what have been the causes of this variation of species? In other words, why should not the progeny of the same parents all grow up alike? The first answer that naturally presents itself is the effect of the conditions surrounding the animal during its pre-natal and post-natal existence. Some may be better nourished than others, or may be more exposed to danger, but in every case

the one indispensable quality for profiting by environment is *adaptability*. However perfect an organism may be in some respects, unless it possesses the power to adapt itself to continually changing surroundings, sooner or later it is ruthlessly weeded out by the seemingly implacable 'struggle for existence'.

The next factor, to which Darwin gave the now famous title of 'natural selection,' is in one sense the outcome of the effect of environment, as it is evident that opportunity must largely determine the selection of a mate. But, all other conditions being equal, is there unmistakable evidence of an instinct leading animals to choose mates best fitted to survive in the struggle for existence? Undoubtedly, said Darwin, and so do we, who regard animals as guided by a form of intelligence which, though not yet individualised, reaches a high pitch of psychic organisation. So far we are in full accord with the great naturalist who shares with Alfred Russell Wallace the distinction of having been the first to recognise truths of such far-reaching effect and yet so simple, now that they have been pointed out.

But Theosophy really begins where Darwin left off, and so it might be said that there is a difference of extent rather than of principle. While Darwin quite naturally confined himself to deductions from physical facts, Theosophy boldly claims superphysical sources of information. It does not minimise the importance of physical laws, such as heredity, in maintaining a succession of bodily characteristics, but it also recognises the operation of the evolutionary process in vehicles of consciousness pertaining to worlds of subtler matter, constituting a continuity independent of, and yet controlling and reacting to, the physical continuity.

Again Theosophy extends its researches in point of time to remote periods prior to the existence of this planet, and spreads out over many successive chains of globes the range of growth which Darwin was obliged to cram into the age of this planet. Finally, Theosophy regards the course of evolution not as a straight line but as a circle, or rather a spiral; in other words it regards the evolution of consciousness from matter as the sequel to a previous involution of consciousness into matter, forming a cycle of outbreathing and inbreathing like the winding up and running down of a clock. The significance of this extended outlook lies in the recognition of pre-existing patterns or archetypes towards which evolution is moving with purposive intent and not groping blindly after an unknown outlet.

So let us take as a typical case the familiar question: Was man ever a monkey? Before going further, it may be well to point out that the question, when put in this form, as it often is, savours of a contradiction in terms. It is rather like asking if bread were ever dough. Obviously; so long as a man is a man, he cannot be a monkey. But suppose we suggest to our enquirer that he put his question in another popular form: Is man descended from the monkey? We still have to be careful not to confuse him by trying to explain three things at once. Personally I should be inclined to waive for the moment the subject of previous globes and different streams of evolution, and give the approximate answer: "Yes, man has inherited the consciousness of the monkey, but the possession of individuality which makes him man had not yet been acquired while his ancestors remained animals." We might then take the next step in the opposite direction

with the approximate statement that the monkeys now living will become men, but not on this planet, a reference which opens the way to the second and third points, namely, that the bulk of humanity on this planet emerged from the animal stage on an earlier planet, and that the animals then were not necessarily monkeys as we know them.

But, we can hear our friend say, the beauty of Darwin's theory is that we have no need to go outside this planet; the whole thing has been done here. Well, if our friend feels more at home where he is, he can still pursue his Theosophical studies in other directions without in any way binding himself to decide on a question which is after all more of academic than of practical interest; but later on he will probably find it quite easy to take the plunge into the mysteries of rounds and chains. Even then the difficulties that enter into the history of life on this planet are very considerable from the biological standpoint. For instance, how were the physical bodies of the first men on this planet produced, if they did not pass through the earlier stages, say from the amoeba? Then again, how were the bodies of the animals produced? Here, as before, we must admit that Darwin's view must necessarily retain a strong hold on the average intelligence by virtue of its simplicity. It appears to be independent of any reason for belief in superhuman creative agencies or extra-terrestrial forms of existence, and to bring the solution of the problem of life within measurable distance. After all we cannot wonder that it was with a sigh of relief and gratitude to science that thoughtful people shook off the fetters that the antiquated dogmas of creation had imposed, and consequently

the tendency to view with suspicion any reversion to the so-called supernatural is only to be expected.

But if we look deeper we shall find that the highest appeal which the doctrine of evolution makes to man does not consist in saving him the trouble of penetrating into the invisible, but in revealing to him the inspiring truth that his destiny lies in his own hands, and that the ascent of the past is his guarantee for the still greater ascent of the future. What the world has still to learn is that, while the struggle for existence is the law of progress for the brute, the law of progress for man is the law of sacrifice, as One who knows has put it. So our would-be Theosophist, if he really means to understand more, must face the effort of coming out from his snug retreat and meeting conceptions so startling that one can scarcely imagine anyone inventing them. His retreat will not be destroyed, but it will no longer confine him.

The first of such conceptions is the possibility of a body being materialised in finer physical matter, called in Theosophical books 'etheric,' by the thought power of a highly developed being, and being appropriated by an incarnating ego, who gradually densified this 'ready-made' mould for a physical body. This seems to have been the case at one stage at least in human history, when the Barhiṣhad Piṭrs, as *The Secret Doctrine* calls them, projected their 'chhāyas' or shadows for the less evolved members of humanity to use. It is assumed in the suggestions here put forward that the idea of reincarnation has already been explained.

Apparently some crude human bodies had already been evolved by passing comparatively quickly through the lower forms, as though recapitulating the original

evolutionary stages, on the analogy well known to embryologists ; and this work was given to less advanced egos who incarnated in them. But, as we find in similar cases, after a certain point it appeared to be either necessary or expedient that assistance should be given by highly evolved beings to bridge a gap which the normal course of evolution might not have been able to bridge, at least without great delay. So that to the Theosophist the idea of evolution includes the further principle of assistance rendered by life at a higher stage to life at a lower stage of evolution.

Next, with regard to the production of bodies for the animals on this planet : Here again we must begin by getting a clear idea of another distinct stream of evolving life, in this case at a lower stage than humanity. It is said that the crude bodies already referred to as used by the least evolved human egos were reproduced by a process of exudation ; the actual expression by which these bodies have come to be known, namely 'the sweat-born,' being taken from *The Secret Doctrine*. This process of exudation seems to have provided the material for bodies of lower types, which were occupied by the most evolved of the animal stream. It is reasonable to suppose that a less evolved animal stream started from the lowest rung of the animal ladder about the same time as the earliest human stream, but was rapidly outstripped, and has since made normal but slow progress as a group. In fact the more one hears of the wonderful latitude of the divine scheme and the provision made for every eventuality, the more one realises the extreme complexity of the subsidiary forces and systems interacting within the influence of the one irresistible power "that makes for

righteousness". One can only trace the workings of a few outstanding tendencies and conclude that as soon as any entity is able to profit by a more complex body, such a body is passed on from a higher entity who in turn has discarded it for a still more complex body ; of course this does not mean that the same body is passed on, but the physical heredity of its type. The lower entity is often unable at first to maintain the former bodily standard, but nature is lavish as well as economical, and seems always ready to provide greater opportunities than can usually be taken advantage of.

By this time I think we have touched on the main difficulties which confront the student of Darwin on his first acquaintance with the Theosophical view, and with some such general idea he may well be left to follow his own course of investigation. To introduce matters of comparative detail, such as the position of the anthropoid apes, is calculated to obscure the main issues, however interesting they may seem in themselves. Again, the subject of individualisation would require a lecture to itself before any adequate presentation could be given. But, if further information were sought, I should unhesitatingly recommend a thorough examination of Mrs. Besant's masterpiece *A Study in Consciousness* before introducing anyone to the real Gordian knot—*The Secret Doctrine*.

Perhaps it may not be presumptuous to conclude with the hope that our lecturers will not overlook the work of such great minds as Darwin, who, without the advantages that we in the Theosophical Society enjoy, have paved the way for a revolution in public thought of which we now reap the benefit.

W. D. S. Brown

A FRAGMENT

By THE REV. C. W. SCOTT-MONCRIEFF, M. A., F. T. S.

(From an unpublished book *Theosophy and Christianity*)

BEFORE we bring this chapter to an end, it will be well to make one last attempt to indicate the difference made in the inner life and thoughts of one who passes from the sectarian to the universal Christianity, from the *soi-disant* orthodoxy to that true orthodoxy, which is Theosophy, and which, though words may hint at, they can never contain—for it is Life.

The man who makes this passage knows that he has passed from a world of opinions and intellectual theories, a thin world of ghosts and dreams, a world of untenable positions desperately defended, to a world of realities. He seems to himself to have broken through a shell, a crust of theological thought-forms, and to have come out into the light and air. That light will shine yet brighter; that air, so lucid, will become still more clear for him, as he passes through the great Initiations, the emancipations of consciousness, which still await him.

But even now he stands in a region of freedom and reality. Timid colleagues had warned him of the dangers of letting go of the hold to which he and they

were clinging in the darkness. Behold, he has let go, and beneath him, just beneath him, was the solid ground, the Rock of Truth. His ears are filled with a harmony which makes the old party war-cries, the babblings of orthodox and liberals, the voices of critics and anti-critics, sound thin and strange and far away. He opens his eyes and sees: the immensity of the All, incomprehensible, eternal, beyond praise or prayer, and yet, mystery of mysteries, our inmost Life, the Self dwelling in the hearts of all the lesser selves. And seeing this, he longs to speak to his fellows, full of fears, distresses, worries, absorbed in microscopic controversies, the good tidings of great joy, and to say to them:

That which thou art thou deemest not:—so vast
That lo! time present, time to be, time past,
Are but the sepals of thine opening soul,
Whose flower shall fill the universe at last.

For he sees, in this clear night of the soul, the star-studded heavens. Millions upon millions of suns; and each of them, with its attendant system of worlds, visible and invisible, the expression of a LOGOS, the speaking of one of the Words of the Ineffable.

He lifts his heart to the Lord of his own system, that Father of gods and men, who, “for the bringing of many sons unto glory,” pours forth His Life into matter, whose Eternal Christ dies and lives that we may live for ever.

Here is the God of Religion, the God who asks our co-operation and our service, the glad, conscious service of sons. Of sons and yet of brethren; for we, so tiny, and He, so unutterably great, are, infinite as the gulf must seem, yet truly brethren, sharers in the Undying Existence, Words, great and small, of that Eternal. For Life is One.

He sees, too, the evolution of humanities, and the countless hierarchies of beings, on all planes: and he sees how the elder ever help the younger, the stronger the weaker, the wiser the more ignorant. From world to world, from system, it may be, to system, flash the mighty 'missions of help'. And we too, even we, when our purification and perfection are accomplished, to humanities as yet unborn "shall bring the strength of conscious divinity, and feed them with the bread of life". He sees the vision of that true Catholic Church, the multitudes of enfranchised spirits, dwelling on planets, visible and invisible, of all these myriad million Suns, new-born into consciousness of their own divinity—that Church whose mighty Pontiffs are the Lords of universes, whose priests and teachers are the "spirits of the just made perfect," the Masters of the One Wisdom, whatever form, in other systems, They may wear; whatever tongue They may speak.

This, and no sect upon a minor planet, is the "Holy, Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints" in whose ranks he will be enrolled, when the first of the great Initiations—of which our baptism is but the symbol and the promise—makes him "safe for evermore" and imparts to him the true second birth.

Has he lost his Creed, or denied it? Rather, he has but begun to understand its true greatness, and to see that those who framed it and preserved it builded better than perhaps most of them knew. And then, perhaps, when all stammeringly, he tries to speak of that which he has seen, tries to help another to catch that Vision which brings peace, he shall hear one say, politely but firmly, 'heresy'.

Poor minds of men, who, like creatures struggling in a trap, will bite and wound the hand that tries to free them from the thought-prison they have made for themselves.

But only peace and good-will should move him who has begun to see. For was not the Lord of Love Himself, when, seeing with perfect and undimmed vision, He came amongst the blind, accounted the chief of heretics? Did they not "slay Him and hang Him on a tree"?

And is not this the best and bravest work to which we who are alive to-day—in the hush before the dawn—can devote ourselves: namely, so to labour, so to teach, so to prepare His Way, that, when next He comes to offer men the Light, they may not call it 'heresy'?

C. W. Scott-Moncrieff

THE WHITE ISLAND

By THE REV. ROBERT HERRICK (XVII CENTURY)

(This poem should be read in connection with the description of the 'White Island' in *Man: Whence, How and Whither* and of Sana Kumāra, the "Eternal Virgin Youth". The coincidence is so remarkable as to suggest that it is more than a coincidence. Italics are ours. Can Herrick have been inspired, consciously or unconsciously, by Thomas Vaughan?)

In this world (the Isle of Dreams),
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes
Reciting:

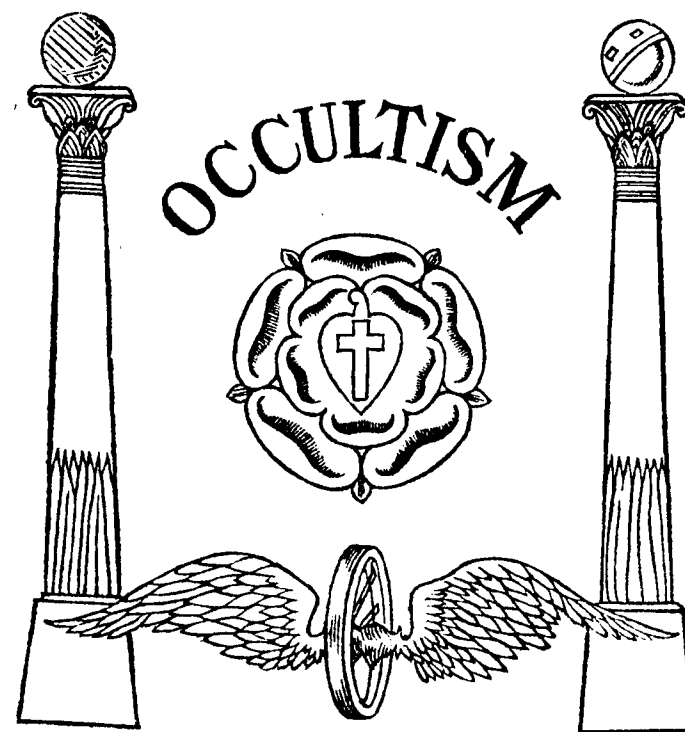
But when once from hence we fly
More and more approaching nigh
Unto *Young Eternity*
Uniting

In that *Whiter Island*, where
Things are ever more sincere;
Candour here, and lustre there
Delighting:

There as monstrous fancies shall
Out of Hell an horror call,
To create (or cause at all)
Affrighting;

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep;
But *eternal watch* shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue
The immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.



SEEING THE AURA BY THE AID OF COLOURED SCREENS

By F. C. WEHMEYER, F. T. S.

FROM time to time it is pointed out that, owing to different causes, Theosophy has not gained the attention it deserves among the leaders in the world of science and thought. Probably one of the most important of these causes is that it has not been possible for the truths which are the foundation of the Theosophic view of life to be verified by more than a very few persons endowed with special faculties and senses. But it cannot

be expected that unverified statements coming from a few persons declaring themselves to be in possession of hitherto unknown powers, can be regarded as more than, at the very most, hypotheses by present day humanity. But if only a few of these hypotheses could be verified in a strictly scientific manner, interest and respect for Theosophy would surely increase.

It is true that rumours are sometimes heard of science having proved the truth of one special teaching or other. Such rumours have their source in the circle of the initiated, but are often premature or exaggerated. It often happens that someone lays claim to having made a discovery or proved something by means of experiment, which experiment, however, does not stand the test of unbiassed investigation; and such discoveries may have nothing whatever to do with science. It must be borne in mind that nothing at all is proved if, for example, on any single occasion, that which is thought to be the aura, or thought-forms, or anything else of the kind, can be seen or even photographed. Such photographs may possibly be taken when the circumstances are exceptionally favourable. But these spirit photographs can be regarded only as curiosities without any real value as proofs. Nothing is easier than to produce such photographs artificially, for which reason no more reliance is to be placed upon such a photograph than can be placed in the person who took it. Only in the case of the possibility of one and the same experiment being *repeated* at any time and by any competent person, has it any scientific value.

Nevertheless, all the attempts which have been made up to the present to investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man on a purely

scientific basis are of the greatest interest. For only to the extent which official science succeeds in penetrating into these branches, and adopts the truths of Theosophy, can these truths be expected to become universally accepted in the world. Attention was therefore justifiably aroused when, some time ago, Dr. Kilner, whose experiments compare favourably with those of his predecessors, declared it to be possible for ordinary non-clairvoyant people to see the aura with the help of certain screens containing a solution of a blue dye, dicyanin. These blue screens are used as follows: A darker screen is first looked through against the light for half a minute, after which the subject of the experiment, who must be standing against a black background in a semi-dark room, is looked at, either through the lighter coloured screen or without any screen at all. A sort of blue-white haze can then be seen around the person in question. This haze is that which, in Theosophical literature, has been given the name of the health aura.

It is natural that a number of questions should arise at this point. For example: What is the cause of this particular chemical, dicyanin, having this power, or is it possible that other dyes could be employed? Why cannot any blue glass be used? And what connection has the phenomenon with Baron Reichenbach's Odyle?

With the object of solving these and other questions, the writer, in co-operation with others interested in the matter, undertook a series of experiments, the result of which was as follows:

To begin with, it was necessary to make sure that it really is the aura which is seen, and not something else. We found, however, that we could not see the haze

round a chair, a piece of white paper or other objects without life, but only round living beings. Further, we found it to be subject to the influence of the will, as, indeed, Dr. Kilner has pointed out. Finally, we ascertained that several persons could see it, and saw it without help or previous use of any sort of screens, in the same way as other people with the aid of such. The conclusion must therefore be drawn that there can be no question of an optical illusion produced by the screen.

Unfortunately, in spite of repeated attempts, we also found that everyone was not capable of seeing this aura. Some only see indistinctly what they describe as a dim grey-white smoke around the head and hands of the subject, or only think that the black background seems lighter near the body. Those who see better describe the phenomenon as a blue-white haze which surrounds the body at an equal distance, this distance differing from one to three feet. Sometimes the colour of the haze is described as bordering on violet, and good psychics see the aura violet, more blue on the right side and more red on the left. The striation of the aura is decidedly more difficult to see. Near to the skin is a darker border, as may be seen on plates XXIV and XXV in *Man Visible and Invisible*. We found that the majority could see the aura more or less. Of twenty-two people who made the trial, five could not say decidedly if they saw anything or not, eight were uncertain if what they saw was imagined or reality, while nine said definitely that they saw distinctly.

As I have already said, the screens are not a necessity for this experiment, and, for this reason, it is easy for anyone who wishes to do so to make a trial. The only thing necessary is a room in which the light can

be exactly regulated, and a black background. The main thing is for the light to be regulated so that the room is neither too light nor too dark, but in half-darkness, in which it is only just possible to distinguish the contours of the face and hands of the subject. I am convinced that about fifty per cent of all who make a trial will be able to see something of the health aura.

THE SCREENS

We have not only experimented with Dr. Kilner's screens, but also with a great number of others in all possible colours, and have found that dicyanin screens, although they can be of great help to some people, are not absolutely necessary and are of little use particularly to those who only see indistinctly. Any blue glass is not, however, equally good, for one cannot always depend upon the light that comes through the screen consisting of blue rays only, it being often a blend of a number of different coloured lights giving the impression of blue to the eye, which cannot distinguish the different components from each other. But if such a screen is examined with a spectroscope, the different sorts of light which are transmitted can be distinguished one from another. The result of examination with the spectroscope gave first proof to us that the screen, besides transmitting the blue light, must also be pervious to a certain amount of the red light, if it is to be of any use. Later on, we found that the principal thing was that the screen should absorb the yellow and orange-red rays, and that part of the green ones should be weakened, after which mainly the blue and some red rays remain, these together giving the light, which penetrates,

a purplish-blue colour. Any screens which fulfil these conditions are as good as the dicyanin screens.

This seems to have some connection with the fact that when the aura is seen through a pure blue glass, or in blue light, or after previously looking towards the light through a blue glass for some minutes, it has quite a different appearance from that which is seen through a red glass or in red light. In the former case, it seems more compact, like a white smoke which gradually becomes denser round the subject. In the latter case, it seems more transparent, like rays coming from all parts of the body, especially from the finger-tips, which seems to indicate that this aura really consists of two auras of about the same extent, the colours being red and blue respectively, although on account of the dimness of the phenomenon and the difficulties of observation, it is not possible to be certain of the colours. The following explanation has been put forward by Dr. Kilner: he suggests that using a screen entails a certain change of the visual purple in the eye, and that this alteration enables a person to apprehend rays a short distance beyond the ordinarily visible spectrum.

THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

As is known, white light consists of a scale of colour-tones, of which a normal eye is only capable of apprehending a small number which lie within an octave which has seven colours from red to violet. We cannot apprehend light of a greater wave-length than the red, or of shorter wave-length than the blue and violet, although the presence of the same can be proved in different ways; *e.g.*, the ultra-violet, on account of its influence on

the photographic plate. A theory has now been advanced that etheric clairvoyance and the faculty of apprehending these ultra-violet rays is one and the same power.

This is an explanation which seems very plausible, and which only has the fault of not agreeing with facts; for both Dr. Kilner's aura and Baron Reichenbach's odyllic light can be seen through a screen which completely shuts out ultra-violet rays. In the same way, by means of a screen which completely excludes infra-red rays, but transmits visible light, we have convinced ourselves that these rays do not convey these sense-impressions either. The hypothesis has also been advanced that the seeing of this aura is caused by light vibrations which lie outside even the ultra-violet zone, which would explain why it has not yet been possible to photograph it. But those who make such suggestions can scarcely know what they are talking about, for the transparent bodies in the eye begin to cease transmitting light when its wave-length is less than the three hundred and fifty millionth of a millimeter; glass becomes opaque at about three hundred, the solar spectrum ends abruptly at two hundred and ninety-three on account of the absorptive action of the earth's atmosphere; and for ultra-violet light of shorter wave-length than one hundred and ninety millionth, of a millimeter, even thinner layers of the air itself begin to become impervious to light.

We must therefore take it that it is ordinary although extremely weak light which transmits these impressions, unless the existence of an entirely new sort of rays, similar to light, is presumed.

By this I do not wish to deny that sensitive persons can really see the spectrum stretching further in the direction of both the ultra-violet and the infra-red, than

ordinary people are capable of doing, although seeing the health aura does not seem to have anything to do with the matter.

THE CLOTHES

As the aura sometimes seems stronger around the hands and head, which are bare, than around the rest of the body, which is covered with clothes, the question arises as to whether the clothes may not have some influence on the appearance of the aura. In order to decide this matter, the following experiment was made. A glove was hung up on a thread in front of a black background, and no aura could be discovered round it. Some one then put the glove on. There was then a decided diminution in the extent of the aura round the hand on which the glove had been put. But it could soon be seen that the aura began to take its original appearance again, and after a few minutes, it was almost as large round the gloved as round the ungloved hand. The glove was then hastily taken off, and a slight aura was then visible round the empty glove, which aura, however, quickly disappeared.

It therefore seems that the clothes and objects which come in contact with the body become charged with an emanation from the latter, not, however, instantaneously, but after some time. After the object has become loaded with the emanation, this last radiates from the object to its surroundings.

ODYLIC LIGHT

Finally, it remains to decide in what relation this aura stands to Baron Reichenbach's odyllic light.

The Baron, who lived in the middle of the last century, discovered that sensitive persons could, in the dark, see a faint light emanating from metals, magnets, people's hands, *etc.* It is clear that there is an important difference between Baron Reichenbach's odyle, which demands absolute darkness for observation, and Dr. Kilner's experiment, in which a certain, if only a very slight, illumination is necessary. Further, many more people can see the health aura than are capable of observing the odyllic light. Among the twenty-two persons with whom I undertook the experiment, I have only found three who could *see the latter*. More than this, Dr. Kilner's screens are of no help in the experiment with the odyllic light, but rather the contrary; and further, the odyllic light and the health aura are considerably different in appearance when they are seen by persons who are not clairvoyant or extreme psychics. The odyllic light generally confines itself to more or less luminous spots, *e.g.*, around the finger-tips, the eyes, the mouth, the solar plexus, *etc.*, but does not generally appear as a complete aura surrounding the body at a distance from it, except to more clairvoyant people who are said to be able to see this light, in both light and darkness, in the form of an aura with the ordinary colours, red on the left side and blue on the right. It must be remembered that the same phenomenon can appear in quite a different way, according to the degree of clairvoyance the seer is in possession of.

It should not be impossible to bring one of these phenomena within reach of official science, by means of improving the methods for their observation in one way or another, so that anyone could see them, or so that they could be photographed at any time. In this

way the border would be passed to the worlds in which the will can directly influence matter, and where there is proof that consciousness is able to work independently of the physical body. But apart from this, we can foresee that such a discovery would be of the greatest importance for medical science, for if it is the etheric body which keeps in health the physical body, and through its activity prevents its dissolution, it is certain that knowledge of this activity and of the changes in the etheric body would be of tremendous importance. Dr. Kilner seems to have been of this opinion. But all this could only be on the condition that at least ninety per cent were able to see instead of scarcely fifty per cent, or that a new, sure and unfailing method of making ether-bodies and auras visible were discovered.

F. C. Wehmeyer

THINKING HORSES

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

MANY will remember the interest aroused some years ago by the extraordinary mental feats of a horse called Hans belonging to a Herr Von Osten. Herr Wilhelm Von Osten, who was a retired teacher, had begun as early as 1890 to notice how responsive horses were to patient educative methods. He had however only succeeded in teaching Hans I numbers up to five when, to his great grief, the horse died. It was not until 1900 that Von Osten recommenced his experiments with another horse, Hans II, or Clever Hans,¹ a Russian stallion of about five years old, of excitable and nervous temperament. This horse underwent a long course of mental training and was gradually taught his numbers by means of ninepins. The system of teaching was most elementary. Herr Von Osten would take one ninepin and place it in front of the horse; then taking hold of the horse's foreleg he would raise the hoof and then beat it down on to the ground again saying: "One," and indicating at the same time the ninepin with his free hand. After some weeks of patient work, the horse having understood what was required of him, his teacher proceeded with two, three, and more ninepins until the horse was able to count up to about fifteen. At this point Von Osten began teaching Hans addition. Two ninepins would be put in front of the horse, then two more were shown, and as the teacher said "Two and two are four"; the process would be materially

¹ *Der kluge Hans.*

indicated to the horse so that presently the horse's understanding awoke to the fact that a total was required of him from the addition of two separate items and he soon began giving all his totals correctly, showing he had understood.

Following on these methods, with but slight variations, the horse was taught his alphabet, more advanced stages of arithmetic, and the comprehension of a limited vocabulary of words. The letters corresponded on a specially designed table with certain numbers, and the horse indicated by rappings with his hoof the desired numbers or letters as the case might be.

The wonderful perseverance and tenacity shown by Von Osten in these his earliest experiments are fully dealt with by Herr Krall, his present-day successor, in his book¹ to which the reader must refer for all particulars and details which it would be too lengthy to relate here.

When Herr Von Osten began first to invite public attention to the remarkable results he was obtaining with Hans, he was universally ridiculed and the whole thing was not taken seriously. It was only in 1904 that an article² by General E. Zobel, who had been present at, and much struck by some of Von Osten's experiments with the horse, drew the attention of large numbers of officers and others to the displays of equine sagacity offered by 'Hans, the Wise'.

Soon controversies arose and publicity grew by discussions in the newspapers and press between those who had witnessed and believed in Hans' exceptional powers and those who, whether they had seen the experiments at first-hand or not, had endless arguments for declaring

¹ *Denkende Tiere*, by Karl Krall, published by F. Engelmann, Leipzig, 1912.

² Published on 7th July, 1904, in the *Weltspiegel* and quoted in Krall's book.

the whole thing impossible, and, if not fraudulent, at least the work of a trickster who no doubt wanted to make money out of the horse. Trainers and circus-masters went so far as to offer to buy the horse for show purposes. But Von Osten not only steadily declined, but disproved by so doing the money-making theory. His reserved and retiring nature disliked intensely this controversy round him and his horse; yet he was bent on proving, not to the general public of ignorant scepticism, but to the trained discrimination of the scientific world, that his horse presented elements worthy of the most serious attention on the part of psychologists, biologists, zoologists and scientists in general.

For this purpose, though an attempt to bring the Hans' experiments before the Sixth International Zoological Congress of August 1904 was unsuccessful, in the following September, Von Osten obtained that a commission of thirteen members composed of zoologists, veterinary experts, psychologists and a circus-master should examine the whole question and pronounce on Hans and his alleged mental performances. The first point to establish was whether, consciously or unconsciously, Von Osten communicated to the horse the required answers to the questions put to him. After two days of experiments the commission declared that not only could trickery be excluded, but also that the unconscious communication by Von Osten of the solution of questions did not exist, since the horse gave successful answers both when Von Osten was not present, and also when he did not know what was the answer required. Hans furthermore gave on one occasion the correct answer when the questioner, by mistake, had been expecting a quite different one.

The result of this commission constituted a great success for Von Osten; but soon after, a smaller commission of three members, of whom a certain O. Pfungst was one, re-examined the horse and published a declaration which not only denied to Hans any thinking capacity, but alleged that Von Osten and other experimenters communicated the required replies, unconsciously perhaps, but nevertheless in effect, by some slightest motion or signal that the horse understood. Not content with this, Pfungst published in 1907 a whole book¹ containing particulars and diagrams of his alleged explanations.

Though this book at the time damaged to a great extent public belief in the genuineness of Von Osten's experiments and delayed the pursuance of scientific investigation into the remarkable results so far obtained, it could not impede the existence of facts as they really stood, and as they were known to those who believed in Von Osten and his patient perseverance.

There is no need here to go into the specious and and meticulous objections raised in Pfungst's book. Small and narrow 'scientific' criticism such as his can delay but cannot hinder the progress of enquiry and knowledge. We have known this type of would-be-scientific sceptic in all investigations outside the beaten track into the super-normal.

Pfungst's book was successfully criticised and demolished in course of time by Herr K. Krall both in writing and in fact; for not only with one but with many horses has Herr Krall been able to repeat and excel in every way all that Von Osten had done with Hans. Moreover he has done it under conditions which have

¹ *Das Pferd des Herren von Osten (Der kluge Hans)*, Leipzig, Barth, 1907.

satisfied scientific men of European repute and far better known than Herr Pfungst, whose objections have been thoroughly gone into and negatived by apposite experiments and detailed counter-criticism, as well as by the resulting facts.¹

It was the meeting of Von Osten with Herr Karl Krall, a wealthy retired jeweller of Elberfeld, in 1905 that led up to the re-establishment, in the public opinion, of Hans' 'wisdom' and of Von Osten's reputation as the original discoverer of all that has since been proved possible to obtain from equine intelligence. In methodical fashion Herr Krall convinced himself independently of the sincerity of Von Osten and the objectivity of the experiments. The results he obtained were such as to cause him to engross himself in the particular nature of the scientific problem before him, and to decide to pursue with Von Osten further investigations.

After the finding of the Pfungst Commission it was necessary to endeavour to obtain results without any possibility of the horse discovering the solutions of problems put to him, except by processes of intelligent thought. So Hans was blindfolded with large eye-covers, and his questioners eventually were able to make successful experiments at a distance of eight yards, or twice as far away as the four yards at which Pfungst had said that experiments had been generally unsuccessful. At first, and indeed for some weeks, the results were negative and it looked as if the new conditions deleted from the horse's mind all previous training, since his answers were practically all incorrect. But Von Osten and Krall continued with

¹ Cf. *Denkende Tiere*, by Krall—Chapter on *Die Zeichenhypothese*, and O. Te Klot *Die Denkenden Pferde Hans Muhamed und Zarif* (Berlin, Borngraber, 1912).

patient perseverance and at last were rewarded by correct replies under conditions which utterly negated Pfungst's objections of visual communication. All other kinds of signals or communication of replies between questioner and horse, Pfungst himself had admitted could be excluded. It was therefore established that, independently of the experimenter, the horse could and did reply intelligently and correctly to some questions put to him and showed thereby a thinking process.

This was the first great step definitely accomplished, and from then onwards Krall decided to pursue the matter methodically and privately until a whole continued series of results should form so overwhelming a testimony of evidence as to exclude in the future any doubts as to the genuineness either of the experiments themselves or of the results obtained. Once these were out of the question, there would be positive ground on which the nature and details of the psychological problem in its relation to the animal and the human kingdoms might be the subject-matter for profound examination by scientific experts in the problems opened up.

This brings me to the reason for and the starting point of this paper. The subject is one that at present is occupying the attention of scientific circles in practically every country in Europe. It cannot but be of very great interest to all Theosophists who study questions concerned with the growth of Consciousness, and the relation between the various kingdoms of nature. So far, little has been done beyond theorising in regard to the soul or the intelligence possessed by kingdoms other than our own. In these experiments we have elements of investigation that open out, for the Theosophist, all sorts of fields of new

and more positive interest in these other kingdoms. We have, for those who recognise Universal Brotherhood—one not different in kind but only in degree—a new reason for an increased sense of responsibility, also of duty, towards that kingdom which is so closely allied in body to ours, and the advanced specimens of which are so faithful in service, so up-reaching in mind, as to overlap and even surpass many of those whose mere physical shape, but not whose mind, makes us call them human beings.

Those who read any work on the intelligence of dogs, horses, elephants, cats, and other of the more advanced types of the animal kingdom will have certainly realised that, with animals as with human beings, one cannot easily generalise as to the degree of intelligence of the whole species. Characters, temperaments, minds differ as much in animals as in men, if only they are studied. One can stultify and render obtuse and dull and automatic an animal by brutalising and unintelligent conditions, just as one can perform that same crime on a man. For instance, an animal treated *quâ* animal, merely used, confined, and disregarded, is as dull and automatic a specimen of his species, as is a man who is merely turned into a machine or is brutalised and rendered a drudge by his heartless and unintelligent employers or his selfish incarcerators. The converse is, of course, equally true. By intelligent and patient methods one can uplift and develop the indwelling life. So it is that a vast amount of Divine energy, like steam, in the animal and human frames, instead of being husbanded and utilised for the common progress of the good ship 'Evolution,' in which we are all being carried along, is, through

ignorance, negligence and selfishness, too often allowed to leak, escape, and be wasted, whereby both man and beast are less happy, less understanding, less amenable and useful than they might be. Yet the key of love in the hearts of men should be the means to set this right. If only men and women and children would but use it to pour out sympathy, compassion and understanding towards animals and things below them, as they themselves hope and cry for this and more from those Mightier Ones above them, how much better and happier the world would be!

Herr Krall's experiments in horses, by no means showed an equal capacity for being trained, or equal powers of intelligence. As with men, so with the horses; intelligence differed greatly and some were readily amenable and intelligent in disposition, while others were dull and obtuse. But, on the whole, it was certainly revealed that patience and training could extract much that was unexpected and latent in the horse's capacities. A peculiar facility for calculation, a power of discrimination, memory, quick observation, and many other characteristics came to light to an unsuspected degree, and were capable of development and improvement under systematic training. Doubtless as time goes on, and suitable and sympathetic methods of teaching are evolved, it will be found that much more may be done along the mental training and educational line in bringing closer together, and bridging over the gaps in understanding between, the human and the animal kingdoms, especially in the more advanced types of animals such as elephants, dogs, apes, and cats, to say nothing of the many other fairly intelligent 'friends of man'. For, after all, the amount of the ensouling individual consciousness in an

animal is less easily determined by the mere observation of the "outward and visible form" than by the patient discovery of the "inward and spiritual grace subsisting," revealed by kindness, sympathy, and painstaking processes of mind-training, whereby it can then show forth down here on the planes of manifestation as intelligent thought and action.

From 1905 to 1908 Krall and Von Osten went on methodically and systematically with their experiments notwithstanding Hans' uncertain character and growing fractiousness. This was a period of experiment as to methods and experience in teaching, especially for Herr Krall who, less dogmatic and impatient than Von Osten, was learning through his genuine love for, and insight into, the natures of animals what methods were best, what main features presented themselves. Though the ways and habits of horses have been known since man has called the horse his friend and servant, yet this was probably the first time that scientific and methodical experiments were taking place to probe psychological problems in connection with the horse and his mental powers. For instance, once the horse knew his letters his eyesight could be examined by the ordinary sight-tests with the Snellen letters of different sizes, the results showing that a horse's sight is two-and-a-half times as keen as man's. This and many other facts, expected and unexpected, revealed themselves through the daily course of experiments, carefully written down and signed each day by Herr Krall and those present. But we will come to this presently.

In 1907 Von Osten, the pioneer of this branch of animal psychology, having found in Krall a worthy successor, younger, equally methodical and more patient,

withdrew into the country to end his days and subsequently died in June, 1909.

From 1908 onwards Krall pursued, with redoubled vigour and such improved methods as experience suggested, other and more elaborate investigations and experiments with horses. These now increased in number. Two of the most famous ones, Muhammad and Zarif, both Arab stallions of about two to two-and-a-half years old, were bought about this time, and were at once brought under training along the lines that had proved best with Hans.

One of the improvements in method was the table of letters and figures by means of which the horse could rap out his answers. Hans had simply been taught to rap out figures consecutively with one hoof and this became long and tedious in the case of numbers beyond fifteen or twenty. The following table was devised by Krall, and Zarif and Muhammad were taught to tap with both the right and the left hoof.

	1	2	3	4	5	6
10	e	n	r	s	m	c
20	a	h	l	t	a	ch
30	i	d	g	w	j	sch
40	o	b	f	k	o	y
50	u	v	z	p	u	
60	ei	au	eu	x	q	

Thus units would be tapped out with the right hoof and tens with the left, *e.g.*, the number 77 would be seven taps with the right hoof and seven taps with the left. Similarly, for letters of the alphabet, these have been arranged suitably for their occurrence in German words, the system being that, for instance, to indicate the letter *p*, four strokes would be delivered with the right hoof indicating the perpendicular or unit column, and five strokes with the left hoof indicating the horizontal or 'tens' column. So the letter *m* would be five raps of the right and one of the left hoof, *f*, three of the right and four of the left, and so on. Naturally each small letter also represents its own capital.

I come now to the experiments themselves, and though I cannot write at first-hand of these experiments not having yet been to Elberfeld, I have drawn for my material on reliable published accounts and especially on a paper¹ written by Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa, with whom I am acquainted and with whom I had the advantage of some conversation after he had returned from a week's sojourn at Elberfeld, together with Dr. Roberto Assagioli of Florence, editor of *Psiche, A Scientific Review of Psychological Subjects*. Dr. William Mackenzie's very interesting paper relating his personal experiences and observations with the thinking horses at Elberfeld was read at the Sixth Congress for the Progress of Science held in Genoa in October 1912, and created considerable interest in this new branch of psychology. Dr. Roberto Assagioli's personal observations are published in the

¹ *I Cavalli Pensanti di Elberfeld*, by Dr. William Mackenzie, Stabilimento Poligrafico, Bologna, 1912.

November—December 1912 number of his own review *Psiche*¹. I am indebted to both for many of the facts gathered together in this paper.

It appears to be quite clear from the testimony of all who have been to Elberfeld and have known Herr Krall and even perhaps experimented themselves with the horses, that everything is absolutely straightforward and above-board and that Herr Krall himself, who is doing all this for the sheer interest of the thing, at his own expense, and without any idea whatever of pecuniary interest, is a most honest and honourable man, whose whole reputation is against any sort or kind of deception or trickery.

The stable and yard in which the horses are kept are of the quite simple and ordinary description and have been visited with and without the master's presence. The stable boys are just plain, ordinary grooms without any special intelligence and merely occupied with cleaning and looking after the horses.

The horses actually under consideration at the time we are dealing with were: Hans, now sixteen years old, a Russian stallion trained first by Von Osten; Zarif and Muhammad, two Arab stallions, now six years old; two other Arab stallions, Harm and Amasis, three-and-a-half years old and only five months under instruction; Hänschen, a little Shetland pony four years old; and Berto, a big Mecklenberg horse only just bought and whose peculiarity is that he is blind. None of these horses were chosen for any special reason, or because they showed any special capacity. Perhaps only Berto, because he was blind, presented features of distinctive

¹ *Psiche: Rivista di Studi Psicologici*. Dottore Roberto Assagioli, Firenze. No. 6. November—December, 1912.

interest. Each horse shows very soon his own peculiar character and accordingly requires to be observed and known before he is fully responsive to his teacher. Hänschen, for instance, though very intelligent is uncertain and capricious. He may give a wrong answer and then turn round to watch the effect on his audience, and when the latter is silent he will suddenly, of his own accord, tap out the right answer, showing he knew it all the time. So Berto, the blind horse, at whose first lesson Dr. Mackenzie was present, had first to be calmed down; yet after ten minutes of the lesson proper he began to understand Krall's method of explaining what was required of him. He soon learnt to tap with his hoof the same number of times that Krall's finger pressed his shoulder. From this beginning it is easy to see how the repetition of the names of numbers would be phonetically impressed on the horse's brain so that soon the finger-pressures were unnecessary; just as in horses, not blind, the figures on the board, or chalked on a blackboard, could by vision be made to impress themselves on the horse in correspondence with the taps he gave. Mackenzie relates how at the fifth lesson Krall wrote him that Berto was already beginning simple addition of sums such as $5+1$, $5+2$, etc. A word about the hoof-tapping or the 'tiptological' method used for communication between the horse and the man. At first the horse wastes a quantity of force by delivering a formidable pawing blow on to the board, much in the same way that one who learns to write strains at the pen and presses on the nib. But as time goes on these blows become graceful, rapid, little taps, the force and delivery of which already indicate something of what is in the horse's mind. Anyone who is

conversant with 'tiptology' in spiritualistic séances will understand how characteristically eloquent even little taps can be by the way they are given. Impatience can be shown by a short hard blow; fatigue or boredom is revealed by a more sliding and less clean tap, and so forth.

These horses, then, are taught addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and extracting of square root, cube root, and roots to fourth and fifth powers. They are taught the alphabet on the board. They are phonetically taught words in German and French and their meanings, and made to spell them. They are shown clocks and watches, and made to tell the time. They are told phonetically, and by spelling, the names of people round them as also of each other and of their visitors. They are made to distinguish colours and pictures, and to understand divisions of the calendar into days and months and weeks. They are encouraged to express, and they often do so express *spontaneously*, their desires, affections and emotions.

Whereas in the matter of figures they seem to distinguish the written figure or group of figures, in letters, instead, they tend rather to express their words by such phonetic spelling of their own as happens to come best and easiest for them. Thus *Pferd* (the German for horse) they spell in many various ways such as *verd*, *värd*, *ferd*, *vhred*, *fhrd*, *frd*, *pfrd*, and so on. It must also be remembered that the alphabet is taught them letter by letter pronouncing each in the German way thus *s=ess* and *n=en*; so, curiously enough, the horse when he wants to say the word *essen* (to eat), spells it *sn*; which is, after all, both logical from *his* point of view and shorter to tap out on the board! Similarly if he

wants to spell *hafer* (oats), he does so by the letters *hfr*, which would give the word if the letters are pronounced in German. No one has taught them this and they do not all spell the same, but they have evolved a phonetic spelling of their own and many abbreviations which are not only quite intelligible but also ingenious and logical. I referred above to Herr Krall's book *Denkende Pferde* and his careful minutes of all his daily work and experiments. The book is really the concentrated and careful digest in one volume of fourteen large volumes, of over three hundred and fifty pages each, which contain detailed accounts of fully seven years' experimental work, showing the perseverance and untiring doggedness of one who saw he had a goal to attain and a truth to reveal. There is now no longer, as in Von Osten's time, any doubt as to the authenticity of the results or the problems opened up thereby. Prof. Dr. H. Kraemer of Hohenheim (Stuttgart) has lectured on the subject at the Anti-vivisection Conference at Zurich. Prof. Paul Sarasin of Basle and Prof. Dr. E. H. Ziegler of Stuttgart have signed public declarations attesting the experiments observed by them with Muhammad and Zarif. Similarly, Prof. Dr. A. Besredka of Paris, Dr. E. Claparède, Professor at the University of Geneva, Prof. Dr. Von Bultle-Reepen of Oldenburg, and other eminent and scientific men have thoroughly investigated the whole matter and have issued public statements over their signatures as to the interesting nature of the new problems of animal psychology involved. Furthermore a new society for the study of 'Zoopsychology' has just been created with a strong committee and names of scientific repute.

That the reader may judge of the proficiency to which these horses have attained, notably Muhammad and Zarif, a few examples are given, chosen at random from those witnessed by some of the eminent men above-mentioned. Let it be remembered that training only enters up to a certain point, that is, as to methods and manner of working, but the individuality of the horse and his *thinking* powers are those which engage the attention and awaken the interest.

Zarif, for instance, is asked for the square root of 12,321. Zarif first gives it wrongly as 112 then, immediately afterwards, correctly as 111. A visitor without anyone else knowing the solution asked for $\sqrt{15,876} - \sqrt{12,769}$. This was given at first indistinctly, but soon afterwards clearly and correctly as 13. "Muhammad was asked for the square root of 17,689. He answered wrongly 134. His attention being drawn to the 9 at the end, he corrected this to 133, thus showing a real understanding of figures." Or again, here is a still more remarkable performance: "Muhammad was asked, for the first time, the fourth root of 14,641 which he gave rightly as 11; then that of 1,048,576. This he answered first by 82, then 28, 26, and finally 32. 'Which is right?' he was asked, and answered then decidedly 32. A + (plus) was then placed between the two roots he had extracted and he immediately gave the figure 43." Here is another example related by Dr. Kraemer: "Muhammad was led before a looking-glass. 'What is that?' 'Horse.' 'How many horses?' 'One.' 'What colour is the horse?' 'Brown.' 'Who is it?' 'Ig' [*Ich*. German for I]. 'What is this 'I' called?' 'Mumät.' 'One letter is wanting.' 'Ä' [pronounced something like 'e']. 'No. *a*.' 'What is your

surname?' 'Krall.' 'Who is called Muhammad Krall?' 'Ig.'" This shows a really distinct understanding of 'I-am-I'.

The horses, like children, appear to like bright colours and have their own rather elementary ideas of beauty. Dr. Kraemer relates another rather pleasing episode. "Zarif is inattentive. 'What is the matter with you? Why won't you go on?' (with the lesson) 'Ig wil aug sn lib uhu fdr' is the extraordinary reply spelt out on the tread-board. This is an exceedingly simple phonetic rendering, in German, of the words: 'I want also to see the dear fowl with feathers.' The desired picture of a cock is shown to the horse. 'How do you like that?' 'Gud!' (good) 'What you like is beautiful, what you do not like is not beautiful. For instance one says: "I think it is beautiful." Now say something to me.' 'I think cock beautiful.' 'That's right. Why do you think the cock beautiful?' 'Han bunt fedrn ht!' (cock has bright feathers)" Another important and determining factor of the utter genuineness of these experiments is the many spontaneous and unexpected expressions which not only could not be prepared by any training, but clearly manifest the horse's desires and feelings at the time. For instance, when Muhammad was tired of spelling the name of one of those present he would suddenly break off and say "Stal gn!" (*Stall gehen*=I want to go back to my stall.) One day he broke out into the common and ran into the wood. In the evening he spelt out in his stall: "Wald gn schön." (It is beautiful to go in the wood.)

Here is an example from Dr. Schöller's note-book: Schöller writes on the black board: "Was Zucker?" (What is sugar?) Muhammad says: "Süs" (sweet).

Schöller: "But this is not a proposition. What must you add?" Muhammad. "Zucker (Sugar) ist." Schöller: "What else can you tell us about sugar?" Muhammad: "Z. ist weis" (sugar is white). Schöller: "And then? Think!" Muhammad: "Z. schmkt gud" (sugar tastes good). Next day Schöller puts before Muhammad a square of sugar and says: "Yesterday you told me sugar is sweet, and white, and tastes good. Now think if you can tell me something more about sugar." Muhammad answers: "Z. ht. 4. ek" (German for 'sugar has four corners or angles'). While Schöller was writing this down, the horse quite of his own accord spelt out "John"! The groom of that name, who was present asked: "What must I do?" and the horse replied: "M. Gbn" (M is the abbreviation for *Möhren* and so it means 'give carrots!')

A word should be said as to how Krall began to teach the horses numbers. For instance to teach addition Krall would use what in German is called the *Schneiderische Schiebe-Rechenknecht*, an arrangement by which coloured points or balls can be made to run in grooves and can be shown or covered up by a suitable slide. He would mark up . + . . . and then write $1+3$ and so on, $1+4$, $1+5$. Similarly for subtraction with the — sign. For multiplication he would put . . then write 1×3 ; similarly and underneath 3×3 and so forth, carefully explaining by word of mouth each operation so that words and signs became familiar to the horse's mind and memory. Thus Krall taught them the significance of square roots, cube roots, and higher still. He would write $2 \times 2 = 2^2$; $2 \times 2 \times 2 = 2^3$; then $3 \times 2 = 6$ and $3^2 = 3 \times 3$ and so on. Krall's method being rather to explain and to teach in what

¹ cf. *Denkende Tiere*, pp. 157, 158.

operations consisted than how to resolve the problems, leaving them, preferably, to find a way for themselves once the principle was mastered. It is extraordinary what results were obtained and what mathematical faculties horses seem naturally to possess. Muhammad, who appears especially developed in this way, showed his capacity of extracting roots to the 3rd, 4th and 5th power from sums of six and seven figures! For instance, Assagioli relates how one morning though Muhammad was feverish and seedy with influenza, in the presence of Mackenzie and Krall, he suggested to Krall to let him propose the sum to be done. Krall consented and Assagioli gave Krall a paper on which was written $\sqrt{91,125}$ (without having written the solution). Assagioli was seated well behind the horse. Krall copies the sum on to the black board and *after a few seconds* Muhammad raps out the correct answer of 45. He then gives Krall another paper on which is written $\sqrt{28,561}$; this is copied as before and the horse raps out *at once* the fourth root 13—faster than most men could do. Many hundreds of instances could be quoted to show how even in their wrong answers one can trace points of interest as to the workings of their minds. But the reader must be referred to Herr Krall's book for further particulars. Numerous experiments show that horses have a time-sense. For instance, the watch is shown to them and they can, after an hour or so, tell to within a few minutes how long a time has elapsed, though those present do not know what o'clock it is. Again, another interesting point is that the presence or absence of the experimenters does not affect the result. On some occasions Krall and his friends go out of sight of the horse, behind a door with peep-holes, and the horse raps out his replies with equal success.

On an occasion when Krall was called away, Mackenzie and Assagioli were able to experiment with, and get answers from, the pony Hänschen, showing once more the utter absence of suggestion from their master. Interesting too is the fact that a coloured picture of a young woman on the outside of a copy of a magazine *Jugend* only just bought, and brought by chance to the stable-yard was shown to the horse who, on being asked what it represented, spelt out MTGN and then METGN for *Mädchen* (German for a young girl).

So when shown picture of a horse and rider, one of the horses answers in reply to questions, just as a child would, that the horse is himself and the rider is his master.

Enough now has been said to show how full of interest are these experiments with the developing intelligence of the higher animals. The same methods are likely to be tried on elephants, donkeys, dogs and the more advanced species of the animal kingdom. It is to be sincerely hoped that all investigators will be animated, like Herr Krall, *first* with love for animals and that this love will temper and will moderate the thirst for scientific research and notoriety. For, just as no good results are obtained by tiring and worrying a child, so no really valuable progress will be made by the mere scientific investigator unless kindness and love for his animal subjects opens his mind to what is also *their* point of view. It is splendid to think that we may all come to know animals better and to appreciate them more; but it is equally as important that the animals should have reason to change their mind and find us, after all, desirable acquaintances.

William H. Kirby

A PREHISTORIC GHOST

By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL

Author of *Ghostly Phenomena, Werewolves, etc.*,

IT was Christmas Eve, and I had been spending it with my friend, Raybourne Rawling, in his cottage at Helvedeore.

His little daughter, Marjorie, with whom I was a privileged person, had pinned a spray of mistletoe in my hat, and as I put it on I kissed her.

"It is sheer madness to attempt walking to Penzance to-night," Raybourne said, "look! the mist is as thick as a London fog."

"If it were twice as thick I must face it, old fellow," I replied, "my aunt would never forgive me if I disappointed her on Christmas Day."

"Well! for goodness' sake keep to the main road, and don't try any short cuts; the place is full of mine-shafts."

Promising to obey his injunctions, and buttoning up my heavy overcoat, for the night was intensely cold, I waved *adieu* to Marjorie, and stepped briskly out. I hadn't gone far, however, when my pace began to flag. I was not in the mood for walking. Ten miles! it was the very deuce of a distance! Stopping at a cottage, I inquired if there were not a shorter route.

"Yes, there be!" was the surly answer given in that sing-song style peculiar to St. Ives, and the uncouth peasantry of those parts—"yes, there be, and if you take the first turning to the left and then keep straight on it will bring you to Halsetown. Ask again when you get there."

Groping my way along, for the mist seemed to increase at each step, I at length came to a few isolated lights, and learned with satisfaction this was Halsetown and that I was on the right track to Penzance.

After walking some distance without seeing any living creature, the silence became oppressive; I could even hear the beating of my own heart. To my right and left, in front and behind me, was a sea of mist, into which the bicycle lamp I carried penetrated but a few feet—beyond lay an expanse of moorland, reputed to be one of the wildest spots in Cornwall. Its possibilities made me unusually careful.

By-and-by the road began to ascend, and the broken walls of a mine-shaft informed me I was nearing Cripple's Ease. At a public house I stopped for a moment or two to refill my flask—in radical Cornwall, not only publicans but everyone shows a delightful disregard of the law—and then assured that I was well on my way home, I renewed my journey.

A few yards from Cripple's Ease the road descends somewhat abruptly until it brings one well into the village of Nancledra. I got there exactly at midnight. Capital! at this rate of walking I should be at Penzance by half-past one. But I was reckoning without my host. Hardly had I advanced a quarter of a mile beyond the village when a sudden weariness made me pause. I felt I must sit down. Shining the light of my lantern all

round me, I at length discovered a gate. Bravo! I had found a dry seat. I could rest on it without fear of catching cold.

The fatigues of the day, coupled with what I must fain admit was a rather too liberal supply of hot punch (Raybourne is the only man I know who can mix it), combined to make me decidedly drowsy, and I had hardly been resting five minutes before I fell into a deep sleep, from which I was abruptly awakened by 'a wail'.

Instantly all my faculties were on the alert, and straining my ears to the utmost, I listened.

Again came that wail! This time it sounded a little nearer. What was it? A woman in distress or a child?

Urged by an irresistible fascination—for there was something most peculiarly attractive in the sound—I jumped off the gate, and, only stopping a second or two in order to locate the cry, pushed rapidly ahead.

I have no idea how far I ran. My one object was to relieve the sufferer.

Sometimes the wail sounded in front, sometimes behind me, so that from constantly directing my course in opposite ways, I speedily lost all cognisance of my whereabouts. I must, however, have wandered a mile or so out of my way, every inch of which had been on the ascent, when I arrived at the summit of a lofty hill. From all sides of me came strong currents of cool air, impregnated with ozone.

The wail had ceased. Brought to a standstill by the sudden silence, I tried to see more clearly by the aid of my lantern certain queer-looking objects ahead of me. I did so, and realised with astonishment that I was in the centre of what undoubtedly was at one time

a circle of Celtic huts. The secret was out, I was standing on Castle-on-Dinas, a well-known Torr, some five miles or so to the south of Penzance.

I had heard that it bore the reputation of being haunted among the simple-minded country folk, none of whom would ever venture on it alone after nightfall. I was keen on psychical research! I would wait and see if anything happened. Leaning my back against a pillar of granite, I took a deep pull at my whisky flask, and lit my pipe.

I had often wanted to know what Cornish spooks were like; now, perhaps, I should see one. Would it be in the form of an elemental, I wondered, a creature, with ill-shaped head and awkward limbs, as grotesque in outline as the granite boulders standing on all sides of me, or would it be a pixy or a buccaboo? At any rate I felt sure it would not be the ordinary, dull, uninteresting spectre, wearing every-day clothes, and behaving quite rationally. By Jove! it was worth losing a Christmas dinner to see a spook in such romantic surroundings.

I glanced at my watch, it was half-past one. I would wait till two, and then run all the way to Penzance. It was eighteen years since I had left Clifton, but her excellent training in athletics had still left my limbs supple.

A sudden renewal of the wail made my heart thump. Surely it was close at hand. Beginning in a low key and gradually rising to the highest pitch, it drew rapidly nearer till, before I had time to fortify myself against an encounter, the fog lifted and I saw gliding swiftly towards me the figure of a child.

Never had I seen a stranger looking creature. Short and squat, with an enormous head and shock of

tawny hair, it presented an appearance that, had it not been for the expression of acute pain suffusing every feature of its face, would have been ridiculous. Not even glancing in my direction, but all the while looking straight ahead, it passed rapidly by me and had almost disappeared in the mist before I had made up my mind to pursue it.

Keeping it well in sight with my lamp, I followed, keeping as close to it as possible. The ground now began to dip. I stumbled, and pulling myself up, perceived the mouth of a circular pit yawning in front of me. The child had vanished!

Appalled by the suddenness of this catastrophe and hoping to see some sign of my mysterious guide in the abyss, I cautiously peered into it, and was astonished beyond measure to see a flight of stone steps.

What could it mean?

Throwing discretion to the wind, and determined now that I had gone so far to solve the mystery, I descended the staircase which apparently led down, down, down, into the bowels of the earth.

I had gone some distance and was contemplating a return, so hopeless did the quest seem, when I was brought to an abrupt halt—further progress was blocked by a pool of water. Shining my lantern on its surface, I discovered to my amazement that far from ceasing, the staircase still continued with undiminished regularity, until it was lost to sight in the innermost recess of the well. I had hardly assured myself of this fact, when I fancied I saw something white struggling violently deep down in the pool. Leaning forward to see what it was, I missed my footing, and with a shout for help, pitched head first into the sinister cauldron.

After that I recollected nothing till I found myself lying high and dry on the rocky floor of a tunnel terminating in water at one end, and at the other in a network of labyrinthine passages. Though I could see neither lanterns nor any other sign of artificial light, the place was illuminated with a lurid glow.

Wondering how I came to be in such a marvellous place, and feeling my limbs to make sure they were not an illusion, I prepared to continue my investigations down one of the corridors. The question was, which one to take? Should I toss? Yes! that would settle matters. I produced a coin and had actually spun, when right in front of me and peering at me with an unfathomable expression in its eyes, was 'the child'.

For some seconds I could only gaze at it half-dazed, and then yielding to the same extraordinary fascination I had before experienced, I followed in its wake.

The tunnel wound to the right and left, in serpentine fashion, and was in places so low that I had to stoop painfully to avoid a collision with the roof. We must have proceeded quite a mile in this manner, when, without any warning, the passage ended, and I found myself standing upright at the entrance to an enormous cavern. The place was crowded with men and women whose rough hair and skin garments undoubtedly belonged to people of the Stone age. To attract the attention of this multitude, my diminutive conductor uttered a peculiar cry, at the same time pointing derisively at me. The next moment I was surrounded by a score of hideous faces; my arms were pinioned behind my back, and I was urged forward by blows and kicks that felt like so many breaths of icy wind.

At the further end of the chamber, I saw an enormous rectangular block of granite, by the side of which stood a trio of priests whom I at once recognised as Druids. Each wore a long white gown, decorated with sprays of mistletoe and a garland of the same on his head. Their beards descending below their knees were thin and straggling, whilst talon-like nails on bony fingers accentuated the horror of their hands.

Perceiving my approach, their eyes filled with devilish glee, and raising their sickles high above their heads they shouted "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!"

Everyone in the chamber joined in the cry, whilst I was urged forward till I reached the very spot where the priests stood. Here a short consultation was held, during which a variety of cold clammy hands wandered over my person and rifled my pockets.

Seized by two repulsive-looking monsters who gripped me by the elbows, I was then thrown face uppermost on the stone. The chief Druid—for so I judged him to be—gave a short harangue, and the vault once again reverberated with the cries of "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!"

Then, to my intense horror, a knife was carefully sharpened—even now I can hear the sound of that slow, mechanical grinding—my bosom was bared, and a claw-like hand sought the region of my heart.

All this time I had been too stupefied to utter any sound; I had remained absolutely passive in the clutches of my captors; now that a hideous death positively hovered over me, I found the use of my tongue, and shrieked aloud. The knife, held directly over my breast, made a circle in the air, descended, paused, circled again, and, slowly pointing downwards, fell.

Shutting my eyes, I resigned myself to my fate. I was conscious of a sensation of icy coldness, of a sudden and overwhelming nausea, of a loud shout, and then, a blank.

On 'coming to,' I found myself in a standing position, supported by the arms of the very monsters who had hunted me to my death, whilst a young and beautiful girl was eagerly pointing to the spray of mistletoe Marjorie had pinned in my hat. The situation explained itself. The fact that the sacred symbol had been found upon me was deemed a sufficient proof that my life was under divine protection, and for the moment I was safe. But a large party of those present, urged on by a singularly malevolent youth clad in bearskin, still shouted "Kalefaeg! Kalefaeg!" and for some seconds the result was doubtful.

The chief Druid, holding up his hand, demanded silence. He then spoke to the maiden, addressing her as Cymolige, and, although I could not understand what was said, I gathered from her smile that it was of a conciliatory nature.

Turning to that part of the people who were still thirsting for my blood, the priest rattled off a few sentences in a loud voice, after which, with the noticeable exception of the sinister youth, the entire crowd responded with the heartiest applause.

The position was carried—I was saved!

Saved! but for another and more remarkable fate!

The beautiful maiden, Cymolige, taking my hand in one of her own, signalled to me to kneel before the Druids.

Not knowing what might happen if I refused to obey, I fell on my knees by her side.

The three priests first of all lifted up their arms, uttering a plaintive chant, in which the whole assembly joined; they then smote us lightly on the head with their garlands, and bidding us rise, motioned the multitude to go.

The last to leave was the repellant youth clad in bearskin. I caught his eyes, glowing with demoniacal fury, fixed on mine from a gloomy recess on the opposite side of the cavern. When he too, with a parting scowl, had gone, Cymolige sidled coyly towards me. That we were married according to Druidical rites, I hadn't the remotest doubt, and it was also certain that Cymolige considered that she had done me the very best of turns and would make me an excellent wife. That was all very well. I had nothing whatever to say against her. I am a plain man myself, and I could never wish to meet anyone more prepossessing than Cymolige. But appearance is not everything! One must have a little substance and Cymolige was both immaterial and cold, so cold indeed that when she kissed me I thought I should have frozen.

The cavern, too, did not exactly come up to my idea of matrimonial quarters. It contained no furniture, excepting the sacrificial stone that had so nearly witnessed my destruction, and the roof was hung with icicles. It was outrageous to suppose that I could pass the whole of my existence in such a place. Compared with it the North Pole would be warm. Yet I could not help feeling a pang of remorse when I looked at Cymolige.

She was, indeed, beautiful, and as certain as there is love in any woman's eyes, I saw love for me in hers. She fondled and caressed me gently, persuading me to

walk with her up and down the apartment; and placing her arm in mine, she whispered in my ear all sorts of sweet though unintelligible words. Alas! I could make her small return. My endeavours were handicapped by twinges of rheumatism, and my arm grew stiff and numb in trying to encircle her icy waist.

I bore it as long as my chilled body would permit, and then remembering that I had a few drops of whisky left, produced my flask.

I shall never forget the pretty look of wonder with which Cymolige watched me gulp down the contents, nor her equally pretty sniff of disgust as in compliance with her request, I handed her the bottle to smell. Of course she did not understand that my constitution was on a very different footing to hers; that having taken to herself a husband from the world above, it was necessary to feed and warm him if she meant to keep him alive. Supposing I died, which I was pretty certain to do before long, would my strange bride take possession of my spirit the moment it emerged from my body and keep it attached to her for ever? Much as I admired Cymolige, I had other views of eternity.

"They don't seem to do much in the way of building doors down here!" I muttered, just by way of saying something to keep my jaws from freezing, "the Celtic architects, I mean; it is horribly draughty."

Cymolige looked at me and sighed. I wished she wouldn't, her sighs were even colder than her smiles—they penetrated to the very marrow in my bones.

Soon she grew tired of walking, and to my utmost consternation signified that we should lie down. It was in vain I gesticulated to her that it would cost me my life—that the wet uneven floor was not to be compared

to a feather bed—she simply froze me to silence with her breath.

Placing one of her dainty fingers on my head, she was pressing me downward with a delighted look of authority, when her expression was suddenly transformed to one of complete horror.

Following the direction of her eyes, I saw the youth clad in bearskin stealthily creeping towards me, a flint knife in his hand.

Throwing herself immediately in front of me, Cymolige would doubtless have received the assassin's weapon in her bosom had I not darted from her. I admit with shame, that utterly regardless of what happened to her, my one idea was to get out of the horrible cavern as quickly as possible, for much as I esteemed and respected my ghost wife, I valued myself considerably more.

Cymolige pointed wildly at one of the entrances, which would probably have led me to the sanctuary of her own people, but I purposely misunderstood, and recollecting the tunnel through which I had come, sped down it at a rate I could never have thought possible.

A glance over my shoulders told me only too plainly that my pursuer was at my heels, and as he slowly gained on me I began to wish devoutly I had taken Cymolige's advice. The strain of the quarter-mile at school was nothing in comparison with the tremendous effort of this chase. At every turn and twist of the labyrinth, I felt the proximity of the ghoulis spectre more acutely, and my exertions increased proportionately. I was fast losing my strength, and with it every vestige of hope, when the end of the passage hove in view.

Not a second too soon! The hand of the spectre already clutched my clothing, but filled with new energy I leaped forward and, shaking myself free from the bony fingers of my relentless pursuer, spurted desperately ahead.

With a yell of baffled fury the ghoulish creature hurled itself forward, and as its spider-like arms, stretched out to the uttermost, actually touched me, I dived head first into the depths of the well!

After that I have no further recollection till I found myself in bed. My aunt was bending over me with an odd expression between pleasure and relief in her eyes.

"How glad I am to see you looking yourself again, Godfrey!" she cried. "It's just a fortnight to-day since you were brought home, insensible, from Castle-on-Dinas! and ever since then you have done nothing but talk the most unmitigated nonsense about Cymolige and your phantom-wife. Phantom-wife, indeed! when you get back to London and relate your foolish adventures, you won't find much of the phantom about your mother-in-law."

And she was right. It is now six months since I was in Cornwall, and during that time I have behaved in the most matter-of-fact way possible.

But there are moments—in the night I mean—when I wake and think of Cymolige.

Elliott O'Donnell

DIVERSITY OF METHODS, BUT THE SAME CAUSE

[Our readers will be interested in this expression of opinion from the Vice-President. It was addressed to a correspondent, who sent it on to the President.—ED.]

59 JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S. W.

DEAR MADAM,

In answer to your letter just received (it does not bear a date) I write to say that I myself disapprove of the organisation called the Order of the Star in the East. I believe it to be based upon a misapprehension of the arrangement designed by the great spiritual authorities of the world in reference to the second coming of Christ. That, or something closely resembling it, I believe likely to take place towards the end of the century, but I think Mrs. Besant is mistaken in supposing that it will have something to do with the Indian boy in whom she is interested. I do not want to underrate that boy. I believe him to be a very remarkable Ego through whom important results may be accomplished when he comes to maturity; but there is a long interval between that belief and the idea that has been circulated in reference to him.

As regards Mrs. Besant's action in connection with the O. S. E., you will see from what I have said that I necessarily regret this. But she is much less to be blamed in the matter than her indiscreet devotees. I have heard her say in public, and she has more than confirmed the idea in private conversation with me, that she does not want to impress her beliefs on other people. We have agreed in quite a friendly way that it is a good thing rather than otherwise that all Theosophists should be aware of the fact that she and I differ about many things.

I know so little about the workings of the E. S., with which I have never consented to have anything to do, that I hardly understand your reference to 'vows' connected with that organisation. I should utterly disapprove of any such vow as you quote. No one in the Society should be asked to pledge

himself to any sort of obedience, intellectual or of any other kind, to any one on this plane of life. Any officer of the Society who allows himself to prescribe such a course of action is entirely misunderstanding his functions, that is to say, as I should interpret them.

Some people I know, some of my own best friends, believe they have derived benefit from becoming members of the E. S., and I do not claim to interfere with their attitude of mind, but my view of the Theosophical movement and the Society is this: We have acquired from the Chiefs of the great Adept Fraternity teachings of supreme importance for all who aspire towards spiritual progress. The earnest study of that teaching should be the main purpose of all those who enter the Society; each for himself must determine how to live in accordance with it.

Personally I regret that there should be any organisation within the Society officially recognised by its chiefs. Theosophists among themselves should be free to form groups for any purpose not inconsistent with the main purposes of the Society, but, whoever forms such groups, it is perfectly clear that no one is called upon to resign his membership in the general Society because he does not think fit to join such groups.

Finally let me say that in my opinion all mistakes that may be made within the Society under the impulse of *trop de zele* do not alter my conviction that on the whole it is looked upon by the great 'Masters of Wisdom' as the most important agency at their disposal for the moment in connection with the promotion of the spiritual growth of the world.

You may make use of this letter as you think fit.

Yours very sincerely,

A. P. SINNETT

[I heartily agree with Mr. Sinnett that "no one is called upon to resign his membership in the general Society because he does not think fit to join such groups". I have never heard of any one being so called upon, and the very idea of such an exclusion is absurd.—ED.]

THE STOCKHOLM CONGRESS

By THE PRESIDENT, T. S.

"A wonderful Congress" was the phrase heard from all sides at the International Theosophical Congress at Stockholm, held from June 14th to June 18th, 1913. And it was a true verdict, for not only was it remarkable for numbers and for good feeling, but there were throughout a joyousness and a power which were experienced at no preceding Congress. One noteworthy feature was the presence of all the fourteen General Secretaries of the National Societies in Europe: England and Wales, Scotland, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Bohemia, Scandinavia, Finland, Russia; the General Secretaries-elect of the new Sections of Norway and Varsovie (Russian Poland) were also there, and the General Secretary-elect of England and Wales; and the Presidential Agent for Spain had sent his proxy to France. No such gathering of General Secretaries has ever been held during the life of the T. S., and when we remember that all have been elected or re-elected since the present storm began, we have a fairly good proof of the solidarity of the European Societies, for they presented a unanimous address of love and loyalty to their President. It seems as though the attacks in India had intensified to an extraordinary degree the personal devotion to myself; I can only say that I will try to prove myself worthy of it. Cablegrams from the General Secretaries of India and America added the voices of these powerful National Societies, and America sent a delegate to speak her love in the person of her brilliant and devoted daughter, Mrs. Marie Russak, supported by Mrs. Shaw Duff and Mr. Henry Hotchner. There were cables also from Algiers, Russia, Finland, Italy, and other places.

Fifty-seven members came from Russia—a sight that would have gladdened our H. P. B.—and they gathered at the railway station at Stockholm on the morning of June 14th, to greet the incoming members from other lands. Madame Pogosky, the well-known worker for peasant industries, made a charming speech of welcome and presented a lovely bouquet, and we drove away under a shower of roses, recalling India. It was pleasant to greet our old friend Arvid

Knos as General Secretary for Scandinavia, and to meet again his charming wife, his helper in all his work. Dr. Zander jun. with his wife and his mother—Dr. Zander sen. follows Mrs. Tingley—Miss Westerlund, Mr. Thaning, Dr. Alrutz, and many others of the oldest members were there, while Captain and Mrs. Kuylenstierna were of a later and very numerous group, and crowds of younger faces were seen—it is impossible to mention all. It was pleasant to meet one with happy memories of Benares—Mr. Harold de Bildt, who had accompanied the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden on their visit there.

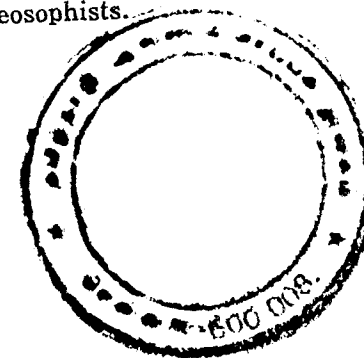
June 14th did not really belong to the Congress, but was the day of the Annual Scandinavian Convention, over the opening of which I was invited to preside; there was an O. S. E. meeting in the afternoon for an address by myself, and then a General Secretaries' meeting; in the evening the National Society had a big reception at the Grand Hotel, where I spoke to some hundreds of members on the 'Restoration of the Mysteries'. The Congress proper, with a meeting of the Federation Committee at 9 A. M., opened on the following day in the Musical Academy, where a remarkably fine cantata by Merikanto, F. T. S., with words by Pekka Ervast, F. T. S. and General Secretary of Finland, was admirably rendered and produced a profound effect. It was repeated to the public before my lecture on June 17th. Then came the greetings of the Scandinavian Secretary, who went on to deliver a very good speech on Scandinavian thought; then speeches from myself and the General Secretaries, each in his own language—a dramatic testimony to the spread of the Society in Europe; the sitting closed with a lecture by myself on 'The Conditions of Intellectual and Spiritual Growth,' after which Scandinavia welcomed all its guests to lunch. We met in the afternoon for business, and the General Secretaries gathered in Council immediately after the close of the sitting, a procedure adopted also on the following days. It was a rare opportunity for discussing questions affecting the welfare of the Society, and was eagerly welcomed by all. The Congress Committee met daily at 9 A. M., and as the General Secretaries had decided that a Theosophical World Congress should meet in 1915—and had expressed the wish that the European Federation meeting should be held with it, leaving the choice of place and time to the Federation—it selected Paris as the place and late spring or early summer as the time. The day closed with my first public lecture on 'World-Saviours'.

It will be seen that the 15th June was well filled, and the other days were similarly crowded, beginning at 9 A. M. with the Congress Committee and ending at night with my public

lectures, on the 16th 'The Christ in History,' and on the 17th 'The Christ in Man'. A Congress lecture that raised great enthusiasm was on 'The Deva of Finland,' by Mr. Pekka Ervast, the whole audience applauding vigorously for some time at its conclusion. It was in Swedish, so I could not follow it, but its effect was unmistakable. We shall print the papers, as far as possible, in the THEOSOPHIST, as the series of *Transactions* was broken by the non-issue of those of the fourth Congress at Munich, by the default of the German Section, and Hungary failed to issue its volume in consequence of the death of its General Secretary, and the loss of his papers. Mrs. Russak, Captain Kuylenstierna, Madame Kamensky, Madame Poushkin, Miss Blytt, Madame Ounkowsky, all contributed interesting papers, in addition to that of Mr. Pekka Ervast, mentioned above, and a paper by the late Mr. Sven-Nilsson was read by Mr. de Bildt. A pleasant interlude on June 16th, after the business of the day was over at 9 P. M., was a visit to some charming gardens in which memorials of old Sweden are preserved. Here some Swedish peasant dances were performed for our benefit, a remarkably pretty and quaint exhibition, and we had tea together in a big hall.

No one who was present at the Congress will ever forget it, nor will the delightful kindness and courtesy of our Swedish hosts pass away from the memory of those who were happy enough to enjoy it. The organisation was perfect, but better than the organisation was the love that cared for each, and the slight stateliness of Swedish manners lent an added charm to all. In other countries these are preserved only in Courts.

Seven of us left Stockholm on the night of the 17th, laden with lovely flowers, and the platform was a sea of loving faces as our train steamed off. The night of the 19th saw us in London, where I had to meet my solicitor on the 20th to conclude the legal business connected with the Indian suit. That night saw me in the train for Brindisi, with Mr. Graham Pole, who is most kindly accompanying me to Madras to give me any help in his power; and these lines are written in the Red Sea on the way back to our modern Coliseum, where the old cry of the persecutors fills the air: *Ad leones*—"To the lions" with the Theosophists.



abstruse or involved; it is, indeed, singularly clear and straightforward. But it is conceived on large lines, and describes a great arc, so that one has the sense of having covered spacious fields of thought and moved over wide ranges of human history. And the diction is perfect. Every sentence may be printed as it is spoken, and will need no revising touch.

Mrs. Besant's voice rings clear and sweet in the last sentence as in the first. There is no sagging or trailing in the sentences. They are delivered with the same extraordinary vigour at the end as at the beginning. Quite naturally the end comes just as one begins to see that the argument is completed. The audience rises again, and Mrs. Besant steps down from the dais and moves from the platform, while the audience breaks and dissolves. Nothing in one's experience of public gatherings matches this for the sheer triumph of personality and the forthgiving of an abundant nature to the spiritual needs of a great mass of people.

The Christian Commonwealth

CORRESPONDENCE

The following has appeared in *The New Statesman*, London, a weekly journal of high position:

SIR,

Although I hold no brief for Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, I feel impelled in the interests of common justice to enter a protest against the terms of indictment quoted by you—e.g., "criminally immoral practices". My reasons are based on a personal knowledge of the circumstances, which I believe is exceptional. I think it sufficient to say that the charges against Mr. Leadbeater are only rendered possible by an unthinking conventional attitude towards certain customs which cannot in any sense of the word be defended in the light of modern medical knowledge. In other words, any competent eugenicist or psychologist would feel bound to judge the question with the utmost reserve. In conclusion, I am prepared to make the categorical statement that there is no English law which can in any way touch Mr. Leadbeater—a statement which in itself I hope will remove much possible misconception of the case.

Yours, etc.,

LIBRA

[Eugenics and psychology have no weight with Mr. Leadbeater's critics in Madras. They appeal to ignorance and prejudice.—ED.]

SCIENTIFIC NOTES

By G. E. SUTCLIFFE, F. T. S.

The nature of light, which was dealt with in preceding notes, *THEOSOPHIST*, April 1911, will, I think, repay a little further study, particularly if treated from the occult standpoint. The properties of "Heaven's Firstborn" must necessarily be of a very fundamental character, and that they are so receives testimony both from science and *The Secret Doctrine*. To know what light is we must first learn what Matter, Atom, Ether, Force, are in reality, says *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 523), whilst science shows light to be an electro-magnetic phenomenon, and in this it appears to be in fair agreement with occult teaching, which also says that light is electricity. The two systems of measuring electrical phenomena, the electrostatic, and electro-magnetic, cannot be transformed the one into the other, except by a multiplier involving the velocity of light; and the latest theory of matter, that of Einstein, which makes mass identical with the internal energy of the atom, measures this energy by multiplying the unit of mass by the square of the velocity of light. (*English Mechanic*, Vol. XC, p. 387, Nov. 26, 1909). It is a singular fact, from the point of view of thought transference, that in the same year that Einstein propounded his theory, (1905) I announced the same fact, at the silver jubilee of the Blavatsky Lodge, Bombay, 18th March, 1905, as a result of my own investigations (see pamphlet, *Twenty-five years of the Blavatsky Lodge*, p. 28), and at the request of Col. Olcott this was published in the *THEOSOPHIST* of that year. It would be interesting to ascertain which of these two similar statements was first published. As a further proof of the fundamental nature of light, I may say that I have had in my note-books, awaiting a suitable outlet for publication, for several years, a mathematical proof that the force which causes chemical combinations on the earth's surface is the force of terrestrial gravity multiplied by the velocity of light. This one fact, when recognised, will revolutionise existing theories of chemical action, whilst, on the other hand, it will confirm certain statements in *The Secret Doctrine* (Vol. I, p. 654).

THE 'RAJPUT HERALD' ON MRS. BESANT

[The *Rajput Herald* is a well-edited and high-class monthly issued in London, and patronised by most of the leading Indian Princes. We thank it for its generous advocacy.—ED.]

We regret to see that Mrs. Annie Besant is the target of attack in Madras newspapers. We are not concerned with the case now before the Madras High Court,¹ and we reserve our comments on it, as it is *sub judice*. But we can unhesitatingly assert that Mrs. Annie Besant, than whom India possesses no truer friend, is above all suspicion. Not even her vilest enemies have ever pretended to cast aspersions on her sincerity. All her speeches and writings are consistent with her actions, and we must have sunk very low indeed if we were to repay her life-long work on behalf of India by our cynical suspicion. Her part in moulding the destinies of India forms a brilliant chapter of modern Indian history, and we will do well to take stock of her herculean efforts towards the regeneration of India before sitting in judgment on her conduct. In one of our earlier numbers we published a character sketch of that remarkable woman, who, for sincerity, genius, and true devotion to the cause of India, stands almost unrivalled in the world. This woman bore patiently all contumely and contempt, the penalty which all sincere men and women have to pay for their sincerity, and doggedly pursued her course with one end and aim in view—to reveal the greatness of the East to the West. That was her mission in life when she joined the Theosophical Society, and that has been her mission ever since. At a time when the apostles of Western creeds are prone to look askance at Eastern sages, and sneer and jeer at the sacred lore of the East, it is Mrs. Besant that is upholding our cause and maintaining our dignity. We would be false to ourselves and to our great religion if we were to belittle the significance of her important work on behalf of India and the Hindū religion. We hope that the present discontent expressed in the Southern Presidency towards her work is nothing but a mere cloud of misplaced suspicion which will float away at the sight of the bright rays of our duty and gratitude. We appeal to our countrymen in Southern India, who seem to stand in the vanguard of the anti-Theosophical agitation, to exercise patience and dispassionately think of the enormous services which Mrs. Besant and the Theosophical Society have rendered to India.

¹ We are happy to see that the Theosophical Society has emerged triumphantly out of the ordeal. [ED. R.H.]

AN APPRECIATION

London, prolific of surprises, can offer no spectacle so amazing as the Queen's Hall when Mrs. Besant is lecturing there. From the floor to the topmost gallery all the seats seem to be occupied by eager, intelligent listeners. An impression of an animated, well-dressed, highly thoughtful audience forms in one's mind as one settles down to listen and observe. Murmurs and rustlings and movements, glimpses of sharply defined individualities among the audience and a background of undistinguished masses of people hold the attention. Then a faint and uncertain noise of hand-clapping, which ceases as the whole audience rises as Mrs. Besant makes her way across the platform to the centre, a dignified, impressive figure, robed in white and gold, with silver hair and strong face.

Pausing only to remove her gloves, while the assembly settles down, Mrs. Besant steps on to the brass-railed dais raised slightly above the platform level, and begins her lecture. Without notes, without a pause, with no halting, uncertain searching after words to clothe her thoughts, she speaks for more than an hour. It is a steady flow which can be compared with nothing but the movement of a broad, deep river. As a physical feat it is wonderful; as a mental and spiritual achievement it is amazing. One listens with interest that deepens into a positive fascination. Only two slight bursts of applause broke the full-voiced, sweeping stream of the oration, and these, though they came at the end of two striking passages, were more in the nature of a relief to both audience and speaker than the conventional applause which punctuates the ordinary good speaker's utterance. The applause scarcely serves to break the thread of sympathy or relax the attention which Mrs. Besant claims from her hearers, and which they give without a conscious effort. The lecture is so closely woven, and moves on so steadily step by step, that if one's attention wavers one recovers to find a gap through which a necessary part of the argument has dropped. Literally the lecture requires almost as much from the audience as from the speaker in the way of concentration and close application of the faculties. Not that the argument is

Although modern science supplies us with theories of light, which give fairly true results under mathematical treatment, it does not enable us to form mental concepts, which make us realise its truly fundamental nature. For this purpose we need to resort to occult sources, and even there the information is, at present, a little meagre. The Stanzas of Dzyan (III, X and XII), give valuable hints, I think, as to the nature of light, but only a few lines of explanation is vouchsafed to us (*S. D.*, I, pp. 111 and 113). *Occult Chemistry*, (pp. 5-7) gives further information, particularly where it describes the streams of force pouring into and out of the atom, but here again much seems to be left unsaid. We are told in *The Secret Doctrine*, (I, 521) that for the Occultist, light is both Spirit and Matter, although in one sense, matter is only the illusive dregs of light, whose rays are the creative forces. One pole of the ocean of light is Spirit, and the other matter in which it condenses (522). Before Science can fathom the ultimate nature of light, it must first admit its substantial nature (I, 560). A complete scientific corroboration of the above statements will be found in the *Philosophical Magazine* for November 1908, where in a 'Revision of the Fundamental Laws of Matter and Energy,' Dr. Gilbert N. Lewis is obliged to revert to a "modified corpuscular theory of light," in which "a beam of light has MASS, momentum, and energy, travelling with the velocity of light" (p. 716.) Should this theory turn out correct, the substantial nature of light, will be fully demonstrated. But it would appear that no purely physical explanation of light can ever be quite satisfactory, since it is said to be a link between life and form, a kind of bridge between consciousness and matter. Light is an electro-magnetic phenomenon, according to modern theory, and it is due to Fohat, the Light of the Logos, and the two are not really separate but only polarised (*Study in Consciousness*, p. 35). Atoms are formed by the flow of the life-force known as Fohat, the first life-wave of the third Logos, and the persistence of flow maintains their existence (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6). When seen from a higher plane, these atoms appear as rays. A Cosmic Atom becomes seven Atoms on the plane of Matter, and seven Rays on the plane of Spirit (*S. D.*, I, 696).

It would seem that what we know as Light, Life, Fohat, Atom, Electricity, Magnetism, are in some way, inextricably interlinked. They are one process under different aspects; the primary aspects are the two poles and the line joining them, and this joining line is a ray of light. The number three is sacred to light (*S. D.*, II, 624) and its fundamental properties can, perhaps, be indicated, or shadowed forth by means of a

figure of three elements, viz., a circle, a centre, and a diameter. Let the centre symbolise an atom, the two radii two rays of light issuing from the atom in opposite directions, with the velocity of light. Let the atom consist of spirals of koilon bubbles, and the two radiating rays of the same bubbles be arranged in lines. When the koilon bubbles reach the circumference of the circle, let the bubbles collapse and vanish. Then if the number of bubbles in the spirals of the central atom is the same as in each of the rays, conditions are fulfilled which satisfy several requirements of modern scientific theories, and seem also in some respects to illustrate occult teaching. In order to maintain the process, there needs to be a continual production of new koilon bubbles, within the atom, by the Life-Force, or Breath of the Logos. This introduces a fourth element, viz., Life, and four is the number sacred to Life (*loc. cit.*). If now the mass of the atom is proportionate to the number of koilon bubbles in its spirals, then the energy in the rays is the mass of the atom multiplied by the square of velocity, so that the relation of mass to energy is the same as in the theory of Einstein, above described. Since the rays issuing from the atom are equal and opposite, the reaction on the atom is also equal and opposite, hence it has no tendency to move in either direction; if now a force be applied so as to move the atom along the diameter, with unit velocity from left to right, the velocity of the ray issuing from the left will be increased by this amount, and the velocity of the right ray will be equally diminished. The koilon bubbles may be pictured as being produced by little pulses of the Logic Life-Breath, and by moving the atom a few of these pulses along the right ray are forced back and made to move along the left; thus the force which causes motion in matter is directly opposed by the Life-Force of the Logos, and this opposition constitutes that fundamental property of matter, known as Inertia. This explains the statement in *The Secret Doctrine* (I, 557) that Inertia is the greatest of the Occult Forces, for it is based directly upon the Great Breath of the Logos; if this were checked for an instant, the whole physical world of matter would vanish and melt away like a cloud in the empyrean (*Occult Chemistry*, p. 6). It will thus be seen that, motion once started, the velocities of the two rays are no longer equal; hence their reaction on the atom will cease to be equal; the ray on the left being quicker will cause a greater reaction in the direction of the original motion, and will thus press forward the atom continuously in this direction, so that motion once begun will be continued indefinitely. In this way the two well known properties of inertia receive an adequate explanation. The above illustration is only intended to give the germ of an idea, on which the intuition of students can be exercised; it is not implied that this is the actual process of

nature; many modifications can be made, and complexities added without affecting the principle involved. The outpourings through the atoms, as described in *Occult Chemistry*, would have, I think, the same mechanical properties as the above two rays. The properties of inertia, above explained, are embodied by Newton in his first and second laws of motion, where he assumes their existence without attempting to account for them; when explained as above they become deductions from the third law, the law of the equality of action and reaction, which thus becomes the one fundamental law of natural and occult physics. By means of his assumed inertia laws, Newton drew a veil over the underlying occult forces of nature, and was able to explain celestial mechanics by gravity alone. Gravity is a very weak force; it is sufficient for the purposes of Astronomy, but quite insufficient for the purposes of Astrology. By lifting the Newtonian veil, and disclosing to view the immensely greater forces locked up in the atom and the light-ray, we at once pass from Astronomy to the occult science of Astrology, where the operations of the mysterious Fohat become the proper subject of study.

G. E. Sutcliffe

I would venture to allude to the relations of scientific progress to religion. Putting aside the troubles connected with special creeds and churches, and the claims of the clerical profession to certain funds and employments, to the exclusion of laymen, it should, I think, be recognised that there is no essential antagonism between the scientific spirit and what is called the religious sentiment. "Religion," said Bishop Creighton, "means the knowledge of our destiny and of the means of fulfilling it." We can say no more and no less of Science. Men of Science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting. They claim sympathy and friendship with those who, like themselves, have turned away from the more material struggles of human life, and have set their hearts and minds on the knowledge of the Eternal.

The Kingdom of Man: SIR RAY LANKESTER

REVIEWS

The Satakas or Wise Sayings of Bhartrihari, translated from the *Sanskrit* with Notes and Introduction on Indian Philosophy, by J. M. Kennedy. (T. Werner Laurie, Ltd., London. Price Rs. 2-12 or 3s. 6d. or 90c.)

The name of Bhartrihari is not unknown to students of Indian poetry, grammar and philosophy. His age is not precisely fixed: Mr. Kennedy assigns him to the eighth or ninth century A. D., stating that many authorities put him as far back as the second century. Macdonell's *Sanskrit Literature* gives 650 A. D. as the date of his death, as the Chinese traveller I Tsing, who spent more than twenty years in India at the end of the seventh century, refers to Bhartrihari. According to Indian tradition the poet-philosopher was the brother of King Vikramaditya, and passed his youth in a life of debauchery and profligacy. He took to the life of asceticism by turns, and I Tsing records that "having turned Buddhist monk, the poet again became a layman and fluctuated altogether seven times between the monastery and the world" (Macdonell). The Introductory Preface gives scanty information about the author, for which reason the book must be regarded as not complete; it gives however a clever summary of Indian philosophy—the Six Schools and the *Bhagavad-Gītā*—which, because of the author's sympathy, is not so wooden and lifeless as are the expositions of certain Orientalists.

Bhartrihari is famous for his three Satakas (wise sayings called Centuries). The first, the Niti Sataka (Century of Ethics and Morality) deals with the science of conduct, and the aphorisms are not common-place and are sometimes distinctly striking. Bhartrihari says:

The laws regulating behaviour are indeed difficult to learn, and can hardly be mastered, even by the ascetic. The man who wishes to be respectfully silent is liable to be looked upon as dumb: the man who talks agreeably may be thought too forward. If a man stands near at hand, he may be regarded as troublesome, and if he stand far off, people may call him cold-hearted. The patient man may be branded as timid, and the impetuous man is looked upon as ill-bred.

We find that the Century is full of excellent hints which may be found of practical utility and we might quote a few here:

God has given to man a cloak whereby he can conceal his ignorance; and in this cloak he can enwrap himself at any moment, for it always lies near his hand. This cloak is Silence: an ornament peculiarly fitted for an ignorant man in the company of wise men.

If a man have patience, why should he need armour? But if he have anger in his heart, what other enemy need he fear? If he have knowledge, why should he need fire to consume evil? If he live among evil-disposed people, why need he be afraid of serpents? If he possess perfect wisdom, why should he strive for wealth? If he be modest, why should he require ornaments? If the muses are his friends, why should he need a kingdom?

There are sufficient inward adornments adequate for the man of noble mind without the necessity for a more evident display—liberality for his hand; reverence towards the priesthood for his head; true speech for his mouth; power for his arms; happiness for his heart; and the holy Vedas, properly understood, for his ears.

The second, the Vairagya Sataka (Century of Dispassion) is full of fine pathos and is often sublime in its denunciation of the life of the senses, but even in the midst of ecstatic vairagya the oscillating disposition of Bhartrihari from asceticism to worldliness manifests in such mischievous verses as:

If there are songs in front of you, skilful poets from the south on one side of you and dancing girls with tinkling ankles and pearls behind you; then, my friend, enjoy the pleasures of the senses which these things may afford you. But O my mind, if you have not these things, then plunge into devout meditation freeing thyself from all thought.

We must quote the beautiful touch of non-attachment that enables an orthodox Hindû to exclaim:

What profit can be drawn from the Vedas or the Smriti or from the reading of the Puranas or the tiresome Shastras, or even in the innumerable and bewildering multitude of ceremonial actions that lead to a resting-place in the heavenly tabernacles? In comparison with that final fire which is to consume the creations of this wearying burden of sorrow which we know as existence—the fire that will in the end unite us with the Supreme Spirit—all else is but the mere bargaining of merchants.

We cannot do justice to this Century by extracting from it, and it should be read wholly if one wants to enjoy its beauty or profit by its teachings.

The Sringa Sataka is full of eroticism and brings an unpleasant feature into the book, but Mr. Kennedy could not omit the Section from his volume, and, as he rightly says, "there are many passages in the Song of Solomon to which as much objection may be taken as to some of the aphorisms of Bhartrihari". The sayings are of course not flawless but the flights of spirituality, even of a man pulled by the Inner God on one side and by kâmic propensities on the other, are worth a perusal and a pondering over.

This is the first of a new Series "Library of Eastern Thoughts and Letters," and we shall look forward with eager interest for the succeeding volumes. Theosophical Lodge Libraries may be strongly advised to put this collection of Bhartrihari's Wisdom-Sayings on their shelf.

B. P. W.

Kings and Gods of Egypt, by Alexandre Moret. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

Egypt has become literally a name to conjure with. The magnificent vista of civilisations revealed by its monuments and their inscriptions has been brought so near to us by the labours of devoted Egyptologists that a few thousand years seem but as yesterday. When therefore we meet this fascinating subject presented in popular form by an eminent authority, we are not surprised to find a volume of rare interest.

M. Moret has woven into his design four distinct colourings—the historical, the mystic, the artistic, and the scientific; so that most temperaments will find some point of contact. The historical element is supplied in the chapters on Queen Hatshopsitu, Amenophis IV, and some legendary travels of the Egyptians in Asia. The mystic and religious aspect receives close attention in the chapters on the Passion of Osiris, the immortality of the soul, moral retribution throughout the ages, and the Mysteries of Isis. The artistic side, represented throughout by many fine illustrations, is prominent in the chapter on Homer and Egypt and in the descriptions of ceremonies and temples, notably that of Deir-el-Bahari built by Queen Hatshopsitu; while the chapter on the reading of hieroglyphics affords a fine example of the application of scientific enquiry to a philological problem.

All the selections that have been made have a peculiarly modern ring about them; for instance we read that the question of women's rights was raised as early as 1,500 B. C. in the person of Queen Hatshopsitu, a veritable Elizabeth, who established her claim to the throne in the face of opposition and gave the impetus for a wide-spread artistic revival. Again, Amenophis IV, the religious reformer, better known as Akhnaton, at once enlists our admiration for the purity and breadth of his ideals no less than for his remarkable achievement in overthrowing, if only for his own life-time, the degenerate priesthood and its narrowing tyrannies; truly he has bequeathed a rich legacy in his noble hymn to Aton (the solar disc), which is published in full.

But to the Theosophist, Egypt is above all things the home of the Mysteries, and so we eagerly turn to the graphic accounts here given of the cults of Isis and Osiris. The familiar

drama of the World-Saviour who comes to earth to teach and bless, who is murdered by the envious adversary, is sought by his sorrowing mother, and finally rises again the Redeemer victorious over death and hell, has been portrayed with insight and scholarship; and, though the author gives it as his opinion that this myth took rise in the popular worship of the corn seed, he evidently also senses the higher meaning through which the parallels with other religions stand out in unmistakable significance. On the Mysteries of Isis M. Moret waxes enthusiastic, carrying us right into their later Roman setting with picturesque and vivid descriptions. His reference to the initiation which Apuleius relates in his *Metamorphoses*, and his own guesses as to the secrets revealed are quite striking, though we wonder that he does not go a step farther and accept the obviously literal meaning in the plain statement that he quotes:

Hear, then, and believe, for what I tell is true. I drew nigh to the confines of death. I trod the threshold of Proserpine, I was borne through all the elements and returned to earth again. I saw the sun gleaming with bright splendour at dead of night; I approached the gods above and the gods below, and worshipped them face to face. Behold, I have told thee things of which, though thou hast heard them, thou must yet know naught.

Classical scholars will doubtless find much suggestive material in the resemblances cited between some Egyptian customs and some that appear in the Homeric epics, while the chapter on the reading of hieroglyphics narrates with great clearness the romantic history of the recovery of the lost script, giving a fair idea of the difficulties encountered by the earlier investigators and the manner in which they were eventually surmounted by the scientific genius of Champollion and his successors. In this connection it is interesting to note that the hint which finally put Champollion on the right track came from the writings (*Stromata*) of that great Christian Gnostic, Clement of Alexandria.

We may add that in addition to the sixteen handsome full-page plates and the twenty smaller illustrations, there is a map representing the country and its vicinity at the period with which the book mainly deals. We have every reason to anticipate that this admirable production will repeat the success of the author's former work, *In the Time of the Pharaohs*, and we gladly commend it to all students who can appreciate the support which recognised science is giving to Theosophical statements.

W. D. S. B.

*The People's Books*¹ (T. C. and E. C. Jack, London and Edinburgh. Price Ans. 6 or 6d or 12c.)

Marriage and Motherhood, by H. S. Davidson, M. B.

The fact that this subject is handled with knowledge and care by an eminent physician, should make it of great practical value to all mothers and wives. From the point of view of the New School it treats of the important function of bearing children, and clearly indicates how dangers may be avoided and normal conditions induced. The benefit and advantages of possessing this well-written treatise on this universal subject, should be far-reaching.

Wordsworth, by Rosaline Masson.

This pleasing and interesting life-story of the great poet outlines the harmony of his simple life, and the themes it inspired for his description and interpretation of Nature. His uncongenial college days at Cambridge, when he was known as the poet idler, are described, and also his happy days with his sister Dorothy and Coleridge when they were "three people and one soul". The tardy recognition of his poetry is attributed to three causes: his entire lack of humour, the "sluggishness of the average mind," and the deliberate and prolonged persecutions of the Editor Jeffrey. Wordsworth is said to have excelled in poetry, metaphysics, theology, ethics and politics, and the completeness of his life's story in this handy volume is due to the well-chosen details by the author.

G. G.

Weather Science, by R. G. K. Lempfert, M. A.

One of the afflictions of the human race is its liability to rapid and unexpected changes of weather. It may safely be said, then, that we are all to some extent interested in such a description of the way in which meteorological changes may be foretold, as is contained in this little book. A concise account is given of the conditions under which clouds are formed, of the laws governing the movements of storms, how weather charts are constructed, and how forecasts are prepared. A grasp of the principles here so clearly explained will

¹ This admirable and cheap popular series is obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

enable one to read with intelligence the weather charts and reports of the daily newspapers and to have a fair idea of the more marked changes to be expected. Mr. Lempfert mentions an interesting fact of which, probably, the majority of our readers are not aware, namely that there is a close connection between India and Argentina:

Thus a comparison of the monthly means of pressure observed at the Argentine Observatory at Cordoba, with corresponding values from India, shows that these two regions are, as it were, in opposition to one another. When pressure in India is in excess of the normal pressure, the Argentine is in defect of its normal, and *vice versa*. There is, in fact, an oscillation between these two widely separated regions which has been described, not inaptly, as a barometric see-saw (p. 82.)

We should have liked a little fuller account of the more elementary meteorological phenomena. We do not find, for example, any account of the relation of dew-point to temperature as enabling the observer to foretell a coming frost—a matter of great importance to farmers and horticulturalists. Also in the beginning of the book, in discussing the relation of temperature to air compression, it is stated (pp. 18, 19) that the variation is at the rate of 1° F. for every 180 feet of change of level, while at the end of the book in discussing the Stratosphere (p. 85) and under Inversions (p. 88) it is said that the regular fall of temperature with increasing height is at the rate of 1° F. for each rise of 300 feet. The two statements appear to be at variance, and of this no explanation is given. In so far as the broad principles of weather science are concerned the book is very well done. It contains a small Bibliography and an Index.

C. R. H.

The Training of the Child. A Parent's Manual, by G. Spiller.

The moral education of children is a subject which has been so far in the history of child-study comparatively neglected. The laws governing the physical and intellectual growth of the child have received much more attention than have those which obtain in the equally important realm of character-building. Mr. Spiller's *Training of the Child* is an attempt to furnish a hand-book for parents which will serve as a guide in the difficult task of systematising the home-training of their children. The first part is devoted to the consideration of general problems—questions relating to the attitude of parents and teachers to each other and to their charges, the home

atmosphere, punishment, and so forth. In the second part the author traces the child's development from birth to the age of twenty-one and describes, one by one, the successive stages of growth through which the normal human being passes, pointing out the dangers characteristic of each, and suggesting methods by which these may be avoided or their effects minimised. An enormous amount of information is concentrated into the ninety-three small pages. But this is a small defect and one on the right side. The educational plan sketched is very interesting and the general tone of the book is exceedingly healthy and positive. Great emphasis is laid on the necessity of order and cheerfulness and self-control in our dealings with the young. In working out the details of his plan the author shows great ingenuity and love of children. Among the many schemes and devices suggested as ways of training "without tears," all, even those well practised in the art of managing children, will find something new and helpful.

- *The-Baby. A Mother's Book* by a Mother, by a University Woman.

Mothers, nurses, and all who are in any way occupied with the care of children will find this little book a valuable possession. The views expressed therein are the outcome of the experience of a mother who has watched and tended her three babies, children of average physique and heredity, and steered them safely through the dangers and difficulties of babyhood. Her success and the health of her children is due merely, she says, to her having observed certain simple precautions. These she describes in her book. The advice given is eminently sensible. That portion of the book which deals with childish diseases and their treatment has been carefully revised by a doctor, and it has been so arranged that, by the use of the Index at the end of the volume, information regarding any one of the common ailments of children may be found at a moment's notice. The questions of food, clothing, and exercise are discussed in a way which show the author to be practical and well-informed. The hints given should prove exceedingly useful.

Wellington and Waterloo, by Major G. W. Redway.

A brief sketch of the life of Wellington; a short outline of the Peninsular war; the story of the events culminating in

Waterloo and an account of the battle itself in some detail; these are the contents of the book. The author has contrived to combine extreme compactness with great charm of style. Well-chosen telling little anecdotes relieve what might otherwise have been a rather monotonous record of facts and names and dates, as so many incidents are recounted in so small a space. Two maps, showing the positions occupied by the contending parties at different times during the campaign add materially to the usefulness of the volume.

A. de L.

Psychic Control through Self-Knowledge, by Walter Winston Kenilworth. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Kenilworth is the author of three other named works as well as of two 'etceteras' and so we suppose his books must have a certain popularity with lay Theosophists and those who find pure Theosophy too strong for them, and for this reason we might commend this volume to those who accumulate libraries for propaganda purposes and try to suit all classes. His knowledge seems to rest on a very sound basis, as he refers frequently to the Vedas and once quotes the *Voice of the Silence*, and many of his statements are well and tersely put: e.g., "Religious reformation is the purging process which removes superstition and ignorance," "Courage, fearlessness, and cheerfulness are characteristic of those who know Self." One cannot help feeling however, that Mr. Kenilworth might have written less, had he read a little more Theosophy, or at any rate might have written more connectedly. Personally we found the book rather tiring to read. All the paragraphs are long and are what are technically called 'loose,' beginning with short didactic statements and filled with short sentences—once we found that six consecutive sentences mustered but twenty-five words. The result on one's nerves is rather that of a strenuous day of maxim gun practice.

E. G. H.

The Chain of Ob, by St. Clair Harnett. (Andrew Melrose, London. Price 6s.)

A strange story in which the astral plane plays a great part, in which dream-world wonders are narrated by the hero who bears the "Chain of Ob," or "The Ring of Satan," or "Satan's Bracelet," and is therefore "reputed wondrous tender to influences from unseen worlds and ghostly visitors". Our hero, who is a twentieth-century man, goes to sleep in an old mansion and finds himself a living entity in the reign of James II and fulfils his destiny in being evoked by his lady-love by means of certain witch-spells; he is only "a phantom from the future," he is "not yet born but conjured from the future". Here is a new kind of ghost—not the traditional one from that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller is supposed to return, but one who has not yet been born and is therefore not dead, who is yet to come to birth and life. This new conception is well worked out, but it would have been wonderfully improved by a little Theosophical knowledge of the astral plane and the akāshic records. The story is, moreover, very incomplete; if Rosalys and her companions of the seventeenth century had been made to reincarnate in the group of Eve Sparks of our generation, the tale would have gained a tone and finishing touches which now it lacks. Mr. Harnett is decidedly a clever writer, and his originality of thought and fluency of language make *The Chain of Ob* worth a perusal.

B. P. W.

De Sprookjes van Moeder de Gans, hun oorsprong en beteekenis, published by the author P. Pieters, Jr, Amsterdam. Price fl 0. 35.

Mr. Pieters has already shown on previous occasions that he is thoroughly in love with fairy tales and folk-lore. Here he gives us a small essay on the stories of Mother Goose, their origin and signification. Being a student of Theosophy and at the same time well acquainted with scholarly research on the subject, he is in a position to lay before us a quite interesting and instructive conclusion. For those having to do with the bringing up of children the booklet may serve the very useful purpose of being used as a starting point for imparting ethical, philosophical and even occult or Theosophical instruction in a form thoroughly adapted to the age of young pupils.

J. v. M.

Human Affection and Divine Love, by Svāmi Abhedananda. (The Vedānta Society, New York.)

The well-known author describes the charm, the worth and the necessity of human affection as being one of the inherent powers that govern and evolve all lives. In animals it manifests as animal love, and clings as such to human beings who worship the physical body and seek bodily comforts as the be-all and end-all of life. Human love ill-directed causes humanity to commit murder, theft, robbery, and indulge in other vices; it becomes divine love only when it seeks no return for self, when fearlessness and non-attachment are gained. Since the fulness of Love cannot be found in human love, it is advised that the Eternal Ideal be made the object of all human affection, in all human relationships. The book contains sayings of Shri Ramakrishna at the end, and is very daintily bound.

G. G.

God and the Universe, by G. W. De Tunzelmann, B. Sc. (S. P. C. K., London. Price 4s. net.)

This is one of the best books of its kind that we have read. It is a brilliant application of strictly scientific reasoning to the problem which its title indicates. The author gives ample proof that the day is now past when science could be appealed to in support of materialistic propaganda, scathingly exposing the pseudo-science of discarded hypotheses by which street-corner oratory still attempts to impose on the obstinately ignorant. He then boldly turns to rational philosophy for a conception of the universe which is frankly derived from the ancient oriental schools, but which, needless to say, loses none of its original grandeur by illuminating the deeper teachings of Christianity.

The scheme of presentation is progressive and logical. The reader watches the virtual construction of three successive world-models, the mechanical world-model, the energy world-model, and the mind world-model. None of these is supplanted by the succeeding one, but each in turn is shown to be inadequate to explain the facts beyond a certain point. Thus we are led step by step to admit that the mechanical world-model, which may be taken as the expression of Newton's observations, fails to satisfy the demands of the later discoveries in electro-chemistry. Experimental science is then seen enlisting the services of the mathematician

to suggest properties of the ether capable of correlating the forms of energy associated with electric discharge; and so the transition from a basis of matter to one of energy is rendered intelligible as the inevitable outcome of the reduction of the chemical atom into electrons. Here we are brought up in our enquiry by the apparent dissipation of energy common to all physical systems, and the author urges with reason that the agency of intelligence alone can account for either the production or the maintenance of energy in concentrated form. Here it is of interest to Theosophists to note that he speaks of the idea of ingress and egress of etheric currents to and from a four-dimensional universe as not only legitimate and mathematically demonstrable, but even preferable to other conceptions; while positive and negative electrons are spoken of as 'sources' and 'sinks' situated on the boundary between the three-dimensional and four-dimensional universes, so that currents can pass through their-nuclei in one of two directions. Arguments are next adduced for regarding mind as a source of energy, and the logical sequel follows in the formulation of a mind world-model in which Universal Mind is the ultimate source of all energy.

From this position we are led on to man's relation to God as the Eternal Self-Consciousness, and find here and there passages which for directness compare favourably with many an exposition of yoga. We cannot help feeling rather out of our depth when reading of Absoluto-Infinite Being in conjunction with personality, and perhaps the writer sometimes feels the same, but at least there is no attempt to hide behind words such as impersonal. The life of Jesus is introduced with freshness and dignity, and the reader is left free to choose between three interpretations of His teaching on future existence. Two very practical chapters define the author's outlook on social progress and his objections to the theories of the Socialist party and others of still more drastic tendency; nor must we forget a friendly passage of arms with Bergson. We are indeed glad that what was once a series of lectures has been embodied in book form, and congratulate the S.P.C.K. and the Christian Evidence Committee, under whose direction it has been published, on the adoption of a really scientific and philosophical line of propaganda.

W. D. S. B.

Songs of the Dead End, by Patrick MacGill. (The Year Book Press, London. Price 3s. 6d.)

Ours is not an age of poetry, though books and volumes of verse are published. Since the passing away of Browning and Tennyson and Swinburne the aristocracy of poetry is dethroned and a middle class—the working class of journalism—has assumed the charge of uplifting mankind and the result is versification, clever, often admirable, sometimes inspiring, but rarely truly poetic. Patrick MacGill at the age of twelve began life as a farm hand “where his day’s work began at five o’clock in the morning and went on till eleven at night through summer and winter”. Then from fourteen to twenty-one he was “either a farm hand, drainer, tramp, hammer-man, navvy, plate-layer or wrestler” and during this time his inner life was devoted to the worship of the Muses. When he was nineteen he published *Gleanings from a Navvy’s Scrap-book*, which was a success. While working on a second volume he changed his occupation and went on the staff of the *Daily Express*, a post which he subsequently relinquished and then published *Songs of a Navvy*. Both the volumes having gone out of print “he has put together some of the pieces out of either, re-written others and added fresh ones” and the result is the volume before us. The poems look like Kipling’s and are reminiscent of him, but they are written with a certain feeling which give them a charm of their own. The volume is as excellent a book of verse as we have come across for many months and the personal experience makes Mr. MacGill’s verse so interesting that we read it often with pleasure, occasionally with admiration.

B. P. W.

Greek and Roman Ghost Stories, by L. Collison Morley. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. Price 3s.)

Although this book is a scholarly production containing much that is of interest to the psychologist, and we are therefore duly grateful to the author for what it is, we cannot lay it down without a sigh as to what, in the hands of a *raconteur* who understood how to create the proper atmosphere for a ghost story, it might have been. A touch of the magic wand of Mr. Algernon Blackwood, for example, would make all the difference to this little volume of Greek and Roman stories, which are presented to us with all the aloofness of a librarian

checking a catalogue. However we must not be too critical, and our readers will certainly appreciate the story of the ghost of the gnat which we take (abbreviated) from among a number of equally good tales, selecting it because the animal apparition is so much more rare than the human.

A shepherd falls asleep in the shade by a cool fountain, for his midday rest. Suddenly a snake appears upon the scene and prepares to sting the shepherd. A passing gnat sees the danger and wakes the shepherd by stinging him in the eye. He springs up angrily, brushes it off with his hand, and dashes it lifeless to the ground. Then to his horror he sees the snake, and promptly kills it with the branch of a tree. While he lies asleep that night, the ghost of the gnat appears to him in a dream and bitterly reproaches him. When he wakes, the shepherd is afraid of being continually haunted by the ghost of his tiny benefactor. He therefore sets to work to raise a mound in honour of the gnat and cuts on a marble slab the following inscription: “Little gnat, the shepherd dedicates to thee thy meed of a tomb in return for the life thou gavest him.”

There is also a poetical little tale of the death of Philemon, the comic poet. We conclude with a passing reference to the Plinies which may interest our readers:

The elder Pliny... wrote his account of the German wars entirely because he dreamt that Drusus had appeared to him and implored him to preserve his name from oblivion. The Plinies were undoubtedly two of the ablest and most enlightened men of their time; and the belief in the value of dreams is certainly not extinct among us yet.

We are glad the author holds this opinion.

K. F. S.

Abbas Effendi, His Life and Teachings, by Myron H. Phelps. (G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York and London. Price 6s. net.)

This book is likely to attain to ready popularity, owing to the increased and wide-spread interest in Bahaism, or the religion founded in 1844 by the Persian Bab and his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. It contains an interesting introduction by Professor E. G. Browne and a portrait of Abbas Effendi, whose life history is told by his sister at their home of exile in Akka, to which the author made a pilgrimage in order to gain a first hand knowledge of the subject. It narrates the persecutions, imprisonment, martyrdom and exile of the

entire family and the early followers of the faith; also their hardships endured at Teheran and Baghdad, their expulsion from Constantinople and Adrianople, and thence to Akka. This New Dispensation marks another era of liberality, in its aim to stimulate and revive all religions, which it recognises as being equally divine, and with teachings differing in degree only to suit the capacities of the evolving races to which they come. It also recognises a common source of truth and divine authority in each Manifestation to guide and instruct the world in the fundamental truths, and has the high ambition of attempting to infuse new spirit into what have become mere forms of religion. "Love and good-will to man" is the keynote of the teaching, and self-discipline its first aim; for it claims where there is contention, there cannot be the higher conception of truth. The elaborate code of moral and social ethics written in forms of epistles, maxims or 'tablets,' claim nothing of originality, but are re-statements of truth such as were contained in the teachings of earlier saints and sages. The fact that several millions in Persia alone are followers of this faith, proves that its influence is a power in the world. The author adds a number of the discourses he heard personally from Abbas Effendi, and also sayings from the writings of Beha Ullah.

G. G.

Rays of the Dawn, or Fresh Teaching on some New Testament Problems, by a Watcher. (Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. London.)

Written by one who describes herself as "having grown up in the School of the prophets rather than of the priests," this book is admittedly written under inspiration and with a mission "to point the way to a better understanding of the Scriptures and to a knowledge above the criticism and beliefs based upon the letter". The present work however gives internal evidence of being written by one who has carefully studied both Biblical criticism and psychic research, and is written with more sense of literary form than is found in many of these automatically written productions. It deals with the psychic phenomena of the principal events in the life of Jesus and gives 'thoughts' on the Illumination of the Apostles Paul, John, and Peter, with 'teachings' on the various epistles. It

is also written—and here its chief interest will lie for many—to prepare the way of the Coming Christ, with which Coming several of the author's seven visions are concerned. The first vision is the "Nearness of the Coming Christ"; another deals with "the preparation for the Coming," in which the seer saw a vision of people working very hard lifting heavy stones, and was told she might be a helper if she liked, and began to work. The final vision shows Christ's probable reception—rejection by the Churches and reception by the poor and oppressed being again His lot. The explanation of the meaning of the Star in the East has also its interest:

It was part of the story of the Heavens for earth's reading. In this star, Easterns felt a great moment for the world had come; though they could not explain why, they felt impelled to search for a new-born child, who should rule both East and West. They in the East saw His star appearing in the West. This signifies that the two halves of the world should be unified by a common object of worship. This is coming about, though many in the East and West are not aware that it is the Christ who is drawing them into this one-ness. His Second Coming will again be the focus, as the first was, of a common worship and wonder.

E. S.

The Principles of Astrological Geomancy, by Franz Hartmann. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London Price 3s. 6d. net.)

Geomancy, the dictionary says, means the art of divination from dots made on the ground or, later, on paper. Sixteen such lines are made without counting the dots and, from these, four figures are constructed according as the lines contain an even or odd number of dots, and from these, further figures and so on, until one has fifteen figures, the fifteenth being the 'Judge' and giving the final answer to the question asked. A more elaborate answer can be obtained by the construction of an astrological house and a combination of astrological and geomantic methods. In fact the book is one that should interest all students of Astrology. Those to whom the statement that time does not exist on the highest planes and that the past, present and future are all co-existent in the Absolute, may possibly be led to believe by Dr. Hartmann's arguments that it is possible, by stilling the intermediate vehicles, to bring through some knowledge of this ever-present future on to our limited three-dimensional physical plane, and that his own experience of eighty-three per cent of correct replies to questions may be due to something else besides coincidence, fraud, or delusion.

E. G. H.

Ancient Egyptian Legends, by M. A. Murray. (WISDOM OF THE EAST Series.¹ John Murray, London. Price Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.)

This is a book intended not for the scholar but for the public, and contains eleven interesting legends of miscellaneous Egyptian Gods, of Osiris and the deities connected with him, and of Ra. The author's way of telling them is attractive, and as the public is eager more and more to learn about ancient Egypt and her mysterious Gods these legends will no doubt find a ready sale. The Notes at the end are instructive, and the serious student will find them very useful. These short stories of a nation of yore are worth reading, and will give the voracious novel-reader excellent food for a few leisure hours—and they will be well spent. To the instructed Theosophist the book will appeal more, and in these mere legends he will find many of his teachings told in a way, sometimes unique, sometimes novel, but always very instructive.

B. P. W.

The Adyar Bulletin—July. Mrs. Besant writes on 'What Theosophy has to say to the Australian Workers,' and gives an interesting account of her recent activities in 'From the Editor'. A charming and sympathetic nature sketch is provided by Lignus, and Mr. Lazenby writes originally in 'The Awakening of the Fool'. Of the permanent features in the magazine, 'Students in Council' discuss 'Minor Initiations'. 'When Friends Meet' contains a conversation on the progress of the soul—probably the most interesting conversation the 'Friends' have as yet recorded. This number is very good and quite up to the standard the magazine set itself at the beginning of the year.

The third volume of *Theosophy in Scotland* has reached us. Tastefully bound, it presents a charming appearance. This magazine seems especially suited for its purpose and contains every month notes from the various Lodges, and all Theosophic activities of niterest are chronicled. The Scottish Society is to be congratulated on having put forth such an excellent volume in the third year of its age.

¹ Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OPENING SPEECH AT THE STOCKHOLM CONGRESS

Now with regard to our policy. You have in Sweden a good deal to face because, for some reason (probably to make you strong for your work in the future) all the difficulties of the Society have here found a battleground, so that the differences of views are very clearly enunciated, and you have to realise that in your own country the various parties (if I may so call them) connected with this great movement have each found a footing.

That is not, I think, a thing to be regretted. Our policy in regard to these dissident parts of the Theosophical movement is an important thing, and I would venture to suggest what seems to me the wisest policy. With regard, for instance, to that part of the movement which left the Theosophical Society under Mr. Judge and is now headed by Mrs. Tingley, I would earnestly ask you to let all the attack come from that side and not from ours. It is far better that you should not quarrel with them even if they desire to quarrel with you. If you leave to them the whole of the attack and receive it with generosity, with magnanimity and with kindly feeling, then and then alone can you hope that peace will ultimately be secured. It is yours to remember the great words of the Lord Buddha: "Hatred ceases not by hatred at any time; hatred ceases by love." So if for the moment our brethren of the Universal Brotherhood find in hatred their weapon against us, let us use rather the shield of love and not the sword of hatred, and answer with kindness, with generosity and good feeling any of the attacks that they may think right to make upon us.

Realise that with the great majority of assailants, they are working for what they believe to be the truth, and if they make the mistake of thinking that truth is best defended by attacks upon others, then let us give them credit for their good intentions and hope that wisdom may ultimately lead them to choose a better way. So I would ask you not to answer hatred with hatred. Let them do their work and let us do ours. Remember that hatred disintegrates, while love unites, and let us carry out our name of Brotherhood and know no exclusion but remember it is universal.

With regard to our brethren of the German Section who have left the Theosophical Society and enrolled themselves under a new name, surely we can show to them also the same policy of respect. They will probably reach a certain number of people whom as yet we cannot reach. There is the advantage that they are using another name, so that there is not even outwardly any conflict between us. It is true that their

language is a little harsh, but, after all, the harsh language is directed against me personally rather than the Theosophical Society, and the last thing in the world that I wish is that I should be made a bone of contention between two Societies whose aim on both sides is to find the way of truth.

And so I would say with regard to them also, if they attack me, do not respond by attack against their leaders. It was necessary that they should leave us for we cannot in the Society permit any to be excluded, and the very moment that our German National Society excluded from its membership those who held a particular belief, the belief in the near coming of a World-Teacher, it was impossible that that National Society should continue to represent the Theosophical Society in Germany. Rightly, then, they went out on a policy less broad than our own, for it is our duty to keep the breadth of the Society and to make no matter of belief reason for exclusion from our ranks. But the fact that they prefer that principle need not prevent our respect, nay, I will say our admiration; for while Dr. Steiner does not care to recommend the works of our branch of the Movement, I have always advised people to read Dr. Steiner's works, not because I agree with everything in them, but because I believe that we should read every view which is put forward by the seekers after truth, and that we are the wiser and the stronger when we see the truth at different angles and from other standpoints, and do not confine ourselves alone to the study of a single line of thought.

Profoundly do I believe it to be true that the great Lords of Wisdom meet a man on any path whereon the man is treading in the search for Them, ever echoing those words of the *Bhagavad-Gītā*: "Mankind comes to me along many roads and on whatever road a man approaches me, on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are mine." Let us then act in the spirit of that teaching and see in the roads of our brethren roads to the same truth, and when we meet in the centre we shall know that all roads are one.

That, then, friends, it seems to me should be our policy, complete tolerance, inclusion of every opinion. Remember that each opinion adds something to our knowledge and that we should try in the struggle of opinions to learn from our opponent more than from our friends, for the opponent sees the truth at a different angle, while those who agree with us see it from our own. Such then is the policy that I would venture to lay before you as one that appears to me to be the wisest for the Theosophical Society. Let us do our own work, let us walk along our own road, let us give out the truth to the world as we see it, but let our note, so far as may be, be the note that harmonises the discords rather than a note which adds to the discords of the world.

THE THEOSOPHIST

ON THE WATCH-TOWER

WHEN Mr. Gokhale speaks, he should be listened to with the most careful attention both by Indians and English, for he never speaks without careful thought, and his statements of facts are as accurate as his reasonings are logical. Speaking in London last month he said that the position of Indian students in England was growing steadily more difficult, and he urged on the public the harm that would result as these young men returned to India with a feeling of resentment and bitterness in their hearts. Mr. Gokhale speaks none too soon. When I was last in England I heard of some most unfair and ungenerous treatment of Indian students, and when it is remembered that these men will largely lead public opinion in India when they return, it is easy to see the harm which will accrue both to India and England if they come home alienated instead of attracted. While vindicating the right of India to its own educational equipment, Mr. Gokhale pointed out that for many years England would offer advantages with which India would be unable to

compete. Apart from this, it is vitally necessary that the advantages accruing from first-class education here should be made equal to those which result from education abroad. It must be remembered, to take one illustration from the Educational Service, that however brilliant the abilities of an Indian youth, however high the honours he may have gained at an Indian University, the Imperial Educational Service is closed against him, and he can only enter the Provincial. To enter the Imperial, he must have taken a degree in England. To discourage the flow of Indian students to England by ungenerous treatment, and then to shut the best educational posts against them because they have not studied in England, is surely a policy which is as dishonouring to England as it is cruel to India. Yet this is what is being done—perhaps thoughtlessly and ignorantly, but none the less surely, and it *must* cause bitterness.

* *

In India itself, the present fate of the students is in many respects heart-breaking. The Indian boy has a passion for education—and surely this is a noble and right ambition—and the family pinches itself to educate its sons (not yet its daughters). If he passes his matriculation examination, he often finds it impossible to secure a place in the over-crowded colleges of his Presidency, and hundreds of boys wander the streets disconsolately, begging not for bread but for knowledge. If the lad has failed, he may find himself shut out from school, or admitted only on paying double fees. There seems to be money enough in India for entertainments, for extravagant marriages, and for gilding the spires of temples, but for education—no.

* *

Nor are the students the only ones to suffer. We have the extraordinary spectacle in Calcutta of eminent gentlemen shut out from University lectureships because they have taken part in the political life of their country. But have not University professors the right to form political opinions and to express them? Surely learned men should apply their learning to the questions of the day, and having studied the past should try to enlighten the present. Little wonder that this most injudicious action should have caused much excitement, and the strong and dignified protest made should have roused sympathetic echoes from all parts of the land.

* *

I have seen some notices in the papers of a book on the Indian Bar, which quote passages that seem incredible, especially as the book is published by Messrs Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., a very respectable English house. Here is one, taken from the *Amrita Bazar Patrika*:

To a certain type of Hindū mind this rhodomontade recalls the mandate of the goddess Kali Mata to the Thug about to start on an expedition. And, as a matter of fact, the lower fringe of the vakil fraternity are not unworthy successors of the Thugs. A species of legal Thuggie is rampant in India. Lord Curzon has denounced 'the sharks in human form that prey upon the unfortunate people'. That tribe, in so far as it is composed of the limbs of the law, is a baneful product of our legalism which is their stock-in-trade.

There are doubtless black sheep in the Indian Bar as in the English, but this passage is a scandalous slander. From the Indian Bar men have risen to the Bench, who could hold their own in any English Court. Every good cause in India is laboured for by Indian lawyers, and from the Indian Bar are drawn the noblest and most self-sacrificing workers for the nation's good.

Indian progress owes more to Indian lawyers than to any other one class of educated men, and such words as the above, if truly quoted, are a disgrace to the man who wrote them, and to the firm which published them.

* *

Another very unfair impression is given in a novel, *Shri Ram—Revolutionist*, in which it said that the Gurukula at Hardwar is "rousing young men against the English". The attempt to connect anarchy with the Ārya Samāj movement is most unjust, and the Rev. C. F. Andrews, who has lived in the Gurukula for weeks, writes protesting against it. Sir James Meston, the Lieut.-Governor of the U. P. lately visited the Gurukula, and spoke approvingly of it. It is a purely Indian attempt to give higher education under the most favourable conditions, and should be looked on sympathetically by all lovers of India.

* *

Why should Theosophy make good Judges? In the Madras High Court we have had Sir S. Subramania Iyer, whose name is synonymous with probity and capacity. We had the Hon. Mr. Krishnasvami Iyer, one of the ablest and most level headed of men. I do not know if I should count the Hon. Mr. Sundara Iyer, although he is nominally a member, for he has shown no interest in Theosophy since his friend Mr. Krishnasvami Iyer passed away. We have the Hon. Mr. Sadasiva Iyer, who is gaining golden opinions all round by his sound knowledge and urbanity. Theosophy seems to suit the judicial mind!

* *

There are many friends who will remember the name of Krishnalal, a C. H. C. boy, who worked hard

in collecting funds for that institution, but was one of those who drew down anger on his head because of his devotion to Alcyone. I am glad to say that he has just received a Government scholarship of £150 a year, and he goes to Europe to study the sugar industry. He should be useful to India on his return.

* *

A Burmese High Priest, who has some ten thousand followers and who is said to be clairvoyant, has proclaimed that the Lord Maitreya has already left the Tusita heaven and is on earth as a boy, and that everyone should prepare to meet Him by practising meditation and purifying the body by abstinence from flesh. Many are thus preparing themselves for the time when He shall begin to preach. One of our Fellows, Mr. S. Nityanandam, sends a prophecy of a saint, Virabrahman by name, who lived two centuries ago, in a place named Kandimalliahalli. He gave a series of prophecies, foretelling events which, so far, are said to be remarkably accurate. Among these he stated that the World-Teacher would be born near the above place, would be brought up among people who had been connected with Him in the past, and that He would come out into the world in Raudri or Pingala—1918 or 1920.

* *

Through the kind offices of mutual friends, the Editor of the *Hindu* and myself have met, and have talked over the position into which we have drifted during the last two and a half years. We both of us honestly desire to serve India and to help forward her growth towards freedom and national prosperity. We have therefore withdrawn all pending legal proceedings against each other, to the end that we may not waste in strife the

time and the energies which should be devoted to the service of the Motherland. I trust that the end of strife may be the beginning of a co-operation useful to the country and pleasant to both.

* *

Subscriptions from Theosophists to the Stead International Memorial Fund (to provide lodging-houses for women, to be called the Stead Hostels) may be sent to Miss Sweet, 10 Laura Place, Bath, England. The names of the Societies helping in this good work will be inscribed in the entrance hall of the London Hostel. The memory of W. T. Stead should be gratefully remembered by all Theosophists, and I hope that many will help in this good work, which is so dear to that noble and generous heart. Major-General Brocklehurst, C. B., C. V. O., is the Chairman, and Miss Josephine Marshall, the Hon. Secretary. I shall personally be very glad to send on any contributions which may be entrusted to me.

* *

The Christian papers are rejoicing much over a Miss McNeile, who wrote an article against Theosophy in a missionary journal. The article, though containing various misstatements of facts, is not, on the whole, very unfair, but in the various comments made on it in Christian journals the editorial is quoted, which says that Miss McNeile came to India "with the intention of working with Mrs. Besant," but that "as the result of a full investigation of Theosophy in India, she is now the head of a Christian School," and so on. One cannot of course say what Miss McNeile's "intention" was, but I hear for the first time that she came out to work with me. She kept her "intention" very private

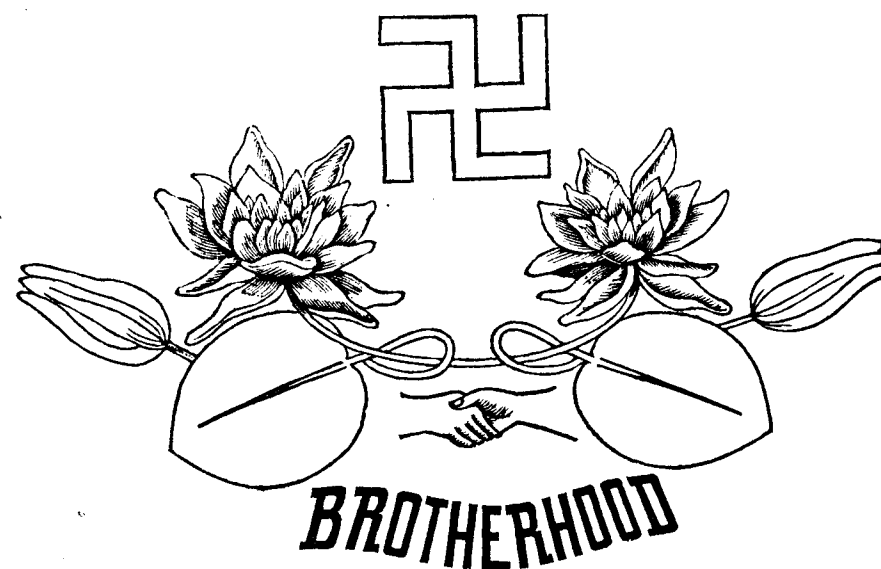
until now, and, I believe, came out from England to a Roman Catholic Convent School at Simla. She certainly did not come to me. She was a member of the T. S., but I never heard that she had left the Christian faith. She once came to see me at Benares, after she had left the Convent School, and was, I believe, then working with the Benares Christian missionaries. Her investigations must have been carried on from the Roman Catholic Convent and the Benares Protestant mission-house, neither, one may opine, a very favourable environment for such enquiries. The good little lady came to me at Benares in order to try to convert me to Christianity—a most well-intentioned effort, I am sure. I thought it was nice of her, though not perhaps very well imagined. I have not seen her since, and I do not remember ever having seen her before, though she had probably been at meetings addressed by me in England. It is fair to note that Miss McNeile says nothing of all this in her article. The remarks are from the editor.

* *

Dr. Horton, says the *Bradford Daily Telegraph* has made "a mild but effective attack on the doctrines of Theosophy". He thought that disagreements of opinion among the leaders must cause doubts among thinking people. And this from a Christian! What about the differences among Christian teachers, from the Pope of Rome down to the pastor of the youngest Protestant sect? Differences among people who impose no dogmas and urge individual investigation into truth are surely less surprising than differences among those who preach "the faith once delivered to the saints".

* *

We are putting up—thanks to the generosity of Mr. Charles Harvey—a large extension to our Publishing House ; the T. S., oddly enough, has been the pioneer in Madras of the use of reinforced concrete for building purposes, and the present work, superintended by Mr. Gillespie, C. E., is being carried out on improved lines. The total length of the building is about one hundred and forty-eight feet, breadth forty-four feet. Reinforced concrete has been used for the foundations and to form a plinth four feet above floor level. From this the walls of the main building will be built of smooth-faced concrete blocks, while in the four corner towers rock-faced blocks will be used. All the concrete blocks will be made on the spot by a 'Winget' Concrete Block Machine, specially imported. This machine, though the most costly on the market, is proving to be equal to all the claims made on its behalf by the makers. All sorts and sizes of blocks can be made with equal facility. It is interesting to note that the Indian workman has taken quite kindly to this machine and in ten days increased the output from five to fifty-three blocks per day. It is quite a mistake to think that Indian workmen will not readily take advantage of mechanical aids to labour. Mr. Gillespie finds them, as the above shows, most teachable and dextrous.



HOLLAND'S OPPORTUNITY

By C. VAN VOLLENHOVEN

Professor of Leyden University

[This translation is sent to us by a Dutch member, as a sign of the possibility of Holland fulfilling a wish that I ventured to express there last year, that that small, but famous, country should lead the world to peace.—Ed.]

I

IN spite of all the political struggles with which we have to contend at home, to the outside world we show an appearance of union, an asset indispensable in these international times.

From all parts of the world there is a unanimous call for something to be done to bring into subjection the spirit of anarchy which is rapidly growing: this

call even now, would be a success, if only one of the Powers would step forward as a pioneer. But which?

The answer to this question, one of great moment, is burning on the lips of many. For there is one country to which millions of eyes are turned with hope in this year of 1913—that in which the Palace of Peace has been recently erected.

Still Holland hesitates. The citizens look to the Chambers, the Chambers to the Government, the Government to the Committee of Preparation for the approaching Peace Conference of 1915, and this Committee looks on with complacency at the repose of the others.

Only a strong wave of public opinion can carry the much needed activity into this sluggish disregard, and it is with due respect to all that this little work endeavours to move in that direction. It preaches that, before the end of 1913, our country, after two hundred years of decadence, will have resumed her international status.

II

During the last thirty-five years, and especially since the first Peace Conference of 1899, two great suggestions have stood out in bold relief whenever the topic of the cultivation of an international life of nations has been discussed, *viz.*, international jurisdiction, or arbitration, on the one hand, and general disarmament on the other; jurisdiction to settle differences—at any rate legal differences—peaceably between States, and disarmament to render it impossible for a powerful country to act as a magistrate in home affairs or—a greater evil still—as a selfish tyrant.

Under these conditions valuable funds would be saved to be directed to the interests of material welfare, science and art, and of educating the lower classes. It is true that the gradual codification of international public law and jurisdiction (laws of war, neutrality, *etc.*), is to be considered, but justice and disarmament remain the most prominent questions to be solved. Supposing for a moment that these two should be, as they deserve to be, the two central projects, can Holland fulfil any special mission in this respect?

As to international jurisdiction, every possible suggestion has been made for its furtherance at the two Peace Conferences, as well as in books and periodicals. America especially has contributed freely, making fresh though not always novel plans. In this respect Holland can undoubtedly lend a helping hand by broad-minded treaties of compulsory arbitration, such as those with Denmark and Italy, also by frankly acknowledging and regulating, in the Constitution and in the Law, the superiority of the Court of Arbitration above the High Court; but Holland continues to contribute to this aim, like all States, with more or less enthusiasm.

As to disarmament? Supposing, by way of an example, we were to go to the length of disarming partially or wholly. This could not justly be called an example, for no great Power would build one battleship or one fortress the less on that account. In the matter of disarming, a small and moderately armed country could never take the lead. If then international jurisdiction and general disarmament are *the* two problems of importance, there seems to be no call for Holland to take the lead.

But are they such?

The disclaimer is so evident, and has so often been voiced, that it is now sufficient to treat it lightly.

This international justice—it is said—is not a full image but a fragment, a *torso*. For, even supposing one could obtain, between the fifty international States of the world, a complete set of comprehensive treaties of compulsory arbitration, what will happen when one of those States refuses to submit to a verdict pronounced? This has happened when sentence was passed in 1891 by Venezuela on Columbia, and was threatened in 1909 between Bolivia and Peru, although a general treaty of arbitration had been effected during the course of their legal proceedings. This will be the more likely to occur as the cases increase in number when a State, in consequence of its general arbitration treaty, need no longer give separate sanction to each arbitration. And what is to happen if a State refuses to appear in Court? These two possibilities are expressly mentioned in the Porter Treaty of the Second Conference. Here is no sheriff's officer, no right of execution, no arm of the law, none of the things that make the judge and his judgments irresistible within the pale of the frontiers.

And it is the same with general disarmament. The bishop, in the commencement of *Les Misérables*, from sheer trust in God and his fellow-men, sleeps with unlocked doors, and, when robbed by Jean Valjean, he saves him from the hands of the law and makes him a present of a pair of silver candlesticks into the bargain; all this is beautiful, especially when read in boyhood in a novel, but would anybody dream of making it a system of general practice, if he were responsible for peace and order in the Netherlands or in Amsterdam? And how can it be said that law and order would be preserved in

the world if all compulsion beyond the national frontier were wanting? Hence general disarmament is a fragment, a *torso*.

Fortunately, however, it is not difficult to point out where the deficiency in each lies. We have but to go back a few centuries in our own history, when here in Holland, before there was a supreme Government, each nobleman and each head of a municipality was impelled to convert his residence into a stronghold or a fortified town. In those days the money expended in keeping unrest at bay was in excess of the costs of maintaining both municipal and government police throughout the country; for each of the numerous castellated mansions and fortified towns would spend a fortune on armaments and other means of defence. Coupled with this was the fatal effect that, when now and then a lord of the land himself found reason to encroach on others, he would be opposed not only by villagers and citizens but by little states in the State.

However, if a solid, central district authority gradually develops above the authority of these nobles and cities, capable of generally preserving law and order by soldiery, the fortified dwellings and towns and the press-gangs will then gradually disappear. We see in this the precursor of our present-day position, requiring, within the frontiers, besides the civil police, nothing but a few marshals and now and then a little military show.

Now in the intercourse of States the conditions obtaining are identically the same. So long as there is no authoritative body ruling the States, formed by the representatives themselves, in order to maintain right and peace, it is imperative that each must keep order

within his own vicinity or estate, though it becomes too expensive a luxury for the great as well as for the small Powers, and it is never conclusive for the lower dominations. Could, however, an international magistrate always and everywhere preserve the written and unwritten law, by operating through a universal army, to keep peace, then the great as well as the small Powers would gradually relinquish their national armaments. In this way all the countries, both great and small, would be guaranteed less expense with greater efficiency, especially the smaller States. This would at the same time put an end to the danger that keeps threatening the world as long as one of the States is a dare-devil. Then, and then only, the foundation of universal peace will have been laid.

In order to avoid having this merely regarded as "a coinage of the brain" or a scholar's phantasm, we shall confirm it by citing a fact and an individual as evidence.

The *fact* is the experience, taught by comparative history of law, that whenever a new legal body comes into existence, asserting supremacy over a second legal body, a still higher authority becomes requisite. Even our centrifugal Republic of the United Provinces has not been able to avoid insisting on the agreed quotas being yielded by provinces defective in payment, not only by confiscation and the sale of goods, but especially by practically quartering horsemen or soldiers on them, or using some other effective method for constraining them to do their duty.

The *individual* we shall mention as evidence is Roosevelt. With a diffidence such as we have ceased to expect from him, he says, as early as December

1904, in his Presidential Address, that disarmament, if it should ever come about, will never be able to go so far but that the great Powers will retain a small force for purposes of 'international police'. But frankly and excellently does he express it in May 1910 at Christiania, saying that it would be a masterpiece if a State or a Statesman were to arise who saw his way towards establishing an international police-force, capable of carrying out the awards of the Court of Arbitration and putting down violence between nations.

But do we need such evidence at all?

If the void indicated is the real one we should henceforth no longer be allowed to say: "*Si vis pacem, abjice arma*," but: "*si vis pacem, para exercitum internationalem*". The cry will then no longer be for general disarmament, but for universal armament, the equipment of a world-army, along which road—the only possible road—national disarmament of nations can be achieved. The aim will then no longer be "Peace through right," but "Peace through a world-army as defender of right".

Meanwhile it cannot for a moment be doubted that, to prevent the execution of a plan of this kind, the enemy is lying in wait on either side. On the one side the monomaniac of power will call everything impossible and unmanly which savours of international compliance, or of free submission to 'fantastic rules' universally beneficial. Possibly the underworked officers from the smaller garrisons in the Netherlands will join their ranks.

But on the other hand it is to be feared that also sincere friends of Peace will be disappointed. In this way the movement will lose all its beauty, for

how can one wave a banner of "Peace on Earth" while planning for a substantial international army and fleet? How will anyone venture to say, "The people that walk in darkness have seen a great light," when that light is emitted from anything so material as a world-police force? and what is to become of all those choirs of children with wet hair and white frocks, who sang an Ode of Peace to the Czar on the 18th of May? what of those enthusiastic monuments on which some metal dove is depicted, spiking a cannon with an olive branch? Alas! the answer can be but short and sober. The world-peace must indisputably be the key-stone, but cannot possibly be the foundation-stone; and one international force with disarmament of the nations in the hand would be worth more than ten, one hundred, or one hundred thousand unattainable total disarmaments in the bush.

III

If the topic of a world-organisation is an actuality to all modern States, to us Hollanders of 1913 it is of vital importance, for the following reason; because no Power seems so cut out as the modern Dutch State does for the realisation of the world-organisation, for bringing into existence, besides international justice, such an indispensable world-army as will be able and obliged to say: "*Je maintiendrai.*"

Let us see what will be desirable.

One can hardly picture to oneself one of the mighty Powers taking that lead. England, Germany, France, Russia and Japan cannot act as pioneers without seeming to be in the eyes of the world either crafty, if it be one of the strong Powers, or else beginning to feel the

weakness of their own defensive powers, if it be a State in decadence. America, which might have felt an inclination to operate in this direction, has, since the war of 1898 with Spain and since the preparation for opening the Panama Canal, been more and more intent on fortifying itself. Of the smaller States that are to be mentioned in this respect, Switzerland and Belgium do not count, because they, being neutralised, may not in any way take part in an aggressive action, not even if it were merely in the service of right and arbitration, whereas Norway would probably meet objections by its treaty of inviolability of 1907. Thus Sweden, Denmark and Holland stand a good chance.

The State that undertakes this venture must moreover be above all suspicion of wanting to lift itself to a higher standing. It may, therefore, not be a rising country; it must also, in the eyes of others, possess the privilege of having a distinguished and historical ancestry. These conditions afford Holland a favourable opportunity.

The State that undertakes this venture must be what Hanotaux has called "a small people but a great nation". Now "there's the rub" for Holland; for though our world-wide known port, our painters, our great men of science, our East Indies, are famous, we are not by far that which we were two centuries ago; and should we not rather excel those times? We realise that at present the eagle-thoughts of the King-Stadtholder would seem foolish to us instead of inciting us; we acknowledge that Switzerland and Belgium shame us in many things every day.

The State that undertakes this venture should, if possible, find itself at home in the international life

which it volunteers to lead. In this respect we are favoured above all others by the codification of the international civil law, the Peace Conferences, the Court of Arbitration, later on the Prize Court and the Palace of Peace.

Finally, the State that undertakes this venture ought to find occasion for such action in its national life. Once more: Holland could not wish for a better occasion, for how shall we commemorate the event of 1813 or 1815? By triumphing over the fall of Napoleon? But Holland is fortunately crowded with people who have not an atom less reverence for the man Napoleon than Heine as a boy felt in his Düsseldorf avenue, at the entry of "*Hosanna! den Kaiser*," with people who ask themselves how we could ever have been delivered from that spider's web of before 1795, outside the years 1810-1813, if we had not had Napoleon's broom but only the duster of Gysbert Karel. Shall we, as we did fifty years ago, drag the Creator down to our level, and cause a second Multatuli to write a second "God's blessing through Waterloo"? No! Holland will earn self-esteem and the esteem of others much more if, at the completion of the Palace of Peace, it can celebrate the downfall of the disturbed world-organisation in 1813 by a deed which means the beginning of a guaranteed world-organisation.

IV

What is the deed to be?

On this point we have experience and shall use it. An experience gained in the Treveskamer in the Binnenhof, where since 1893 the Conferences for international civil law have been held. In order to induce hesitating

or recalcitrant States to join, no monumental piece of work has been done, the enormous practical worth of which would immediately appeal to all; but, on the contrary, simple matter has been chosen in which there would be few practical difficulties—international civil law—thus to effect an entrance-bridge to make the approach smooth and enticing.

The same thing would be desirable here: a deed with a definitive direction giving precedence which would of itself be an inducement to rising higher step by step, but at the same time would be free from half-heartedness and guided by prudence. The Government is under obligation towards foreign countries, as well as towards our Parliament, not to take any steps in this direction other than those, of which they can foresee the consequences, keeping the results well in hand. For this there seems to be required from our Government only three declarations of consent to be communicated in very good time to all the States, when preparing for the third Peace Conference.

Firstly: When a sentence of the Court of Arbitration at the Hague, or of another international magistrate, is not voluntarily carried out, and that Court, or the other magistrate, or the acquitted party, desires its execution with a strong arm, the Government should bind themselves to place at their disposal such part of the Dutch fleet for this action as is requisite for that end, and not indispensable at the moment to Dutch interests, subject to the opinion of the Government; of course, only in so far as that part of the fleet, working together with other fleets, is equal to the end in view.

A squadron, operating on these lines, would then, in order to indicate its function, fly an international

flag at its top-mast, the carrying of which (this to be stipulated at the Conference) should only be sanctioned by a writ of the Court of Arbitration or of the Prize Court—a flag of plain gold for instance (an *oriflamme*), or, as an emblem of peaceful power, a golden hammer on a blue background.

If, for example, Venezuela should be sentenced by the Court of Arbitration to pay a hundred thousand guilders to Mexico, or Montenegro, or Belgium, and Venezuela fails to do so, then the compulsion must not depend upon the question whether the Power that has gained the lawsuit is strong enough by land and sea and is equal to such an action; but, at the request of that country or that magistrate, the execution must be taken in hand by a number of voluntary representatives of the Commonwealth of Nations.

Secondly: If a treaty, which is also binding for Holland, contains regulations on the duties of warring nations towards neutrals (States as well as individuals and merchant ships), and if during a war these duties are contravened or threatened with contravention by one or more of the belligerents, then the Government should, at the request of the neutral State desiring assistance, bind itself to place at its disposal such portion of the Dutch fleet as is required for the purpose on the one hand, and not indispensable for the moment, on the other hand, to Dutch interests, subject to the opinion of the Government; here again, provided the co-operating naval power be equal to this purpose, and here again under the international flag carried upon the strength of a writ of one of the two Hague Courts. If therefore Russia and Japan should be at war, and Japan should violate the neutrality of Indo-China or of French

ships, then at the request of France, the duty of prevention or avoidance of such violation, now prohibited by treaty, should be performed by the Commonwealth of Nations—for instance by the convoy of those ships or by stationing a fleet off that coast. We have purposely spoken only of the fleet in connection with Holland, in mentioning these two points, because we can then devote our strength towards the betterment of that means of defence which is bound up with our national fame, because we are still in the act of reforming our land-forces, and because probably there will, in this respect, be difficulties to meet in connection with articles 183-184 of the Constitutional Law. The above-mentioned request must not be specially addressed to Holland, but through the bureau of the Arbitration Court to all States.

Thirdly: When a squadron of foreign powers, with or without the co-operation of Dutch vessels, is operating and flying the international flag, the Government should bind itself at the request of the admiral to open all harbours and ports in the homeland and colonies as a sanctuary for such a fleet (Nieuwediep, Sabang, Curacao and others), unless some of these harbours should be at the moment indispensable to Dutch interests, subject to the opinion of the Government. If other Powers were to follow the example of Holland,—either with all ports and harbours in the homeland or in valuable colonies, or else with those *ilots perdus* (provided they are suitable sanctuaries) that are only of value for the national honour, the French Indies, Portuguese Timor, some of the Antilles—one would soon have over the face of the earth a complete web of such national harbours or ports as international naval ports.

At the Conference itself all this should be, if possible, recast in collective treaties; also a decided regulation might be made that the rendering of assistance to ships flying the international flag is never to be considered as a violation of neutrality.

In connection with what has been said it may be of some importance by way of suggestion, if at the Conference the Commonwealth of Nations, the *Société des Nations* were provided with a name that could be remembered and coupled with other words—'Generality?' 'Custody?'—and if her revenues (especially those levied for the bureau of the Arbitration Court and the Prize Court) and her expenditure (the salaries and cost of that bureau and the Prize Court) were regulated. Then the new-born would, without any initiation, have a baptismal name and a money-box, and, by way of a soothing gift, the completed Palace of Peace, retaining its present Board, might be given, to fly the flag of that Union from its tower.

Finally, a Dutch bye-law should be made before the Conference and communicated to all States, stipulating that if the nation or a colony were sentenced to a fine by the Court of Arbitration, or another magistrate, on the strength of a treaty, against the Dutch State, the sentence should be executed in the same way as if it were pronounced by our own Court of Justice.

It is unnecessary to say what impression such preparation and consent would make.

Those who read the 'weeklies' and 'monthlies' preaching "peace through right," word by word, will know that we find in them merely "warmed-up dishes," nothing new, no perspective. At the international parliamentary Conferences, also at the last one in

Geneva, it was the same story, with nothing new and no perspective. The plans for the third Peace Conference are once more a warmed-up dish, with nothing new and no perspective. How different it would be, as well for the Governments that have to act as for the nations looking on, if before that convocation a deed were done and universally communicated—without any fuss but with resolution—a deed that will bring something new, that prophesies, from which appears a strong faith in that world-organisation which is being born!

The world has been, according to serious students of modern history, slowly but surely shaping from 1800 to about 1860 what may be called a union of European States. The events of 1860 to 1900—the terrible wars in and about Europe, the appalling colonial divisions after 1880—have shown that this movement had been introduced too early, even if the financial union of nations—postal union, *etc.*, *etc.*—continue to operate. About 1900, however, the upbuilding of this union of sovereign States was resumed with keener enthusiasm, and also included the States outside Europe. It is not a question as to whether we Hollanders and our department for Foreign Affairs consider such a thing as a world-organisation desirable, for its advent is inevitable. The question is only whether we are to be the ones to act, or whether we shall let our opportunity pass once and for all. If in 1863 no decision had been taken to cut the Waterweg, the Rotterdam of ten or twenty years later could not have maintained its comparative standing with Hamburg and Antwerp. It was to be then or never. If Jules Ferry and King Leopold had not, after 1880, decided to found their colonial empires in Africa, France or Belgium of ten or twenty years later could not

have gained a position as African powers. It was to be then or never. Should Holland now forego her favourable chances of playing a leading part in the world, should she not see that this, and this only, is the die that must now be cast, should she not recognise that only in this way the despondency, caused by her forces being too expensive but yet below the standard, can give way to the encouragement afforded by contributing a part or share to a healthy and attractive whole, without excessive expenditure, then this world-task will be taken in hand by America or any other country, and we shall henceforth be playing the part of an insignificant country and a crushed nation.

I hope for better things.

The great nations have had to take the lead in forming the world-organisation, for without their aid nothing could have been done. Russia conceived the Conference of 1899, Roosevelt that of 1907; but now I reverse Joseph Chamberlain's words—now the day of the *small* nations has come. The third Conference must not only be heralded abroad: it should also be furnished with a programme of its own, and launched, convened and opened by our Queen Wilhelmina herself.

V

Or is perhaps the working power of our country not equal to so much fresh vexation of spirit? Are the national irons in the fire already too many for us to add another international one to their number?

This is a delusion of the senses; for the apparent increase of our burden will, on the contrary, prove to

be the helpful yoke by which the national burden will become lighter to carry.

Let us first look at the material side of the proposition: the making of a small beginning of a world-force. Does the defence question by land and sea leave us in peace? No! Though we should be wanting in the invigorating belief that we can really make our dead and living power of defence fully efficient, still every new Government goes on working at this defence, realising that we must show ourselves not defenceless and not despondent. How would it be if our indispensable improving of fleet and army were to be supported by the ideal of a limited, but excellent though small, Dutch contingent to a future world police-force? What if we, after having proclaimed that ideal in sober diplomatic language to the Powers, were to set to work with talent and indefatigable devotion at the above described army, and as much as possible cut down military expenses falling outside the preparation of that ideal? Will any European country then be able to say that we are more defenceless and despondent than we are now? will the '*vox mundi*' reproach us that we save expense, because we have to economise where the end is only to be gained from a never-failing treasury? Even a superficial egoism must convince us that the only trustworthy defence for Holland is that of collective international justice, and the only true means of defence is that in which we help to equip international justice. By speaking of a national force and fortifications capable of maintaining our home and colonial possessions against foreign countries (against Germany! against England!) we are deceiving no one but ourselves, if indeed we do even that.

But of greater importance than this materialistic argument is the spiritual one. When in 1575 the Leyden University was founded, to be, like Heidelberg and Geneva, a refuge for free science, nothing struck the spectator so forcibly as the fact that, in the midst of the great struggle with Spain, the only question asked was by what means Leyden could be made such. In spite of provincial jealousy, all the provinces co-operated and the first master was a Frisian. In spite of national emulation, the States sent out delegates abroad in quest of teachers and Scaliger was called from Touraine; in spite of the bad repute in which scholars then stood, the foreigner, as well as later on the Burgundian Salmasius, was allowed to attain a higher degree than the Dutch professors—that of ‘*Decus Academiæ*’—and to take rank above all professors including the Master, providing this one aim—the aim of all—was reached, that Leyden should become the foremost University of the late mediæval type, that the torch of Leyden should attract the youth of all Europe. When revising the law of higher education in 1905, it was not once asked how higher education is to be raised as high as possible in the eyes of Europe, but only whether the position would be very much aggravated if, for some reasons, rights were awarded to a young University. With every Budget, Leyden is voted for against Utrecht, and Utrecht against Groningen. Why? Because we are lower-minded than our forefathers? No! Because we have lost sight of the one great aim; because a nation that is inactive does not desire his neighbour as a fellow-fighter, but emulates him as a rival and tries to pull him down. Where is the rivalry between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, army and navy, artillery and

infantry, that rivalry that makes both parties puny and ridiculous to the spectators, when one great emotion directs the whole nation to one great aim?

But perhaps all this is mere empty talk—this “whole nation” and this “great aim”. Thus also say the hair-dressers, hotel-keepers, booksellers, gardeners, students, bargemen and infant school teachers.

Certainly, all these. A Government that is preparing to make its country take part in the ruling of world-affairs, to help in changing the face of the world, will be paralysed if the nation, in all her ranks and members, does not everywhere procure the esteem of the world to such an extent that we must confess the world would be the poorer without this people. Our position at the Peace Conference would be weakened if the hotels at the Hague were expensive and bad, or the street-boys impertinent, just as it is strengthened by every Dutch dredging-machine in East Asia, by every prize that is awarded to a Dutch manufacture, by every laurel with which a Dutch orchestra is crowned, by every Dutch tube of liquid helium.

Now these words must not be read as an exhortation—needless to us—that the officer should plan better routes of navigation, the physician a better arrangement of the army, the shipowner an improvement of agriculture and literature, the painter better banks; or that all these officers, physicians, shipowners, painters, farmers, bankers, consuls, and engineers, should give unsolicited advice concerning the acts and inactivity of the Second Chamber.

The Government will be much more grateful to us if everyone takes care to perfect his own work in his own sphere.

But a Government that is preparing itself to raise its country requires this: that an irresistible pressure should emanate from the people, that it should feel the strain of the nation under it as one feels a motor-car, that is forced to stop on the road, vibrating with working energy.

We are still far removed from this ideal. The dawn has come, but night still lingers. But for a few Socialistic leaders we cannot yet foresee the advent of the International Commonwealth of Nations; and the revival of our race in the coming years has as yet too few sympathisers.

It goes without saying that such a cause does not become a common cause by an address here and an occasional article there. The public should be daily educated up to the cause; the farmers should be visited, and everything should be done that Chamberlain and Balfour have done to make Tariff Reform the question of the day with the English people. The cause should be advocated everywhere, looked at from all sides, learned and popular, idealistic and commonplace, in poetry and prose, from the pulpit and in the *café-chantant*; but care should be taken, behind it all, that the nation has the courage to take upon itself a great part, because she realises that Dutch things can and must become as good as English, American, French or German things are; because she dispenses with everything that displeases her in copying other nations—those Dutch faults which we can so cordially hate for the very reason that we find them in ourselves—because she cultivates indefatigably what she admires in other nations; because she would not have the courageous sending out of the 'Gelderland' to convey

President Kruger, considered as an exception, but as the first in a long sequence of brave international deeds.

But if the Government wishes to get our nation to do this, so that a Dutch Government shall once more take root like the divided house of Judah and bear fruit, then the heart of the people, the national imagination, must be held in thrall by that one concrete aim, by that one international task—grand, comprehensible, simple—around which all the rest groups itself as aid and support.

Never will the masses, not even the cultivated masses, be enticed to fight with an indefinite inducement; the visible, the tangible, the attainable goal is indispensable, of which the distance can be measured, the costs reckoned, the working means computed. In the days of our great Republic we were none the worse for being a sober people.

And so the summary of this dissertation brings us back to the beginning.

However, the work is not by any means finished when the idea has been introduced and somewhat draped. Something more is necessary before a serious man ventures to give himself over to a cause: namely, thorough reflection, in order to think out the subject, to plan the execution of the scheme, to calculate and foresee all its consequences, military and juridical. To begin with: the technical knowledge of the enterprising naval officer and of the enterprising army officer is indispensable for this detailed work, though it be only for co-operation of the national fleet and army into a perhaps transitory international whole, and for the question as to which of our military expenses can be dispensed with in this new

venture. Then a new series of minor additions to the treaty law of Peace Conferences must be made, which need not be mentioned here. Also the subtlety of a snake and the courage of a Roosevelt will be necessary to conquer the paper barricade which the tardy officials of the Government departments will discover in the States' papers and in the Constitutional Law, especially in Article 181, where it says that our navy and the home army are to serve only "to protect the interests of the State"—as if a lawyer's eloquence were needed to demonstrate that in the year 1913 everything that could be instrumental towards maintaining peace in West Europe and to help on the world-organisation is directly in the interest of this kingdom, computable in money. This result will be unattainable, these difficulties will be insurmountable, if the cheerful certainty is wanting concerning the high aim and the privileges it would bring; but with that certainty, when a minister, who is a man, says with the tone of Van Heutz: "It must be," all these obstacles will be swept away like gossamer.

Or are we afraid that the statesman of an older generation, under the influence of old-world ideas, will convince us that all these dreams of a Commonwealth of Nations and of an international calling of Holland are but phantasms after all, soap-bubbles which only a child will reach out for? Are we afraid that the pioneers of science will make any impression when they raise an objection, because such a world-organisation is not in keeping with their pen-and-paper definition of the sovereignty of States? Let them say it; we are prepared to answer them. We know from the history of the Middle Ages that there was a country, a glorious country, in which the State authority had deteriorated to such

an extent that the King was mockingly called the King of one city, "*le roi de Bourges*," a country that had a no more clearly defined duty than that of restoring the pre-eminent authority of the azure banner with the golden lilies, but where nothing happened, because all the statesmen, councillors, scholars, generals, of King Charles were apathetic and sceptical and without faith in the great task and the great future. Should now, in our days, the circle of the influential and powerful foreign countries—with its diplomats, its lawyers, its flag-officers and commanders-in-chief—smile apathetically and with incredulity at this pure and royal aim of a world-jurisprudence, supported by a world-force, then let Holland dare to be the Joan of Arc!

C. Van Vollenhoven

EDUCATION AND HOW A THEOSOPHIST MAY HELP IT

*(A paper read at the distribution of Prizes
at the Sri Sarasvathi Pāṭasala for Girls,
Kumbakonam, June 1913)*

By ALICE E. ADAIR, F. T. S.

I HAVE one excuse and two reasons for taking courage to address you on this great subject—one of the weightiest of human concerns. The excuse is that I love nature, I love books, and I love children, three essential factors in education. As for the reasons: first, it has been my happy karma in my own youth to have had teachers who were devoted to their profession, who knew how to teach and who loved their pupils. Some of these governesses and masters stand out in my memory as the inspirers of most that has given value to my life. Amongst other things, they gave me in my earliest years such a solid mental grounding that no after-study was ever a task to me, a love of literature and art which has withstood all shocks of circumstance, and has brought colour and fragrance into the dullest surroundings, and above all, they gave me a wide outlook upon life, born of their own great minds and loving hearts, that was to find its culmination in Theosophy in later years; and this is why I believe I know a little about how children should be taught and what education means to a woman.

The other reason is that, in the country from which I come, this matter of education is a vital question, a question to which Government and people are widely awake; so that whether the party in power be Labour or Liberal, there is but one policy with regard to education and that is—progressive. The system is still to some extent experimental, but the effort is being made to combine the best results of English, German and American educational experience on as comprehensive a scale as possible. Education being free to all, only deliberate neglect and wilful evasion of the law by the parents or guardians can debar any Australian child from sound mental and physical culture. Kindergarten classes are now attached to the State Schools, so that a child may enter the school at five (he is compelled by law to enter at seven); and just before I came to India the introduction of a law was spoken of which would keep the control of the child's education in the hands of the State until his or her twenty-first year. This arose partly out of opposition to the growing tendency to employ boys in their teens in the place of men in many forms of work, and partly out of the realisation that even if boys and girls have to work during the day they are kept out of mischief if their time at night is taken up in learning some useful art or craft by way of diversion. At the State Schools boys learn trades, and girls learn all branches of household work. I wish you could see those wonderful kitchens and the happy faces of the girls, as they prepare under supervision the most appetising dishes. These they can afterwards buy for a very small sum and take home to share with their parents. Excellent laundry-work also they do, as well as plain needlework. In this respect the

State Schools are ahead of the private schools, but even in these now children are being taught to be quite amazingly useful as well as ornamental.

I feel sure that the educational development in Australia is simply a reproduction of what is occurring elsewhere in the world; but somehow there (perhaps because everything is on a smaller and therefore more intimate scale) these matters are more widely discussed, and in such an atmosphere one cannot live without absorbing some theoretical ideas at least.

Now with regard to the meaning of education perhaps no idea has undergone a greater transformation within the last quarter of a century than this. It used to be thought that education meant imposing upon the child the habits of thought and behaviour of those in authority over it; in other words, making children as nearly as possible fit the mental mould their parents and teachers made for them. Now that is all changed, and no educationalist will dispute the claim that the meaning of education is to help the child to express itself, not others; to out-draw (educate) all its latent powers of mind and heart and will, and to help it to assimilate all that will enable it to give the highest possible expression of its own individuality.

Nor are mind and character now-a-days the only subjects of attention; the body has also its share. Physical culture, drill, intervals of rest and recreation, are all part of school-life. Medical inspection of the children takes place regularly, their teeth, eyesight and hearing are carefully attended to; and when their bodies are found to be weakly, the parents are forced to keep them permanently under a doctor's supervision. Fires

warm the great schoolrooms in winter, and every precaution is taken to prevent the outbreak of any illness by making the surroundings as hygienic as possible.

The same detailed attention is given to mental training, and in these two branches I doubt whether the Theosophist can help very much, in the West at any rate, except perhaps in advocating the adoption of vegetarian diet for children, and in bringing his influence to bear in correcting the great nervous strain so often put upon teachers and pupils by the exaggerated importance given to intellectual attainments as such; for with regard to the training of the body and the mind western science is pouring out all the wealth of her discoveries at the feet of the child, to aid in building up sound minds in sound bodies. But on the other hand much remains to be done with another aspect of education—character-building, the development of the will and emotions—with the moral and religious training. There lies a great field for Theosophical activity. It is not that teachers are either ignorant or indifferent in this matter. Hear what the President of one of the great American University Colleges says: "The aim of education is to turn out a citizen who will have the greatest possible value to the State; that he shall be trained to an intelligent sharing of the community's best ideals and to a knowledge of *social* goals, laws, and methods." And he maintains that this cannot be accomplished without moral and religious training, without "the power that comes, as in no other way, through personal associations and embodied ideals," adding that we cannot spare the example set before the child of the life of Jesus. He speaks there of course as a Christian;

the same must hold true with regard to the ideal lives of other religions.

It is not then that educationalists are blind or indifferent. It is not even that they have no plan of work, for he goes on to say that part of the definite religious training of the future "will involve that the problems of the pupil's moral life shall be brought to the pupil himself, and that he shall be helped to see them in their concrete relation to his own life and volition"; which means that the principles embodied in the kindergarten system where the words 'don't' and 'must' are eliminated from the teachers' vocabulary, will be put into practice elsewhere, and boys and girls will be guided to choose the good and the true instinctively. 'Moving Pictures,' Dr. King thinks, will be largely used in this moral training, presenting the dramatic scenes from history and literature which strike the heroic chord hidden in every child, and preach sermons without words.

Again he says that some steps will be taken in order "to secure definite training for leadership through the wide distribution of responsibility in school and community life". Is it not interesting thus to see evolving from the shadows of the past the ideals Mr. Leadbeater has shown us as existing in the wonderful civilisation of Peru? With the growing complexity of life and the ever-increasing problems that confront us in the growth of civilisation, this training for leadership becomes a more and more vital necessity.

The public conscience is now also awakened to this necessity for religious and moral education, for various organisations have been formed and are being formed with this object in view; but the conditions are

such and the difficulties are such as make it an impossibility at present. And it is here that I believe Theosophists everywhere can best help. The inspiration of their ideals will enable them to rise above all discouragement, and they have what so many others lack—a definite plan upon which to work.

The greatest obstacle in the way in Australia, and I expect elsewhere, is the strong sectarian feeling. Religious instruction of a sort is given even in the State Schools, but it is dependent upon the voluntary exertions of the clergy of the various churches and must be given out of the ordinary school hours—obviously an altogether unsatisfactory arrangement. In some parts of the world the difficulty increases, for differences in religions as well as of sects are involved. And this is likely to become more and more common as the races intermingle. There is no doubt that we are approaching the time when there will be a standard of education greater than a national, when its significance will be regarded from the universal, not from the racial, point of view. That it is possible for children of different nationalities to be educated in harmony together even now, provided the law of love be the controlling power, has been proved by the splendid efforts of the teachers in the free kindergartens of New York City slums, where the scum of many races congregates. There, amidst difficulties that you cannot imagine, clever and self-sacrificing women—for the finest brains and hearts are needed for this particular kind of service—have turned hordes of small half-savage street-arabs of varying tongues into good American citizens. Brought into the happy, clean, orderly and loving atmosphere of the kindergartens, they were made to feel themselves

part of a whole, a unity represented by the circle in which they sit, their teacher one of themselves; that circle it is the duty of every little child to keep beautiful and true. They were made also to feel that the relation of each to the other and to the whole is that of a 'helper'; for the one who refuses to be a helper has no place in the circle, no place in the kindergarten, he must go out of it until he feels that he can help; and this is practically the strongest form of moral suasion brought to bear upon him. There we have the secret of success staring us in the face—Unity, Brotherhood, Service, the fundamentals of Fröebel's educational system and an open road for all Theosophical activity.

The first way then of Theosophically helping education lies in living these ideals; the second in spreading these ideals; and the third in sympathising with all who hold them, whether they are Theosophists or not; for I think we cannot often enough remind ourselves that the Theosophical Movement is a much wider thing than the Theosophical Society.

In the near future, as you have heard, it is Mrs. Besant's intention to found Theosophical Schools where these principles will be put into practice; and probably when it is seen how well the system works, other educational institutions will be encouraged to adopt it. In the meantime there is much to be done besides giving Mrs. Besant our best support in this. We can continually try to bring about a better understanding between the followers of different religions, and of different sects of the one religion, and so bring nearer the day when children shall be instructed in the schools in the basic truths of all religions. We can help by giving sympathy and

appreciation to the whole teaching fraternity and by honouring their profession as one of the greatest. We can help by showing in the home life the practical application of the ideals of conduct we would have children taught in the school life; and we can help by reverencing with all our hearts the sublime truths Theosophy has revealed to us.

And now I should like to speak for a few moments about the education of girls. I know of no finer words ever spoken on the subject than those of John Ruskin in a lecture called 'Queen's Gardens,' and though sometimes perhaps he scolds a little too much—even this lecture has a trace of it—one can forgive this small failing because of the noble truths he utters.

The place he gives to women as their right, individually and in the State, seems strangely in accord with your greatest and best Hindū traditions. Comparing the powers of men and women he says :

Man is progressive and defensive, eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, and inventor; his energy is for war and conquest, his intellectual power is speculative and inventive. Woman's power is for rule, for justice; her intellect is for sweet orderliness, arrangement and decision. She sees the qualities of things, their claims and their place. The man's work for his own home is to secure its maintenance progress and defence; the woman's to secure its order, comfort, and loveliness. The man's duty as a member of a commonwealth, is to assist in the maintenance, in the advance, in the defence of the State. The woman's duty, as a member of the commonwealth, is to assist in the ordering, in the comforting, and in the beautiful adornment of the State.

And the education that is to fit the girl for this her rightful place is to be the same as a boy's, but with a different application. She is to learn not so much for the sake of knowledge as an end in itself, but in order that she may feel and judge more truly. Her knowledge need not necessarily be as foundational or as progressive

as a boy's but it must be of exquisite accuracy as far as it goes. Science, Art, Literature, Nature, all these must have their place in her education, Mathematics in as far as they will train her in habits of accurate thought, and domestic training so that she may be useful in all ways. He lays great stress upon giving her freedom, freedom of heart as well as physical freedom, and makes this comment on the difference of method required in the education of boys and girls.

You may chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, if he be of a better kind, as you would a piece of bronze. But you cannot hammer a girl into anything. . . she grows as a flower does. . . . you cannot fetter her; she must take her own fair way. . . Let her loose in a library of old and classical books, as you do a fawn in a field. It knows the bad weeds twenty times better than you, and the good ones, and will eat some bitter and prickly ones, good for it, which you had not the slightest thought would have been so.

Referring to the desire for power implanted in every woman's as in every man's heart he exhorts all girls to desire it earnestly and addresses them thus :

Your fancy is pleased with the thought of being noble ladies with a train of vassals. Be it so; you cannot be too noble and your train cannot be too great; but see to it that your train is of vassals whom you serve and feed, not merely of slaves who serve and feed you; and that the multitude which obeys you is of those whom you have comforted, not oppressed, —whom you have redeemed not led into captivity.

In the ancient days the rank of women was never disputed; it was regarded as equal with that of men, as is instanced by Ruskin in the lives of many heroines in English, Italian and Greek classics, to which we might add the names of Saṭī, Uma, Sāvitrī, Dama-yantī and Siṭā from Indian literature; and in the custom of the buckling on of a knight's armour by his lady's hand in the days of chivalry he sees the image of an eternal truth—"that the soul's armour is never

well set to the heart unless a woman's hand has braced it; and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honour of manhood fails." Finally he pictures the ideal woman, the heroine of the classics, the sovereign lady of mediæval chivalry, the embodiment of "Wisdom: her greatest function—Praise; her supreme power—Peace, held straight in gift from the Prince of all Peace".

Gentlemen of India! How long shall Wisdom, discrowned and sceptreless, suffer dishonour at your hands, her queenly robes trailed in the dust of religious pride and superstition? How long shall your ladies call to you in vain from the enchanted castles of their painted slavery, held prisoners of the giants—Prejudice and Ignorance? When shall the chivalry of your splendid past awaken once again within your hearts, and spur your manhood's strength to knightly deeds on their behalf? You alone can say. But see to it that you do not tarry too long, lest the fair jewel of India's liberty be missing from the glorious diadem that shall crown the Confederation of free Nations in the days to come, whose trident shall be Universal Brotherhood, Universal Religion, Universal Education—for the three are one.

Alice E. Adair

THE MESSAGE OF EDWARD CARPENTER

By MARGUERITE POLLARD, F. T. S.

"I AM a voice singing the song of deliverance." In these few words Edward Carpenter announces the message which he developed in all its many aspects in *Towards Democracy*. His is pre-eminently a message of liberation, of freedom from all bondage, and confidently he asserts his vocation:

To sing for all time
The song of joy—of deliverance.

In the work of self-liberation, the task set before every imperfect human soul, all the steps are steps of unification; the lower and the higher selves have to be made one; when union is accomplished there is deliverance. This truth is stated very beautifully and convincingly in 'The Wandering Psyche'.

You, who un-united to yourself roam about the world,
Seeking some person or some thing to which to be united—
Seeking to ease that way the pain at your heart—
Deceive not yourself, deceive not others.

For united to that which you really are you are indeed beautiful, united to Yourself you are strong, united to yourself you are already in the hearts of those you love;
But disunited you are none of these things—

And so the "ageless immortal Gods," who ever seek to come in the forms of men and "to make of earth a Paradise by their presence," are baulked of their divine desires, hindered by the barrier of little plans and purposes woven like a tangle of cobwebs across the door

of the heart. While such barriers are continually being built:

How shall they make their entrance and habitation with you?

How shall you indeed know what it is to be Yourself?

The knowledge of the Higher Self involves the knowledge of the All-Self, of the great Life brooding over cities, "where the wind rustles through the parks and gardens" involving itself "in the lines of street-perspective, the lamps, the traffic, the pavements and the innumerable feet upon them". Do not be deluded because this life may not be at once apparent, though centuries may go by and there be no assured tidings of it. There is only one universal and all-satisfying love, and finally all reach it:

All come to me at last
There is no love like mine,
For all other love takes one and not another,
And other love is pain, but this is joy eternal.

And so the illuminated see in the toil of many hands to multifarious ends, the guiding of the Great Hand; in the fixed gaze of hurrying faces in the street, each seeing only its own light, the Light towards which all look.

Underneath all beats the Great Heart of all, which alone remains without change, the Inner Space of the soul, of which the outer space is but the image or similitude. Therefore it is wise to draw upon the inner riches of the Spirit in all tranquillity. All the beauty of the universe lies stored for you and it will surely come to you. This is the lesson of 'The Lake of Beauty':

All that you have within you, all that your heart desires, all that your Nature so specially fits you for—that or the counterpart of it waits embedded in the Great Whole, for you. It will surely come to you.

Yet equally surely not one moment before its appointed time will it come. All your crying and fever and reaching out of hands will make no difference.

Learn the lesson of quietness and be at peace.

Do not hurry : have faith.

If that which rules the universe were alien to your soul, then nothing could mend your state.

But since it is not so—why what can you wish for more? all things are given into your hands.

In this same poem 'Have Faith,' Carpenter teaches the yoga of indifference. Realising the kârmic action of *repulsion* as well as of attraction he gives the teaching:

Let the strong desires come and go; refuse them not, disown them not; but think not that in them lurks finally the thing you want. Presently they will fade away and into the intolerable light will dissolve like gossamers before the sun.

How unreasonable it is to be fretting when "on all sides God surrounds you, staring out upon you from the mountains and from the face of the rocks, of men and of animals"; how senseless and undignified to be forever "hurrying breathless from one unfinished task to another"; the lilies of the field and the beasts have more dignity than you!

Brush aside all cares and vexations, all anxieties as to matters of no account:

Pass disembodied out of yourself. Leave the husk, leave the long long prepared and perfected envelope.

Enter into the life which is eternal, pass through the gate of indifference into the palace of mastery, through the door of love out into the great open of deliverance.

Give away all that you have, become poor and without possessions—and behold! you shall be lord and sovereign of all things.

Freedom can only be obtained by extricating oneself from the things that cling and stick, just as the fly cleans its legs of the honey in which it has been caught. This is the teaching given in the poem called 'Disentanglement'. Nothing is in itself evil and to be

shunned; on the contrary all things are to be used; but in the using one must not be entangled or they will become bad and cause suffering:

There is no desire or indulgence that is forbidden; there is not one good and another evil—all are alike in that respect. In place all are to be used.

But be not torn by desire:

Return into thyself—content to give, but asking no one, asking nothing;

In the calm light of His splendour who fills all the universe, the imperishable, indestructible of ages,

Dwell thou—as thou canst dwell contented.

The same lessons are repeated again with great force and imaginative power in 'The Secret of Time and Satan' where the necessity of self-mastery is insisted upon with grave reiteration. Yet nothing is evil *in itself*.

For (over and over again) there is nothing that is evil except because a man has not mastery over it; and there is no good thing that is not evil if it have mastery over a man;

And there is no passion or power, or pleasure or pain, or created thing whatsoever, which is not ultimately for man and for his use—or which he need be afraid of or ashamed at.

The ascetics and the self-indulgent divide things into good and evil—as it were to throw away the evil;

But things cannot be divided into good and evil, but all are good so soon as they are brought into subjection.

Even love "glorious though it be" must be treated as a disease so long as it destroys or impedes the freedom of the soul; for by wooing the mortal creature and *ending there* man gives himself away bound into the hands of Death:

Yet he who loves must love the mortal, and he who would love perfectly must be free:

Therefore if thou wouldst love, withdraw thyself from love:

Make it thy slave, and all the miracles of nature shall be in the palm of thy hand.

This is truly as Carpenter calls it "a hard saying," but those who are unable to learn it must be whirled

and gulfed in a sea of torment, and must travel far and be many times lost upon that ocean, ere they know what is the true end of their voyage. The end of love is not to be sought in any act "lest indeed it become the end," but rather are acts to be sought whose end is love, and then that which was desired shall be created; then, all acts being past and gone "there shall remain to thee a great and immortal possession, which no man can take away".

To realise the One Life, to be free from the limitations of the personality, it is necessary to rid oneself of all sense of superiority. There must be none of the self-satisfaction against which the disciple is warned in *The Voice of the Silence*, as being like "unto a lofty tower, up which a haughty fool has climbed; whereon he sits in prideful solitude and unperceived by any but himself". All sages are agreed as to the necessity for humility; without it there is no entry into the kingdom of heaven. A caution against the "hallucination of superiority" is given in 'Who are You?'

Who are you who go about to save them that are lost?
Are you saved yourself?
Do you know that who would save his own life must lose it?
Are you then one of the 'lost'?

Be sure, very sure, that each one of these can teach you as much as, probably more than, you can teach them.

Have you then sat humbly at their feet, and waited on their lips, that they should be the first to speak—and been reverent before these children—whom you so little understand?

Have you dropped into the bottomless pit from between yourself and them all hallucination of superiority, all flatulence of knowledge, every shred of abhorrence and loathing?

Is it equal, is it free as the wind between you?

Could you be happy receiving favours from one of the most despised of these?

Could you be yourself one of the lost?

Arise, then, and become a saviour.

Not from above, but rather from under or behind do the Sons of Light push humanity forward to its goal.

When all hallucination of superiority and every shred of abhorrence are overcome, then the soul is free to make its home everywhere. It is no longer hindered by any pride of race and can truthfully declare its readiness to "peregrinate every condition of man—with equal joy the lowest". But whether one is willing to accept it or not, the Law of Equality cannot be violated for long; nature will not suffer herself to be defeated; for a little while we may snatch the goods of the earth regardless of the fact that the claims of others are as good as ours, but in the end the great Mother will make us render back all that we have wrongfully taken from her other children:

Whatever you appropriate to yourself now from others,
by that you will be poorer in the end;
What you give now, the same will surely come back to you.

If you think yourself superior to the rest, in that instant you have proclaimed your own inferiority;
And he that will be servant of all, helper of most, by that very fact becomes their lord and master.

Seek not your own life—for that is death.

But seek how you can best and most joyfully give your own life away—and every morning forever fresh life shall come to you from over the hills.

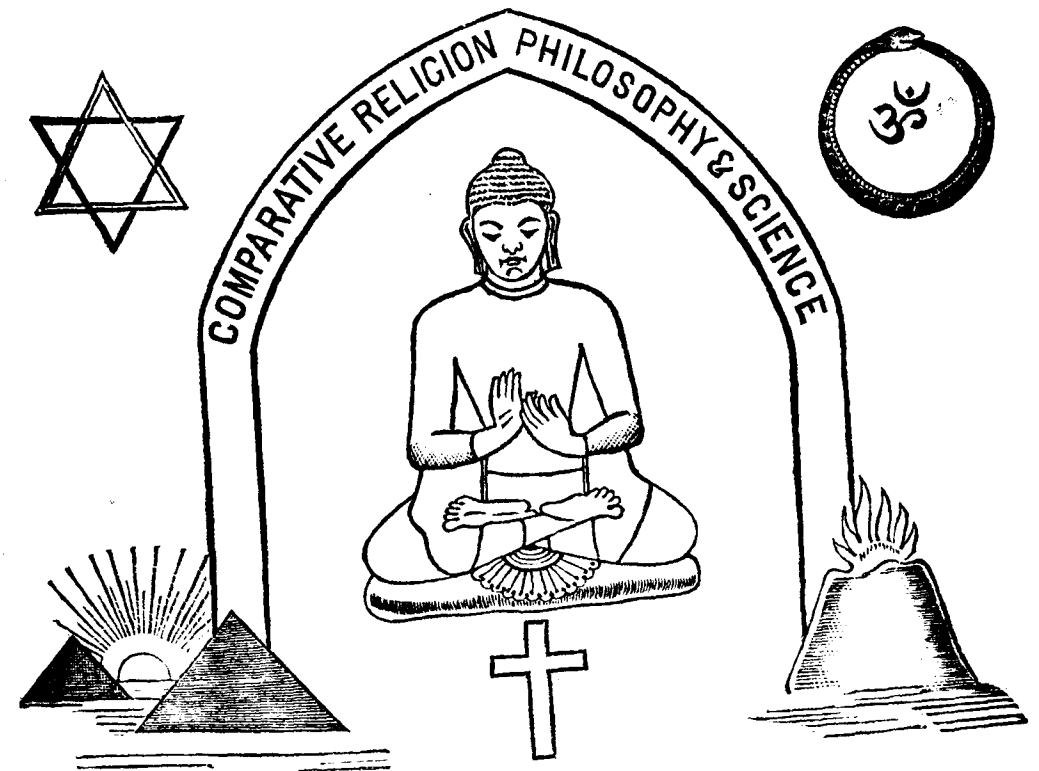
The Law of Equality is not a harsh law but a law of joy. By accepting it and abiding by it, many wearisome burdens are lightened and removed, old cares and anxieties vanish, and having learnt the lesson of its own identity the soul passes out free.

O Joy! free, to flow down, to swim in the sea of Equality—
To endue the bodies of the divine Companions
And the life which is eternal. •

“ A NEW DRUG ”

[The following interesting extract is taken from the *Indian Forester*, May 1913, (pp. 245-6).—ED.]

AN American journal states that Dr. B. L. Bayon, who penetrated into the fastness of the Caquet, a region adjoining the now infamous Putumayo district of rubber atrocities fame, has just returned with specimens of a marvellous drug, extracted from a climbing plant by the natives of that place. He found that the drug, which is the active principle of this plant, which is called yage by the natives, is anti-anæmic, and produced very beneficial effects, in lessening and even curing the much discussed disease “beri-beri”. But the doctor discovered that it had other and different qualities, and exercised an influence over the brain. It is said that a small quantity will throw the person who takes it into a cataleptic state or trance, in which they see hidden things, hear mysterious music, and are able to describe what is going on in the world. One of the companions of the learned doctor, the commandant of the district, persuaded Dr. Bayon to give him a few drops one night, and in the morning he described his experiences, which had conveyed to him the knowledge of his father’s death and of his sister’s severe illness. The nearest outpost of civilisation was fifteen days distant, but a month later the news was found to be true. The new drug is to be most carefully and scientifically examined. Dr. Bayon has named this active principle “telepatina”. Should yage be found to possess all the virtues claimed for it, the world may drift back into a belief in “Dreamland, where all our dreams come true.”



SAVIOURS OF THE WORLD, OR WORLD-TEACHERS

*A Lecture by Annie Besant, P. T. S., at Stockholm,
Sunday Evening, 15th June, 1913*

FRIENDS:

The three lectures which are to form part of the Session of the European Congress of the National Societies belonging to the world-wide Theosophical Organisation, are intended to form a brief series connected the one with the other. All of them deal in

Another passage dealing with the question of superiority and the Law of Equality is that entitled 'Who You are I know Not'. Here Carpenter gives a caution against a very common failing, namely, that of trying to bring everyone to our own way of thinking instead of letting them follow the law of their own souls. We should rather glory in their honesty and wish them God-speed on their way, confident that in infinity all paths will meet:

Who you are I know not.

For a certainty you are not greater or less than me; I neither look upon you with envy nor with pity, with deference nor with contempt. Endowments and dignities and accomplishments are of no account whatever; but honesty, and to stand in time under the great Law of Equality—after which you will be satisfied and joy will take possession of you.

Till then farewell. *Do not follow me, but go your own way voyaging—and then haply some time we shall meet.*

The great Law of Equality is working slowly, relentlessly, at the present day adjusting the karma of the ages, abasing the tyrant and raising up the oppressed.

At last, after centuries, when the tension and strain of the old society can go no further, and ruin on every side seems impending,

Behold, behind and beneath it all, in dim prefigurement, yet clear and not to be mistaken—the Outline and Draft of a new order.

Out of its hunger for community of life, for freedom, for love, for the life of Nature and the sun, humanity is obtaining strength to create a new and improved society, the barriers of race and class and sex are being broken down and "the innumerable personal affection" is finding "proud beautiful sane utterance and enduring expression" in all its forms.

The love of men for each other—so tender, heroic, constant;

That has come all down the ages, in every clime, in every nation,

Always so true, so well assured of itself, overleaping barriers of age, of rank, of distance,

Flag of the camp of Freedom;

The love of women for each other—so rapt, intense, so confiding close, so burning passionate,

To unheard-of deeds of sacrifice, of daring and devotion prompting;

And (not less) the love of men for women, and of women for men—on a newer greater scale than it has hitherto been conceived;

Grand, free and equal—gracious yet ever incommensurable—

The Soul of Comradeship glides in.

The Soul of Comradeship is the great deliverer from all social evils for the individual as for the race. When a man has that spirit, the chambers of his house are all in order but its doors are all open, for *the prisoner* has escaped and in vain we ask for the inhabitant, for he is now the occupant of a thousand homes.

Once when the house was closed I dwelt here—a prisoner;

But now that it is open—all open—I have passed out,

Into the beautiful air, over the fields, over the world, through a thousand homes—journeying with the wind—Oh! so light and joyous,

Light and invisible

I have passed, and my house is behind me.

Ask not for the prisoner, for he is not here;

Ask not for the free, for thou canst not find him.

Go back, thou too, and set thy house in order,

Open thy doors, let them stand wide for all to enter—thy treasures, let the poorest take them;

Then come thou forth to where I wait for thee.

Marguerite Pollard

fact with the life, the power, of the Supreme Teacher of the world. To-night the general theory is to be the subject of discourse; we are to trace through age after age the re-appearance of this World-Teacher for the helping of man, for the founding of great religions. Then to-morrow we are to think on the subject of the Christ in History, the historical manifestations of the great Teacher, to whom in Christendom the name of the Anointed, the Christ, has been given. And then in the third lecture of the series we are to study the subject from its more mystical side, to consider the relation of the human Spirit to the divine, and to try to see the conditions of the unfolding of the Christ in man. Those of you who are familiar with Christian teaching will remember how the great Initiate, S. Paul, pointed out that it was the intention of the Christian religion to bring about the birth of the Christ within the individual believer, and that that Christ-Child, thus born in the human Spirit, was to grow and to develop until the full stature of the Christ was reached in man. Until that becomes objectively true, as it is ever true implicitly, in the human being, Christ cannot become the first-born among many brethren, surrounded by those who have reproduced in themselves His own likeness, so that the great family of the Sons of God shall be realised as the rationale of the evolution of the Sons of Man.

Quite roughly, that is the outline of the subject in the three parts into which it naturally falls for the purposes of study. And it will be reasonable at the outset of our thinking to trace, however briefly, however imperfectly, that great human evolution which changes the imperfect into the perfect, the weak into the strong, the Son of Man into the Son of God. For it has been

recognised in the great faiths of the world that there is a path which human feet may tread; and long before the Christian faith came to the helping of the world, that path was described as a narrow path, a razor path, a path difficult to tread, and the name by which it was and is known in ancient occult teaching is the same name by which Christian Mystics have called it in modern days—it has ever been named the 'Way of the Cross'. For the idea of the Cross as known in the ancient world was that the life of God came down in order that the world might be lifted up through that life; and in the ancient symbolism it was said that the Spirit was crucified in matter, that Spirit descended into matter in order that matter might be uplifted into Spirit; and you may remember how Plato wrote, speaking of the second manifestation of divine life, that which in our own phraseology we call the Second LOGOS; how it was said that the LOGOS, the Wisdom, was shown in the form of a cross in the universe, decussated as a cross. That ancient idea is profoundly true, and manifests one of the great occult truths of evolution, and that is the idea that underlies the Cross in all the ancient pre-Christian faiths.

You find it ever as the sign of Spirit descending into matter, and then as the sign of Spirit triumphant over matter; so that everywhere it stands as the sign of life emerging from the grave, the grave being the matter and the Spirit the Life triumphant. It is found on ancient pottery, it is found painted in ancient frescoes, it is found carved in ancient stone and decorating the sides of the walls of temples which were ruined before the modern faith of Christianity was born. And this is natural, inasmuch as all faiths

contain the same essential truths, use the same significant symbols, and those symbols ever indicate the same spiritual verities. As this truth dawns upon us not only from the statements of ancient faiths, not only from the researches of occult investigators, but from the testimony of antiquarians and archæologists who have searched into the ruins and the fragments left behind by ancient civilisation, as we see this truth emerging from the fundamental identity of the great faiths of the world, we feel a strong power, a certainty of conviction of the essential truths of religion, which could never be ours so long as our faith depended on a single book, so long as we saw only a single revelation, instead of the constant manifestations of God in man.

And so we find in our study of religious truths, that there has ever been the idea that gradually man might quicken his evolution and tread onward, step by step, along the narrow path which should lead him to the life that knows no ending, when for him the cycle of births and of deaths would be over, and the one who had overcome, who had conquered all the difficulties of life, should become a pillar in the temple of his God, to go forth no more, but to support the temple for the reception of men.

In modern days, by those same antiquarian researches that I have spoken of, the history of our globe has been rolled far back into the centuries. Tens and hundreds of thousands of years have gradually been seen to be all too short for the story of the evolution of man. When some of us were children in the western world, we were taught that the history of our globe was comprised within a brief six thousand years, and when, shortly before the French Revolution, that most

remarkable Mayor of Paris, M. Bailly, published in Europe the chronology brought from India—the chronology brought from the Brāhmaṇas of India, and it was seen that they reckoned the age of the world not by tens of thousands but by hundreds of thousands of years, that each age in the world which made only part of its story was to be measured by many hundreds of thousands of years—when that first came across from the East to the West, it was laughed at as Oriental exaggeration. But modern western research has proved its accuracy, and those long ages of Brāhmaṇic chronology are accepted by modern science, and seen to be necessary for the tremendous evolution that lies behind. So gradually bit by bit, more and more light has been thrown upon the path, and it has come to be realised by very many—I do not for a moment pretend that in Europe it is as yet by the majority, but by many of the deeper thinkers, by those who try to solve some of the problems of the human race, it is seen by them—that the only explanation of this long evolution of consciousness, which goes side by side with the long evolution of forms, must lie in a continuing consciousness which unfolds itself in body after body, in age after age, until it develops from the ignorance of the savage up to the heights of genius, up to heights of wisdom and of holiness.

And so it will come with no surprise to the student, when the idea is presented to him, that those who are seen in the world's history towering high above their fellow-men, those who bear the sacred names in the great religions of the world, that those also were once men as we are men, and have climbed upwards to Their divine perfection through the difficulties and

struggles that now encompass us, their younger brethren. When we recall the words spoken by the Christ when He was last on earth, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect," we realise that to reach such divine perfection demands not one brief span of human life, but many and many a life during which that perfection is attained, and we begin to understand that when we see the Saint on earth, he is but marking one stage of the progress along the road which each one of us shall tread; and that beyond that Saint, exquisite as his life may be, there stretch great reaches of superhuman perfection; and at the very summit of those, on the high mountain-peaks, covered as it were with the dazzling whiteness of divine perfection, there stands the flower of our race, the man who has become divine, and who is therefore able to help his younger brethren still struggling up the mountain side; that even the world's Saviours were once men like ourselves who have evolved the God within Them, the God hidden in us, made manifest in Them.

And these great Founders of religion show marks of strange similarity. It is not only that in the story of Their lives a similar history is seen to be outlived age after age; but it is also seen that their teachings are fundamentally identical; that over and over and over again the same moral teaching comes forth from those divine lips, the same great precepts which are to lead us to perfection are spoken in the ears of different nations, are given out in different tongues, the meaning ever the same. We notice the earliest World-Teacher who came to the instructing of the childhood of our Aryan race—in that great cradle of the Race which will once again be acknowledged in time to come as it was

in the past, found in Central Asia—known under the name of Vyāsa, the Teacher who gave in that far-off time the Sanātana Dharma, the Eternal Religion, the Wisdom Religion, which since has spread its branches under different names over all the children of the Aryan race; we find Him teaching: "To do good to another is right; to do evil to another is wrong." We find him declaring that that which you would not have another do to you, you should not do to another, but that which you would wish done to yourself, that you should do to your fellow-men. That teaching, familiar to you as the teaching of 'the Golden Rule,' is a rule that has ever been given by great World-Teachers in the past, and as we see the similarity of teaching underlying differences of presentment, as in a moment I will show you, we see that these resemblances are so striking that they must needs come from a single spirit; we are not surprised to hear that the World-Teacher remains one and the same through many and many an age of human history, through many and many a stage of human civilisation; that it is the same mighty Teacher who comes back again and again into the world He loves, who is known under different names, it is true, but the names veil the same mighty Individual, the same World-Teacher, the same Prophet of the different faiths, bringing the same message, teaching the same truths, breathing the same compassionate love; He is the same age after age, appearing in His world for its helping, and thus lifting humanity age after age another step up to the golden ladder which ends at the feet of God.

And seeing this gradually come out from the story of the past, we begin to see in human evolution two

lines of mighty helping, used for the evolution and the gradual uplifting of men; two lines of saving and of guiding, the one the line of the Ruler, the other of the Teacher, the one the line of the Protector who guides the fate of nations; who builds the earth age after age into different distributions of continents and of oceans; who has in hand the evolving of the different Races of mankind—each Race bringing out its characteristic qualities, and so gradually contributing its share to the final perfection of humanity. And side by side with the line of the Ruler, the Protector, the King, we see the line of the Teacher, of the Founder of the faiths of the world, of the Guide of spiritual evolution, who gives to one faith after another its own characteristic note, its own dominant teaching; so that, as all the great truths are to be found in each faith, there is also one in each faith which dominates the rest, giving to it its own peculiar colour, evolving in it its own peculiar characteristics; just as the Races are builded into the final perfection of humanity, so the religions also are builded to bring out one by one the great qualities which are needed in spiritual evolution, until both outer and inner perfection shall crown the working out of the mighty Plan, made by the Divine Architect before our humanity was born, to reach its consummation when our world has touched its ending, and its fruitage is the perfection of humanity.

Looking at it then in that wide way, we see the Ruler and the Teacher coming down the stream of history side by side, each with His own work, and as the life in the East, so far as our Āryan race is concerned, is older than the life in the West, we find an eastern name given to the World-Teacher in those

eastern lands—a name which means the Essence of Wisdom; sometimes in Theosophical books you come across the name Bodhisattva, and that translated is simply Wisdom-Essence, the Essence of Wisdom, and wisdom is knowledge penetrated by love. And so the World-Teacher in those older days is known by this eastern name, just as in later days in the West the World-Teacher took the Greek name for the nations of Christendom, that name of the Anointed, the Christos, by which He is known among us.

But the difference of names must not blind us to the identity of function and of teachership. We must realise that names vary with languages, but Truth is eternal and remains the same; and the World-Teacher brings it out from time to time in order that man may learn gradually what he could not learn at once, and realise that great Knowledge of God which is in very truth Eternal Life.

We see, then, down the ages certain great figures stand out, the Founders of religions, and I am limiting myself to the Āryan race, omitting Those that have gone before, not because that history is not also profoundly interesting, but because in a single lecture one must limit the area of discourse if the object is to be worked out of conveying such hints of knowledge as shall lead some of you to study for yourselves. For remember that the only object of a lecture is to stimulate the hearers into study; not to give them a mere superficial idea, which is all that any lecture can do, but to be a sign-post pointing to the road along which every student must walk for himself; for only by individual study can knowledge worthy of the name be gained, and the duty of the lecturer is only to point out the way,

every man having to study for himself and to gain by his own efforts a grasp of Truth.

These great Teachers, then, that we see shining out from time to time in the history of mankind, in the history of our own Race, when They appeared in our world, founded certain religions. Of those great religions the oldest in the Āryan race is that which you know in its modern form as Hindūism. That is followed by the religion that grew up in later Egypt, that spread along the borders of the Mediterranean, that shaped not the modern but the very ancient Greeks who preceded the modern, and left its traces on some of the Mediterranean Islands, the whole basin of the Mediterranean being the receptacle of the teaching.

And then the third great faith, that which came from Persia, the very ancient Persia beyond the Persia of our books of history. Then the great stream of teaching that settled itself in Greece, among those who, in comparison with the very ancient, make up the modern Greeks, the teaching that in a moment, with the others, I will describe. Then the fifth of these streams, that expresses itself under the name of Christendom, and became the faith of the western world. Five in number you will notice, each the religion of one sub-division of the great Āryan Race. For these large sub-divisions into which a Root Race, as we call it, divides itself, these great streams of emigration from a central point that spread over the world in all directions and add a new perfection to humanity, each has its own fundamental proclamation of Truth, varied as the sub-race divides again into nations, into families, but always the same root from which the trunk and branches spread; and you can see what we may call a family likeness in

all the smaller branches that spring from the branch which runs back to the parent trunk. Five then are these sub-divisions, the racial sub-divisions, and five the great religions belonging each to each.

The first of these is that in which Hindūism originated—a religion which had as its special mark the sense of duty between the members of the community, which struck the keynote of the duty of man to man, and founded that duty in the recognition of the One Divine Life in which every human being inheres, from which he draws his own individual life. I mentioned the name given to the World-Teacher when He came forth to found that ancient faith, the name of Vyāsa, and He took as the symbol of His teaching that body, that divine body, that we call the Sun of our system. If you look at the symbol under which God is expressed in that ancient faith, you will find that it ever goes back to the Sun, from which the life of the system pours forth; for as all life in our solar system comes forth from the Sun, and every planet takes from the Sun its light and life, so in Hindūism was the Sun regarded as the outer manifestation of God Himself, the one Life of the world and of all that lived therein; and we find its central prayer—the prayer that is ever repeated by every Hindū as he turns eastwards as the Sun rises, and bows before the Sun as its light dawns in the eastern sky—you find that ancient prayer still ringing from modern lips: “That Sun we worship, may the divine radiance make wise, may it brighten our thought.” To that divine Life and Light, recognised as divine in the outer world and as the source of all physical as well as all emotional and mental and spiritual life, the cry goes up from that ancient faith day by day, that that light which we

worship may shine in us and irradiate us. As the heat and the warmth and the light of the Sun were the symbols by which the World-Teacher gave knowledge and wisdom to the first religion of our Āryan race, so we find that after a while He retired and left in the field His pupils to carry on the knowledge and to spread the truths He taught.

It was not until another great emigration went forth, that which went forth to Arabia, to Egypt, along the basin of the Mediterranean, the second of which I spoke, that He again came forth from His home in Central Asia, and, taking the body of a disciple in Egypt, began to teach the same ancient truth of the One Life in every man, in the outer world as well as in his inner heart. But in Egypt He spoke a language a little different, and instead of taking the Sun itself as the symbol of divinity, He took the Light which came forth from it and which dwelt also in the hearts of men; it is from ancient Egypt that those words were drawn, so familiar to every one of you in the Fourth Gospel of the Christian Church, of the "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world". Those were the words He spake in the name that is known in the West as Hermes, or as Thoth in the ancient Egyptian faith; He, the Messenger of the Supreme, declared that the Light which exists in the world around us lives also in our own hearts, and He taught that man should look within for the divine Light and find it burning within his own heart. He taught that when once you see the Light burning within yourself, then, and then only, shall you be able to recognise the Light as it burns in the heaven above us, as it shines in the world around us; for only as we know God in ourselves, do we learn to see God in all who are around us.

Nay, to us He is not only in the man, but in the animal, the vegetable, the mineral kingdoms, for there is nothing which exists, moving or unmoving, that could for one moment be bereft of Him, in a world where all is God; there is not the lowest grain of dust that is not penetrated with the one divine Light even as it shines out in the highest Archangel; for the Light is one, and that Light is the Light of the world.

And so He taught through Light the ancient hidden side of the old Egyptian lore. Many a sentence is to be found of the Light. The King of Egypt, the Ruler, is told that his one great duty is to "look for the Light," for only as the King sees the divine Light in the people that he rules can he be truly King by the grace of God, recognising divinity in his subjects as he feels it within himself. And the priests were taught to "follow the Light," and the people were told to "seek for the Light"; and so everywhere in ancient Egypt the Light was the symbol of the Godhead and only as it irradiated the heart of man could man hope to realise the splendour of the divine Life. Egypt, because its central teaching was of Light, had as the keynote of its faith, Knowledge. Knowledge and science are as much characteristic of the ancient faith of Egypt as Duty founded on the recognition of the One Life was the dominant note of ancient India. The 'Wisdom of Egypt' has come down through the ages, and as you know, even one of our sciences, chemistry, takes its name from the ancient land of Khem, the old name of Egypt. For Law is the symbol of Knowledge, as Duty is the flower of Truth.

And then another emigration was to come forth, that which was to people ancient Persia. To Persia the same great World-Teacher came forth, there to give

the religion that you know, under the name of Zarathustra, the Teacher of Purity; and he took Fire as the symbol of God, because fire is the great purifier. When you cast gold into the fire, the dross is burnt up and only the pure metal remains. As you cast the human being into the fire of struggle and of difficulty, the dross of weakness is burned away, and the pure gold of the strength of the Spirit remains. And when He went to Persia and took His human form, the form of a well-beloved disciple, he preached the doctrine of the Fire to the Persian people; He bade them think of God as Fire, and bade them bear reverence to the earth as the shadow of God; to keep purity in their lives, their persons, their houses, their lands—Purity being as much the dominant note of the Zoroastrian faith, as Knowledge was the dominant note of the old faith of Egypt, and Duty that of India. And thus, teaching them this Purity symbolised by Fire, He built up that mighty civilisation of which the remnant still exists after some thirty thousand years.

Again the time came when another emigration was to go forth, the fourth of these emigrating hosts, called by us the Keltic, although that name in Europe generally is restricted to some of the families that came forth from it, rather than to the root-trunk to which we give it. They, coming from their intermediate home, the Caucasus, as some of you may have heard in the opening speech of our Congress, passed from the Caucasus into Greece, and made the mighty nation of the Greeks as you know them, from ten thousand years before Christ onwards. To them the great Teacher also came, but came in other guise, though teaching the same great truths; for He came to Greece as bringing the Beautiful, and he took

as symbols of the Beautiful, music which is harmony, where every power is made accordant with every other, and the perfect life is a life that breathes out music and therefore breathes out beauty. It was He who, as Orpheus, founded the great Orphic Mysteries, from which all the later Mysteries of Greece proceeded. It was He who, playing on his lyre, attracted not only human beings but also the very animals from the fields and woods; for so compelling was that marvellous melody that it won the heart of every living creature that heard it, and the very trees, it is said, bowed down in homage, as the notes flowed through them and gave a fresh beauty to every form, a fresh radiance to every colour. And beginning with those Orphic Mysteries and the teaching of the Orphic Prophets of the Beautiful, Beauty became the dominant note of Greece; so that whether it embodied itself in exquisite architecture, whether it showed itself in wondrous sculpture, whether on the canvas the brush brought out the glories of colour, or whether the thinker and the poet shaped the wondrous Greek literature, you find that perfection of form which is characteristic not only of the Greeks, the forefathers, but of all the Latin races of our modern Europe—you see in them everywhere the one note of Beauty added to the ever-growing chord of human life.

And when that work was done, then the great World-Teacher who had been the same Individual appearing in the different forms, came for the last time back to India, and there He took on His last body, that you have heard of as Gautama, the Lord Buddha; for His work in this world was over, and wider fields called for His service, utter perfection having been

reached by Him and His labour on earth fulfilled. You remember how here He reached what is called the perfect Illumination, the perfect Enlightenment, and then, after teaching for some five-and-forty years of life, how He passed away from earth. But still they tell us in those eastern lands that from time to time His shadow shines forth upon the world in blessing; for He was the first of our humanity who touched that height of stainless perfection, He who, having been World-Teacher through these long ages of the past, handed on to His mighty Successor the function of teaching the Race through the further stages of its evolution—to Him who in the East is still called the Bodhisattva, who in the West appeared as the Christ.

For now another Individual, though of the same mighty Brotherhood of World-Teachers, comes forth on to the stage of the world in order to lift up our race to yet higher reaches of spirituality, to yet greater glory of perfection. And we find Him first appearing in the eastern lands under a name that you will know very well—the name of Shri Kṛṣṇa—that marvellous Child of eastern stories, who is an embodied Love, and who to two hundred and fifty millions of our Race to-day is the supreme Object of worship and of devotion. Very brief the life that there He led. As a youth He passed away, but so marvellous was His out-welling love, so marvellous His compassionate tenderness, that even those few years of mortal life have changed, as it were, the aspect of Hindūism, and have made it a religion of Devotion where before it was rather a religion of Knowledge. Just so also among the Buddhists—the people who use the name of the Lord Buddha as that of their supreme Teacher—you find that they

speak of Gauṭama, the Lord Buddha as the Buddha of Knowledge, but they speak of the One who is now the Supreme Teacher as the Buddha of Compassion. It was that brief life of love, which has made so wondrous a devotion in all our eastern brethren, that 'Kṛṣṇa-cult,' as it is called, which suddenly springs up a few centuries before the Christian era, which is not traced to any definite beginning by the ordinary Orientalist in the West. They know not the true eastern story; therefore they cannot understand the religion of love, which suddenly sprang up in that eastern land. They cannot understand why, in many points, it is so like Christianity, why it has so much said in it of divine grace, of the helping of man by God, of the lifting up of the helpless and the sinner. They cannot understand how these strange likenesses to Christianity appear in a pre-Christian form of worship. They do not dream that the secret lies in the fact that it was the same World-Teacher who is the central Object of devotion in both, who is worshipped under the name of Kṛṣṇa in India as He is worshipped under the name of Christ in Christendom. His great mission as the Christ was to the fifth sub-race of the Āryan people, those who spread over northern and western Europe, and these fourth and fifth sub-races intermingle one with the other, and you find the great faith of Christianity dominating them both.

If we saw that in the religions of the past there was a dominant virtue, its keynote, as it were, added to the great chord of perfection, if we saw that Duty and Knowledge and Purity and Beauty were the gifts of the World-Teacher of the past, who as the Lord Buddha gave the Law to men, what do we find in the later religions, where the new World-Teacher has

descended in order to lift humanity higher towards the perfection of divinity? We find in the cult of Shri Kṛṣṇa, as I just said, an unbounded devotion, a perfect self-surrender of man to the Object of his love; and if you ask me what is the note in Christianity which is the dominant note of that great faith, which rang out as the keynote, which has largely changed the atmosphere of the world, you will find that that keynote is Self-Sacrifice—the development of the individual to know the value of himself, and then, the only use of that value, to sacrifice himself for the good of his fellow-men. For just as the teaching of the Christ on earth laid so much stress on the value of the individual, as He reminded His hearers, “What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul”; as He constantly pressed on His hearers the immense importance of the individual life; so you see Him teaching by His own perfect sacrifice even unto death that lesson of Self-Sacrifice which is the central truth of Christianity. For it is only when strength has been developed, it is only when greatness has been evolved, it is only as the strong man stands out conscious, knowing his strength, it is only then that you see the full beauty of the lesson: “Let him that is first among you be as your servant”; “He that is greatest is he that doth serve”. It is Christianity that teaches us the lesson that power is meant for service, and that strength is only noble when it is bowed to the uplifting of the weak. That is the keynote of the Christian faith, adding the value and the use of strength to all the lessons from the other great religions that have gone before it in the religious evolution of man, and it is that lesson that Christendom is beginning to learn.

Already that social conscience is awakened which begins to realise that knowledge and power and strength are only human, as they are vowed to the service of the race, and which accepts that great word of a Master of Wisdom and Compassion, caught up and proclaimed, strangely enough, by an English scientist, Huxley, that “the law of Self-Sacrifice is the law of evolution for the man”. That is the latest lesson that has come from the lips of the World-Teacher, in order that the human race may be able to step one rung further up the ladder of truth and of love.

You must remember that the teaching which is sent out in a great faith is not limited in its influence to the religion which sounds it forth. When a religion becomes a dominant expression in the world, as each great world's faith does in time, then the keynote of the religion sounds out over the other religions and you find in them also an echo of the central teaching of the one which is leading the civilisation of the world. And so you find to-day in eastern faiths, that this note of Self-Sacrifice, struck so loudly by Christianity, is beginning to influence the lives of the nations and to be re-echoed by people after people. And while it is still true, as I have often said in addressing an eastern audience, that this ideal of altruism, of self-sacrifice of the strong to the weak, showing itself as public spirit, showing itself forth as the sense of public duty—while I have told them, that that is far more developed in the West than as yet it is in the East, still we can see in eastern nations the beginning of the answer to the keynote that in the West has been struck, and you find there also the dawning of this public spirit in which strength is to be used for service, and knowledge for the

helping of the ignorant. Every faith has had this idea, but it is the central idea in Christianity.

And looking back thus at the great World-Teachers, at the two mighty Individuals, the One succeeding the Other in the mission of World-Teacher, you realise that at one time there is only a single World-Teacher for all the religions of the world. They all look up to the One, though under a different name.

Are you inclined at first to think that the Christ who is so precious to yourself should be your own personal possession, and should belong only to the faith of Christianity? Is it not much more beautiful, is it not much more inspiring, does it not make you feel your Brotherhood more with the children of other religions and the followers of other faiths, if you realise that they worship your Christ under different names, and send up the homage of adoration to the same mighty Teacher, although the name by which they call Him is other than your Greek name of the West? It seems to me that to know that great truth, that there is but the One, supreme over all faiths, that He sends out His blessings to the faithful in all religions, that the inspiration of love in them is His love that flows into them, that His love protects them, that His wisdom guides them, that He is the purifier from all superstition, is a more grandiose and inspiring view of the Christ, than if you thought of Him as belonging only to a single faith while the rest of the children of men are outside His love, His care, His thought. Have you forgotten the words that you find in your gospel: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold"? Truly not of the Christian faith, but still belonging to the one World-Teacher, whom you here worship as the Christ. He knows His sheep and they

are known of Him, although the Shepherd bears another title, and by some other name men love and adore the One.

Now has this great succession of the comings of the World-Teachers reached its ending? Has human evolution touched its goal? Are no more sub-divisions of the great Āryan Race to be evolved? Is there no more progress stretching on our earth before the aspiring souls of men? Are we the highest evolution that humanity is to accomplish, the crown showing out the limit of the divine power on our earth? And yet how far are we from the perfection of the Father, which is the goal marked for humanity by the Christ Himself.

We cannot believe it; and as we do not believe that the outer evolution of man is over, that there will be no more human Races budding out from the stock of humanity, so neither can we believe that the spiritual evolution of man has touched its highest point, and that the World-Teacher is withdrawn from the earth, and shall not again tread in familiar human form the roads of the world He loves. And so to many of us, I do not say to all, the fact of the comings of the past is the prophecy of the comings of the future, and we believe that whenever from the human branch a new branchlet is put forth, to that branchlet, as in the past, the great World-Teacher shall come with His message of wisdom and of love, with the wondrous inspiration of His presence, with the placing before the eye of the new human sub-race the example of a perfect life, which shall lift humanity a step nearer to the divine. Surely the long succession is not over; surely it cannot be that the life of the divine within us shall not expand to yet fairer forms, to yet more beauteous manifestations.

And so there are many among us who look for His coming again, for that same great One who took human form in Palestine, and will, we believe, take it again for the helping and uplifting of our modern world. I ask you, has there been any time in the story of the world, in all those far ages of the past, in which the need of man was greater than his need to-day? in which he more required a help which can only come from above? in which he had more need of leader to guide him into the path of wisdom and of peace? Look abroad in every country at the hopeless poverty of the masses of the people; look at the ignorance, worse than the poverty—although they re-act upon each other, the poverty making worse the ignorance, and the ignorance breeding fresh poverty; look at the unrest in every nation; look at the discontent in those who yearn for a better social condition, for a nobler human life. See how in the young amongst you, the next generation, how the social conscience is awaking, how the more highly placed and the more wealthy are asking in every land: "What can we do for the redemption of our brethren, how can we help in the uplifting of our people?" See how on every side knowledge is growing and is beginning to grope after the inner things, the things that materialistic science will be unable to discover; and see the multiplying prayers arising from the heart of humanity, that He who once came as Teacher will come again as Teacher to the world that needs Him.

And as you think it over, pondering it in your own hearts, as you ask of the heavens above you and the world around you whether the need of man is not great enough to compel the Heart of Love again to reveal itself amongst us, then to you also shall the light of dawn

become visible. Then for you too shall the Star in the East, the Morning Star, arise; and as that Morning Star presages the rising of the Sun, and is lost in the beams of glory when he rises above the horizon and sheds his light upon our earth, so shall you see in the heavens the Sign of the Star, which the wise men of old saw and followed, seeking the infant King. You shall know that already the world is beginning to listen, to listen whether the sound of His footsteps may not be heard as they approach our earth. Will not you, many of you, join with us in the cry: "Come, O World-Teacher, to enlighten the ignorance of the world; you, who saved it in years gone by, come as our Saviour once again."

ANNIE BESANT

BEAUTY IN THE LIGHT OF THEOSOPHY

By ANNA KAMENSKY, F. T. S.

A Paper read at the International Congress, Stockholm

WE are familiar with the idea of the synthetic rôle of Theosophy in the domain of religious thought. We, as Theosophists, know that it forms a bridge between the intelligence and the heart, between science and religion; that it gives a basis to faith, and, by enlarging, spiritualises the domain of science. At one time or another of our lives we have, each one of us, experienced the blessed working of this synthesis, and its precious value has been brought home to us.

There are, however, other spheres, with which we are less familiar, and in which this problem has been less elaborated. And yet the working of this synthesis makes itself everywhere felt in a most forcible way, as for instance, in the sphere of the child, where we are face to face with the problem of education. We see that Theosophy, armed with its synthetic and enlightening power, enables us to grapple with the most intricate problems of education, to sound depths which have never yet been fathomed.

There is, it appears to me, a truth which should be an axiom for every Theosophist, and it is that the centre of gravity of all education resides in the education of Self—for to that end the work of all educationalists

should tend. Awaken as early as possible in every human being the desire to work towards the culture of his or her own soul and character.

It may be remarked that this desire is bound to follow the awakening of the religious consciousness, and it is brought home to us best by the pathway of the Beautiful.

What then here is Beauty?

It is the partial manifestation of Divine Harmony on earth. It is brought about by the perfection of sound or colour, of form or of movement, which accompanies the unveiling of the life of the soul; it is effected in a much more noticeable way, when we presuppose the perfection of sentiment, of thought and of character.

We thus arrive at a synthesis of enormous scope: the synthesis of the ethical problem together with that of *Æsthetics*, for the source of both is Beauty.

What then are we to understand by *Æsthetics*? It is the science which teaches us to understand and realise the external beauty of everything, while *Ethics* (moral duty, obligation), teaches us to appreciate and realise the internal, inner, beauty of everything.

It is clear and evident that these two spheres are in intimate contact one with the other. Beauty of sound, colour and form must imperceptibly lead us to the worship of moral beauty.

But we must first of all be of one accord, as to what we term the science of beauty. There is a wide difference between the words: *Æsthetics* and *Æstheticism*.

"Nothing is beautiful but the true," said Boileau. Without truth there can be no beauty. And the only

conditions under which it can manifest itself are simplicity and purity, which always accompany true beauty. It is in an atmosphere of purity that the artist's talent grows, and that is why he must learn to live up to the conception of higher things, on the heights, as it were. One self-interested movement, one selfish desire, one earthly thought, and the pure current of inspiration becomes troubled, and the artist loses his creative genius. This tragic sequence has been vividly depicted by the Russian writer, Gogol, in one of his short stories, 'The Picture'. It tells of a richly gifted young painter who begins to barter his talent; little by little his capacity weakens, his character decays, and ultimately his talent perishes.

Æstheticism on the contrary does not seek true beauty, which it is incapable of producing. It seeks only effect, by what path, by what means, it matters not. Void of real life, it seeks the illusion of life, and works on our nerves by unexpected and vibratory impressions, which produce certain sensations. Ignorant of true beauty, Æstheticism can exist in an atmosphere of impurity, which by contrast enables it to produce its effects in a more marked degree. Hence it seeks what is artificial, unhealthy, frightful, and it is in the domain of human passions that its ravages are most disastrous.

History furnishes us with many striking examples of the excesses to which Æstheticism may lead. It suffices to remember Nero who, in the midst of his orgies, and while witnessing the torturing of the Christians, paid minute attention to the effect of beautiful light, and sang to his own accompaniment on the harp while watching the burning of Rome, ordered

by him for the satisfying of his corrupted thirst for pleasure. Here we gain an idea as to the lengths to which Æstheticism dare boldly venture when it is rampant; and that is, as a general rule, whenever and wherever there is moral and social decay. False in its conception of beauty, cultivating forms only, it becomes a hideous mask in its negation of the spirit of true life.

But Ethics, the culture of the beautiful, always strikes the true note, the right chord, and thus becomes on its upward march the twin sister of moral rectitude.

But again how is this union brought about? It is brought about by the aid of rhythm, which spans the spaces between the different planes of the universe; for rhythm is naught else than the manifestation of Life, and Life is a divine rhythm.

A modern writer, the Prince Volkousky, has given us a delightful definition of the word rhythm and its value. Rhythm, he says, exists, beats, and vibrates throughout the universe. The drop of dew which falls from the roof on to the sand, the magpie tapping on the sounding trunk of the willow tree, the insect which leaves the regular marks of its passage across the soil, the twinkling star now enlarging, now diminishing, its disc of light, the ocean wave making its bed with rhythmic uniformity on the shore, and then gurgling adown the beach as it returns to the sea—all these are the beatings of the universal heart, which reaches its realisation in man.

But it lies in the power of man to change his rhythm, and not only his own but that of others, and this power is perhaps the greatest that nature has conferred upon him. Thanks to it, man has created the sphere of Art, and thanks to his capacity to direct his

own will to the transformation of his rhythm, man is able to work at his education of Self, not in order to create art, but in order to create on earth a fuller, richer, more beautiful, more precious, happier life, than that which men and women lead to-day.

The writer here touches an essential point, for if man is able to transform his rhythm by harmonising himself with the being he contemplates, we have there the method of moral alchemy, with possibilities for the perfecting of man which stretch beyond the limit of our imagination.

If we fix our attention on any object and seek to know it, what happens? We begin to vibrate with it, and in this union of souls we live with it, it is in us; that is to say, there is a phenomenon of identification, a phenomenon which presently brings about a complete transformation of the whole being.

Let us take for instance a very simple case. You go for a walk in the woods, and, busy with your own thoughts, you stride along paying no special attention to the paths you are traversing, to the branches which interlace overhead, to the beauty of sun and sky; you gain from your walk but a sensation of physical well-being; you will have learnt little or nothing. But if you start out for the same walk leaving behind you all worldly pre-occupations and selfish thoughts, and give yourself up to the beauty of all that surrounds you, the flowers, the branches, the sky, you will be penetrated and inspired and strengthened by the peacefulness, the rest, the glory of it all. Then you will vibrate in unison with Nature, and you will feel it as a living symbol of spiritual reality, of which it is but one of the countless veils. Its voice will penetrate into your heart

as a poem of joy and gladness, to which your soul will respond by a hymn of thankfulness, and you will bow in reverent gratitude before Him who teaches us to know Him by His beautiful works; you will, I reiterate, return from your walk penetrated and filled with the purity and peace which breathe from Nature, for you will have been, if but for a few moments, in intimate contact with the soul of Nature.

Returning home, you will, if you are an artist, perhaps sing, or write a poem; you will perhaps paint a picture, which will inspire those who see it; or again it may be you will simply just turn over a new page in your life with a vow to keep it cleaner than the previous one; for all these signs are one and the same. Your Spirit, in direct contact for a moment with the Divine Self, will have dilated your being by inspiring it with a creative force, which will seek to rush out in creation. The deeper the contact in these hours of contemplation, the deeper the results. And herein lies the secret of Genius, which instinctively knows how to give itself up entirely to these hours of profound pondering, to the earnest contemplation of a phenomenon or an idea, and thus are made the great discoveries which form epochs in the history of thought and human culture. It has been justly said that what distinguishes a man of Genius from other men is the capacity of concentration.

In all the spheres of human activity this capacity is essential, and it is by the culture of it that the work of the artist, the poet, and the thinker begins.

Let us now pass on to the domain of moral rectitude. Here we meet with the same essential points. It is governed by the same laws, the same results accrue. Those who lead a deep and spiritual life and who

become our teachers always begin by awaking in us the desire of inner attention, which alone can give the true harvest. If we study the lives of the saints, we invariably find marked out most clearly the step from contemplation to concentration, which we must follow, and this last, in its turn, leads to illumination.

One of the Fathers of the Greek Church, Father Theophane, defines the spiritual travail of man in the following manner:

From his intelligence he descends into the heart, and there rests in the presence of God.

Then comes down silence so great, that the movement of a fly could be heard. And it is in this silence that are born the following states of the soul:

Concentrated attention.

A peaceful benevolence towards all, even towards our enemies.

Complete recollectedness.

The deliverance of the heart from all earthly strife.

The separation from all that is temporal.

Wisdom then enlightens the will, and, arrived at this state of the soul, man thirsts to establish harmony between the external and the internal. His love of God becomes an irresistible force, which seeks to give itself and to shed its rays on every human being.

Thus said one of the Fathers of the Greek Church.

It is interesting to find in philosophy the knowledge of the same laws, and of the power of concentration.

Fichte says: "Objects of the external world are created in the super-individual consciousness, and are given to the Self for contemplation. And by contemplating these objects we arrive at a knowledge of the world, which is the image of God."

Schelling, by the same method, arrives at the following conviction: "I am a living Spirit."

Hegel proclaims: "The true knowledge of the Absolute is only possible by contemplation, which carries us beyond all that we can conceive."

These quotations from the works of philosophers and saints give as a result three important things:

1. That spiritual work, like all other work, demands continued attention, and that concentration is the beginning of it.

2. That the contemplation of anything great helps to engender concentration.

3. That during the hours of contemplation a process of intimate identification goes on which, by putting us into harmony with the person or thing contemplated, leads to the transfiguration of the being who contemplates.

In this state of transfiguration, which is very near illumination, is born spiritual cognition, the Gnosis, in which love and knowledge are confounded, and Wisdom appears. Wisdom, in its turn, illuminating our Will, impels it to active service, and makes of us servants of God and humanity.

This last expression, the supreme expression of this state of the soul, is formulated in the Vedānta by the cry of the yogī of India: "Ṭaṭ ṭwam asi." It is the identification of the illuminated Self with the Divine Self, and the recognition of this divine element in every human being, great or small, beautiful or ugly, weak or strong, in the saint as in the savage, in the ignorant as in the wise. It is the culminating point to which our illuminated thoughts can rise during meditation, to that soul-inspired state which brings us to the very threshold of the final union, of the triumph of the Spirit, when the illusion of matter is for ever vanquished.

The saints and wise men, in order to attain this height, usually employ a concrete object of adoration, the supreme Guru, the Mahādeva, whose lotus feet are

placed on flames on sacred earth. In other words they contemplate an ideal in the image of which they recognise their Self. In the same way as the painter paints in his picture the likeness of the divine vision which has appeared to him, as the poet, inspired by a hero he has seen in his dreams, composes his songs, so the soul also needs a model to help its growth; and that is why the man who is seeking spirituality must constantly keep himself face to face with the image of Him who is for us the living symbol of the beauty of the soul.

It follows of itself then, that if we would help the younger generation, we cannot do better than place before its eyes some great ideal, which will help it to cultivate the inner life, and give it the necessary inspiration. For by contemplating a great ideal we unconsciously place ourselves in harmony with it, we vibrate, if but for a moment, in consonance with it, and by it our own rhythm is transformed to a rhythm stronger and more beautiful. We unconsciously identify ourselves with that which we have set up as our ideal, and in this momentary identification we grow, our whole being expands in the atmosphere of beauty, and we issue forth from these hours of contemplation better and purer than we were before.

It is just in these hours of intimate meditation that we discover our Divinity, and the discovery enables us more clearly to discern our divine possibilities and powers.

It is very natural that we should seek more and more to renew this contact, which words cannot convey, with the God in us, and that we should to this end begin the work of purification; for we feel that we

must render ourselves worthy of this contact in order to experience in all its fulness the unspeakable joy it can give. For do we not know that only the pure in heart can hope to see that which is divine?

Here we have a great stimulus for the work necessary to change and influence our will, which, lighted by love, transforms our passive desire into an active and conscious energy. In other words, the will changes from the static to the kinetic state.

And so, awakened by love for that which we contemplate, the contact of which gives such profound satisfaction to our whole being, we find in beauty a stimulus which becomes an irresistible force for good, and which impels us to activity in systematic work for the culture of the soul.

This culture causes rapid growth of the powers of our will, and purifies our whole being, as we come more and more into harmony with the objects of our adoration, and the inner accumulation of strength finds an issue for the pouring out of itself in the path of service.

There is therefore no greater help towards spiritual growth than to recognise a something greater than ourselves, and to follow it with all the strength of which we are capable.

There is no source of such inexhaustible inspiration as the divine ideal, which Theosophy offers to us in the august image of the Masters of Wisdom and Compassion, the simple thought of whom makes our soul tremble with reverent and sacred joy.

What then, to the soul, can matter trials, troubles, conflicts, tempests, when it has before it the glorious vision of Those who guide the life of the world, and

when it has understood the reality and beauty of the path that leads to Their feet? No more doubt, no more fear is possible; precipices or verdant paths, pain or joy, all are the gifts of Their blessed hands, and all is well with us, for all these but lead us to Their feet.

The radiant vision of Their beauty is an unfailing, inexhaustible source of inspiration, which gives the unspeakable joy of service, together with that peace which lets in the light intense, and keeps it ever burning.

Is it not then true to say that there is no more powerful force than Beauty? nothing that has greater influence over us? no inspiration that is more utter?

The Russian writer Dostoievsky, the great unconscious Theosophist, was right when he said: "It is beauty that will save the world."

Anna Kamensky

THE RELIGION OF THE SIKHS¹

II

*Guru Nānak, Guru Aṅgad, Guru Amār Dās,
Guru Rām Dās*

By DOROTHY FIELD

[The first of this series was printed in our December issue, 1912, under the title 'Indian Unrest and The Religion of the Sikhs'. We much regret the delay in printing the remainder, that has occurred through a misunderstanding. The remaining articles will appear in October and November.—ED.]

GURU Nānak, the founder of the Sikh religion, was born in the spring of the year 1469 A.D. He was of the Kaṭri sub-caste, and his father was an accountant in the village of Talwandi in the Panjab. The cry uttered by him at birth is said to have been as the laughing voice of a wise man joining a social gathering. The astrologer who came to write his horoscope worshipped the child, and prophesied that he would wear the umbrella. He said that he would be worshipped both by Hindūs and Muslims, and that the child's name should resound both in earth and heaven. In very early years these prophecies were found to have some justification. Nānak soon began to speak on divine subjects

¹ The facts of the life of Nānak and of the subsequent Gurus are borrowed from *The Sikh religion, its Gurus, Sacred Writings and Authors*, by Max Arthur Macauliffe (Six Volumes)—the only account in translation, and one which has been compiled from many obscure Indian sources. Quotations from the translations are included by kind permission of the Oxford Clarendon Press.

and to spend nights in devotion. At seven years he went to school, where he made an acrostic on his alphabet, enumerating praises of the Creator, which composition is still in existence. One day, however, he was observed to remain silent, and, when questioned, asked his teacher: "Art thou sufficiently learned to teach me?" The schoolmaster replied by giving a list of his qualifications. To this the boy replied: "To your accomplishments I prefer the study of divine knowledge." He then composed a hymn which began in the following manner:

Burn worldly love, grind *its ashes* and make it into ink;
turn superior intellect into paper.

Make divine love thy pen, and thy heart the writer; ask
thy guru and write his instruction.

Write *God's* name, write His praises, write that He
hath neither end nor limit.

O master, learn to write this account,
So that, whenever it is called for, a true mark may be
found thereon.

Upon this the astonished schoolmaster did homage to the boy and told him to do as he liked. After that Nānak took to private study and meditation, and proceeded to discipline himself by the practice of yoga. He would remain for days in the same attitude, and associated entirely with religious men. In the dense forests around the village he would wander entirely absorbed in religious speculation. In all probability he learnt a great deal from the ascetics whom he came upon there. They doubtless taught him something of the various philosophies of India and acquainted him with its religious literature. These wandering ascetics had travelled long distances, and they carried with them the news of the latest religious reformers they had come across. Thus Nānak became acquainted

with the current ideas of his time in a way that could never have been possible had he remained at the little village school. After a while his father persuaded him to learn Persian. Though this tongue was despised and even feared by the Hindūs, it was used for State documents and accounts, and was therefore useful where the obtaining of a livelihood was concerned. Before long Nānak had composed an acrostic on the Persian alphabet, again astonishing his teacher. This acrostic shows Muhammadan influence, indicating that Nānak's mind was already drifting away from orthodox Hindūism. His knowledge of Persian must have enabled him to read Muhammadan writings, and thus to come directly under the influence of pure monotheistic fervour. During this time Nānak and his parents were in constant disagreement, and he found himself face to face with the inevitable struggle between the claims of the world and those of the Spirit. At nine years old he refused to be invested with the sacrificial thread, although he realised that its renunciation would involve the loss of caste. The priest explained that without it no man could be a Hindū in the real sense, but Nānak remained unmoved.¹ The hymn which he then composed is preserved:

Make mercy thy cotton, contentment thy thread,
continence its knot, truth its twist.

That would make a janeu for the soul; if thou have it,
O Brāhmaṇa, then put it on me.

It will not break, or become soiled, or be burned, or lost.

Blest the man, O Nānak, who goeth with such a thread
on his neck.

Every effort to obtain useful work for the young reformer failed. He tried agriculture, but he was

¹ He accepted the thread, however, at his mother's pleading.—ED.

always absorbed in spiritual meditation. When reproached in any way he would usually reply by means of an improvised hymn, such as the following :

Make thy body the field, good works the seed, irrigate with God's *name*;

Make thy heart the cultivator; God will germinate in thy heart, and thou shalt thus obtain the dignity of nirvāṇ.

On one occasion he lay down, retaining the same position for four days, and declining all physical exertion. Finally he informed his father that he had sown his own field, and that its harvest was now ready. "He had done farming work for God, who had treated him as a lord does his tenants, and the day that he effected union with his Creator his soul within him would be glad."

His father suggested shop-keeping and various professions, but always with the same result. His friends began to fear that he was mad, and a physician was sent for. Nānak replied that his pain was separation from God, and his medicine the repetition of the Holy Name. At this the physician fell down and worshipped him, telling his parents to have no anxiety, as their son was a great being. It is a matter of dispute as to the point in his life at which Nānak married. He certainly raised no protest against this part of his worldly duties. He always taught the value of family life, although it is true that he was obliged to leave his wife for long periods during the work of his ministry. The earliest records say that he was married at fourteen, but it is also contended that the marriage took place later, when his religion was more formulated. However this may be, after various further unsuccessful attempts to adopt a profession, Nānak went to Sultanpur, where he had a post offered him in the Government Service by friends who understood his nature. He discharged his duties

there as store-keeper with considerable success, and spent his nights singing hymns to the Creator. The minstrel Marḍana—who afterwards accompanied him on his many wanderings—entered his service and played the rebeck to his master's hymns. Every day before dawn Nānak would bathe, and on one occasion after doing so he disappeared into the forest for three days. During this time a long vision was vouchsafed him, in which he was taken into the presence of God and held conference with Him. His replies to the Creator are retained in the forms of many beautiful hymns, the most famous of which is used as the preamble to the *Ṭapji* :

There is but one God whose name is True, the Creator, devoid of fear and enmity, immortal, self-existent, great, and bountiful.

The True One was in the beginning. The True One was in the primal age.

The True One is, was, O Nānak, and The True One also shall be.

When Nānak returned from the forest, it was the general belief that he was possessed with an evil spirit, but efforts to exorcise this met always with the same result. After this the Saint donned a religious costume in order to sever his connection with the world. He kept silence for a day, after which he uttered the pregnant announcement: "There is no Hindū and no Musalman." From this announcement it may be said that the formation of the sect began. Nānak was taken before the Governor to explain his utterance, when he pleaded for a return to that sincerity and spirituality which was so lacking in the religions of the day. He went to the mosque with the Governor, where he divined the wandering thoughts of those who

officiated, and the whole company were bound to acknowledge his super-normal power. The Musalman Governor became converted, and both he and religious hermits offered Nānak temporal possessions, all of which, however, he refused. He left Sultanpur, and all the people—both Hindū and Musalman—came to bid him farewell.

He then started out, with Marḍana as minstrel, and went for long travels in the Panjab, performing miracles and making converts wherever he went. His teaching was usually expressed by means of improvised hymns—very largely protests against the formality and mechanical observances of his day. These he sang to the accompaniment of the rebeck.

Apparently he did honour to the Muhammadan Saints, for in the course of his wanderings he went to visit the tomb of Shaikh Farid—a Muslim Saint—and he held many noteworthy consultations with Muhammadan Sages. His early writings show their influence very strongly, but there are also attacks on the formalism of their observances. With the Hindūs he was constantly at war over questions of caste. He carried his opposition to their time-honoured customs even to the extent of allowing the use of flesh food. Very early in his wanderings he converted a Brāhmaṇa on this point, showing him how inevitably we are bound to material things and how futile are the attempts to escape from these facts. Flesh was allowed in the old days, he said, and it is far better to remember God at all times than to make paltry distinctions in the matter of food. Nānak broke all the rules of caste, and took his meals with outcastes. He taught his converts to do the same, bidding them live in harmony with each other. The

one form of observance that mattered, he told them, was the repetition of the Name with love. Sometimes he made very violent attacks on the Hindūs, as when he said: "The Hindūs are going to hell; death will seize and mercilessly punish them." He explained that this was because of their worldliness and hypocrisy.

The Guru travelled all through the Panjab, and at Delhi he encountered the Emperor, before whom he performed a miracle. He appears to have made a favourable impression on the monarch, who offered him presents. The Guru wore a dress which was a strange mixture of Hindū and Muhammadan religious garbs. He wore a mango-coloured jacket, with a white sāfa or scarf, and over it the headgear of a Musalman Saint, a necklace of bones, and the saffron mark upon his forehead. At a place called Gorakhmata, Nānak seated himself under a famous pipal-tree, withered with age, and it is said that the branches became suddenly green. This miracle converted several Yogīs. After this they went to Benares, the birth-place of the renowned Kabir, whose writings had so greatly influenced Nānak. There they sat down in a public square in the city. A leading Brāhmaṇa went by them on his way to bathe, and when he saw the Guru he uttered the Hindū salutation: "Rām Rām." He then noticed that the Guru wore no necklace of sacred basil and no rosary. Nānak explained that God's Name was better than all these things. Afterwards he uttered fifty-four stanzas called the Omkar, on which the high priest of the Holy City became converted and accepted the Sikh religion.

During the Guru's subsequent journeys in Eastern India he had some severe further tests. Some women endeavoured to tempt him with their charms, with their

wealth, and also by means of magic. Nānak however, remained faithful, and succeeded in converting his tempters to Sikhism. The Saint then went into the wilderness, where he was tempted by 'the devil' Kaliyuga, who offered him wealth, women, supernatural power, and sovereignty both in the East and in the West. In the end the Guru vanquished him, and Satan fell at his feet. The Guru and Maṛḍana then returned by the Brahma-putra, and made a coasting voyage round the Bay of Bengal, where he came into contact with the worshippers of Kṛṣṇa. On one occasion he was invited to stand in the temple and join in the gorgeous ritual of the service of Jaganāṭh. The lamps were lit, and offerings were made on salvers studded with pearls. There were flowers and censers, and a fan to excite the flames of the incense. Despite all this beauty, Nānak refused the invitation of the priest, and raising his eyes to heaven uttered the following hymn, so famous in the Sikh Scriptures:

The sun and moon, O Lord, are Thy lamps; the firmament Thy salver: the orbs of the stars, the pearls *enchased* in it.

The perfume of the sandal is Thine incense; the wind is Thy fan; all the forests are Thy flowers, O Lord of light.

What worship is this, O Thou Destroyer of birth? Unbeaten strains of ecstasy are the trumpets of Thy worship...

The light which is in everything is Thine, O Lord of light.

From its brilliancy everything is brilliant;

By the Guru's teaching the light becometh manifest.

What pleaseth Thee is the real āraṭi.

O God, my mind is fascinated with Thy lotus feet as the bumble-bee with the flower; night and day I thirst for them.

Give the water of Thy grace to the sarang Nānak, so that he may dwell in Thy Name.

After awhile regular Sikh Societies began to grow up, definite rules as to the lives of the disciples were

laid down. Hymns of Guru Nānak were collected and made into services, and some of these, such as the Tapji and the Asa-ki-war, were repeated before daylight. Reading and exposition usually followed, after which there was further singing of hymns, and then breakfast was served. There were various other services during the day, and then the Sikhs all dined together. These meals were an important point, as they signified the breaking-down of caste, and were also a method of charity to the poor. Before retiring to rest the Sohila was read, which includes the beautiful hymn quoted above: "The sun and moon are Thy lamps."

At the singing of hymns a small boy was constantly to be noticed listening intently. Guru Nānak, on discovering that he was but seven years of age, asked him why he came so regularly, seeing that this was the time of his life in which to eat, play, and sleep. The boy replied that he had once observed that little sticks burn before big ones, and from that time he had grown afraid of Death. For this reason he attended religious gatherings, since it was very doubtful whether he should live to be old. The Guru was delighted with the reply, and told the boy that he spoke like an old man (Badha). He was known as Bhai Badha in consequence and became a famous Sikh, taking part in the enthronement of no less than four of the subsequent Gurus.

Among many other places, Guru Nānak visited Madras, where he disputed with the Jains, and then visited Ceylon, where he was fortunate enough to convert the King. He was also taken before the Queen, to whom he expounded his doctrines. He then journeyed

once more to Northern India and travelled to the Himālayas, continuing his journey westward to various centres of Muhammadan sanctity, and at last reached Mecca itself, and entered the sacred city disguised as a Fakir. He carried a cup for his ablutions and a carpet whereon to pray, and a collection of his own hymns in his hand. At first he uttered the Muhammadan prayer with due orthodoxy, but very soon his reformatory zeal began to display itself. "When he lay down to sleep at night he turned his feet towards the Kaaba. An Arab priest kicked him and said: 'Who is this sleeping infidel? Why hast thou, O sinner, turned thy feet towards God?' The Guru replied: 'Turn my feet in the direction in which God is not.' Upon this the priest seized the Guru's feet and dragged them in the opposite direction; whereupon, it is said, the temple turned round, and followed the revolution of his body." This miracle is not taken literally by all; some say that it is to be understood in a spiritual sense, and means that the Guru turned all Mecca to his teaching. He returned to India and resumed his wanderings, until, feeling that his end was approaching, he appointed his servant Aṅgad as his successor in preference to his sons. This man with certain other Sikhs, had been subjected to very severe tests. Originally he had been a priest of Ḍurgā, but had become a convert to Sikhism. After his conversion the Guru had decided to test the number of his real Sikhs. He put on dirty, tattered clothing, and with a knife in his hand went forth with dogs as though for hunting. Several Sikhs fled on seeing their Guru in this terrible guise. Nānak then threw upon the ground first copper, then silver, and afterwards gold coins, and on each occasion several Sikhs gathered up coins

and departed. Finally the party came to a funeral pyre, and the Guru ordered any who were his true disciples to eat of the corpse. Only Lahina—as Aṅgad was then called—was willing to do so. When the sheet was raised, however, nothing was found beneath it but sacred food. Aṅgad was then promised the Guruship, and Nānak himself placed the umbrella over his head and bowed to him. It is recorded that troops of Sikhs, Hindūs and Musalmans came to bid Nānak farewell and to sing songs of mourning at his death. The Musalmans said they would bury him, but the Hindūs declared that they would cremate him. At this the Guru told the Hindūs to place flowers on the right of his body and the Muhammadans on the left; those whose flowers were found fresh in the morning should have the disposal of his body. The crowd then sang the *Sohila*, and the *Ṭapji*, after which he uttered "Wah Guru," and his Spirit entered into Aṅgad. The body was covered, but when the sheet was removed in the morning nothing was found beneath it. The flowers on both sides were in bloom. Nānak died on the tenth day of the light half of Assu, A. D. 1538.

Guru Ḍās, a famous Sikh, in his analysis of the gloomy state of the world at the rise of the Sikh religion, says:

Nānak established a separate religion, and laid out an easy and simple way of obtaining salvation by the repetition of God's name He cut off the fear of transmigration and healed the malady of superstition and the pain of separation from God Sikhs are recognised by practising humility They live as hermits among their families, they efface their individuality, they pronounce the ineffable name of God, and they transgress not the will of the Creator by uttering blessings or curses upon their fellow-creatures. Thus were men saved in every direction and Guru Nānak become the true support of the nine regions of the Earth.¹

¹ *The Sikh Religion.*

Guru Aṅgad followed out Guru Nānak's principles in all particulars. He was the very essence of humility and obedience, and proved himself in every way worthy of the Guruship. The severe tests to which he had been put by Nānak stood him in good stead, and he lived a thoroughly Spartan life. He would rise three hours before day, bathe in cold water, and meditate while the musicians sang the *Asa-ki-war*. Sick persons—particularly lepers—would then come to be healed by him, after which the Guru preached, and expounded the hymns of his predecessor. At nine o'clock visitors of all castes received sacred food, and afterwards the children of whom the Guru was particularly fond. He loved to draw morals from the play of these little ones. In the afternoon Aṅgad would watch wrestling matches, and it is to be noticed that despite his weakness and spirituality he taught the value of courage and physical strength. Minstrels were kept as in Guru Nānak's time, and hymns were improvised by Aṅgad on special occasions. Several of these hymns were added to the Sikh's daily services.

Aṅgad taught, just as Nānak had done, the eating of meat, and it was through a discussion on this subject that he converted Amār Dās, who was afterwards his successor, and who came to him as servant. He told him that there is life in everything, in fruit and flowers as well as in flesh; whatever was eaten, remembering God, he said, should be profitable. Whatever comes without hurting a fellow-creature is nectar, but whatever is received by giving pain is poison. Aṅgad was already a married man with grown-up sons when he received the Guruship, which office he only held for fourteen years. He died in the month of Chait, A. D.

1552, after appointing Amār Dās as his successor. This ceremony was performed in the same way as in Aṅgad's case—the new Guru being enthroned on a seat of honour, while his predecessor laid five copper coins and a cocoanut before him. Bhai Badha, of whom mention has already been made, then placed the sacred *tilak* upon the forehead. It will be noticed that Aṅgad, in common with the first Guru, elected his servant in preference to his sons.

Aṅgad's chief contribution to the history of the Sikh religion was the construction of a special alphabet for the writing of the hymns. Guru Nānak had composed his hymns in local dialects, and his successor deemed it advisable to adopt a simplified Panjabi alphabet for the transcription of these. This modified form was called *Gurumukhi*, and it contains but thirty-five letters whilst the *Samskr̥t* alphabet has fifty-two. Thus the Sikh Scriptures—contrary to the Scriptures of most Indian religions—came to be written in the current language of the people instead of in a classical tongue and with a written character of their own.

Amār Dās was already an old man when he began his ministry, but he lived to the age of ninety-five, and held the Guruship for twenty-two years. He composed a great number of hymns—among them a service that is now used for marriages, and another for mourning occasions. He accentuated all the tenets of the previous Gurus, emphasising the necessity for men of all castes partaking of the same food. None was allowed to see him until he had eaten from his kitchen. All were welcome to his hospitality, whether they accepted his divine message or not. The greatest delicacies were offered to visitors, but the Guru himself lived on

AN INDIAN GEM

Fortune is mine, my wife is fair,
The fame thereof spreads everywhere.
What of that? What of that? What of that, Oh! sot,
If thy Guru's feet thy heart seeks not?

Strong sons and grandsons, house and kine,
All that the heart desires are mine.

The Vedas, Shāstras, all I know,
Of Manu's Laws, I mastery show.

For righteous living, stainless hands,
Honour is mine through many lands.

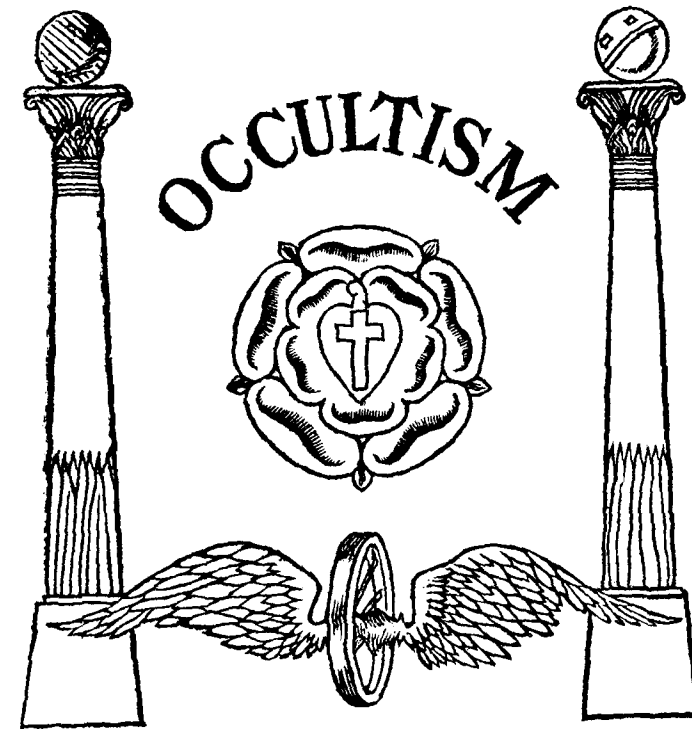
Rulers and kings, from far and near,
Low in the dust my worth revere.

My deeds of mercy all proclaim,
And love and reverence my name.

Nor noble steeds, nor worldly joys,
Wife, children, wealth, my mind decoys.

Nor forest deeps, nor household cares,
Nor beauty's lips, my mind ensnares.

The pure one, singing this Octave,
Householder, student, monk, or king,
He wins the longed-for Brahmā state
For whom the Master's word is King.



THE SERVERS

By C. W. LEADBEATER, F. T. S.

ALL who have read *Man: Whence, How and Whither* are acquainted with the idea of the Group of Servers—a band of people who have offered themselves to do a certain amount of the hard work of the world, especially the work of the pioneer. When a new country is to be brought under cultivation, there must be men who will be the first to enter it, who will be willing, for a long time, to dispense with all the little conveniences which make existence bearable, to live

coarse food and observed the most ascetic habits. He literally took no thought for the morrow; what he daily received was daily spent, and he kept no personal possessions. A Rāja whom he converted permitted him to see his wives, and he took this opportunity of protesting against the veiling of the face by women. By this time the Sikh sect was growing in importance, and when Sikhs met one another they made salutation using God's Name. Guru Amār Dās lived in Goindwal by command of Guru Aṅgad, this being the first time that a definite city was chosen as the Sikh headquarters. The third Guru suffered considerably from the jealousy of his brother—whose claims to the Guruship had failed—and also from the malice of Muhammadan dignitaries, but he everywhere taught the forgiveness of injuries. He made attacks upon fortune-tellers and astrologers, telling them that "the favourable time" is when men pray to God. The enlightened Akbar was now Emperor, and he favoured the Guru and tried to make peace between him and the Brāhmaṇas. He requested Amār Dās to propitiate them by making one yearly pilgrimage to the Gaṅgā, in which case he should be relieved of the usual tax. This the Guru did, and the Emperor then offered him several villages, which, though refused by the holy man personally, became the property of his son-in-law through his daughter. This son-in-law he duly installed as his successor.

Rām Dās became Guru in 1574, and held the office for seven years. Guru Nānak had appeared to his father-in-law before death, and told him to have a tank constructed upon the land that the Emperor had given to the Sikhs. This tank or lake should be called

Amriṭsar (tank of nectar) and the Sikh headquarters were to be established there. Rām Dās had already begun this work, and he continued it during his life, and a village gradually began to spring up round the sacred water. The first miracle of healing power very soon occurred, for a leper who bathed in it became so changed that his own wife did not know him, and the Guru himself was obliged to assure her that it was he.

Guru Rām Dās instituted the Masands—or Collectors of funds—for assistance in building the tank and so forth. This institution was at first a great success, but afterwards the collectors became dishonest and their office was abolished by the last Guru. Rām Dās emphasised all the precepts of his predecessors, particularly the sanctity of family life and the vanity of pilgrimages and unhealthy asceticism. In answer to the Hindūs who complained of their lack of observances, he said that all his followers would obtain salvation in their own homes. Heaven they did not desire to win; that was not a fit reward for their merits. Their minds were entirely absorbed in God's love, and that was their heaven and their salvation. "The Hindūs had no knowledge of 'the glory of the Saints'."

The fourth Guru died A. D. 1581 in Goindwal, leaving as his successor his younger son Arjan. With the accession of Arjan we come to a new page in the history of the religion.

Dorothy Field

(To be continued)

roughly and to work hard, cutting down trees, clearing away undergrowth, digging up and levelling the ground, boring wells and constructing roads, and generally turning the wilderness into a fruitful field and making the jungle habitable; and without such preparatory labour civilised life, and all that it brings in its train in the way of opportunity and achievement, would never be possible at all.

The same statement is true of other and higher kinds of development. When a new Root Race is to begin, the Manu in charge of the business must take a certain number of people and deal with them much as the pioneer deals with new country. He must break up many of their customs, their prejudices, their ways of thought, and implant in them others which are quite different, at the same time that he is introducing changes into the shape and build of their physical bodies. Clearly such work—difficult and complicated as it must be in any case—can be done more easily if the human material is docile, if it is to some extent accustomed to the process, and willing to co-operate to the best of its ability, just as soil which has once been turned over is easier to dig than that which has never been touched. Such material the Manu finds in us who are members of His Band of Servers. Notice the qualities which He must need in us.

First, the docility of which we have just spoken. We must be willing to follow Him through all dangers and difficulties, eager to take any hint that He throws to us, always ready to put aside personal desires and feelings for the sake of the work that has to be done.

Secondly, such comprehension of at least the broad outline of the work as will enable us to co-operate

intelligently—what in the present age we call an interest in Theosophy.

Thirdly, patience, for without that we shall assuredly fall out by the way in the long march of evolution, and become discouraged at the scantness of the visible result from all our endeavours.

Fourthly, industry, the inflowing of energy from behind that keeps us moving in spite of all hindrances—the fly-wheel that carries us over the dead-point of exhaustion and despondency.

Fifthly, adaptability and comradeship, so that we may learn to work together as a whole, to trust one another and make allowances for one another.

Have we then—we who have the honour to belong to this Band—all these qualities fully developed? Certainly not, but we are in the process of developing them, and every possible opportunity is given to us to hasten their unfolding. After the experience of many incarnations extending over thousands of years, we ought to exhibit these qualifications to an extent markedly greater than that observable among our fellowmen. If we do not so manifest them, if we are not yet what He would have us be, that is evidently our fault and we should instantly set about amending it. The history of our past lives shows us clearly what He is trying to do with us; and it shows us also that with some who are of our party His endeavour has already succeeded to the fullest possible extent. Further, if for the rest of us progress has not been so rapid, the knowledge of what those who are now Adepts have done should be to us at once the greatest possible incentive and the most emphatic encouragement. Let us see, then, what can be learned from this past history.

Since the book *Man* was written some further investigations have been made, in the course of preparing for the press the new book containing an account of forty-eight of the lives of Alcyone. These investigations modify to a certain extent some of our previous conclusions, and alter the relative importance which we were at first disposed to attach to the various factors governing the successive incarnations of this Group of Servers. When the 'Lives of Alcyone' were first published in THE THEOSOPHIST only a few of the *dramatis personæ* were given after each Life—just those characters which happened to come into close touch with the hero of the story or exercised some definite influence over his life. A few of these people appeared nearly every time, but most of them were irregular; and this seemed to the investigators quite in accordance with what might be expected, for obviously men of widely differing temperaments would make for themselves karma of various kinds, which would carry some in this direction and some in that, and would give some a long life in the heaven-world between incarnations, while others would find themselves descending into physical life after a much smaller interval.

From other lines of study we have realised the existence of three great factors as determining the place and time of each man's birth. First, the force of evolution, which places each man where he can most readily acquire the qualities in which he happens to be deficient; second, the law of karma, which limits the action of that first force by allowing the man only so much as he has deserved; third, the law of attraction, which brings the man again and again into connection with those other egos with whom he has already formed

links of some kind. We find these laws acting usually in the order above assigned to them; and that order conveys their relative importance in the case of the great mass of humanity. It is true, as we supposed, that the length of a man's life in the heaven-world is determined by the amount of spiritual force which he has generated while on earth; it is true that the karma of his previous lives decides to a great extent the kind of existence which he will have now, and the happiness or misery which he shall experience in that existence.

But further enquiry has shown us that, in the case of the Band of Servers, these rules which ordinarily operate are subordinated to the purpose of the Group. It is of the essence of our membership of that Band that we should be ready to put aside all the feelings and interests of the individual for the sake of the whole; and we find that this rule holds good, even with regard to the births that we take. For us the third of these three great factors comes first; and what is primarily considered is not our individual karma, but the need of the Group as a whole. In those earlier enquiries we found occasions when but few of his friends appeared along with Alcyone, and at the time we took it for granted that the others were probably out of incarnation at that period. By spreading our nets a little wider, by examining generations before and after that in which our hero happened to be born, by searching among neighbours and friends as well as among blood-relations, we have in nearly every case been able to find all or almost all of those whom we have specially identified; so, while it is true that Alcyone's individual karma, or the necessities of his private evolution, have brought him sometimes into the very midst of the Group, and

at other times thrown him for the moment aside from it, we must not, therefore, assume that there is any change in the evolution of the Group as a unity.

It is now clear that the members of this Band, whether emotional or intellectual, spiritual or material in disposition, have come down through the ages together, and that the fact of their association has always been the really dominant influence in their lives, and the most important element in determining the time and place of their rebirth. They have been placed where they were wanted for the work, without any consideration, for the moment, of their individual needs or their private progress. We must not suppose that their individual evolution has been neglected, or that their precise personal karma has in any way failed to produce its due effect; but because of their membership in this remarkable clan these needs have been achieved by methods differing slightly from those which are more usually employed. The greater or lesser amount of spiritual force generated in a given life, for example, finds its result not in the comparative length of the heaven-life, but in its comparative intensity.

There are considerable intervals during which the Group is not required for work of an occult nature; but even then it still keeps together; its members do not go off separately, each pursuing his own evolution, but they are put, so far as we can see, wherever the greatest good of the greatest number can best be consulted. When they are not wanted for outside work, their own evolution is taken into account; but even then it is not that of the individual, but that of the mass. In fact, to a certain extent, the clan may be considered as a little sub-world by itself. Most of the karma of its members is necessarily

generated with their fellows, and therefore tends to work itself out within the Group, and to make the ties stronger between the comrades. It is, therefore, evident that in calculating averages for the world in general, it is wiser not to include the members of our Group, as they are under an influence which differentiates them in various ways from those who are not as yet being specially utilised.

In the introduction to the 'Lives' published in *THE THEOSOPHIST* it was mentioned that we had noted the existence of two classes of egos, who, among other things, differed in their usual interval between lives, one taking an average of about twelve hundred years, and the other an average of seven hundred. We still find these classes to be clearly marked; but when members of them come into the Band of Servers their intervals are immediately thereby affected. The distinction still persists in certain pronounced cases; a detailed study of the charts which will be published in the new book of *Lives* will show that there are occasions on which one may suppose that the inherent tendency proves itself too strong for the new influence, and the clan temporarily breaks itself into two groups, each of which takes the interval to which it had previously been accustomed. But when that happens we find that almost invariably the whole clan is again united by the simple plan of synchronising the third incarnation of one set with the second of the other, so that they are only apart for what is comparatively a very short time. Between these occasional outbreaks of old habit they arrive at a sort of compromise and keep together, but with intervals which are somewhat irregular—sometimes a thousand years or more, and sometimes only eight hundred. Single

members occasionally break away from the Group for an incarnation or two—presumably because they have generated karma which necessitates special treatment.

A phenomenon of interest, which has its influence upon these occasional departures from the regular routine, is the existence of what may be called sub-groups. Some of the principal characters have a small following which tends to go with them wherever they go. This is fully apparent only when we have the whole series of charts before us, so that our readers will not be able to make a complete study of it until they have the new book of Lives before them; but even from the very partial lists which were published in *THE THEOSOPHIST*, it is possible to observe indications of this fact. The close attachment of Herakles to Mars is an instance in point; Mars himself is usually associated with Jupiter and the Manu; while Herakles in turn has a certain more or less regular following, in which Capella, Beatrix, Gemini, Arcor and Capricorn are prominent. A still closer attachment subsists between Alcyone and Mizar, and wherever they are it will usually be found that Sirius, Elektra and Fides are not far off. Erato, Melete, Concordia and Ausonia form a group of four who happen to be closely related in this present incarnation; but this is no exception to their general rule, for in past lives they are constantly in intimate connection. A remarkable couple are Calypso and Amalthea; for these two are constantly to be found in the relation of husband and wife, and if either of them is so ill-advised as to marry somebody else they usually adjust the matter by eloping together. Another group which seems to be closely linked consists of Draco, Andromeda, Argus, Atalanta, Lili, Phoenix, and Dactyl;

the connection here is so frequent that when in the course of our investigations we came across one member of the party we always felt certain of speedily encountering the others, and we were rarely disappointed. Yet another group includes Hector, Albireo, Leo, Leto, Berenice and Pegasus; another comprises Aldebaran, Achilles and Orion. All these form smaller systems within the clan as a whole, much as in the solar system each of the greater planets has a system of satellites of its own. Only in the case of the Group there is this difference, that the sub-groups are not invariably coherent; they are together more often than not, but they do break up and intermingle sometimes, and it is evident that such changes of partnership are intentionally arranged.

Another very curious group is composed of entities whose link with the clan is less defined, for their connection with it seems often rather hostile than friendly. A decided instance of this is Scorpio, who comes down through the ages in violent opposition to Herakles, an attitude still maintained even in the present life, in which the hatred and unscrupulousness are as prominent as ever, though the power to harm has obviously decreased with the passage of time. Other members of the same type, but somewhat less violent are Cancer, Lacerta, Ursa, Hesperia; and they in turn have a set of friends such as Trapezium, Markab and Avelledo, who are sometimes associated with them and sometimes with more definitely loyal members of the Group. Pollux, who is occasionally of this party, has a special link of his own with Melpomene, though it often works along undesirable lines. Some who began forty or fifty thousand years ago as members of this less

satisfactory sub-group seem to be gradually coming out of it and allying themselves more and more closely to the main body; Gamma and Thetis are cases in point. Others there are who are closely and honourably associated with the clan, but almost always in a subordinate capacity; an example of this is Boreas. Egos retain very decidedly certain special characteristics; for example, all the characters are in most of the lives to some extent related to one another, and therefore presumably on the same social level; but whenever we come to an incarnation in which some of them are priests and warriors, and others are traders, one can always guess beforehand which names will be found in each of these classes. There are some who appear in the Group only occasionally, and as it were by chance—evidently themselves not regular members of it, but probably karmically associated with some who are members; examples of this kind are Iota, Kappa and Liovtai.

The Group of Servers is a large one; the two hundred and fifty characters to whom names have been assigned are supposed to be less than one-tenth of the whole. It is thought likely that the whole clan is divided into companies for the purpose of special training, and that these companies are taken in hand one after another by the Manu and His subordinates. Our two hundred and fifty may well be such a company, and when one of its members disappears from it for a time he has probably been gaining experience in one of the other companies. There are various pieces of evidence that point to this. For example: our characters are called together by the Manu about 70,000 B.C., when He is making preparations for His new Root Race; many of them were killed in the massacre which took place then,

and received a promise from Him that those who died for the sake of the Race should be reincarnated in it immediately under somewhat more suitable conditions. When, ten thousand years later, the Race was definitely established, every member of our Group appeared in it. When the time came for the formation of the second sub-race our Band was utilised both in the first occupation of the valley and again two thousand years later when the actual migration into Arabia took place. Just the same thing happened with regard to the third sub-race, our Group passing through three incarnations in the course of its establishment. But when the time came for the founding of the fourth and fifth sub-races, not a single member of our clan of two hundred and fifty is to be found among those who are helping the Manu in His work. It seems evident, then, that at that period the turn of another company had come—another set of egos must have been going through this training.

When the Bodhisattva condescended to appear in India as Shrī Kṛṣṇa and in Palestine as Jesus, no single member of our Group was in attendance upon Him, nor were we chosen, as now, to prepare the way for His advent. In each of these cases He had attendants, so the presumption is that they belong to one of the other companies.

From the glimpses we have had of the beginnings of the Sixth Root Race we know that our clan of Servers is to have the honour of being employed in that connection, and there is also reason to suppose that we shall have a part to play in the development of the sixth sub-race of this present Root Race. But the purpose for which we are now called together is neither of these, though it is still of the usual preparatory nature. We

are now called upon to prepare the way of the Lord—to help to make ready the world for the descent of the Bodhisattva. Because that is so, the method of this incarnation differs from all those that have preceded it. When we were founding a physical race, we were born in the same country and thrown into close physical relationship, but that is not at all what is needed now. The coming Teacher needs heralds to prepare His way in all countries, and so that ancient and compact Band of Servers finds itself scattered loosely over the whole civilised world.

Having thus scattered us, They bring us together again, but this time intellectually, on the mental plane instead of the physical. They draw us all together through our common interest in Theosophy, and They are trying upon us this interesting experiment, to see whether after all the experience we have had, we can preserve the clan spirit and work equally well together for a common object when we are born in different races and different families. The subjects of the experiment at first know nothing about it. They find themselves in relation with people of other races and of many types, all with their various peculiarities, and the first idea that occurs to them is how tiresome these peculiarities are, and how difficult it is to get on with these people. But presently they get through these surface differences to the common humanity behind. The ego breaks through the veil of his vehicles, and the old sense of comradeship re-asserts itself. We must needs be in every land because He needs His agents in every land; we must needs be a coherent whole, because all those agents must work together as one great body animated by one mighty spirit.

In those older lives we usually find our people gathered together into three or four large families, springing often from a single couple, or from two or three couples. The descendants of these couples for three or four generations generally consist almost wholly of members of our Group. Then suddenly the stream dries up, and the next generation consists of strangers. But many among these strangers have been observed as recurring frequently, and it is possible that they might prove on further examination to be members of that second Group whose existence we have been inferring. It may well be that that second Group, whose members are as yet unidentified, may have been employed to follow our Group in the case of the first, second and third sub-races, and that they were tried in the leading rôle in the case of the fourth and fifth. It is likely that on so important an occasion as the descent of the Bodhisattva both of these Groups, and quite possibly a dozen more, may be brought into incarnation.

Our investigations were undertaken for a special purpose in connection with the past lives of Alcyone, and the egos to whom names have been given are those who appear most closely in association with him—those who were going through the same training at the same time. Those who happen to be training in another squad naturally do not appear at all, although it is obvious that their work must have been just as important in connection with other sub-races. Even in our own squad many other entities are recognisable as recurring frequently, and might no doubt be identified among existent fellows of the Theosophical Society if the same amount of individual trouble were given to them that was given in the beginning to the others.

Sometimes Theosophists have asked us whether they were not among this Band of Servers in the past, as they feel themselves so strongly drawn to some of the Great Ones, or to the President, that they feel sure they must have met them before. I think it is quite certain that almost every member of the Society (at any rate, every member who is working strongly and disinterestedly for it) must have been in one or other of these Groups at one time or another. Some of them may form that later generation which we so often half recognise. Round the families which we have catalogued there is a sort of *penumbra*, an outer fringe which probably contains thousands who are now students of the sacred wisdom. Indeed, some who are not specifically mentioned may be as closely related to the Great as those on our list; for we often recognise but two or three children out of a family of eight or ten; no doubt the unidentified children are Fellows of the Society also!

Sometimes a character almost forces himself upon our notice. For example, I noticed on several occasions a grand but unknown figure appearing in close connection with some of our most honoured names—an ego, evidently, of great importance. Having met with this character two or three times, we at last decided to follow Him down to the present day, and discovered Him to be the Master of the Master K. H.—a senior Adept, to whom in our charts we have given the name of Dhruva. Quite recently I came across another character, apparently by the merest accident. One of our members brought to my notice a young friend of his because he had heard that we happened to have a certain interest in common; and the moment that this

young stranger was introduced to me I saw that he was *not* a stranger, but, on the contrary, a prominent character in many of those lives of old—one whom I had supposed to be at present out of incarnation. He came into my life this time as the proofs of the new book on the *Lives of Alcyone* were already in hand; he was just in time to be included in Chart No. I, but just too late to take his place in the specimen ledger-page, as that was already 'struck off'. What happened then may occur again; at any moment we may come across a person who held an important position among us in those days of old. Even if we do, however, he will be too late for inclusion in this edition of the book; the door is shut for this particular cycle of manifestation! Indeed, in any case, no more names are now being given, as the number is already somewhat unwieldy for our charts and ledgers. Also, no useful purpose is to be served by adding to the list; we have already enough instances from which to draw deductions with regard to the Servers; if further investigations are made, they would be more profitably undertaken among some entirely different class of entities.

The charts are prepared on the principle of a genealogical tree, and each gives the relationship of the characters at a given date. From them it is easy, though laborious, to prepare a kind of ledger in which each character has his own page, and his relationships in successive lives are entered in due order, thus enabling us to see at a glance what position he has held, and how often he has been in touch with this person or with that. A specimen page of such a ledger will be given in the new book as a guide for anyone who wishes to construct such a volume.

A friend recently remarked that the length of physical life of the characters mentioned is always much above the average given in the present day by insurance statistics. That is true; but actuarial tables have so far concerned themselves only with an average based upon the present lives of a number of different egos, not with the successive lives of one ego! For anything we know, egos may have idiosyncrasies in this matter; some may be in the habit of taking the longest physical lives that their karma permits, while others may prefer more frequent changes. Or it may be all decided for us from outside.

Students will notice that all through the ages almost all our characters have been practically monogamous. This must not be taken to indicate that the civilisations in which they were living had never admitted the practice of polygamy. The taking of one wife only may perhaps have been an instruction of the Manu; or it may have been largely a matter of practical convenience, as it is in India to-day. I understand that Hindū custom places little restriction on the number of wives any man may simultaneously have, yet among my many friends in India I know none, outside of certain royal families, who has more than one wife.

Families in our charts are often fairly large—though not unusually so, when compared with some of those of the present day, for in this twentieth-century incarnation one of our most illustrious members belongs to a family of thirty-five—a larger number than any which we have yet found in our charts! The intelligent care of the children was always a prominent part of the instructions of the Manu; and for that reason we find but little infant mortality among our characters.

It was by His instruction also that the families intermarried so sedulously, in order that the newly-established race might be kept pure from intermixture—the result being that we comparatively rarely find one of our characters marrying one of the unrecognised.

We are usually scattered over three or four generations, and it is curious to note the groupings which occur. The two or three couples with which the families begin are often those who are now among the Great Ones, and we can understand that by supposing it necessary to have strongly developed characters to set the type. These Great Ones are themselves usually brothers or sisters in a family, the other members of which are unknown to us. Their parents are sometimes obviously highly developed people, and one may assume that they have probably since then attained Adeptship, and passed beyond our ken. The immediate descendants of these two or three couples are usually certain people who are even in the present day closely following Them. These people in turn intermarry, and then we get the bulk of the Group. But there is generally a sharply defined bottom line to the chart, below which there are rarely any stragglers. Even in that lowest line our characters almost invariably find husbands or wives who are recognised, but their families, though numerous as ever, contain no characters whom we know. This arrangement is sufficiently common to make it reasonably certain that it is not accidental, but intended.

It is interesting to notice that some characters occur almost always in this bottom line, and so, as far as our charts and ledgers are concerned, appear to have no offspring, because their children are not among

those who have been identified ; others on the contrary usually occur near the top of the chart, and consequently show plenty of children, though their grandparents, and sometimes even their parents, are unknown. Others have the habit of falling always in the middle of the chart, so that we are able to fill into our ledger both their ancestors and their descendants. It is too early as yet to speculate on the meaning of this arrangement, though no doubt it will emerge as the result of further study. It may be assumed that those who have members of the Group as their children are learning how to train vehicles for the use of these helpful egos ; but speculation is hardly likely to be profitable until we have the whole mass of facts before us in tabular form, and have time to consider them from all points of view. Admirable work has already been done along this line by Monsieur Gaston Revel, but unfortunately he had at his command only the very small body of statistics published in *THE THEOSOPHIST*, and consequently many of his conclusions will need revision—as indeed is the case with most of our earlier attempts to generalise. For example, we embarked upon an interesting enquiry as to whether on the average the period between lives was longer after a male or a female incarnation ; but now that we see that among us the interval for men and women alike is determined by the requirements of the Group as a whole, it is obviously useless to pursue that line of investigation any farther.

It is evident that the experiment which is being tried in this present incarnation with the Band of Servers is quite a new one. Not only have they always in the past been in physical relationship, but it is clear that the details of this relationship were not left to

chance, but were carefully arranged as part of a definite plan, in which the close association of the semi-patriarchal family life of those times was utilised to attain the required results, just as in the present day of semi-detached families quite other means are used, and advantage is taken of the mental association of societies and clubs of various kinds.

That the methods employed have been effective is shown by the case of Alcyone. In this present twentieth-century life only one member of the group which we have so often found surrounding him was born in consanguinity with him, yet every member of that group, on meeting him in this life, for what was then supposed to be the first time, instantly recognised the spiritual relationship which means so much more than any earthly tie. And what is true of Alcyone and his immediate and closest friends, is also true of the other groups or sub-divisions of the clan of Servers, and to a somewhat less extent of the clan as a whole. Forty or fifty lives ago we find Alcyone engaged in riveting certain special links ; later we find him meeting these same people frequently, it is true, but still somewhat less closely associated with them, because he is then engaged in forming certain other links—making efforts the results of which are perhaps still in the future.

As the real object of these incarnations is the formation of these links, so that the members of the clan may learn to understand and trust one another, and thus gradually become a pliable, reliable, intelligent unit that can be employed by the Great Ones as an instrument, it is obvious that we cannot measure the importance of any life by the superficial incidents which

are all that we can describe in our series of stories. Picturesque occurrences may sometimes offer opportunity for heroic effort, and so may suddenly crystallise into visibility the results of long slow interior growth; but on the other hand a life barren of adventure may yet be fruitful in the quiet development of necessary qualities—a life happy, industrious, unsensational, pleasantly, placidly progressive. Putting aside the recurrent relationships due to the association in small sub-groups, it will be found that each unit has during this series of lives been brought into intimate connection with a large number of the other units. If, for example, we open the ledger at hazard, and look down the column of husbands or wives, we shall find on the whole very few repetitions. Sometimes one ego will marry another over and over again, but more frequently the forty-eight lives will show forty-eight different experiments in marital life. It seems clear that the Authorities who direct these matters are mixing us intentionally, in order that by entering into most intimate affinity with a number of different people we may know them thoroughly and learn how to work with them.

To be a member of this Band of Servers is indeed a noble ambition, but it is not one of those that bring honour in the eyes of men. In the founding of races and sub-races it was often necessary for some of our characters to hold high office as Kings and chief-priests, though the communities with whom they were thus associated were usually but small. In later days, however, and especially within historical times, we have been content with humbler positions, though we shall find that we have always been among the cultured

people of our time. Few of us have borne names known in history, and those few have in most cases since reached Adeptship, as may be seen by referring to the table published in *Man*.

Most of us are by no means upon that intellectual level, but what is asked of us is not the possession of genius, but of those qualities which I mentioned in the beginning of this article. Since that is obviously what is required of us, our business is to work at that development, and that with all speed, so that when the Lord comes He may find in our Group an instrument ready to His hand, an instrument as nearly perfect as we can make it.

The more we see of this Band of Servers, the more thankful I personally am to have the honour of belonging to it, for it has clearly a definite work to do for Him; and to have the opportunity of doing that is indeed a rare felicity. Feeling this as I do, I cannot but regret most poignantly that some who formed part of this Band in long-past centuries should have fallen away from it in this life. I know that they cannot fall away permanently, that their wanderings are only those of the naughty child who snatches his hand from that of his father and takes a little run on his own account—ending often in a tumble into the mud; I know that in their next incarnation they will be back amongst us studying the same philosophy, working for the same great end. They will surely take future opportunities; but what a pity to miss this one! Remember the story of the Lord Buddha, and the tremendous impetus which His blessed Presence gave to all who came within its influence. The coming Lord of Love will have the same effect upon those who stand

round Him; why should any man shut himself out from participation in such benefits? May we hope that this marvellous magnetic force will draw them all back to His feet, that His glorious Light will open the eyes of the blind, that misunderstandings, jealousies and envyings will melt away before the fire of His Love? So mote it be! But if some are missing who should be among us, all the more zeal and energy must we show, so that the total of work done may be no less—so that, if it may be, our comrades' absence may pass unmarked until they have time to recover from their temporary disability and return to the ranks. Above all must we remember the golden rule that "Hatred never ceaseth by hatred; hatred ceaseth only by love"; for only by observing that can we be worthy to know and to serve the Lord of Love when He comes.

C. W. Leadbeater

SOME PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

By ELISABETH SEVERS, F. T. S.

THE following slight and fragmentary psychic experiences are given, as I share Mr. Van Manen's opinion that varieties of psychic experiences may be as valuable in the realm of psychism as varieties of religious experiences have proved themselves to be in the realm of religion.

As a child I was at once intensely interested in anything to do with the supernatural and horribly frightened of any personal experience. I used to lie awake in agonies of fright, fancying I could hear invisible people walking about in my room, generally ending on these occasions with my head under the bed-clothes to protect myself from sight. Mercifully I never *did* see anything, and the only psychic experience, if it can be called such, of my childhood, was a rather curious, recurrent nightmare. I used to dream that I was standing alone, poised in space, and the sense of utter loneliness was in itself appalling. On each side of me were large threatening storm-clouds, and the climax of the nightmare was reached by these clouds descending upon me with a rush and a roar which threatened to annihilate me utterly. I still remember the sense of injury engendered in my childish mind, the last time I had this dream, at being scolded instead of sympathised with. I was at the sea-side recovering from some

childish complaint, and an accident had happened—a fellow-lodger had broken her arm or leg. Frightened, I suppose, though I had not seen the accident, I awoke in the night shrieking with this nightmare, and unfortunately disturbed the invalid—for which, next day, I was reprimanded.

But I, my brother and sister, were all, I suppose, nervous, delicate, rather excitable children. We all talked in our sleep, did sums out loud in our sleep if we had been worried with home arithmetic lessons before we went to bed (we were all notably bad at arithmetic), and I at any rate walked in my sleep. I can still remember the acute discomfort of waking to find myself away from the safe shelter of my bed, totally oblivious as to my whereabouts and ignorant as to how I was to find my bed. One's sense of locality seemed to be temporarily obliterated. I generally found myself clutching at the window curtain, attracted to it, I suppose, by some glimmer of light. My horror of the dark lasted until I was almost grown up, when suddenly it left me without any reason. Of course I have, like Mr. Van Manen, dreamt that dream of discomfort at finding oneself improperly clad in public, but with me it was generally only a trifling article of attire that was missing, a belt or gloves. But I am sure now, looking backwards, that I owed to a certain sensitiveness in thought-perception a good deal of the discomfort of a rather uncomfortable childhood. I used to know things without being told them, and so participated in a manner very trying to myself in a good many of the grown-ups' worries.

Until I became a Theosophist I had practically no real psychic experiences. I had for protection walled

myself in pretty completely, I fancy; at least I had tried to do so. When I adopted vegetarianism and the practice of meditation, from time to time psychic experiences arrived, and then seemed so natural that they did not frighten nor disturb me at all. For one thing, I have been fortunate in not having any of an alarming nature. Mine, on the contrary, had a kindly habit of arriving when I was in need of comfort or help. The most common of my psychic experiences was at first the smelling of sweet perfumes and the seeing of colours, the second generally in meditation but the first often in everyday life. In trains, which do seem a very prosaic *milieu*, I have had several psychic experiences. Returning from the Continent one spring, and feeling very much depressed both at coming back and at some family changes, soon after leaving Harwich I remember great clouds of perfume suddenly surrounding me.

With regard to this psychic sense of smell, I remember a rather striking example which I experienced in York Minster. I was walking down its long nave rather hurriedly—conscious I was already late for an appointment with a friend—to examine some detail in connection with, I think, the tracery on the west door, which had been pointed out to our notice in a lecture on the Minster; so I was not in the least thinking about psychism of any sort. Suddenly, I was conscious of a very strong perfume as of a garden of flowers on a hot summer day; I merely thought to myself: "This is a new variant in psychic odours" (as the one most familiar to me was that of incense), after having, of course, looked round to see whether there were any flowers anywhere about. There were none, and I went on to the bottom of

the nave, looked at the door and retraced my steps. However when I came again to the place where I had first become aware of the perfume, I met it again, and I came to the conclusion that instead of the perfume concerning myself, as I had at first thought, it had, for some reason that I knew nothing about, a distinct habitat of its own; one walked into the odour and walked out of it. I looked about to see if I could account for this phenomenon in any way, if there was any side-chapel or tomb—one remembers how the bodies of the mediæval saints used to give out a sweet perfume which was accounted one of the signs of their sanctity—any material object about which psychic influences might be playing; but the long bare nave alone stretched before me. Perhaps somebody of holy life had prayed or meditated on one of the wooden benches which alone the nave at that spot showed, and his prayers had sweetened even the atmosphere of that holy place, so sanctified by long centuries of worship and so intimately connected with England's history and life.

Once, on going from Bath to Cheltenham to deliver a lecture to the Ethical Society, the train ran into a very dense fog and had to go very slowly; to my astonishment I distinctly heard the ringing of an astral bell, shrill yet sweet in tone. There was no bell in the carriage, and when my fellow-passengers had disappeared, I examined the carriage to see if anything could have made the sound I had heard, but found nothing. On this occasion I assumed that some astral entity thought I was frightened by the fog, which I was not in the least, and so had kindly rung a bell either to re-assure me or to divert my mind.

Again, when travelling from Cheltenham with Mrs. Besant to Leeds, I witnessed in the train a phenomenon I have never seen before or after, which I attributed to the fact of Mrs. Besant's proximity heightening my astral vision, for I am not at all clairvoyant left to myself. I was tired, and was sitting in a corner doing nothing, when before my eyes—they were open not shut, my astral seeing is generally with my eyes shut—a kaleidoscopic geometrical coloured pattern unrolled itself, gazing dreamily at which I presently went to sleep in good earnest and was disgusted with myself when I awoke.

A striking example of prophetic protective care occurred to me when I was living at Bath (I am sorry I cannot give any dates for any of these occurrences but I never can remember dates and I am writing in the Nilgiris far from old diaries or papers). I am always more inclined to be psychic at Bath than elsewhere, which I attribute to the fact that its mild and relaxing climate does not at all agree physically with me. I was then President of the Bath Lodge and was in the habit of writing on Tuesday mornings a summary of the Monday's evening lecture, taking it myself to two newspaper offices in time for publication in the evening papers. For some reason or other I had not on this occasion got through the reports in time to take them in the morning, and I intended in consequence to take them in the afternoon, as I was going to a meeting at the Guildhall for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and should have to pass one office on the way while the other was quite close. I was resting in my room, after lunch before going out, when a voice said to me, it seemed within me: "Post those notices." To

post the notices meant that they would get to their destination later than if I took them, not to speak of wasting postage. But as I had had previous experience of the folly of neglecting psychic impressions, I obeyed.

When I was exactly opposite the first office at which I should have left my notice—and to do so I must have crossed the street and so have been within the danger zone—I saw to my astonishment a mass of scaffolding on the front of the building fall to the ground, a workman falling with it, while on another story a man cautiously felt his way to safety, disappearing through an open window; I then realised that posting my notices had probably saved me from at least serious injury.

About this same time in Bath I was very much annoyed with repeated knockings in my room. When the knockings took to answering my thoughts, I really thought it was time to put an end to a phenomenon that was only disagreeable. I came to the conclusion that this phenomenon was largely the result of, if not occasioned by, my own emotional and mental attitude, as when I changed this attitude the knocking ceased, there seemed to be some ground for this conclusion. Also about this period I beheld my first ghost as I was returning home one night about ten o'clock from the usual Lodge meeting. It was the figure of an elderly woman dressed in what struck me as very old-fashioned clothes. I particularly noticed that she was holding up her skirt on one side with the right hand rather high, and so displaying a good deal of white stocking. As this figure stepped out from a neighbour's doorway nearly on the top of me, I was rather startled. But my first instinctive thought was: "This is a psychic appearance and not

human." I stopped and pondered on my action. I wished to prove if it were a ghost or a human being. But I argued: "If I catch hold of her"—the only test that then presented itself to my mind—"and my hand goes through her I shall have a horrid shock. If on the other hand she is solid, a living breathing woman, how shall I excuse my action?" In any case I thought I would put a little distance between the figure and myself. So I went on a few steps and then turned to have another look. The figure had vanished; I only saw the long expanse of a lonely hilly road. I pass that garden entrance nearly every time I go out in Bath, but I have never by night or day seen the apparition again. I made no inquiries, for the house belonged to a gentleman in himself rather a character, who might quite possibly have resented the idea of a ghost issuing from his domain.

Curiously enough only a week or two later, again returning from a Lodge lecture, I encountered another figure, whether astral or physical I was not sure, that of a man this time. He was also standing outside a house I had to pass, but was sheltered by a portico and was not nearly so close to me as the previous figure had been. As I drew near, he turned his head and looked at me, but in the darkness I could not see him distinctly. Again I argued: "Shall I go up to him and speak to him?" But it was again quite close to my home, and I knew that if he were physical he would probably know me by sight and think me quite mad. As in the previous case I had the instant thought on perceiving the figure: "This is astral." Not seeing of what use these nocturnal apparitions were to me, and not particularly desiring their repetition, I took

one or two obvious precautions to improve my health (I knew I was very run down at the time), with the satisfactory result that I beheld no more ghosts.

For you can, if your attention is directed to it, quite easily shut off psychic experiences. As a rule I never remember my dreams or nocturnal experiences. On one occasion I dreamt I was in a place where at that time I was particularly anxious to be, so that nightly I used to go to sleep willing myself to go there. In my dream I saw a friend, and noticed she was a very odd colour. I thought she looked so ill that I wrote to her next day, and asked her how she was, mentioning my dream. I however received no answer and did not in fact much expect one, as she was a remarkably bad correspondent, and being herself very psychic my dream would not strike her as anything unusual. But talking to a friend about a year afterwards, who had been stopping with my dream-friend at the time of my dream, she, knowing nothing of my dream, said: "I knew she was going to be ill. I never saw a woman such a colour." Later I visited my friend in the house of my dream, and only recognised it in a sort of burst of remembrance, when one night the dividing doors between the drawing-room and dining-room were thrown open. I had not at all enjoyed this particular dream experience. It had in fact been so painful to me that on waking I had said to myself: "One has quite enough pain and trouble in waking consciousness without adding to it unpleasant dream experiences"; and I set myself against remembering my dream life. For before I heard of Theosophy I had regarded the night as a blessed time of oblivion and of respite from trouble, and the thought persisted. I

was confirmed in this resolve when I found that my dream experiences symbolised, or rather more accurately anticipated, very painful happenings on the physical plane.

When awake, I cannot compose a single line of poetry and have never even tried to do so. So one night I was quite pleased to find myself in a dream composing poetry. When I had composed two lines only, I said to myself in my dream: "Is it really I who am doing this?" and with the thought of the I, as so often happens when the self-consciousness or the rational faculty obtrudes itself in any psychic experience, I awoke and did not even bring back my two lines! Once sitting in meditation in a Third Object Group in London, a voice dictated to me two lines of poetry which I wrote down eagerly; but when the meditation was over I found that doggerel was the result. Once and once only I dreamt a whole short ghost story, in the flash of an eye it seemed; even in my sleep I was sensible of speed. The story afterwards appeared in *THE THEOSOPHIST* in the 'In the Twilight' series.

To return to my ghostly adventures. On sleeping once in a very haunted but most prosaic and cheerful-looking apartment in Yorkshire, I was awakened from sleep by an extraordinarily loud knocking of a metallic nature immediately above my head. It sounded more like the fearful clamour of a dockyard than anything else I can liken it to. I had not gone to sleep until some time after 11 o'clock. It was Saturday night. I argued to myself that it was impossible for either workmen or burglars to be making such a noise. Besides if others heard it, it would disturb the whole house, which was quite peaceful. As the knocking left off directly

I was awake, I reasoned that its object was to awaken me, and I was distinctly annoyed at being aroused when I had been very fast asleep after a very fatiguing day and with the prospect of another tiring day before me. So I lay quiet. I did not even trouble to light a light but remonstrated vigorously in my mind with the supposed knocker, pointing out that if he wished to communicate with me the proper place to do so was the astral plane. Nothing more happened and I soon went to sleep again and slept quietly for the rest of the night. Next day by means of a trained clairvoyant the ghost was traced, and a tragedy in which he had taken part, discovered. I hope he was laid for good. It appeared that his object in awakening me was to obtain my aid in hunting for some hidden treasure in which he was interested. In more detail this ghost story appeared in the *Adyar Bulletin*.

At the Third Object Group I mentioned before, we used to practice telepathy, and I remember that I developed a tiresome propensity to receive people's wandering or instinctive thoughts, instead of the thought on which someone was concentrating and which we were endeavouring to reproduce. A curious and rather annoying instance of this occurred one day in the group meeting to another member of decidedly psychic propensities. On the preceding evening I had taken part in a long and very elaborate Masonic ceremony, and at one point of the proceedings had been specially impressed by what might possibly have been some instance of a past life's memory. (*En passant*, though that is a point I cannot for obvious reasons elaborate, Masonic ceremonies present rather favourable opportunities for psychic experiences.) To my astonishment a non-Masonic member, being asked to describe his experiences

during a group meditation, proceeded to describe what were evidently fragments of the ritual I had taken part in the previous night, the part that had, for the reason given, particularly impressed me. He had picked it up from my aura, I imagine; I was not at that moment thinking of the ceremony.

I am inclined to think that telepathy is, as a rule, rather a nuisance. It so often results in letters crossing, necessitating more writing. With one's relations or close friends it is astonishing how often one anticipates what they are going to say or are thinking. One day when I was visiting an old friend in Bath—she happened to be an untrained psychic of some ability—she said to me: "I knew I should see you soon; I dreamt of you last night." For some days I had been thinking of visiting this friend to enquire after one of her daughters who was ill, though, as it happened, that day I had gone out intending to see someone else, and, on meeting the person I intended to visit, thought of this other call which I ought to pay. I think the same week this happened I went to see another friend of whom I was then seeing a good deal, a thorough agnostic as regards both Religion and Occultism, but a clever and amusing woman; I found her in the act of writing to me to ask me to come and see her. I wondered who in these cases was influencing whom, and was quite relieved to hear soon after that some friends had sat in a circle one afternoon and willed me to come and talk to them about Theosophy, and that I had known nothing about it. But I had one day a rather striking example of the power of thought, of even a passing thought, which is not quite so easy of explanation. I was passing the garden-door of the house in Bath in which I was born,

and in which I lived until I was twenty-three. As I passed by on the other side of the street, I looked across and thought to myself: "I had a great deal of experience in that house, and some of it was of a distinctly painful character. I wonder I feel nothing when I pass it by"; and I went on my way. I returned about half an hour later, and without thinking of the house suddenly nearly fainted as I came opposite to it. I had felt quite well until I reached that particular spot, and when I recovered sufficiently to reason about it, I felt quite sure my sudden indisposition was due to psychic and not physical causes. My passing thought had evidently stirred up an elemental of some strength.

I made a more practical use of thought-power during the last Boer war. We read one evening in the evening paper that my brother—who had enlisted in one of the irregular forces which were hastily got together when the British arms met with reverses—was reported as 'missing' after a small engagement in which the British force was ambushed, and all the English were either killed or missing. The War Office authorities, on being appealed to, knew nothing, and a very anxious time of family suspense naturally ensued. One night I thought I would try if I could find out anything about my brother's fate. I knelt by my bed-side and composed myself carefully, and tried to send out my consciousness to S. Africa with the object of finding out if my brother were alive or dead. I obtained nothing sufficiently definite to put into words, yet a complete certainty that my brother lived possessed me, so much so that I answered some of the letters of condolence I received, to that effect, and was told afterwards, by which time I had been proved to be right (for my brother had been

knocked senseless in the fight by a spent bullet and had later been taken prisoner) how very odd one of my correspondents had thought my confidence.

I am inclined to believe that in writing one is occasionally helped more than one's natural vanity quite likes to admit, by astral collaboration or by astral suggestion. I remember being quite annoyed when a clairvoyant informed me that she saw the figure of a man near me in a monk-like garb whom she thought helped me in my writing or speaking. I much preferred thinking I did it all myself. But when I thought over this idea, I came to the conclusion that, though the help need not necessarily come through the agency of a monk, who might be just passing by on the astral plane when the psychic saw him, help was sometimes given. For example in my *House of Strange Work*, written in my second or third year of membership in the T. S., I certainly wrote of things which in my brain I did not then know. I cannot now remember exactly how it began, but I was at that time in the habit of spending a good deal of my time in meditation in a garden in the shadow of the Himālayas. I was very pleased at finding or inventing such an interesting place to meditate in. It replaced an earlier meditation spot I knew well—a temple standing on a promontory surrounded by water; a flight of steps, at the bottom of which a boat was moored led up to the temple terrace, on which a man who had just left the temple stood looking at the expanse of water and of blue sky with unseeing eyes. But though I can visualise easily, I never could either see or picture to myself the face of the man whom I daily saw standing in the garden in the shade of the branches of a large tree, which looked to me like a

cedar tree; I always stood behind him, and the back of his head and figure was all I ever saw and it seemed sufficient. But I well remember the thrill with which I heard Mrs. Besant's wonderful word-picture of the Lord Maitreya, standing in His garden looking out over the Indian plains below, with which she closed her Presidential Address at the Benares Convention of 1911. I remembered it when, zigzagging up the Nilgiri Mountains in the little mountain train the other day, two or three times *en route* one caught panoramic glimpses over the wide-stretching plains below. But before that address I did not know that such a garden existed.

In the Albemarle Street Library, when the English T. S. Headquarters were in that locality, I had one afternoon a curious experience. I had asked for Mabel Collins' *The Blossom and the Fruit*. Told that it was missing I took instead *The Idyll of the White Lotus*. Suddenly the feeling came upon me that I had to do something with this book. But I had no idea what I was to do. I went to sit in a corner of the library in which I knew that there were helpful influences, and waited for more light. However no illumination appeared, so I borrowed the book and took it home with me. Next day, I think, I began to write an article on the 'Three Truths' given to the young priest at the close of the book. In fact I wrote two articles, but I knew as soon as I had finished the first that that was the work I had to do; the second article was of no consequence. They were both published, the first in the *Co-Mason*, and the other in the Dutch *Theosophia*. In connection with this incident there was a sequence. Soon after I wrote these articles the first number of the

American Masonic Magazine edited by Mrs. Holbrook was sent to me—I do not remember its name. On opening it I found the 'Three Truths' printed as a motto or introduction. I was struck by the coincidence and wrote to Mrs. Holbrook to ask her if she had any particular reason for printing these 'Three Truths' in connection with Co-Masonry, with which on the surface they did not seem to have any particular relation. In return she informed me she had a very definite, and I gathered spiritual or psychic reason, for so using this quotation; that it was of too private a nature to write, but that when we met she would tell me. However her death has preceded our meeting. But this seemed, I thought, a rather interesting example of a psychic inspiration setting two people to work on parallel lines on the different sides of the Atlantic at, roughly speaking, much the same time. And I hardly knew Mrs. Holbrook. We were in no way in psychic communication. In fact when I wrote to her, I did not remember that we had personally met, but in her return letter she reminded me that we had once met, at Harrogate, I think. But I never quite understood why it was necessary for my 'Three Truths' article to have been written. It was in no way a remarkable article, and attracted no notice that I am aware of. It may of course have been of use to some one unknown to me.

At one time when I had a great burst of writing short stories, mostly of a psychic nature, I used to take up my pen without an idea of what it was going to produce, and wait until the ideas flowed through. I used to feel as if a tap were turned, and the thoughts flowed automatically through. But the people and the scenes so created were quite real to me. I saw them,

I felt with them, I lived with them, I grew quite fond of them. At that time when I began to write, I used to make up my mind as to whether I was going to use my brain consciously, or to put myself into a receptive attitude and wait. The latter way of writing is not, of course, always successful, but at that particular time at Bath, in writing fiction at any rate, I always adopted it. But there is always something rather cryptic about composition.

Since I have been in India, the ancient and traditional home of mystery and magic, my psychic experiences have been almost nil. On arriving at Adyar, however, I was immediately struck—Alcyone was living there then and was the centre of very much care and thought—by the strong feeling of belief in and expectancy of the coming of the Lord Maitreya. It was so strong that one really felt it would occasion one no surprise if, at any turn of the road, one perceived the figure of the Lord approaching. And soon again I felt I had to write something, and I knew it was to be something connected with the Order of the Star in the East. But I had no idea what it was to be. I waited some days for the thought to develop, but it did not come though the impression persisted. So in the Shrine Room one day, at my usual time of meditation there, I asked that if I were to write anything on this subject, I might be told what to say; then I waited. And soon the words were formed, I heard them as it were within my head; it is so difficult to put these experiences into words: "Say to them; I, the Lord who am Love incarnate, when I was last with you, you murdered; I, who am Justice, by false witness you brought about My death," and I knew I had the clue. Next day when I sat

down to write out the two sentences, the rest came without any difficulty. Now that article, published under the head 'A Meditation,' has been a useful one. It has been several times reprinted from *The American Theosophist*, where it first appeared, has been translated, used by O. S. E. groups, and issued as a propaganda pamphlet. There seems so much more reason for my being helped with this article, than with the other on the 'Three Truths'.

The only other psychic impression of any importance I have experienced at Adyar happened one night at the evening class. As it was a very wet monsoon night, in either November or December 1911, we had the class in the upper hall or drawing-room instead of on the roof as usual. Mrs. Besant was in Benares, so in consequence, Mr Leadbeater, Mr Jinarajadasa, Alcyone and Mizar, instead of appearing from her rooms, came from Mr. Leadbeater's room, passing close by where I was standing, and in fact nearly touching me as they passed. I had not noticed their coming by this unexpected route, and was rather startled at their appearance. I put my hands together, in the usual Indian greeting we adopt at Adyar, just as Alcyone passed me. I suppose my action caught his eye; at any rate he turned and smiled at me. As he smiled—and his smile lights up his face in an extraordinary manner—I saw the Star flash out over his head, its lower rays almost touching his forehead. I saw it but for a moment, and the sight seemed to make me feel momentarily a little faint. When Alcyone had taken his seat opposite me and I looked across at him, it had vanished.

Elisabeth Severs

THE PEN OF THE MANU AND OF GOD

TO H. P. B.

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M. D., F. T. S.

AS on tablets of bronze with a finger of fire the record of God is written—immutable utterly! Is it bronze of the earth and the furnace of which the tablets are made? Of the finest of ether are they, changelessly blazoned. How writes the Creator each day a page of His book—His memory page, ne'er to be dimmed? With the deeds of His children He writes as with finger dipped in heart-fire.

The LOGOS writes His days with the deeds of His Spirit of Flame. And men that have found God's Way and learned how He wields His sceptre of flame may write the world's fate in that book with a pen that is made of their children's heart-flame of love.

So on an ancient day once thought a King of might in his knowledge of God, heaven-taught; he would at last be the Manu, devising and forming a new race of men, that souls oft returning anew to the earth should find fresh embodiment in splendour undreamed of before. So would he fill his pages full in the diamond Fate-book of God.

Oh! long the way of attaining that goal—the new race upbuilt—if told by the life-grips of men; but, measured by the All-Father's life, not long! Pine-trees may spring from tiniest seedlings 'neath His gaze and,

reaching full stature, grow senile, then succumb to just decay, and fall; or the torrent's bed slowly be moved by the soft water-wearing of its firm rock bed—yet He, in spirit-repose, aye remains! See the stars wheeling over in dignified flight, rejoicing, majestic, ordered, each holding due remoteness from his mate. Decade by decade they stand—the fixed stars, seeming a little scornfully to view the swift darting comets, or the wilful, wayward moon and the moody planets in their petty annual journeyings. But watch a thousand years! See! A slight change is there! Our ball 'mid the stars has, with the shepherd sun and the other planets, wandered flock-wise in the dotted dome of blue among the spheres and stands in some new zodiacal sign!

Cease counting time by days and years! Call no task long not measured by the time-space 'twixt the signs or yet clocked by the wheeling of our universal axis once in twice ten thousand years or more about the Northern Star! So measures the Manu! So He regards mankind as slowly it climbs the stairway to God. And labouring in such cycles—they but gigantic fragments of the eternal—He has wrought!

And with what *stylus* must He grave the everlasting adamant? or with what flame should He burn the records of His will upon the page? 'Twas with the soul-flame of His servant that should be light-bearer to that world where long before the Illuminates—Gautama, Hermes, Pythagoras, Plato, Iamblichus, the Anointed One of Bethlehem, and He that is fondly called by children with the name of the Adriatic island-city and that one the Defender of the Love-Rose Cross—were the world's joy and hope and the redeemers of God's hosts, to lead men back to Him as His legitimate Sons.

So was that one prepared in those long multiplying centuries while the egg of God's own self-enclosing in His prakṛti wheeled in two signs of the phantasm-belt that marks for us some shadow limit of the being of Brahmā!

No menial task was this but Love's mighty labour! As the mother lifts the soft, nerveless nurseling, and out of the jelly-mass of sweet inchoate man-stuff draws a smile divine by sending down to it of her own divinity, so He, The Mage, if her bright spirit for an instant drooped, sent streams of wise, loving, ātmic grace to her. Most God-like were His darts and her flame divine leaped up to His, the Father's, and—once more she, the worthy, mighty servant toiled upon the up-leading way.

Who shall be that Homer to tell the Achillean epic of her drama-service on three continents, to rouse the whole world from its slumber of illusion-darkness and, anew like those Christs of old, proclaim the way?

Now is the first act of the Root Race drama done! Or, since the first man of that Root Race is not yet seen, should we more wisely say the theatre is built, the prologue by His *Angelos* read, and the actors, not yet costumed, are rehearsing their most mighty lines!

And the fair, blank page of the sacrificing Father of us all, offered for the writing of His children small and great, has been touched by the finger of that Manu, who with His mighty, worthy servant H. P. B., has written there for ever the story of His own sacrifice and His miracle of Grace.

Weller van Hook

THEOSOPHY IN MANY LANDS

RUSSIA

The Hall of the Theosophical Section at St. Petersburg is no longer large enough to accommodate the increasing number of members; so the General Secretary proposes to take down the wall between it and an adjoining room in order to increase space. The number of Lodges is also growing; one dates from the Congress of Races held in London in 1911 and studies brotherhood on these lines; another is set apart for the study of Dr. Steiner's works. One group of members meets to discuss Art problems in the Light of Theosophy. The old Order of Service, at first almost exclusively devoted to philanthropic work, has changed the nature of its activity. A circular to this effect consisting of fifty questions was sent to members, and each has undertaken some particular work for the T. S. either manual or intellectual, from the pasting on of stamps to translations and literary work of all kinds. A new journal has appeared under the auspices of M. Konzmine, a Theosophist of Kiev. It is intended for the young and bears the title *Chevalier*. As to its purpose, we take from it the following lines:

We are in favour of moral laws, laws which are infringed by the narrow and exclusive cult of knowledge and of reason. The principle of the struggle for existence, which tends to become the guiding principle not only of isolated personalities but of whole nations, is a principle of animal evolution and belongs to that world. For the might which is right we must substitute the law of justice, and all strength should be made subservient to the higher principles of the good, the beautiful and the true, which should be applied to life as one learns an art or a science.

The latest publication of the T. S. is a collection of the works of members of the Educational Circle of St. Petersburg, on the first period of infancy that is to say on the first seven years of life.

Finally we mention the beginning of a movement full of vital interest of which an account has been presented by its initiator, Madame Poushkin, at the last International Congress. It relates to prisons. Madame Poushkin has succeeded in getting permission to visit these and already the results have exceeded one's highest expectations. The need for moral help is indeed very, very great, especially amongst the criminals of

the lower classes, ignorant and simple as they are, sometimes half imbecile, who have fallen into error more often from mental and moral blindness than from perversity. The details of this work will be found in an Official Report later.

M. K.

ENGLAND

London letters tell of the success of the meeting held in the large Queen's Hall at the Annual Convention of the T. S. in England and Wales. This was indeed an innovation, to take such a Hall for the meeting, and it shows that the interest in Theosophy in London is no mere curiosity to hear a well-known speaker, but is a genuine interest in the teachings themselves. Lady Emily Lutyens took the chair and Mrs. Russak, Mrs. Despard and Dr. Haden Guest were the speakers. It was, as one friend writes, "a milestone in our history".

JAVA

A most remarkable revival of Islam is going on in Java, and a Society named the 'Sankat Islam' has been formed, and has some 300,000 members. It arose partly as a re-action against an effort to convert the Javanese to Christianity. It has taken up the principles of one of our Leagues of Service—abstinence from "the seven Ms." sexual immorality, gambling, liquor-drinking, opium-taking, *etc.*, and is imposing these restrictions on its members. The T. S. in Java is working very well. A printing-press has been established, a Teachers' College is being erected open to all races and giving religious teaching. We congratulate our worthy brother, D. van Hinloopen-Labberton, the leader in all good works.

BELGIUM

M. Wittemans, an Antwerp advocate, writes of his presentation of a report of the T. S. to the World Congress of International Associations lately held in Belgium. The Belgian T. S. is affiliated with the Societies for Ethical Culture, and the Theosophical League of Peace has taken part in the National Peace Congress. At Antwerp a Protestant pastor has formed a group of young people who regularly listen to expositions of Theosophical ideas from Fellows of the T. S.

REVIEWS

The Son of a Servant, by August Strindberg. (William Rider & Son, Ltd., London. Price 3s. 6d.)

August Strindberg, The Spirit of Revolt, Studies and Impressions, by L. Lind-af-Hageby. (Stanley Paul & Co., London. Price 6s.)

The first book is not a novel but an autobiography, and its psychological interest is great. Since the death of this well-known Swedish author, his works are becoming popular in English-speaking lands. His *Confessions of a Fool* is unique and true, and the present volume gives the incidents, charmingly told, of Strindberg's early years—childhood and boyhood—and breaks off at his starting for the University of Upsala; yet even by then he has preached his first sermon and has translated with the help of his brother a French boys' book, though it was not published. Strindberg had a strange childhood, and if the story is a faithful narration then it must be called a pathetic one. But we have to take into consideration the temperament of our author: in almost every page comes out the lament of an injured boy, of a child who is continuously wronged by mother, father, stepmother, brothers, friends, teachers, playmates, servants, and what not! The morbid frame of mind which reflects the pain felt by our boy-hero demands our sympathy. He does not see himself as others might have seen him. Strindberg's Realism limits him to a circumscribed vista psychologically; he has only one point of view—and that is his own. Others are entirely judged by their actions; their feelings, thoughts, and inner workings are of no account to him; but in his own case his own inner activities are put down on paper for his readers' illumination and his actions are to be judged in that light. His self-pity runs through all his pictures, which are graphic and entrancing. As a psychological autobiography the book is not a success; as a true story

it is fascinating. A perusal will not mean time wasted, and there is much of valuable thought in it which claims for it a certain distinction.

Then we come to the second volume. An estimable study of a disappointing personality—such is the verdict many will pass on perusing this notable volume from the clever pen of Miss Lind-af-Hageby. In reviewing the first volume we have spoken of the one point of view of Strindberg—his own, and the second strengthens that view and reveals one of the most egotistical personalities in modern public life. It is somewhat amazing that a believer in reincarnation and karma—and Strindberg did believe in them—should have such an untrustful, gloomy and pessimistic outlook on life and the world. Perhaps such an attitude may be explained by the remark of Miss Hageby: "The misanthropy which breathed poison out of Strindberg's writings, which showed souls and things in hideous nakedness, and sores and disease with horrible realism, was the darkness which he held high so as to call forth the cry for light." There is very little in the personality of Strindberg that attracts us: he is bold and original in his writings, but conceited, very personal, posing as a martyr till he becomes childish and vulgar. His personal life cannot be better summed up than in the words of Miss Hageby: "He was certainly an evil-liver in the sense of conventional morality. In giving free play to the impulses of his ever-expanding personality, he played the colossal egotist and sinned against the laws of God and man. If by evil-living we understand a craven sensualist or a man beset with Don Juanesque frivolities, he was not one." Intellectual conceit and emotional outbursts colour his life and work, conceit so daring and outbursts so passionate that one naturally looks for the hidden spring, the motive which gave them birth. Strindberg wanted to justify the principles of democracy to the aristocracy of his time, and his love for the populace prompted him to try and raise them to an aristocracy of thought—and the result was not a brilliant success, for the ways and means he adopted were vulgar exposures of personalities rather than principles, chafing and cursing at laws temporal and spiritual, with a view to destruction rather than construction. He was "an exponent of extravagant thought and lawless ideation". Strindberg will live in history as one who expresses a curious psychological

phase in the growth of the human mind, helpful to a very few, and inspiring spiritually a lesser number. We must quote his opinions about our great founder, H. P. B. Miss Hageby writes:

He declared Madame Blavatsky's masterpiece to be "detestable through the conscious and unconscious deceptions, through the stories of the existence of Mahātmās," interesting through the quotations from little-known authors, condemnable above all, as the work of "a gynander who has desired to out-do man, and who pretends to have overthrown science, religion, philosophy, and to have placed a priestess of Isis on the altar of the crucified One." In spite of this denunciation, Strindberg had absorbed many Theosophical ideas, and his later writings are not altogether free from the influence of the despised "gynander" and the theories of occult science which she expounded.

Before closing the review we must congratulate the author of this excellent and well-illustrated volume, written in simple and chaste English. Miss Hageby has performed a miracle in producing a fascinating book on a formidable subject—and it is indeed well performed.

B. P. W.

The Natural Food of Man, by Hereward Carrington.
(C. W. Daniel, Ltd., London. Price 7s. 6d. net.)

The table of contents and a superficial glance at the matter of this volume filled us with the hope that a really good book on vegetarianism, suitable to put in the hands of an educated inquirer, had at last been written. Unfortunately a closer examination does not bear out our pleasant anticipation. The arrangement of the matter is excellent, and all possible aspects are discussed in such orderly sequence that it is regrettable to find the arguments advanced so often fallacious and the data upon which they are based by no means unimpeachable. The book is written for the purpose of advancing the extreme view that the proper foods for man are fruit and nuts alone, but in spite of careful perusal of it we cannot say that we are convinced of the soundness of the position taken up. Indeed many of the arguments advanced against animal substances tell equally against the author's own theories. Milk, for example, is condemned as unsuited to man, among other reasons, because of the difference in composition between the blood of man and the blood of the cow. Presumably since there is a still greater difference between the blood of man and the sap of the tree we ought equally to condemn the eating of apples! As a warning against the use of cream we are told that those

who partake of large quantities become bilious, *etc.*, a remark which equally applies to the olive oil which we are here advised to use in its place.

Very full tables, selected from the well known investigations of Atwater and Bryant, are given of the chemical composition of various food materials, which are of course of great interest. We regard however the elaborate arguments as to fuel values which are based on them, as wholly fallacious. Certain foods may have a very high percentage of carbohydrates and at the same time have a very small protein content, and thus would possess an exceedingly high fuel value, while the reverse may be the case in other types of foods. A short trial of the two diets would speedily show the folly of relying on fuel values as a guide to correct dietary.

Nine pages are devoted to condemning the use of salt, and having read them we remain unconverted! We believe in reality the key to the question lies largely, though perhaps not wholly, in the matter of "conservative cooking". If this is the rule, and a proper proportion of fresh vegetables be taken, then undoubtedly salt is quite unnecessary as a condiment. If however the mineral constituents are to a great extent boiled out of food-stuffs and thrown away, then there can be no question that a saline in some form is necessary, though it is doubtful if sodium chloride is the best form in which to take it. Alcohol is condemned, yet oddly enough we are told that cider is the only wholesome drink besides water, though cider of course contains a large proportion of alcohol. In view of the writer's contentions we naturally look for his strongest arguments against starch-containing foods in the chapter upon cereals, only to find, however, diffuse statements instead of close reasoning and overwhelming facts. It is because the starch in cereals must be converted into glucose before it can be absorbed by the body, while fruits supply this glucose direct in a better and purer form, that we are urged to reject cereals from our dietary. We are surprised that no figures are given to bear out this contention and to indicate the amount of glucose supplied to the system from fruit and cereals respectively. The only figure quoted is in a footnote which states that in raw cereals only about one per cent is so converted. Few of us however live on raw oats or raw wheat! Let us look then at such figures

as are available. We find the carbohydrate content of whole-meal wheat flour to be seventy-one decimal nine per cent. as against fourteen decimal two per cent. in apples, while the protein value of wheat is thirteen decimal eight per cent., but that of apples only decimal four per cent., an overwhelming balance in favour of wheat on both counts. These percentages are quoted from Mr. Carrington's own tables. In the face of these figures much stronger arguments are needed than are here put forward to convince us that we should be wise to exclude cereals from our dietary. Much is said as to the vitality given to the body by uncooked foods, fruits in particular. Regarded from the Theosophical point of view however we cannot of course agree to any such proposition. We hold that the food eaten only supplies the chemical necessities of the system while the vitality, or *prāna*, is absorbed from the atmosphere by a special organ in the body. Probably the special stimulating effect of uncooked fruits is due in a large measure to the acids they contain, which are frequently overpowered by the sugar added in cooking; there is a great difference, for example, in the stimulating effect of an acid fruit, such as an apple, in comparison with a sweet one, such as a banana. The acids of course have a considerable effect in temporarily clearing the blood of purin bodies, and it is to this that we should be inclined to ascribe the effects discussed.

It is a pity that so many statements are made in a partisan spirit, giving only one side of the argument. For instance it is said that cancer does not attack vegetarians, and two or three people are quoted as authorities; but no mention is made of the recent pronouncement of the Cancer Research Commission of London, a thoroughly impartial body, that vegetarianism is no protection against cancer. So too in stating that the experiments of Mr. Chittenden have proved that the protein required by the body is much less than is generally stated by physiologists, no mention is made of the special method of mastication necessary to obtain such results.

There is very great need of a book such as Mr. Carrington evidently had in mind in writing the present volume, which will give to anyone interested all that may be said in favour of vegetarianism in pleasant readable form and in not too technical language. The arguments advanced, however, must be

sound arguments and the facts cited unassailable, and if there are reasons for and against, both should be stated; for the modern reader is an educated individual and is sure to detect any sins of this sort and having discovered one of them is likely to condemn the whole position.

We decidedly agree that much more fruit and conservatively cooked vegetables should be taken than is now the case, and that where this is done the cereals may be much decreased with enormous advantage to health. Not only is this a need in Europe but in India also, where there is such an astonishing over-consumption of carbohydrates in the form of rice, bringing with it as retribution diabetes, which is unfortunately so tremendously prevalent among Indians.

In spite of many shortcomings the book contains much that is interesting, while the publishers are to be congratulated on its excellent appearance and binding.

C. R. H.

Theosophy and the Theosophical Society, by Annie Besant. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price: Cloth Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.; Boards Re. 1 or 1s. 6d. or 40c.)

This book contains the four lectures Mrs. Besant delivered at the Adyar Convention of 1912, which are "intended to place before the public certain views as to the meaning of Theosophy, as to the work of the Theosophical Society". Mrs. Besant again manifests her marvellous faculty of constantly re-stating her teaching in eloquent and ever newly interesting fashion. The lectures are: Theosophy or Parāvidyā; Theosophy; the Open Road to the Masters; Theosophy; the Root of all Religions; The Theosophical Society: Its Meaning, Purpose and Functions.

When that perplexing question is casually asked, as so often happens, "What is Theosophy?" this book will be a convenient one to present to the questioner to study. It is admirably fitted as an introduction to a deeper study of Theosophical teachings. With regard to the needs of members the final chapter will probably be of most interest. It is much to be hoped that they will note and remember that the President of the Theosophical Society states:

No word I utter, no statement I make is binding on or must be accepted by any member of the Theosophical Society. The Society has no tenets, it

has no beliefs that are binding on its members. The opinions of the President of the Society have no more authority within that body than the opinions of the lowliest member who is a Fellow of the Theosophical Society.

In her final lecture Mrs. Besant states that the Theosophical Society exists for the sake of studying and spreading Theosophy, and so it is often thought odd that acceptance of the teaching is not made a condition of entrance; but it is on the contrary thought preferable when men have accepted its one belief of brotherhood, to study the other beliefs first and to believe afterwards, holding as we do that truth makes its own way, and wants no proof.

The meaning of the Theosophical Society, its place in the world, is defined as to spread a new impulse of spiritual life among the religions and nations of the world, and to stand as a witness to the existence of the Great White Lodge. Its purpose is primarily the recognition of brotherhood, based on the recognition of the one and only life, to teach the brotherhood of religions, to substitute idealism for materialism, science for blind credulity, and mysticism for formalism, and to bring within the reach of science the superphysical worlds, to revive the science of sciences, the science of the soul. With this part of the programme few perhaps of our members will disagree; but then we pass to a purpose "which many amongst us do not yet accept but which is none the less true for some of us". This purpose is the founding of the sixth sub-race from the members of the Society, a nucleus from which later the sixth Root Race will develop. "And then another purpose, which is only believed in as yet by a small minority, is, that it is to serve as the herald of the coming Teacher and prepare His way in our mortal world." Surely in the many functions of the Theosophical Society here set forth there is something in which every member may find wherewith to satisfy the heart, to set alight the fire of aspiration, and to give him material to serve the race. And if to some the vision of the future which anticipates the founding of a new race of men and the coming of the Teacher of Angels and of men has not been granted, can they not believe, as history shows us, that, though seers are few, they *are*? Is it impossible, even in our ranks, for some to believe that, as of old, some lips have been touched with fire from God's own altar, that some can see where others are blind, hear that spiritual message to which

others are deaf, and so at least refrain from scoffing at, and from attempted injury to, the messengers, and admire the bravery and devotion which *will* speak its message whatever calumny and insult say. It has moreover already been proved to be true as the closing words of this book declare: "No earthly voice shall silence the mouths which have been told to proclaim His coming." Hatred has but recently done its worst against the heralds of the Christ, but neither slander nor lies have injured; their poison, by the divine alchemy, has been and is being converted into a fertile nourishment and a wider spreading of the message it was sought to discredit and so to silence.

E. S.

Rationalism, by Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson, M. P. (Constable & Co., Ltd. Price 1s. net.)

That attitude towards life to which the author attaches the term 'Rationalism' is here very clearly and ably defined. It is curiously like and yet unlike that which one imagines to be the point of view of the typical Theosophist. To disentangle the threads that are common to both from those that belong only to one, to compare the two and weigh their relative value, would be a profitable exercise and one which should recommend itself to thoughtful students of Theosophy. In such analysis this little book would be an excellent basis upon which to work—a sort of mental measuring-rod. For the position is forcefully stated and is considered in relation to all the important phases of our life as thinking beings—to religion, philosophy, art and the ideals of practical life. The book is decidedly stimulating and invites reflection.

A. de L.

The Gospel of Beauty, by Harriet B. Bradbury. (The Power Book Co., London. Price 2s. net.)

Beauty is a theme of which we never tire and the volume under review belongs to the higher class literature of the New Thought School which is so helpful to men and women who are beginning to glimpse the spiritual significance of life. An interesting preface indicates the view-point: the *art* of religion is as important as the science or philosophy of religion;

the one giving the stimulus the other the restraint which perfect balance demands. "All art is an expression of the Spirit." "To study and co-operate with the workings of the divine Spirit in our souls must be the method of any successful religious culture." The first half of the book tells us where beauty is to be found and what the love of beauty means. From the generalisation "Beauty is everywhere," we are led to the study of beauty in particulars, in some details even which the superficial observer might classify as ugly. In the latter connection Emerson is quoted:

In the mud and scum of things
There's always, always something sings.

In the world of nature, of thought, in art and in humour, in patriotism and hero-worship and even in war and death, beauty is to be found. And when we speak of the love of beauty we speak of "the æsthetic aspect of the love of good"; whilst the purpose of this love is the refining and spiritualising of our lives. These ideas are all well worked out. The chapter on 'Beauty in Art' is weak. The remarks concerning Egyptian, Chinese, and indeed Grecian Art show a lack of knowledge as well as of artistic perception. But, compensating for this, there follows a charming exposition of the cult of 'teaism' in Japan; and in conclusion we have a chapter on 'Ideals,' in which quite the best thing is the description of the beautiful old age which may attend us if we "live with our ideals". We recommend this book to those who have begun to seek their ideal in beauty of life.

A. E. A.

Theosophy and the Woman's Movement, by C. Despard. The RIDDLE OF LIFE SERIES—No. 4. (THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India. Price Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.)

Provided with photographs of the author, Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, the keynote of this beautiful and inspiring little book is at once struck in the explanation given of the true reason of the strength of the Woman's movement; "Because it is in the direct line of spiritual evolution"; an answer directed by a true intuition. The present relations of man and woman are unsatisfactory and have to be altered, and the common humanity of man and woman must be not only

theoretically recognised but realised practically, Mrs. Despard insists. The materialism of the eighteenth century has given way to the spiritual uprising at the end of the nineteenth century, which, with the re proclamation of Theosophy, has helped men and women to realise their individual responsibility and awakened their independence. The cardinal doctrine of Theosophy, that life itself is one, has also aroused in women the spirit of service that gives all that humanity holds most dear so that the world is helped. "It is in the vision which grows out of the honest recognition of human brotherhood, without distinction of sex and class that the movement and Theosophy touch and meet." The readjustments necessary are:

A readjustment of character, which can only come to pass when Society allots an equal standard of morals to man and woman. A readjustment of our law of action: not the interests of the individual self, but the interest of the all-self must be sought, the principles of unity must be brought into practical working. A readjustment of the relations between man and woman, not only in the family, but in the State, woman being given the opportunity of larger and more effective service to the community. A readjustment of that congeries of judgments, desires and other incentives to action, which is known generally as Public Opinion.

The separateness showing as selfishness, the mark of early stages of human evolution, has to give way to that characteristic of an older soul, a sense of duty, recognised as imposing the law of sacrifice and of service.

And as Mrs. Despard significantly writes: "Woman, it should ever be remembered, is an example in herself of what the law of Duty and the deeper law of Sacrifice mean." The Woman's Movement is the power it is to-day because of woman's positive desire for self-sacrifice, a desire which satisfied originally in the narrow circle of the home has now spread out to embrace the world and to serve all humanity, a self-sacrifice of which our author is a self-evident, inspiring, and much loved example. In these days of perplexity and of trouble, while the thunder-clouds lower over that storm centre of the Woman's Movement, Woman's Suffrage (though the subject is not directly dealt with in this book), this presentment of the Woman's Movement in its widest conception, as an important part of the great spiritual forces making for the world's uplifting, will come as a message of a deep spiritual significance for many, with comfort and healing in its words. It is the seers of mankind who are its truest guides, others are apt to be but opportunists, for "without vision" as a wise man once

wrote "a nation perishes". Mrs. Despard has the seer's vision, joined to the experience of practical problems her philanthropic work has brought to her, and the knowledge of human nature and of affairs her work as a social reformer and as a politician in directing the Women's Freedom League have given her. She *knows* by personal contact the many canker sores of our proud civilisation. She *knows* full well also how the teachings of the Wisdom alone throw light on darkness and give help in time of trouble. And so it is on the note of vision this practical Mystic fittingly closes:

I take comfort, in the midst of much that distresses and bewilders us, from the knowledge that, although far off, we have beheld the vision and that the spiritual forces which have ever made for its manifestation are behind us.

E. S.

Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure. Translated from the Chinese by Professor Anton Forke, Ph. D. with an Introduction by H. Cranmer-Byng. (WISDOM OF THE EAST SERIES. John Murray, London. Price Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.)¹

Yang Chu is an unknown philosopher. Of all his teachings only a single fragment remains, but it is a fragment "complete and explicit enough to enable us to form a clear estimate of his teaching and philosophy". He was one of the brilliant philosophers who came to Liang, capital of the state of Wei, in the third and second centuries before the Christian era. He settled there as a small proprietor and continued there till his death about 250 B.C. What there is to be learnt about Yang Chu discloses a personality at once profound, even cynical, witty and singularly clear-sighted. His ideas were so daring, so unconventional from the then accepted order of things, that it is not to be wondered at that his philosophy failed to find a permanent foothold:

His philosophy had no place for rites. It denied a ruling spirit, it was anti-deistic. It could disclose no signs and marvels. To the seekers for guidance he offered happiness in its most simple form, and that at the expense of vulgar self-assertion and self-glorification. Elaborated and subtilised, it forms the basis for the Epicurean philosophy in Greece; in the calm summit of its indifference it attains the ultimate perfection of the ego realised many centuries later by Max Stirner, and is akin in some respects to the Charvaka philosophy in India, while lacking the harsh note of combative scepticism which leaves the Indian doctrine less a philosophy than a rebellion in thought.

¹ Obtainable at THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING, HOUSE, Adyar, Madras, India.

Spontaneous generation of child-like happiness is the central doctrine of Yang Chu's creed, and that happiness is to be expressed by man through self-reliance and self-effort—"neither wisdom, nor virtue, nor wrong-doing, nor gain at the expense of others can help you." A book that we recommend to all Theosophists, especially to those who greatly favour asceticism.

B. P. W.

Mahommed, by Meredith Townsend. (Constable & Co., Ltd., London. Price 1s. net.)

The trend of modern thought leads all who come in contact with foreign peoples, whether as missionaries of religion, government and military officers, or merely as travellers, to take an interest in the traditions, social and religious, of races other than their own. Hence the publication in recent years of an ever-increasing number of inexpensive books on the various world religions, and on the heroes whose influence has made the nations what they are. A valuable addition to these is this reprint of Mr. Townsend's study of 'The Great Arabian'. The secret of Mahommed's power over his followers is a subject which may fitly occupy the minds of Englishmen, the citizens of an Empire which includes among its subjects many millions who bow before the Prophet's name and reverence his memory. A careful reading of the present volume should aid the student in his understanding of the problem and we wish it a wide circulation. For the story is simply and forcefully told; the setting is carefully described; and above all, the author, in his interpretation of oriental life and character, exhibits a sympathetic insight into the conditions he is portraying combined with a mental balance which keeps the judgment unbiassed and sees both sides of a question.

A. de L.

Character and Religion, by the Rev. and Hon. Edward Lyttleton, M. A. (Robert Scott, London. Price 5s. net).

Coming from the pen of one who occupies perhaps one of the most responsible positions of the present day, not only towards this generation but also towards the next, these writings of the widely known and universally respected Headmaster of Eton College demand our closest attention. We find the

author lamenting, as all thoughtful men are lamenting to-day, the presence of the pleasure-seeker ever with us, and the absence of sound stuff out of which to form the first-hand thinker, the patriot, the leader of men. Should any such child of promise be forthcoming, however, it is evident that he would meet with instant recognition on the part of the author of these pages. Rare indeed is it that we find such tender comprehension of the early struggles of the youthful enthusiast in all their pathetic futility as is shown by this man of ripened judgment and matured wisdom, in whose breast the poet, whom we are told dies young in all of us, has surely survived in purity of perception and in delicacy of feeling. He writes:

The youth starts with his heart aflame and his hopes high, but before long he finds himself praised and blamed just for the wrong things, and whenever he is vitally eager and sees a little further than other people, the Titanic bulk of human stupidity rears itself against him, and he is derided and misunderstood.

Such a youth is often a source of trial to his friends and relatives. He bristles with the defects of his qualities. Society will make nothing of him since he is no candidate for the world of sport; he means business, but as Mr. Lyttleton puts it:

Who are they who do good work in the world? Are they not those whose hopes as well as energy are wholly set on the task in hand? Real eager self-dedication to a great cause, a conviction even if exaggerated of the overwhelming importance of the undertaking; these are the ingredients which go to the making up of a firm fabric.

There is much then in these pages to attract the education-alist, and they may also interest the ordinary Theosophist as showing the high-water-mark of modern Christian thought *per se*. There is more than one conclusion, however, to which the author fails to carry us. For example he would have us believe that humility did not exist as a virtue before the Christian era. He writes:

... between the time of Aristotle and that of 1 Cor. xiii (roughly from 333 B.C. to 57 A.D.) a moral revolution was brought about in the very region of men's being where it seems most inconceivable that it could ever be.

We are willing to admit that since ambition is the "last infirmity of noble mind" so humility may be the youngest of the virtues; we are even prepared to think that in contrast to the Phariseism of the Jews, the serene aloofness of the Platonists, humility may at that time have appeared as a

stranger to the world; but unfortunately for our author's argument we find no less a person than Lao-Tse in the year 600 B. C. teaching that "By displaying oneself one does not shine," "By standing on tip-toe one cannot keep still," etc. He was not alone in this teaching, for about the same epoch the Lord Buddha chose to wander earth "crownless and homeless that the world be helped":

Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
My dwelling and its meanest things my mates.

On the subject of egotism also our author indulges in rather sweeping statements, though he admits it "presents many mysteries of a baffling description". He remarks severely:

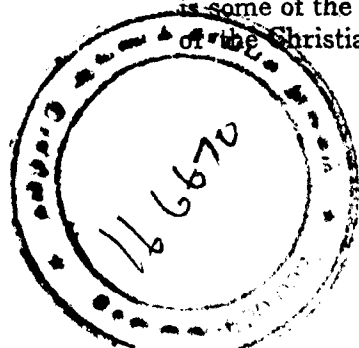
There is something downright repulsive in the fact of a man turning his own spiritual being inside out.

Is there? Are the Hebrew psalms then repulsive? Surely in them we have the spectacle of a man "turning his own spiritual being inside out," yet we were under the impression the twenty-third psalm was among the loveliest things in English literature; but let our author continue:

If the spectators of this process can by force of habit overcome the feeling of repulsion nothing remains but boredom.

And with this sweeping assertion he slams the door upon the whole subjective infinite! We think the boredom must be in the eye of the beholder in this case. True self-revelation never yet bored a really sympathetic soul. The objective art of Corneille and Racine may leave us untouched in their academic coldness; not so the pettiest details of the poet's passion for the "lady of all gentle memories," the self-revelation of the artless 'Sonnets from the Portuguese,' the plaintiveness of the Hebrew poet, the poignancy of *De Profundis*. Let us be loath to condemn any man as an egotist, since after all it is only self—the lower self in us that sees the lower self in others. God in us must see the Christ in them, and if to throw open the portals of self-revelation, if to proclaim the powers and glories of the subjective infinite be to become an egotist, then not only is some of the greatest literature egotistical but even the Christ of the Christians can scarcely escape the reproach of egotism.

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