



THE
Adyar Bulletin

A Theosophical Journal for
East and West

VOL. VII

THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE

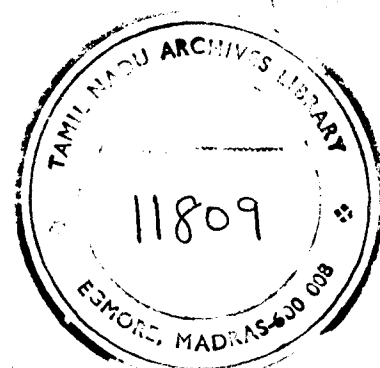
ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

1914



INDEX

	PAGE
Address by Mr. Leadbeater, An ...	164
Address of Welcome to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater ...	85
Adyar Library, The, by Johan van Manen ...	34
Adyar University, An, by Charles R. Harvey ...	281
After the Event, by K. F. Stuart ...	159
Allegory, An, by G. K. ...	172
American, The, by L. E. Girard ...	371
Among the Himalayas, by E. M. C. ...	196
Appearance after Death ...	118
A Vision, by M. H. ...	485
Bhagavad-Gītā—A Study, The, by N. N. Mitra, B.A. ...	301
Building of the Antahkarana, The, by Marguerite Pollard ...	328
Conservation, by M. R. St. John ...	62
Correspondence: Trade Unionism and Theosophy.	395, 459
Destiny and Free-Will, by Durbha Subrahmanya Sarma ...	257
Federation of Europe, The, by H. Roberts ...	260
From <i>The Commonwealth</i> ...	104
From the Editor 1, 45, 89, 133, 177, 221, 265, 309, 353, 397, 429, 461	
From my Scrap-Book, by Felix ...	69, 241, 337
From Twilight to Dawn 72, 107, 154, 245, 289, 348, 390, 420, 453	
Gifts of God, The, by X ...	297



	PAGE
Greek in American Universities, by Weller Van Hook, M.D. ...	255
How an Old-Fashioned Theosophist Regards the Orders, by Henry Hotchner ...	105
Interrogations, by A. C. ...	120
Intuition and Emotion, by L. E. Girard ...	342
Jewel in the Lotus, The, by G. W. ...	201
Kerala Conference, The, by C. W. Leadbeater ...	78
Long Lane which has no Turning, The, by Gertrude Stanway-Tapp ...	333
Love Magic, by G. F. W. ...	111
Mr. Leadbeater's Tour ...	175, 262, 351
Mrs. Cooper-Oakley, by Robert Nadler ...	263
National Education, by Annie Besant ...	225, 269
Noble Eightfold Path, The, by C. W. Leadbeater ...	210
On Welcoming Inquirers, by Capt. E. G. Hart ...	306
Place of Theosophy in India, The, by Annie Besant ...	93, 137
POEMS:	
Adyar, by Hope Rea ...	174
Ambassadors for Christ, by T. P. ...	67
Burning Bush, The, by K. F. Stuart ...	88
Faith Illumined, by G. W....	256
Indian Summer, by G. W....	163
Kings of Light, The, by Marguerite Pollard ...	119
Manu, by F. G. P. ...	370
O Death, Where is Thy Sting?, by Eva M. Martin ...	299
Paths of God, The, by Marguerite Pollard ...	209
Radiance, by M. T. Griffith ...	327
Soul's Desire, The, by Eva M. Martin ...	452
Thoughts found in a Buddhist Pamphlet, by Beatrix ...	389
To a Canary, by T. L. C. ...	240
True Singers, The, by G. W. ...	486
Universal Religion, by F. G. Greenwood ...	132

	PAGE
Poet's Vision, The, by Aimée Blech ...	382
Presidential Address ...	5
Relativity of Hindu Ethics, The, by Annie Besant. ...	465
Romance, by L. E. Girard ...	237
Rose of Joy, The, by Grace F. Crombie ...	294
Sacrifice, The, by M. Powell ...	58
Science and Mystery, by H. ...	308
Students in Council ...	75
Symbolism, Ceremonial and Ritual, by C. Shuddemagen, Ph. D. ...	487
Theosophical Study, by Nemo ...	377
Theosophy and Art, by Millicent Wadham ...	249
Theosophy and Science, by Annie Besant ...	181
Theosophy for Children, by C. W. Leadbeater ...	125
Theosophy: Its Meaning and Use, by Annie Besant ...	313, 357
Theosophical Terminology, by Fritz Kunz ...	448
Theosophy the World Over ...	22
Thirty-Eighth Convention of the Theosophical Society, The, by W. H. Kirby, M.A. ...	36
To the Shining Lands, by Dorothy T. Osmond ...	325
Treasurer's Report ...	19
Value of Theosophy, The, by Annie Besant ...	402, 433
Virtue and Faculty, by M. R. St. John ...	424
Visitor from India, The, by T. L. Crombie ...	147
Way of a Man's Returning, The, by X ...	414
World-Religion, A, by Annie Besant ...	49
Work for the Future, by T. L. Crombie ...	279



THE
ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. VII ADYAR, 15TH JANUARY, 1914 No. 1

FROM THE EDITOR

THE contempt proceedings interfered with the Theosophical Annual Convention, but I made the best of it, and though it was clear that I should be compelled to leave the Convention in the middle, I started off for the journey of 3000 miles to Benares and back, to pay six days of travel for four days of stay. Arriving on the 25th December I found myself announced to preside on that afternoon over the Conference of the All-India Jain Association at its opening meeting. The Town Hall, Benares, was packed for the gathering, and it was noteworthy that the Jains responded eagerly to every suggestion that they should take a more active part in the life of the nation.

* * *

On the 26th the General Council met, and considered the business of the coming year. The financial condition of the Society is prosperous, and there is no cloud apparent on any side. Everything promises a useful and progressive year. From many sides proposals were made to re-elect the present President for life, but at her

earnest request the proposal was ordered to stand over until after the coming election. The General Council nominated the present holder of the office for re-election, *nem. con.*, and the proper notice will be sent out to all the General Secretaries, instructing them to take the votes of their members during the next few months. The President's report to the members of the seven years of office will go out to each sectional journal, and will be printed here for the non-sectionalised countries.

* *

The delegates and visitors flocked to Benares in surprising numbers, and it was fortunate that the General Secretary had provided so many houses, generously lent him for the occasion, so that he was able to give them accommodation. A huge shamiana had been erected for the public lectures, and was most beautifully decorated under the direction of Dr. Taraporwala, the Headmaster of the Central Hindū Collegiate School, who spared neither time nor trouble in creating for us a most charming lecture hall. We had to use it for the first question meeting, for there were as many people outside the Section Hall—the usual place for such functions—as in it.

* *

The Convention began with an E. S. meeting which filled the Section Hall, and then came the first public lecture, 'The Caste System in the Past and the Present,' two lectures telescoped into one, on account of our amiable Madras friends. The Thirty-Eighth Annual T. S. Meeting followed, and proved to be a very pleasant function—as indeed it always is. At the close, I had to leave the Chair, and Rai Bahādur Shyam Sundar Lal, C. I. E., Minister of Gwalior, took my place, in order that the following resolution might be put before the meeting. It was proposed by Hirendranath Datta, the well-known Calcutta solicitor, in a most kindly speech, and Ishwar Saran of Allahabad spoke in very fiery fashion in support, contrasting the services rendered to India with the treatment received at Indian hands.

The resolution ran: "That this Convention expresses its entire confidence in Mrs. Annie Besant, and begs to convey to her its heartfelt gratitude for the invaluable services rendered by her to the Theosophical Society, of which she is the trusted and revered Head." We must never forget that my persecutors are a very small group of Indians, while those Indians who love and help me are numbered by tens of thousands. The Indians of my old home, Benares, spoke out with no uncertain voice of greeting in the huge meeting on S. Africa at which I was invited to preside by Benares' leading citizen, the Hon. Mr. Moti Chand. The meeting was called by fifteen of the principal men of the City. The lectures were each attended by some two thousand people—an unprecedented number for Benares.

* *

"Henry Madras" has put himself into a position that must be intolerable to a gentleman and a Christian. He endorsed a scandalous attack on me issued by a mixed set of missionaries, representing Mr. Leadbeater's advice as approved by me, and as my Theosophy. I challenged him to a debate on the morality of Church-Christianity and Theosophy. He wisely, if unchivalrously, declined. Then Major Peacocke wrote to him, pointing out that no honest and fair-minded person could respect him if he insulted a woman without either proving or retracting the calumny. Thereupon the Bishop shifted his ground, and, evading the point, raised a new one on Theosophy in general. Major Peacocke returned to the point of the slander, and the Bishop says feebly that he hopes the Major will "not accuse me of slander because my judgment upon 'Theosophical Occultism' differs from your own". But the slander lies not in the Bishop's judgment of Theosophical Occultism, but in the falsehoods about myself personally to which he has given the support of his name.

I feel sure that all men and women of honour will condemn his action, as well as the shuffling excuses he

makes for it. Would it be a slander if I said that Mrs. Whitehead approves drunkenness, because she believes in the Bible, which bids us to give wine to the heavy-hearted: "Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more"? Yet that would be less of a slander than his ascription to me of a view I do not hold, labelling it my Theosophy. It is one thing to disagree with opinions; another to libel an opponent.

* * *

Says the Bishop in a 'Pastoral Letter':

We Europeans can do very much in India to cultivate a more kindly feeling towards our Indian brethren. It ought to be constantly on our conscience whether we are thinking, feeling, acting, speaking and writing in a truly Christian spirit with regard to the men and women among whom we live and with whom we come in contact. Let us try to put away all unkind, contemptuous thoughts.

May the Bishop ask himself whether he shows a "truly Christian spirit" to Theosophists!

* * *

The *Commonweal* has started well with a good list of subscribers. We have a strong staff of writers, and hope to make the paper a useful servant of United India and humanity at large.

* * *

There was a mistake in last month's BULLETIN, in my saying that the Viceroy specially asked for Sir S. Subramania Iyer. It was the *Vice-Chancellor* who expressed a strong wish that Sir Subramaniam should be present in order that he might introduce him to the Viceroy, and who kept for him a seat on the dais beside himself.

PRESIDENTIAL ADDRESS

BRETHREN: We are gathered here for the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of the Theosophical Society. May the Guardians of Humanity, who sent Their servants H. P. Blavatsky and H. S. Olcott to found and build this Their Society in the physical world, ever fill it with Their Life, guard it with Their Strength, and crown it with Their Peace.

Last year I began by chronicling a "retardation in the progress of our movement in this sacred land, the Motherland of the true Founders of the Society". After a year of storm and stress, of unexampled and unbroken attack by the group of our persecutors and of their organs in the press, I have to begin by chronicling the most remarkable quickening of progress in India that our movement has ever known. The figures that presently will be read will demonstrate the truth of the statement; for the moment I only mark the contrast between the opening words of this year's Address and that of last year.

The action taken by me in defence of the Society resulted in its complete clearance from all the falsehoods circulated about it. The magistrate in the George Town Police Court, clearing the Society, refused to formulate any charge of libel against those who had attacked me personally, and was supported in his refusal by Mr. Justice Ayling, a Judge of the High Court; but both these dignitaries confined themselves to refusing redress to me, declaring, against all the evidence, that I had approved

the advice given. Fortunately for me, public opinion in Madras, as all the world over, has repudiated these judicial pronouncements, and they have in no way affected me in public or in social life. As the *Deccan Herald* frankly said: "no sane person believes that Mrs. Besant authorised it or approved of it," and the sense that a great injustice has been done has much increased my personal popularity in the South of India. The counsel who succeeded in saving his clients from prosecution has since declared—as indeed he said at the time, out of court—that his pleading was on the instructions furnished to him, and that he himself knew that I had never approved the advice given; he stated also that Dr. Nair did not believe it. All the ignominy heaped on me is thus shown to be undeserved; but, this being so, it is clear that I must submit to being an outlaw in Madras, one on whose behalf no testimony is of any avail, one who may be libelled with impunity. Of this fact, the Bishop of Madras and his following of six missionary societies have taken full advantage already, and are likely to take advantage in the future. They have just made on me a most cruel and untruthful attack, but, like the boomerang, it recoils on themselves. Little harm can be done by these people, whose opposition is of the nature of trade jealousy, and who merely desire to get all the education of the country into their own hands, so that they may kill out Hindūism, Zoroastrianism, Islām and Theosophy by perverting the youth of both sexes through so-called Christian education. It is for the Indian public to decide whether they approve this anti-religious and anti-national policy; it means, if successful, the ruin of India.

As regards Mr. Narayaniah's suit, that has been throughout a personal one. It has been used to pour mockery upon Theosophy, but all that has ridiculed Theosophy has also ridiculed Hindūism, and has poured shame on all who carry their professed beliefs into their lives. From the nature

of the case, I could only offer Theosophists as witnesses. All their evidence has been brushed aside with contumely, including that of the justly revered late Vice-President of the Society and late Acting Chief Justice of the Madras High Court. The high honour since shown to him by H.E. the Viceroy has made amends for the judicial condemnation; but I fear that the venerable gentleman still keenly feels the slur cast on him from the Bench which he so long adorned. I am appealing to the Privy Council, and it may be that that highest Court, which has in the past spoken of him in terms of the fullest respect and admiration, may yet clear him from the animadversions of his juniors.

With regard to the trouble in the German Section, spoken of last year, I have only to say that it ran its natural course:

The German Executive Committee had issued a notice, signed by the General Secretary and the Secretary, containing the following:

The Committee of the German Section of the Theosophical Society considers membership of the Order of the Star in the East to be incompatible with membership of the Theosophical Society, and requests members of the Star in the East to withdraw from the Theosophical Society.

The Committee of the German Section will feel obliged to exclude members who do not comply with this request from the German Section. (*Mitteilungen*, March 1913, No. I, Part 1. Translated from the German, and published officially.)

This was confirmed at the 11th General Convention, on February 2nd, 1913, with five dissentients. This outrageous act of aggression struck at the very root of the Theosophical Society, which admits into its membership people of all beliefs. And, in addition to this, charters were refused to Lodges whose Theosophy was of the old type instead of the Steinerian. I consequently asked Dr. Steiner to explain why charters were refused to Lodges whose members represented Theosophy in a way opposed to

the views of the Section, and why members of the Order of the Star in the East were deprived of their rights as Fellows, all in flagrant opposition to the Constitution and fundamental principles of the T. S.; the Executive of the Section declared it had nothing to repudiate or retract, and Dr. Steiner, at the General Meeting on February 2nd, 1913, declared that "the exclusion of the German Section from the Theosophical Society," was considered by the Committee "as an accomplished fact"—an obviously misleading statement—and he declared that they regarded the German Section "as no longer existing". The meeting further resolved itself into one of the Anthroposophical Society, thus committing suicide as the German Section of the T. S. More than a month later, on March 7th, I accordingly declared that its Charter had lapsed and become forfeited, and I transferred it to fourteen independent German Lodges, which thereupon became the German National Society, with Dr. Hubbe-Schleiden as General Secretary, *pro tem*. The Section held a meeting a little later, established its Headquarters at Berlin, and elected Herr Lauwericks as its General Secretary. So quietly failed the attempt to set up within the T. S. a sectarian National Society. Preparation had long been made by Dr. Steiner for his revolutionary action. Disregarding the courtesy always shown to Brother Secretaries, he had visited their Sections without any communications with them, and had formed therein groups of his own followers. These were ready for withdrawal from the T. S., and the Anthroposophical Society was founded for their reception. Hence, when the *mot d'ordre* went out, his followers in other countries deserted *en masse* from the T. S., and the reports show the losses thus sustained. It is most surprising that despite this carefully prepared concerted movement of secession and all the other attacks made on us, our numbers are very little smaller than they were last year. The Bishop of Madras has proclaimed his sympathy with this sectarian movement, and his letter is sent out as an advertisement to help the sale of an

electioneering book against myself! He thinks that Theosophy is discredited by my teachings; but when was it ever in credit with the Madras so-called Christians?

Ere leaving this record of the struggles of the year, may I say a word of deep and loving gratitude to the Theosophical Society in all parts of the world for its utter trust in my good faith, and its most generous love, outpoured without stint, despite the cruel and undeserved condemnation levelled at me by the ecclesiastical and judicial authorities in Madras. It was worth while to be thus condemned, since it brought to me such love, such confidence. If I have lost faith in human justice, I have gained faith in human love.

NEW NATIONAL SOCIETY

Norway has constituted its own National Society during the past year, a second daughter of the Scandinavian Section having thus attained majority. Miss Eva Blytt was elected the General Secretary, making the fourth woman General Secretary in the T. S. Norway is the twenty-third National Society on our rolls.

GROWTH OF THE SOCIETY

REVISED LIST OF CHARTERS ISSUED TO THE CLOSE OF 1913

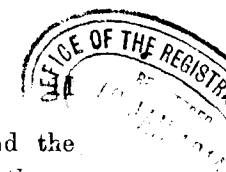
1878	1	1890	234	1902	704
1879	2	1891	271	1903	750
1880	11	1892	298	1904	800
1881	19	1893	344	1905	860
1882	42	1894	382	1906	900
1883	88	1895	401	1907	958
1884	99	1896	425	1908	1032
1885	117	1897	487	1909	1125
1886	128	1898	526	1910	1223
1887	156	1899	558	1911	1329
1888	169	1900	595	1912	1405
1889	199	1901	647	1913	1483

The following list is not, as usual, up to date, owing to the fact that the registers are not all closed at the same time.

No.	Name of the Society	No. of Lodges	No. of Active Members	No. of New Members admitted during the year
1	T.S. in America ...	137	4,145	777
2	" England and Wales ...	75	2,280	453
3	" India ...	363	5,890	1,071
4	" Australasia ...	22	1,203	140
5	" Scandinavia ...	29	760	179
6	" New Zealand ...	20	824	95
7	" Netherlands ...	18	1,172	156
8	" France ...	41	1,327	237
9	" Italy ...	20	312	45
10	" Germany ...	19	218	27
11	" Cuba ...	42	743	117
12	" Hungary ...	10	133	1
13	" Finland ...	22	518	76
14	" Russia ...	11	294	80
15	" Bohemia ...	7	152	1
16	" South Africa ...	8	239	45
17	" Scotland ...	14	414	77
18	" Switzerland ...	11	188	38
19	" Belgium ...	10	183	18
20	" Netherlands Indies ...	10	562	81
21	" Burma ...	7	159	40
22	" Austria ...	8	101	52
23	" Norway ...	12	219	93
	Non-Sectionalised ...	36	708	176
Grand Total ...		952 plus 97 dormant }	22,744	4,073

The loss of the year is, of course, from Germany, with its 55 Lodges and 2,447 members, recalling the Judge secession. The fourteen German Lodges who took up the Charter were already in the T. S. attached to Adyar; since then 5 more have been added. India has added 25 Lodges to her net list; America has added 8 and England and Wales 11. India has done well with its 1,071 new members, and its total membership stands at 5,890. America has done well, with its 4,145, and England and Wales have risen to 2,280.

¹ No reports have been received from these.



Krotona has gone ahead during the year, and the activities of the Section have been concentrated there. It has been incorporated, and is thus rendered secure, Mr. Warrington's long cherished plan being thus carried out. The Section showed its confidence in him by a unanimous re-election, and his general policy has been warmly endorsed. The next Convention is to be held at Washington—a new departure and a wise one, for to hold the Convention in different towns gives a wider publicity to the work done. Mrs. Russak, Mrs. Shaw Duff and Mr. Hotchner form an effective trio for Theosophical work, and are carrying on a vigorous propaganda.

Mrs. Sharpe, on her return to England was re-elected General Secretary, Mr. Wedgwood taking up as his share of work the care of the Order of the Temple of the Rosy Cross, and that of the Co-Masonic Order in Great Britain. The Headquarters building is going forward, after much delay, Lady De La Warr having kindly taken charge; her experience and great capacity ensure rapid progress.

Spain continues to do much translating, and there is arising—probably in consequence of the literary propaganda so effectively carried on—a very widespread interest in Theosophy. South America goes on steadily, accumulating material for the future. Ireland moves but slowly, yet there are signs of progress; when will the Isle of Saints claim the place to which her past entitles her? And one might say her present, since the body of the Bodhisattva is of her birthing.

As will be seen in the Sectional Reports, the energy and enthusiasm of our members are unbounded—but best of all the unity, the harmony, the solidarity of the movement. Never during the past have these been seen as they are seen to-day, and looking over the Society, as it has passed, unshaken and untroubled, through the storms of 1913, we may well feel that its future is secure, and that no fear of its stability need ever again arise in our hearts.

LECTUREES AND WORKERS

All those mentioned in last year's report have continued their selfless work with ever-growing devotion. Mrs. Cooper-Oakley is much stronger and is working hard in Budapest. Lady Emily Lutyens has proved herself a most effective lecturer. Mr. and Mrs. Ransom are established for a time in England, as are Miss Codd and Dr. Rocke, and they are all actively engaged in lecturing and in other work. Adyar misses them but England profits, and Italy equally gains by our loss of Don Fabrizio Ruspoli.

Others who were students here, Mr. Hawthorne, Miss Blytt, Miss Kamensky, Mr. Brown, Miss Dixon, Mr. Schuurman, having finished their stay at Adyar, have returned to their own countries and are working there with the added capacity gained. Their places are filled by another set of students, who, in their turn, are working, and in their turn will depart to labour more efficiently in the lands to which they belong. Adyar is now definitely established as a centre for Theosophical students, a stream setting hither, a stream going forth, and the whole body of the Society profiting by this exchange. Dr. Hübbe-Schleiden in Germany saved Theosophy from degenerating into a sect, and he is working hard and well. Mr. K. Narayanasvami Iyer has had his centre in the Theosophical Lodge, Lahore, and has carried on a vigorous independent propaganda, and has also done most valuable work in religious education. Mr. T. Ramachandra Rao has worked incessantly in South India, and seems to grow younger, instead of older, with the passing years. Mr. Wadia has done much propaganda, and parties of Adyar residents have accompanied him on tour, and have aroused much interest by their lectures as well as having won golden opinions by their friendliness.

We have a particularly strong body of General Secretaries, forming the General Council, and the T. S. has never selected its chief officers more wisely. As President,

I feel that I am surrounded by a band of colleagues that can be absolutely trusted as capable councillors, and that if I were suddenly to disappear, the Society would go on uninjured.

Our Vice-President, Mr. A. P. Sinnett, takes an active part in guiding the work of the T. S. in England and Wales, and his help is greatly valued.

THE EUROPEAN CONGRESS

This international gathering took place at Stockholm, and was organised by Mr. Knös, the General Secretary. It left behind it none but the happiest memories, and was attended by the fourteen General Secretaries of Europe, and the Secretaries-elect of Norway and Poland. (Poland is not yet chartered.) We were able to hold the largest meetings of the General Council which had ever gathered, and much useful interchange of thought went on. Mr. Knös must have felt delighted at the success of his efforts, and at the heartfelt gratitude expressed to him. The Council of the Federation fixed its next meeting at Paris—in 1915—and the General Council decided to hold the first Theosophical World-Congress at the same time and place.

HEADQUARTERS

Here all has gone on well and harmoniously. Mr. Huidekoper works incessantly at the gardens, and the whole place testifies to his skill and care. The protective embankment is being carried as far as the bridge, and the land behind it has been leased from the Government and raised—so getting rid of unpleasant swamps. Major Peacocke overlooks the electric and the store departments; Mr. Shah the dairy; Mrs. Best has charge of Leadbeater Chambers, while Mrs. Kerr superintends Blavatsky Gardens; Mr. Best has started a steam-laundry, which is a great success and pays its way already; he also keeps a friendly eye on the

bakery. It will be seen that our colony is decidedly self-contained in many respects.

Mr. Harvey has made immense improvements in Leadbeater Chambers, where much of the concrete work proved unsatisfactory. He is now building a large addition to the Publishing Office, and is using an improved form of concrete, which looks very handsome and appears to be in every way better than the previous kind. The last extension of the ever growing publishing business much facilitated business, and the new building should suffice for several years to come. Mr. Gillespie has very kindly remained in Adyar to superintend this most important work. The Printing Press has been full of work, and its admirable Superintendent, Mr. A. K. Sitarama Shastri, is again complaining of insufficient room. Of the office workers, Mrs. Gagarin, Mrs. Adair, Miss de Leeuw, Mr. Beer, are still there, and have been reinforced by Mr. Banki Behari Varma, Mr. Tilak, Mr. Crombie, Mr. Khandekar, Mrs. Nettell, Miss McCulloch, Mr. Samant, Mr. Paranjpe, and Mr. Kolatkar; Mr. Mehta has been sent out on propagandist work; Mr. Karandikar, who was working for a short time, has also been sent out; Mr. Mettam has been obliged to return to his own business. I have poached Mr. Dandekar as my Private Secretary. Mr. Wadia sweeps in everyone he can, and never cries "enough". Mr. B. Ranga Reddy continues to be principal Architect; Mr. Aria and Mr. Schwarz carry on their invaluable work as Recording Secretary, and Treasurer. Rao Sahab G. Soobiah Chetty is, as ever, my continual helper. On Mr. C. W. Leadbeater has fallen, this year, most of the evening class-work, as I have been in the clutches of the law, and unable to take my share in it. The abominable attacks made upon him have in no way interfered with his work, nor ruffled his serenity. I have been able, despite the law-courts, to do a good deal of lecturing work in and round Madras, and a series of eight Social Reform lectures, with crowded audiences and with three Judges and five leading citizens of Madras in

the chair, showed conclusively how entirely untouched was my reputation by the hard measure meted out to me in the High Court. Dr. Nanjunda Row's public appeal to them not to preside was treated with the silent contempt it deserved. For this I am thankful, for the sake of the Society whose President I have the honour to be. And I am glad also to be able to report that I am gaining a great hold over the student population in the South.

This naturally infuriates the missionaries, and stirs them up to the use of most anti-Christian weapons, thus still further discrediting themselves in the minds of all generous and chivalrous people.

THE ADYAR LIBRARY

Dr. Schrader's report tells of valuable additions to our collection, not only the MSS. due to his own great exertions, but of the acquisition of the Kandjur, and Tandjur, and a Chinese Encyclopædia in 1,600 volumes, which are the pride of Mr. Van Manen's heart. Mme. Godefroy is an admirable worker in the Library; Mr. Siva Rao has done a really fine piece of work in indexing the complete file of the *Theosophist*; and Mr. Cates is proving himself an invaluable assistant in all branches of bibliography.

OUR LITERATURE

The Young Citizen has done fairly well, and is likely to do better now that the *C. H. C. Magazine* has passed out of my hands, after thirteen years of editorship. With the New Year will be born our first weekly paper, *The Commonweal*, 'A Journal of National Reform'. It will be a weekly review of current events, and while keeping a watchful eye on the larger world, will be especially devoted to the unifying of the great currents of Indian reform, seeking to achieve in its own columns Mr. A. O. Hume's advice of union between all the workers in the field of

reform, until the separate currents flow in one mighty river, ensuring the common good. News of every progressive movement from any part of the world will be welcomed in its pages.

Mr. Leadbeater is busy on a bulky illustrated volume, *The Lives of Alcynow*, and it may be looked for during the coming year.

Mr. Jinarajadasa has written another exquisite prose poem, *Flowers and Gardens*. The Subba Rao gold medal goes to him for this and his two preceding works, *Christ and Buddha*, and *In His Name*. Mr. Wood has issued a very useful little volume on *Concentration*. A useful series which has been begun is the 'Lotus Leaves for the Young,' and the Adyar Lectures and the Adyar Pamphlets come out with unfailing regularity. The circulation of the *Theosophist* in America has been practically killed by *The American Theosophist*, and we should be grateful if friends in other countries helped to make good the loss.

SUBSIDIARY ACTIVITIES

The Order of Service is strongest in England and Java; the Order of the Star in the East has signalised its progress by opening a shop at 290 Regent Street, London, and by making its quarterly a monthly. I advised the removal of the magazine to London, believing that it would grow more rapidly from the centre of the Empire.

The Central Hindū College is passing over to the Hindū University; we may rejoice that the Theosophical Society was its mother, and fostered it lovingly through the early days of struggle. We can but hope that its future, under other management, will be worthy of its past.

An effort, which promises to be very successful, has been made to establish a steady centre for our educational work in the future, and the Theosophical Educational Trust has been incorporated. It has the beginnings of a College at Gorakhpur where the local Theosophists have

come forward most nobly; it has bought land for a College in Benares, and some 60 acres have been given for a College by the generous Maharaja of Tikari at Gaya; there is a prospect of another at Madanapalle; we have boys' schools at Benares, Madanapalle, Bankipur, and Proddatur, and girls' schools at Benares, Kumbhakonam and Madura. It has been decided that the five Pañchama schools in Madras shall be vested in the Trust. Two other schools are being considered. We have been offered several more in the south, but we must not take up more than we can deal with satisfactorily. We must collect a large amount of money before going much further.

I am hoping that our Sinhalese Colleges and Schools will all pass into the hands of a newly formed Buddhist Educational Association. It is time that the Buddhists should take up the work begun by the late President-Founder, and manage their own schools for themselves.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

My term of office as President of the T. S. closes on July 5th, 1914, for it was on July 6th, 1907, that Mr. Sinnett declared me to be elected to that high office. I shall render to the Society an account of my work through its sectional organs, so that it may reach every member. The General Council is nominating me for re-election, and the Society will, during the next months, ratify or reject that nomination, which will be formally made on January 5th, 1914. I am willing either to remain in office or to leave it. To remain in it means to render another seven years of heavy work, and to be the target during that time for every shaft. I have often thought of my predecessor's pathetic words, when he was assailed and censured, as he was so constantly during life, though so praised after his death: "The letters P. T. S. mean the 'Pariah of the Theosophical Society'." A Society such as ours can only offer to its President a Crown of Thorns, but the opportunity to suffer for a great cause is perchance earth's fairest gift.

CONCLUSION

Brethren: Another year of corporate life lies open before us; the road that we must tread is hidden from our eyes, but we know that our Leaders are treading it in front of us, and in our hearts is glowing the steady flame of trust in Them, of eager desire to follow Them, and of a constant will to serve. As in a windswept sky, dark clouds may sweep over the moon and obscure its silver radiance, and yet the watcher knows that beyond them the moon is ever shining, untouched, undimmed, so do we, "the dreamers, the derided," lift our eyes to the Hills whence our help shall come, and behind all clouds, beyond all threatening storms, we know that there is shining in the stainless blue of heaven, in those azure heights which no cloud can soil, which no storm can reach, the Star, the Blazing Star, which is the symbol of earth's KING.

What is it then, which makes me say what in deepest seriousness and a full knowledge of its truth I have said? What is it that makes me not only content but proud to stand for the brief moment as the mouthpiece and figure-head of this movement, risking abuse, misrepresentation, and every vile assault? It is the fact that in my soul I feel that behind us, behind our little band, behind our feeble, new-born organisation, there gathers a Mighty Power that nothing can withstand—the power of Truth! Because I feel that we are only the advance-guard, holding the pass until the main body shall come up. Because I feel that we are enlisted in a holy cause, and that truth, now as always, is mighty and will prevail. Because I see around us a multitude of people of many different creeds worshipping, through sheer ignorance, shams and effete superstitions, and who are only waiting to be shown the audacity and dishonesty of their spiritual guides to call them to account, and begin to think for themselves.

From COL. OLCOTT'S *Inaugural Address* delivered on 17th November 1875.

TREASURER'S REPORT

To the President, T. S.—Our balance sheet for the year ending 30th November, 1913, shows an increase for our General Fund (Capital) by Rs. 10,087-9-7, representing the balance of Mr. Harvey's generous gift of Rs. 40,000 towards the purchase of Besant Gardens. Our Income and Disbursement Account closes with a balance in hand of Rs. 1,284-5-0 carried forward towards next year's expenditure. Exclusive of the cost of the new electric battery (Rs. 5,974-9-0) and of the laundry (Rs. 3,521-5-10) which have been paid for from special donations thankfully acknowledged, our expenses amount to Rs. 47,463-12-5 which is Rs. 1,537 less than the budget allowance. There has been a considerable saving on several accounts, to some extent, but not quite, absorbed by extra expenditure on others.

Our heaviest item of expenditure is *Garden Accounts* which may be subdivided as follows:

Rs.	
12,298	cost of productive gardening.
4,684	„ „ unproductive gardening (flower gardens).
1,751	„ „ roads and sundry expenses

Rs. 18,733

against which we have realised for garden produce Rs. 4,007, or Rs. 1,000 more than in 1912. The estimated income for 1914 is Rs. 4,500 and we are thus steadily approaching a satisfactory relation between expenditure and income. The outlay on our estate has already vastly improved it, and the beneficial result of our expenditure will become more apparent as years go by and the young plantations come into bearing.

It is pleasing to note that the *Electrical Department* has practically paid its expenses, showing only a small

loss of Rs. 47-8-1 which is more than accounted for by new plant and lines laid down.

The loss on *Publishing Account* is unusually large, as it includes the cost for two years of the *Adyar Bulletin*, supplied free of charge to unattached members. The amount is made up as follows:

Rs.	
384-6-3	cost of Adyar Bulletin per 1912.
535-0-0	" " " 1913.
919-6-3	less:
Rs. 114-3-10	royalty on Universal Textbook of Religions
Rs. 805-2-5	nett loss.

Our other items of expenditure call for no special comment.

Income: Rent and Interest Account, with Rs. 21,424-9-9 to its credit, shows an increase of Rs. 1,200 as compared with 1912, which is satisfactory. Leadbeater Chambers have been fully occupied for the whole year and the other buildings for a considerable time, and there is every prospect of an undiminished continuance of this source of income.

Fees and Dues have fallen off from Rs. 12,476 in 1912 to Rs. 11,646. This is principally due to the dropping out of the old German Section which contributed Rs. 1,134 in 1912, most of the other Sections having shown a slight increase.

Garden Account we have already noticed.

Donations: Besides the gifts for Besant Gardens, the Electric Battery, and the Laundry amounting to Rs. 19,583-8-5, we have received Rs. 662-12-0 in sundry small donations, for all of which we express our hearty thanks.

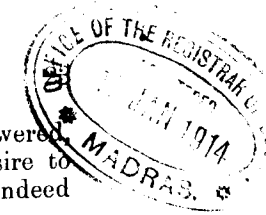
Immovable Property Account: We have added Rs. 2180-13-4, being the cost of a small bungalow built for the Superintendent of the Bhojanasala.

Movable Property Account has been increased by Rs. 1,000. Among other things we purchased a fire-engine and a new kitchen stove, but the greater part of our new purchases, as well as the new laundry, have at once been written off as shown on Income and Disbursement Account.

Adyar Library. We have to thank various donors for donations amounting to Rs. 4,054, of which sum Rs. 2,846 were given by our friend Mr. Ostermann, who has been for several years past the most liberal supporter of the Adyar Library. The help thus given has been most welcome, as our expenditure has been somewhat heavy, owing to exceptional opportunities that offered themselves for the purchase of valuable Indian MSS., a Chinese Cyclopædia, and large additions to our western section. As our regular income from interest on our capital and from the contribution by the T. S. only amounts to Rs. 6,350, which barely covers the cost of salaries, we are dependent on donations for the purchase of books, MSS., bookbinding, and other expenses, and I take this opportunity to remind lovers of books of the needs of the Adyar Library.

In concluding my report may I be permitted to point out that our Headquarters are constantly in need of funds for the improvement of our estate. We are very nearly in a position to cover our ordinary expenses from our regular income from fees and dues, rent and interest and garden produce; but the contemplated reclamation of land along the Adyar River, the correction of the irregular river boundary, and the building of a permanent revetement that will prevent encroachment by the river, will cost a large sum which can only be met by donations. Government have practically given us permission to effect this improvement, and gifts for this and other purposes will therefore be most useful and will be gratefully accepted.

A. SCHWARZ,
Hon. Treasurer, T. S.



be forthcoming, and the usual desperate appeal, answered as usual, by the generous few-who-possess. If the desire to give could be transmuted into money we should be rich indeed in material coin of the realm . . .

An important event that we hoped to chronicle as an accomplished fact is the Incorporation of our National Society. . . . Inspired by your message that beauty should become an integral part of our lives, a new and hopeful activity has sprung phoenix-like from the ashes of the former Art Circle. The artists and craftsmen in the Society have banded themselves together as a Brotherhood of Arts, and they hope in this way to introduce Theosophy into the lives of those who are already at one with us in our fundamental position.

Such is the report which, if not too inadequately worded, shows at least progress of a vital kind in our National Society. There is an ever-increasing number among us which has felt that the best we could do, during the time of struggle and warfare that you have been undergoing for more than a year, was to try to build our foundations firmer and stronger. This, always inspired by your courage and upheld by your example, we have to some extent been able to do, and shall hope to go on doing.

INDIA

It gives me much pleasure to present to you the report of the T. S. in India for the year 1912-13, and to state that we have enjoyed a year of much prosperity and growth. It is also sadly true that during the past year our work has been conducted in India under very serious difficulties. The unwearied hostility shown to the T. S. by some of the leading organs of the Indian Press, the cruel campaign of persecution started against our noble President, and a curious alliance of certain sections of the community in India—holding divergent and sometimes even hostile views towards each other, but all joining in their common attempt to discredit the Theosophical Society—combined to make it a year full of storm and stress. The effect of this unprecedented outburst of hatred from outside did not, I am happy to say, in any way seriously affect the situation within the Society. Some have, of course, become detached, some have wavered, and a few of its valued workers have broken away; but a very large number, constituting the main body, have steadily followed their Chief, and feel that they are indeed the better and the stronger for the discipline they have gone through.

THEOSOPHY THE WORLD OVER

THE following extracts are taken from the Reports received for the Annual Convention. They indicate the healthy state of the Theosophical Society everywhere. The messages of greetings to our President show that all the bitter attacks made on her have been in vain. The devotion of her thousands of followers, the loyalty of all her Theosophical colleagues, the love for and confidence in her of Theosophists in all parts of the world grow unabated. The Theosophical Society is stronger and more powerful to-day than it has ever been before. The teachings of Theosophy are influencing the thought of the civilised world as they never did in the past. Thanks to our adversaries we are better known to the world at large, and in India, where the hatred and antagonism had been at its zenith, our progress has been phenomenal.

AMERICA

On behalf of the American Section I wish to extend to the Convention hearty and fraternal greetings, and to you, our beloved President, it is my pleasure to convey the assurance of our deepest loyalty and devotion . . . On the whole an unusual amount of activity has taken place in the lecture field during the year . . .

One of the most important recommendations of this national body was that our beloved President be urged to be present at the 1915 Exposition and Convention, and to deliver a series of lectures on the world-religions. May the Gods so decree!

The outlook for the success of the American work is most favourable. So far as I can see, this section of your army moves in solid ranks with a wholesome loyalty and an unshakable faith in their great general, to whom this message of progress and fidelity is being transmitted.

ENGLAND AND WALES

We have had the usual enthusiasm to extend the field of propaganda work, the usual scare that money would fail to

Amidst much that was extremely unpleasant, disquieting, and discouraging, the flag of Theosophy has remained unfurled as ever, and has been kept waving high.

Much has happened this year to increase the vitality of the Section as a whole...

To you, dear President, I can only feebly voice the great love and the deep gratitude of so many thousands of our Fellows in India, who feel proud of serving under your banner the sacred cause which brings to the world the message of the great Ones—Brotherhood and Unity, Peace and Love.

AUSTRALIA

The necessity for the constant presence of both Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater at the Adyar Headquarters prevented either of them accepting our invitation to Australia.... Though somewhat far away from the great Centres of the world's population, we feel that we are keenly alive to every change which makes for the prosperity of any of the National Societies, and prize as much as any the privilege of taking a part in the great Work being done under our self-sacrificing Leaders.

SCANDINAVIA

At the International Congress, the T. S. in Scandinavia had the honour and the pleasure of welcoming many esteemed guests, in the first place our revered President, who, in order to take part in the Congress, made the long voyage from Adyar to Stockholm. The Section owes a great and lasting debt of gratitude to her, as well as to all those who concurred to animate and inspire our Congress.

Immediately after the Congress the Universal Brotherhood held its 'International Peace-Congress at Visingsö.' By the way it was planned and put on the stage, this Congress instantly evoked violent attacks from Clergy and Press, which attacks, although in the first place directed against the U. B., struck at second-hand also at Theosophy in General and they are still carried on. Anyhow, they have entailed the good result that the attention of the public has been drawn to Theosophy more than before and that people are in some way forced to take a certain position in the question. From one side also several articles have appeared in the Press and the discussion is still far from being finished. At the same time, however, it is a great satisfaction to us that so far this discussion has on the whole been dealing with facts, without entering into

personalities.... Whatever may happen, the members will not let themselves be disturbed; and we look confidently forward to the future.

The T. S. in Scandinavia sends its most cordial and fraternal good wishes to the members and brothers in Convention assembled. At the same time, on behalf of this National Society, I beg to present to you, Madame President, its respectful greetings and the expressions of our heartfelt gratitude at the remembrance of your last visit here. We beg you to rest assured of our admiration and faithful devotion.

NEW ZEALAND

I have the honour and privilege of sending you this brief report of the current year's activities of the New Zealand Section, and in doing so beg, on behalf of the members thereof, to assure you of their united love and loyalty to you as President, and to the great movement you represent with such distinction.... In concluding this report, I may add, that although the results of the past year's work do not appear as fruitful as I had hoped, still I look forward confidently to the future work of the Society in this far-off Island Dominion. To glimpse, no matter how dimly, some of the glory and the beauty of God's Plan for the world is to realise that nothing is purposeless in life, that all is well-designed and under the guidance of Those who have in Their keeping the welfare and evolution of humanity.

May the blessing of Those whose Messenger you are rest upon you, and may Their wisdom ever guide you and your colleagues in all your deliberations.

NETHERLANDS

The life of the Section flowed peacefully and prosperously.... Our Annual Convention in June was chiefly devoted to the making of new Rules, which changed the administration of the Section in many ways.... The public meetings were on the whole well attended and Theosophy is spreading more and more.

In summing up I may say that the Section has been growing steadily this year, if not in membership, at least in strength and steadfastness, and we may look with confidence to the work in the future, trusting that we may overcome all the difficulties which are inevitable in a work like ours.

FRANCE

I beg to offer to yourself, as well as to our brothers assembled in Convention, the heartiest greetings and the most profound confidence of the T. S. in France.

At its last meeting the Executive Committee unanimously sanctioned the nomination of Mrs. Annie Besant to the office of President of the T. S. In spite of the attacks this candidature will call forth on the part of the Anthroposophists, I trust to the chivalrous spirit, the wisdom and devotion of our members, and I do not for a moment doubt that this election will be ratified in France by an immense majority.

The next International Congress is to be held in Paris in 1915; for the first time it is to be a World-Congress and Mrs. Annie Besant has promised to preside. . . .

In spite of the storms raised by a still recent schism, in spite of the attacks and calumnies spread by certain periodicals, the vast majority of members of the T. S. in France remain faithful to the traditions of our past and present Teachers, and united in their feelings of loyalty and reverence for our beloved President.

May the Masters of Wisdom help us to keep this harmony, and may They grant to France her share of labour and responsibility in the great work of the coming times.

I close my report by sending my respectful homage to our President and my most affectionate messages to my colleagues and friends assembled for the Thirty-eighth Annual Convention.

ITALY

Our ideas are ever making further headway, and public opinion has radically changed its standpoint towards Theosophy and the Theosophical Society in the course of the last few years. So we may confidently look forward into the future without allowing momentary difficulties to preoccupy us. . . . Let us hope that our Section too may contribute, however humbly, to the general progress of our cause and the uplifting of humanity.

Our members have followed with warm sympathy and lively interest the events which of late have been causing outside trouble to our President, but, comforted by her faith and serenity and trusting in the Wisdom of Those who guide our destinies, we have been able to preserve that calmness and tranquillity of spirit engendered by our

Theosophical teachings. More than ever it is urgent for us to confirm our unlimited faith in our President; and in the name of our Italian Section we send her and her co-workers our respectful homage and greeting.

GERMANY

This year the report of our Section is properly the close of a decade, and at the same time the kind of history of any spiritual movement, when two invisible rocks, Dogmatism and Fanaticism, continually threaten its destiny. . . . The noble manifestation of the love of religious liberty in Germany given by our President, Mrs. Besant, has been felt with deep gratitude, and surely will aid in strengthening our ties with Adyar and in destroying false rumours.

The best known Theosophical literature, from our renowned leaders and others has been translated into German regularly, and has been published as far as possible; and there exist several Theosophical periodicals in Germany.

The programmes of the Lodges for this winter show an eager and far-reaching interest, great earnestness and joyfulness in genuine Theosophical work, both ethical and practical, and we hope that the harmonious co-operation of all energies at hand will produce a steady development.

In conclusion, we send our most hearty greetings to our revered President and to all partakers in the Annual Convention.

CUBA

With the expression of our reverent love, undying trust and deep loyalty, and after greeting those assembled at the Annual Convention with our heartiest good wishes, I have the honour and pleasure to submit to you the Annual Report.

On account of the slanderous accusations against Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater, and also owing—though in a smaller degree—to the attitude of the former German Section, almost all the Presidents and Secretaries of our Lodges have received newspapers, leaflets and pamphlets, the majority of them anonymous, full of the most unspeakable charges against our beloved President and Mr. Leadbeater. It is clear that our enemies are intent on introducing distrust in our ranks in order to break up our Section; but all the members of this Section are sufficiently well poised to receive unmoved such attacks, as they did not

allow distrust to take possession of their hearts, nor doubt of their minds.

The revolutionary conditions of all the countries forming the Cuban Section, in which as a rule there always exists, more or less marked, a state of civil war, make the progress of Theosophy relatively slow and insignificant, compared with other countries where the social conditions are better; but in spite of these drawbacks, thanks to the efforts of a small band of energetic and self-denying members, I have good reason to hope that our Section will continue progressing, and that in the future it may become a worthier instrument to be used in the bettering of humanity on a larger scale.

In conclusion I would like to add that the moral and mental hardships that Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater have undergone during the past year have only served to increase our love and devotion towards them.

FINLAND

The year under report began with a united effort by the Finnish members to help forward the establishing of our own Headquarters.... For this purpose a piece of land was purchased for Fmks 5,000. Our country is nowadays in an irregular political state, but so far our public work has in no way been hindered.

Closing my report, I send you, beloved President, and the Thirty-eighth Convention the sincere love of the Finnish members.

RUSSIA

The T. S. in Russia sends to the President the expression of its deep and reverent love, and also its cordial and fraternal greeting to the brethren assembled at the Convention of the T. S.

The attention paid to us by the press is becoming more and more vivid, but there is as much animosity as sympathy in this interest. The most fantastic articles appear about our movement, trying to discredit us. Novels and pamphlets are dedicated to us, and this year a drama, which will be played publicly. All this shows how great is the interest that has arisen in the public mind on Theosophy.

This year has been a very busy one and the opening season is full of promise.

We send our hearty greetings to beloved India.

SOUTH AFRICA

The T. S. in South Africa sends to the President cordial greetings and expressions of good-will and loyalty, combined with thankfulness that, notwithstanding the difficult problems which have confronted her, she has maintained that steady devotion to her ideals, both as regards herself and the Society, which has from the very commencement of her career characterised her actions; so that the respect in which she is held by those outside the Society has increased and the devotion of those inside the Society has grown deeper and deeper.

When we compare the work done in South Africa with what has been accomplished in some other parts of the world, we are inclined to feel somewhat downhearted; but when we remember the difficulties we have had to face, owing to the very material outlook and the desire for gain which in this country seem to sap the vitality of the thoughts and actions which should make for the betterment of the world, combined with the trying times, politically, socially and financially through which the Union of South Africa has been passing, we are thankful that we have been able to maintain our position and keep the banner of the Theosophical Society flying over the few strongholds we have captured.

That the Convention may be one fraught with wonderful results to the Society, and that all may be done in love and goodwill, is the earnest wish of all the Fellows in South Africa.

SCOTLAND

It is satisfactory to note that during the three years of our existence as a National Society the number of our members has been more than trebled.

We had hoped to have the stimulus and strengthening which always accompanies a visit from the President, but your recall to India rendered that impossible. Our year has been quietly spent in strengthening our Lodges.

In conclusion let me express to you, our President, and our Brethren in Convention, the warm interest and good wishes of the Theosophical Society in Scotland.

SWITZERLAND

To our most dear and venerated President, and, through her to all our brothers and sisters gathered together at the Convention of 1913, we give affectionate

greeting.... In short the time is drawing near when, following the example of those Sections that lead the way, we shall have a Headquarters at Geneva, an innovation which will still more help to spread the Theosophical ideas of life.

The chief difficulties met with by our workers in Switzerland are those inherent in the religious type of mind which fears that investigation into the realms of knowledge and of Occultism will prove a danger to faith.

Our one great desire is to see you long remain at the head of the Theosophical Society, so that we can, all of us, labourers who take you as our example, strive to follow on the Path opened up for us by you and H. P. B. to a future the light of which will obliterate the shadows of this past year.

To you, revered President, and to you, Brothers and Sisters from India, and to all members present at this Convention, we give our warmest greetings.

BELGIUM

The Theosophical Society in Belgium sends hearty good wishes and respectful greetings to the President and also to the assembled brethren.

After the last general Assembly, at which M. G. Polak was elected General Secretary for the year 1913-1914, a cloud seemed to threaten the harmony of our Society; but fortunately the sky is clear again, and some members who had left the Society have rejoined.

NETHERLANDS-INDIES

The Theosophical Society in the Netherlands-Indies sends its faithful greetings and good wishes to the President of the Theosophical Society and to all the members at Convention assembled.... One of the special features was the interest taken by one of the Javanese Princes (whose guest Mr. Leadbeater had been), who gave a public lecture on the analogy between Theosophy and the old Javanese teachings. A high-rank Javanese on the platform is almost unprecedented in this country. Theosophical thought is spreading far beyond the ranks of the Theosophical Society, influencing and enforcing many kindred movements.

At the end of my report I am glad to state that the Society slowly but assuredly is gaining hold in the Netherlands-Indies. Having been regarded as on a par with Spiritism, Christian Science, Adventism, etc., as one of the

'minor superstitions,' it has now come to be regarded as a means for the uplift of the peoples of the Indies, and that not in hatred and antagonism but in friendliness and brotherhood with the West. "Association of East and West" is written on our banners... As a token of our utter trust in our President the Council of the T. S. in the Netherlands-Indies, in accordance with the majority of our Lodges, has asked me to propose Mrs. Annie Besant as President for life.

Furthermore I was asked to invite Mr. C. W. Leadbeater on another visit to Java and Sumatra, to give our beloved Society in the Netherlands-Indies the invaluable benefit of his teaching and the assistance of his presence.

BURMA

I have the pleasure to submit to you the Report of the Theosophical Society in Burma for the year ending 31st October, 1913, at the same time offering the assurance of our confidence in and affection for you—our revered President—and our worthy teacher Mr. C. W. Leadbeater, and our fraternal greetings to the members assembled at the Convention.

The amount of spiritual influence felt at Adyar and the value of such a pilgrimage are too well known to mention. You—revered President—were pleased to allot a site at Adyar for building a small house which will be available for the delegates and students from Burma who may visit the Theosophical Headquarters from time to time. We hope to raise a sum of Rs. 3,000 to put up a small building in Adyar representing Burma.

"Like unto a wheel rotate joys and sorrows." I am glad to report to you that the members of this Section fully realise the sapient order of Nature, where rise and fall are equally instructive, and that in spite of the continued campaign against the Society during the last two years and nine months, the confidence and trust in you as our Leader have not been shaken, and in gratitude for the inspiration and wisdom which you have given us, we unanimously re-elected you as President for life. May the Holy Ones give you power and strength to continue the great labour of love to which you have consecrated your life.

AUSTRIA

I have the honour to submit to you the first Annual Report of the T. S. in Austria, being the one ending

October 1913, coupled with the assurance of our whole-hearted confidence in and affection to you, our beloved President. We also beg to greet the Fellows in Convention assembled at Headquarters, none the less heartily because we are yet the smallest of the National Societies, having only 101 members.

NORWAY

Three members, Erik Undset, Gyda Haabjorn, and Julius Michelsen, have bought land near Kristiania to build Headquarters on. They have paid 35,000 kr.

We send our prayers to the Masters that Their blessings may rest on our work.

SOUTH AMERICA

The Theosophical movement in South America during this year of 1913 has been going on well, showing that the spiritual mind of this corner of the world is rising more and more.

The more intense work in Theosophy in the countries within my jurisdiction is done by Brazilian Lodges, where enthusiasm and love for our doctrines are strong.

All the South American Lodges fervently hope that the late troubles in our dear T. S. will soon disappear, and that the Masters of Wisdom will inspire us to carry on well our task of peace and progress. We send our fraternal love to all the brothers, and our most loving wishes for our President.

WEST AFRICA

We greatly admire the wisdom, dignity, and power with which you have for so many years assisted to direct and control the affairs of the Theosophical Society, to which we have the honour to belong.

The Lodge highly appreciates your efforts in the sacred cause of Humanity, your interest in the great work of the Masters, and your desire to promote Universal Brotherhood. That the years to come may bring you prosperity, good health, and long life is our most earnest wish.

SPAIN

During the last year, the Theosophical Movement in Spain has developed considerably, so much so, that we are overworked and do not know how to manage in order to cope with our duties, administrative and otherwise.

As I do not want to abuse longer of your time, and formulating all wishes for your triumph in all and over all, believe, dear President, in my entire devotion as well as in that of our Spanish brothers.

Thus the various countries of the world.

Of our subsidiary activities the T. S. Order of Service sends a long Report of good work admirably done; the Educational Trust with its recent developments is attracting general attention. The Musæus Girls' School at Colombo and the Mahinda College at Galle are steadily progressing. The Olcott Pañchama Schools want funds for further expansion. The Buddhist Educational work is flourishing.

Since the passing away of our beloved President-Founder Colonel Olcott, the Theosophical Conventions bring back to mind the great achievements of that great leader. His wise words and warnings should be always taken into consideration by us who love and revere him. The following pregnant words from his Presidential Address of 1892, uttered on the eve of a period of strife and stress, similar to one we have passed through, will not be out of place here:

"I feel myself obliged to warn you against entertaining the foolish belief that, because all outward prospects seem bright and encouraging, we need not keep ourselves braced up to meet other staggering blows from unexpected quarters. Do not let us imitate the fatalistic indifference of the *vignerons*, who forget the titanic energies that work far beneath the surface because the grape ripens on the sunny slopes of Etna. So long as human beings group themselves together in bodies like ours to help the race to struggle upwards towards the noblest ideal, so long will the success of those efforts be limited by the less or greater moral imperfection of the aggregate membership. Knowing my own failings and to some extent those of my chief colleagues, I count upon nothing less than the occasional recurrence of those crises of which we have had several in times past. The one necessary thing is for each true man to stand firm and keep steadfast, whatever betide. Our cause is good, our ideal high, our work brings us present joy and future hope, and we are co-workers with the greatest Sons of Man."

THE ADYAR LIBRARY

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

THE Annual Report of the Adyar Library was an exceedingly satisfactory one. More and more fully as the years go by the Institution carries out its twofold aim of collecting together all printed material illustrating the history, teachings and other literature connected with the Theosophical Society and of forming a thorough instrument for all studies connected with philosophy, religion and science. During the year about one thousand books and pamphlets were added to its shelves amongst which a fine collection of modern works on logic and philosophy should be specially mentioned. At present the Library contains some 12,000 printed works amounting to about 20,000 volumes. Although amongst libraries in general it is only of a second or third class order, yet its size is now too large to admit any longer of amateur methods of treatment in administration. Of late, therefore, scientific methods have had to be introduced and they are being followed more and more, so that in a few years it may be expected that a complete reorganisation in that sense will have been accomplished. During the year under review considerable progress was again made in this direction. The Library is for this work almost entirely dependent upon the labour of voluntary helpers, and additions to its staff—if capable, industrious and well-educated—would still be very welcome. Intending workers for the cause with special aptitudes of the kind mentioned might earnestly consider this point.

A special section of the Library, and its chief glory, is its unique collection of Samskr̥t, and in a lesser degree, of Indian vernacular manuscripts. The Samskr̥t manuscripts alone number about 14,000. This section, under the special and expert care of the Director of the Library, Dr. F. O. Schrader, who is a splendid Samskr̥t scholar with an unrivalled knowledge of Samskr̥t manuscripts, has been increased during the year in an unprecedented way. Eight hundred bundles of MSS. were added during the year, amongst which are large numbers of very rare ones and even many absolutely unique ones, unknown heretofore.

Apart from these, the chief acquisition of the year was a perfect copy of a Chinese encyclopædia in over 1,600 volumes.

The one unsatisfactory item of the report was that concerning the finances of the Institution. It has a regular annual income of about Rs. 6,500 from interest on its fixed capital and from its grant from the Theosophical Society. Its annual expenditure should at its present stage of growth be not less than Rs. 15,000; the balance can only be made up by donations from friends and well-wishers of the Library. During the last year only about Rs. 4,000 came in under that heading. An earnest appeal is therefore made to all members of the Theosophical Society, who have at heart the upkeep and expansion of this, the chief, activity of the Society under its second object, to contribute as far as they may be able to the growth of this young but splendid Institution created by the Theosophical Society, an Institution destined to a great future and calculated to shed lustre on the Society and to gain for it renown and honour in the domain of science and research, as the teachings of Theosophy are calculated to spread fame and find recognition in the fields of ethics, philosophy and religion.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH CONVENTION OF THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Held in Benares, December 26th to 31st, 1913

By W. H. KIRBY, M. A.

"... And when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house and could not shake it; for it was founded upon a rock." That is the impression, that is the comforting and inspiring feeling I carry away with me from this Thirty-Eighth Convention of the Theosophical Society in Benares. Two years ago it was my privilege to write of the last great Convention held in this very place, to speak of the force and spiritual fervour pervading the whole of the proceedings. Action and reaction being equal and opposite, the very flood of light and life that characterised that great and memorable gathering—the culminating point of that important preliminary period in the plan of things—has since, of necessity, thrown out its shadows; and the very warmth of that sunshine of the Spirit has gathered up and produced the lowering clouds that of late have overshadowed and threatened, without real power to harm. For our Theosophic house is founded on rock: the rock of Truth sought for its own sake; of Love upheld as the divine bond uniting all men and all things under God's will and wisdom. No doubt many came to this Convention with some feelings of anxiety as to how, precisely, the recent troubles and attacks had affected the Society as a whole. A Section in this big international Society may know fairly accurately the extent to which its own region or country has been affected, by passing phases and events in the Society's life. But it is only at these large annual gatherings, when the Presidential Address gives statistical data and particulars for the year, and where reports from all the

¹ Luke, vi, 48.

world over come in and are read, that the general progress, or the reverse, of the Society can be properly gauged.

The very much over-reported and over-discussed cases in the law-courts against Mrs. Besant; the scandalous campaign of misrepresentation and ridicule against Theosophy and Theosophists by an interested section of the press; the dragging in the mud of the *agora*, for mockery by the ignorant, of reputable and educated people's cherished and sacred beliefs; all these things during the past years might rightly have been expected to have produced some scars, some sore spots, some *punctum minoris resistentiæ* in our body Theosophic.

As when a great ship periodically goes into dock to be overhauled and examined after its return to harbour from the storms and perils of the ocean, so might anyone legitimately evince curiosity, though surely not anxiety, to see at this annual gathering how this year's navigation had affected the ribs and bulwarks of our Theosophical ship on its return from its storm-tossed career. As report after report was read, it became obvious that the troubles that had so sorely tried our President in her personal capacity had not seriously affected any part of this world-wide Society. The persistent virulence of the contumely to which Mrs. Besant has been subjected by her enemies has but called forth from all countries expressions of solidarity and sympathy with her, and has served primarily to fortify her position at the head of our Society. Notwithstanding the secession of the whole of the German Section of some two thousand members to Dr. Steiner's newly-founded Anthroposophical Society, the net loss this year has been but two or three hundred members in all; for practically all other Sections have continued adding to and not losing their members, despite all that has been done in law-courts and press to defame and discredit Theosophists and their Society; and this is not only reassuring in itself, but demonstrates clearly the progressive force of Theosophy and its Societies throughout the world. It has been said that the way of the world with regard to ideas it cannot at first accept is as follows: first, indifference and ridicule; then, angry opposition; lastly, wholesale adoption. Having in the first quarter of a century of the Society's life lived through and endured the first stage, we find ourselves now, for some time, probably, in the second stage; which, once past, will doubtless in turn lead us to the less painful but still more difficult stage when everyone will take our most cherished beliefs and adopt them in some fashion or other, more or

less unfamiliar to us, but entirely satisfactory to themselves. But if the opposition has been active and angry, the work has gone on untouched by it, and the Theosophical Society, as such, has stood steady and four-square through it all. Without one dissentient voice from any of its Sections, the General Council proceeded to nominate Mrs. Besant once more President elect for the next period of seven years when her present term shall have expired.

It is quite certain that the Society with one accord will ratify the nomination of their Council when the time comes and will thereby register their confidence in and appreciation of their great-hearted leader. Some people talk of mistakes; carping people point to errors of judgment; the open-eyed see errors of policy. Well, what then? What if all that her critics allege is true?

She is the first to confess to errors and mistakes in the past; she lays no claim to infallibility now or in the future. But one of the very qualities of really great leaders is that they plunge on ahead in the force of the idea that drives them, when others would lose time and opportunity by over-prudence and calculation.

While she may cry: "Let those who love me follow me," yet she is careful to state on all occasions, and has especially emphasised the fact at this Convention, that in the lines of work, in the new departures she feels herself called upon now to undertake, she considers it incumbent on no one necessarily to come by her road, on no one to adopt her views who is inclined in other directions.

It is this, it is this power to launch out into new policies, to take up ever-fresh activities, to break new ground—whatever crop of fresh troubles and difficulties this may bring—that persuades me that our Society is instinct with power and life, abnormal in the general order of things.

We have been told over and over again we are a Society of pioneers. Well it is 'up to' Pioneers, if we truly are such, to be ever blazing new paths, clearing new thickets, levelling, uprooting, burning, hacking and plunging through new obstacles, that the army behind may have a path, a direction given them, whereon to advance. The opposition that arises to new initiatives, to fresh endeavours and arduous undertakings, comes from those who either are not by nature of the pioneer spirit, or who have sufficient to engage them from their actual occupations. These are not asked to join in—it is not their work—the call is not for them. But there

will be many to whom the note struck is a call, is a *réveil* sounded to be up and doing; it is so rare that there is anyone big enough or courageous enough to give the lead, aye, and maintain the lead faithfully and thoroughly.

If I have dwelt a little on all this, it is in order that the psychological feeling of this Convention might be properly understood. Here was Mrs. Besant, fresh from two years of attacks and worries in the law-courts, with a further menace of prosecution for contempt, with possible consequences of loss of money and liberty, engaging herself actively on a new programme of lectures and writings on behalf of India and Indians, calculated to touch on very delicate and thorny questions, and likely to bring her a fresh crop of troubles and attacks from more sides than one. In her latest publication *Wake Up, India*, are gathered together the recent public lectures in Madras, and her Convention lectures included the following similar subjects: 1. The Past of the Caste System. 2. The Present State of the Caste System. 3. The Place of Theosophy in India. And 4. United India.

In the South she had lectured on all these subjects, and the Convention in Benares was to give the North the opportunity of hearing her.

Exigencies of time obliged Mrs. Besant to curtail the first two lectures and run them into one; but in listening to her strong and courageous arguments against the present system of caste, which has degenerated until it has largely become an absurd fetter to all individual liberty and social progress, one could not but admire the vitality and force which inspire her utterances and which give her the authority to tread on so many thorny questions in centres like Madras and Benares, where tradition and custom still maintain outgrown superstitions. Europeans cannot but have felt that much of the Convention lectures and the present trend of Mrs. Besant's work concern principally India and Indians. This is partly true. But from all she said as to colour-bar, as to foreign travel, as to political and social progress and unity within the Empire, there was much for the European in general, as well as for the Englishman, to reflect upon.

Times all the world over are changing rapidly—social orders and differences are being tremendously affected by the rapid march of democracy and the disappearance of certain social barriers and divisions. It is all extremely disagreeable, most upsetting to the quiet and ordered

paths of normal existence. But it is a fact of to-day, and must be studied and reckoned with, here and now, in our daily lives. With modern inventions quickening up communications, and the automatic decrease of distances between country and country over the globe, is it likely that India will continue to remain dormant and lethargic under present conditions? No one can think so, and not only Mrs. Besant, but many another, sees within range of vision, a matter perhaps of two to three generations, of anywhere between 50 to 100 years probably, the time when India can rightly begin to manage her own affairs under the Imperial Crown, and become one of the chief jewels in the Great Colonial Empire.

It requires the great power and authority of one whose life, like Mrs. Besant's, is well-known for sincerity and disinterested service, to touch on some of these themes and speak out boldly in a country like this as to the defects and requirements on both sides of the question. She has no axe of her own to grind, and that is her strength—mistaken or not, as people may judge her views. She is entirely honest, entirely true, entirely whole-hearted, in the cause for which she is battling. I should not wonder if, in times to come, many will remember, as a remarkable event the third lecture, of the 29th December, 1913, on 'United India'—powerful and yet pathetic in its conclusion. For at the end she told the audience how possibly she might be obliged to forfeit property and personal liberty, owing to the proceedings continued against her in Madras, and that while she gloried in the service she had ever rendered to the land of India she so passionately loved, it hurt her to realise that it was through Indians that she was being so persecuted at the present time and during the last two years. She was proud that her speech that morning, perhaps one of the last she might be allowed to make, was on behalf of Indians, and that again that afternoon she would be given the opportunity of doing one more service to India by presiding at a Congress of Protest, held at the Bisheshwar Theatre in Benares—but in no connection whatever with the Theosophical Society—relating to the notorious maltreatment of Indians in South Africa. Leaving entirely on one side the many complex and conflicting opinions as to the main issues opened up by this new field that Mrs. Besant has set out to plough, it is surely instructive and inspiring to see her, a lion of indomitable character, though annoyed and goaded by tormentors, yet leaping out vigorously into wider fields, full of life and energy and pluck, daring all or any to come

on, and still very much master of the jungle of life. *Flectar non frangar* is the motto of such rare Spirits as these. Changes cannot be effected, prejudices cannot be moved, superstitions cannot be destroyed, plans cannot be carried into effect, without hurting or inconveniencing someone. The conservative spirit is strong in men, but while it is valuable when stability is required, it is useless when progress is the order of the day. And in these times we are living in a period of change and transition, when progress is strongly in the sap of the tree of life, and its growth cannot be stopped or stunted by the impediments of custom and habit.

The main opposition comes, as a rule, from the people of the older generations—men born and brought up at another stage and condition of things. But it is the young who eagerly take up the new ideas and will see them through. They care less, possibly, than the preceding generations, for the authority of the Shāstras, but see life growing and extending round them, and have the common sense to desire to take their own active and intelligent part in it. Hence the tendency to listen with sympathy to Mr. Gokhale's, Mrs. Besant's, and many another's suggestions to step outside superannuated customs, see life in other countries, travel abroad and learn trades, return and found industries, and work above all for individual and social freedom and equality within the Empire.

Like a banyan seed that grows to a great tree, spreading shady boughs far round its central stem, I believe we are witnessing to-day the first shoots of such a tree of social and political reform and of a new era for India in the not very distant future. And we Theosophists, whose very basis of thought is the brotherhood of man, the unifying of religions and philosophies, the comprehension of the working of Nature's inner and outer laws of growth and evolution, we, I say, should be big, and should try to keep big, and take a big-hearted and wide interest in this great outer world from which only the small and the narrow can shut themselves in, with their precious ideas of interior sublimity. The world is our field of work and interest. The 'outer' world, referred to so deprecatingly by those whose ideas are narrow and sectarian, is the world the Lord has seen fit to make, in which we have been put to learn His purposes, and it is therefore all interesting and all good from some angle of vision or other, if we can only be big and sensible enough to see it. In this outer world God's plan is going on, and we

can but try to see it in our daily lives and bring it into the inner consciousness, there to learn our lesson from it and its contents.

Mrs. Besant has started in connection with her work along these lines a weekly paper called the *Commonweal*, and it is to deal with social and political topics of interest especially to Indians, in view of what may be the conditions of reform required in the near future.

It is not for me to prophesy how far these efforts will be successful, or how far people will be able to keep separate the individual activities of Mrs. Annie Besant, Editor of the *Commonweal*, and Mrs. Besant, President of the Theosophical Society and Editor of the *Theosophist*, *Adyar Bulletin*, and other Theosophical journals in which, willy-nilly, through the 'Watch-Tower' notes, her own personal views and predilections are expressed, and in some way are apt to be interpreted—no doubt quite mistakenly—as the views held generally by this great international Society.

To me that is the only danger. I plead for general liberty of opinion and of action; indeed I go further and ask for benevolent sympathy in plans and schemes from the President downwards to the newly elected member. But it is not easy, when a society has the good fortune to possess so notable and respected a leader, that many of what are in fact her own personal views and activities should not be misinterpreted—as they have been frequently misinterpreted—to be the orthodox views and opinions of the Theosophical Society itself. Some care will be needed to separate these matters and to guard the individual and corporate rights of absolute neutrality and freedom in a great international Society such as ours, with so many grades and shades of opinions and ideas.

The Thirty-Eighth Convention was in every way a success. Very large numbers were present: the crowds of delegates and the attendance generally were much larger than on the last occasion two years ago. Indeed, considering that this year the space was less by all the C. H. C. grounds, now under separate management, it was remarkable that everything was so well-arranged. The tennis court was covered over by a marquee tent, and afforded a roomy and excellent lecture hall. Dr. Taraporewalla, the Headmaster of the C. H. C. High School, well deserved the President's public thanks for his work and excellent arrangements. Papdit Iqbal Narain Gurtu, the General Secretary, was indefatigable, and has certainly proved his capacities, his ability and

good management in the conduct and administration of his Section in this first year of office.

Many of the familiar 'group' of Mr. Arundale's old students and fellow-professors of the C. H. C. were to be seen, as of yore, here, there and everywhere, kind, courteous and considerate to all, keeping up the old spirit of service and help all round—keeping too, thereby, bright the traditions left by him whose personality is still so alive in this place, where his memory is so fresh in everyone's mind. That is what some of us, who have been here before, felt. We missed George Arundale, and we missed the joyous touch of the youth and spontaneity of the C. H. C. as it used to be. Many of the C. H. C. boys, however, it was good to see, were helping and working in the days of preparation for Convention as before, and many were all the time flitting about during Convention on this or that intent, as of old.

European delegates were looked after by Mrs. James, Miss Willson, and other of the resident ladies here. The arrangements for Indian delegates were as usual carefully planned and carried out, and Professor Trilokekar and others ran a useful enquiry office with the tact, patience and endurance that such a position of verbal bombardment requires.

Mrs. Besant was obliged to leave us on the 29th December on account of the contempt proceedings in Madras, but the advent of Mr. C. Jinarajadasa during Convention enabled her to leave the charge of the remaining meetings and lectures in his experienced hands.

Besides the public lectures and the Convention of the Indian Section, which went off smoothly and harmoniously, there was a meeting for admission of new members, and Mrs. Besant, who so rarely asks anything of the Society, said she hoped that all National General Secretaries would see to it that the returns of membership next year should show a considerable increase, and so be a fitting response to the world at large in reply to the supposed death-blows the Theosophical Society is fondly imagined by Missionary Societies and others to have received.

There was an Order of the Star meeting in which Mr. C. Jinarajadasa spoke, and one of the Order of Service at which, among others, Professor P. K. Telang and Miss Severs addressed the gathering. There was a very good lecture by Principal Sanjiva Rao on the Sons of India; an Educational Conference, two Masonic meetings, and two open

discussion meetings, besides the usual Anniversary meeting, at which the representatives of various countries spoke. Finally there were the usual inner gatherings of students of the E. S. and from these much that was vital and inspiring in this Convention will doubtless be carried away to all parts of India, nay, to most countries of the globe, by those who were present, to 'feed the hungry' with and to afford sustenance during the coming year. As at Adyar, so at Benares, there is always a special influence and a special atmosphere, beneficial and invigorating, where Theosophists are gathered together. I attend in the course of a year many and varied gatherings of men, but it is an undeniable fact that though many petty inconveniences and disadvantages that may possibly arise when a number of people are hastily gathered together and have to put up with things somehow, Theosophists are ever gay, amiable, courteous and kindhearted with all and each other. Unselfishness and thought for others are to be seen at work all day and on all sides; and from this one can only argue that that body of ideas, those doctrines, the teachings that lead to these results, these and these alone are the proper standards for judging our Society and our Society's members, and we can afford to snap our fingers at, and turn our backs upon, the quarrelsome atmosphere of law-courts, and so too on all the captiousness and acidity of our hasty and narrow-minded critics. *Floreat res theosophica et florebit, Dei gratia.*

NOTE

We regret we cannot find space to print a full report of the Second Kerala Theosophical Conference held at Calicut on 27th to 30th December 1913 under the presidency of Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. Next month we will publish an account of it by Mr. Leadbeater himself; there will also be published speeches by Mr. Leadbeater and the two Judges who took the chair at his meetings. The Conference was a brilliant success and hundreds heard the great message of Theosophy from one of its greatest teachers.

THE VASANTĀ PRENS, ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. VII ADYAR, 15TH FEBRUARY, 1914 No. 2

FROM THE EDITOR

FRIENDS all the world over will be glad to hear that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has followed the just practice of the Courts in England, and has stayed the execution of the Madras decree until the Appeal sanctioned by the Madras High Court has been heard. I vainly urged on the Court of Appeal the unfairness of exposing me to proceedings for contempt when they had sanctioned an appeal on "substantial grounds of law," the appeal challenging the competency of the Court to make any decree at all, and the legality of the decree itself as in the teeth of a Statute. When I pointed out that the refusal of the stay of execution left me at the mercy of parties known to be vindictive, and made the sanctioning of the appeal nugatory, the Chief Justice said that the Court would know how to deal with attempts to harass me in the prosecution of the appeal by contempt proceedings. I accepted the dictum as being "as good as a stay," but it did not prove to be so, for though Mr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

treated the Chief Justice's indication with proper deference and took no action against me, a new Vakil assumed control of the case and attempted to imprison me and attach my property. On this, as there was no way in which the Chief Justice could protect me, the proceedings not being in his Court, I at once appealed to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and, on affidavits showing the facts of the case, and my *bona fide* incapacity to obey the order, a stay was at once granted. As the contempt proceedings were begun in the Original Side, before Mr. Justice Bakewell, I could not know whether the statement of the Chief Justice would be regarded as binding there, especially as the new Vakil paid no regard to it. As my more important work was much hindered by the uncertainty caused by these harassing proceedings, I am very thankful to have them stopped.

**

I am grateful to the newspapers, in different parts of the country, that have pointed out the useless and cruel character of these proceedings, in the face of the fact that I had done everything which it was possible for me to do. The Privy Council has recognised this, and has therefore promptly put an end to them.

**

Mr. Justice Bakewell was not very gracious when I appeared before him, to ask him to adjourn the hearing of the petition. He wished to adjourn it for two months, which would have prevented me from going to England to prosecute the appeal, and then to a date in the vacation, which might, or might not, be on the other side of the appeal, but would have brought me back very shortly after I had arrived. Finally, I persuaded him to do what I had asked at the beginning, to adjourn it till the Courts re-opened in July. Properly speaking, the petition should have been dismissed, as no one was present to support it, but I did not ask for dismissal, preferring adjournment.

**

I hope to leave India on April 18th; it would be troublesome to leave earlier, as I have promised to preside at various Conferences on April 4th, 5th, 10th, 11th and 12th. The London lectures are fixed for May 17th, 24th, 31st, June 7th and 14th. It is a little difficult to go away from India with so much work on hand, literary, educational and other, but Europe has claims which I cannot disregard. America is inviting me in 1915, so I shall not go over this year.

**

There seem to be some very violent anti-Theosophists in Vancouver. They broke into the Lodge-room, and tore out the contents of the books; the photographs of Colonel Olcott, Mme. Blavatsky and myself were destroyed and the glass trampled into pieces; luckily the picture of the Christ escaped. A policeman interrupted these joyous labours, and the good people shot at him and then ran away.

**

Mr. Fritz Kunz, B. A., has been offered by the President of the T. S. to the Buddhist Committee as Principal of the Ananda College, Colombo, and has been accepted by them. Mr. C. Jinarajadasa went with him to Colombo to introduce him to his old friends, and the new Principal was very warmly welcomed. Mr. Jinarajadasa is much loved and respected by many members of the Saṅgha, and his recommendation of the younger man will carry great weight. We earnestly hope that Mr. Kunz will find his heavy task as congenial as it is useful.

**

The Theosophical Educational Trust has taken over the Hindū Girls' School at Vayalpad, originally founded by Mr. O. L. Sarma, a Fellow of the Society—who also founded the Madanapalle School—and since maintained by Mr. Nemali Subba Rao. The foundations of a building are dug on a plot of ground bought for the purpose by Mr. N. Subba Rao, and presented by him to the Trust. The Samskr̥ṭ School at Bellary has also been handed over

to the Trust by its founder and supporter, Mr. R. Jagannathiah, also a Fellow of the Society. Non-Theosophists should not be grieved over these transferences, as the three named, like the Girls' School at Madura, have all been founded and supported by Hindū Theosophists. Presently, people will realise that Hindūs only become more earnest in their religion, although more liberal, when they become Theosophists, as Christians also, in becoming Theosophists, learn to love and understand their religion more deeply. A school for Pañchamas is to be built by the Trust on the plot of ground bought for their use at Madanapalle. We hear that the Madanapalle School has won the cricket cup at the sports held at Chittoor. This is good news, as the training of the physical body is of pre-eminent importance to Indian boys. I was always proud of the name, "the playing College," given in depreciation by our critics to the Central Hindū College, Benares.

**

Madura lost one of its most respected citizens in the passing away of our good brother, P. Narayana Iyer, a pillar of every good work undertaken in the town. He was for some time the Vice-President of the Taluq Board and was connected with many local institutions. As was said both by Mr. M. Madhu Aiyar, the senior High Court Vakil of Madura, and by Mr. C. V. Viswanatha Sastriar, the Sub-Judge of Ramnad, in referring in Court to his passing away, he leaves a void in the public life of Madura that it will be hard to fill. We shall miss him sorely in the T. S. and E. S., of which he was one of the oldest and most devoted members. He was but a shadow of his former self, when I went to bid him good-bye on my last visit to Madura. He was one of the many standing proofs that a brilliant career at the bar and a public-spirited life in all civic matters are inspired, not weakened, by devotion to Theosophy and a fervent belief in the Masters. Yet there are narrow-minded people who would keep Theosophists out of the public life of Madras.

A WORLD-RELIGION¹

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from Vol. VI, No. 12 p. 497)

FIRST of all, I do not believe that the religions of the time will disappear as religions. I believe that they will be related to the World-Religion, as, say, the various Churches of Christendom are related to Christianity. It is just as you find many a Church, many a sect, just as you find many varieties of thought and teaching; but they all look up to the Christ as the supreme Teacher, and accept His gospel as the foundation of their message. So in the World-Religion, the great religions will still exist, each one appealing to a special type and a special temperament of mankind, existing as sects of a single Faith, existing as branches of a single tree, realising their fundamental unity, but preserving their valuable diversity; for by construction and not by destruction will come the fulfilling of the great religious law. For surely diversity is the very condition of a universe and of all its beauty. One expression of truth could never exhaust the contents of a spiritual truth. The intellect divides, separates, classifies; it can never give the full rounded All of the sum which is Truth. A part of it, a fragment of it, an aspect of it—yes—that the intellectual presentment can give; but we need to have them all, in order that the many-faced truth may shine out for the helping and teaching of man.

¹ A lecture delivered in Glasgow on 6th June, 1911, with Canon Erskine Hill in the Chair.

So I look for a great World-Religion where each religion will have its place, where each great faith will present its own aspect of the truth; but where we all shall learn from every faith the special view it has to teach, and so widen our minds, enlarge our hearts, and deepen our reverence for the greatness of the truth.

Looking for a moment at that conception, how shall we find that which unites? How shall we discover the method by which the intellectual presentments shall find a common origin in the spiritual truth? I will take two illustrations to show you exactly what I mean, and they are closely connected with each other. I spoke of the different ways of reading history. Let me take for a moment one great drama played on the stage of the world, familiar to you all—the life of the Christ. Now there are two ways in which you may regard it. One tends to divide, the other tends to unite. You may take it purely and entirely as the history of one Man, however divine. A life led in the face of the world, great, inspiring, noble, but only a single life, however divine, with a single life's contents. Round that idea there has been much of controversy, much of struggle, much of antagonism. Questions of scholarship arise, the age of documents, the various readings, how long this manuscript has existed, what particular date can be given to that manuscript, come down or discovered perhaps in some church ruin, some ancient monastery. There is all the turmoil of intellectual strife, all the arguing of scholars and controversialists, everything which makes for controversy and nothing which makes for inspiration. Now it *is* a story of a single life. Most people agree now that the idea put forward by Strauss that the Christ-story is a myth is entirely out of court. That was one of the lines of attack very popular in the last century, but I doubt if any scholar to-day thinks for one moment that the Christ did not really exist on the stage of history, and teach and preach in Palestine. It is the history then of a life which had the most

enormous effect upon mankind. But is that all it is? Or is there something deeper and greater which shall unite where scholarship and criticism divide? Never yet did a great Spirit live on earth and live a life which was His alone, with no bearing upon His brethren, with no touching of the mankind to which He came. There is a deeper meaning in the history of the Christ, in which that life shines out in parable and drama, as it were. It is the story of the experience of every human Spirit, as he unfolds from seed into flower and fruit. It was declared by a great Teacher that Christ is the "first-born among many brethren"; it is declared that all men are partakers of the divine Nature; and surely that history loses nothing of its charm, if below the history of one man, however divine, you see your own history as you shall lead it, as you gradually rise from the carnal to the spiritual, and begin to realise the possibilities that lie latent in the Spirit that is man. Then the whole unfolding of that story becomes the expression of a great mystical truth. The birth of the Christ in Bethlehem stands for the birth of the Christ in every one who is rising into realised divinity, in every one of those in whom S. Paul's phrase is being realised: "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Then you begin to see in that birth the birth of the Christ. In every human Spirit you begin to see the growth in favour with God and man. You see the Spirit in the moment of baptism, when the life flows down upon him from above. You see him in the glory of transfiguration, when the human Spirit begins to realise his own divinity. You see him in the agony of the passion, when the soul approaching Deity finds out its human weakness, and agonises in the last ordeals of the Saint. You see him risen and ascended in the man who has attained the full stature of the Christ. And so you realise, however historical the story, it has a deeper spiritual meaning which underlies the whole, that Christ was living the story of all mankind,

as well as a single life in Palestine two thousand years ago. Now it is that mystical story that unites: it is true for all men of every faith, true for all in their upward climb, true for all in their realisation of divinity within themselves; and then it becomes an inspiration, the most potent that man can have for realising the unity.

He also realises through that the possibility of a personal achievement; and then for the first time the words of Christ become literally possible of fulfilment: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." For a man that is only man, that command must remain for ever unfulfilled; but for a man in whom the seed of God is sown, there is no perfection impossible for him as he passes from strength to strength.

That is the mystical interpretation, and the religion of the future must be based on Mysticism. See how that is carried out in one of the dogmas of the Churches in regard to the Atonement. See how it shows how much of truth there is in it, and, how much of human error has veiled the spiritual truth. For in the ideal of Christ as an external Saviour, however exquisitely beautiful and lovable from the standpoint of those He helps, there is always some feeling of unrest, of disturbance, inasmuch as some one outside is the Helper, and gives us that which we do not realise for ourselves. But in the mystical view of the Atonement with the birth of Christ in the human Spirit, it is a Christ within instead of a Christ without. It is the unfolding of a life, instead of the imputation of the righteousness of another. There is nothing of legality, nor contract, nor materialism, but the opening up of a life that transforms, and makes atonement because it transforms man into God.

You may say: Are you against religious dogma? No. Dogma has its place in all teaching of truth. Science has it, just as much as religion. It is quite dogmatic to say that if you put hydrogen and oxygen together at a certain temperature they will combine. A statement of truth

imposed by authority from outside, that is what dogma is, and any such statement of truth is necessary for learning and for teaching. That is what critics of religious dogmas very often forget. But a dogma, not to be mischievous, must be based on experience and verifiable by experience, and that is sometimes the weak point of religious dogma; but it ought not to be so. All the great religious dogmas are based on experience, though not on the experience of modern people; but that is the fault of modern people and not the fault of the dogma. Every great spiritual truth thrown into dogmatic form and imposed on the awed man by Church, or Pope, or Book, has its origin in human experience in relation to divinity. For the religious consciousness is universal and the great dogmas of the faiths of the world are built on that testimony of the religious consciousness of mankind.

You say: How do you know it? Because you find them in every faith. You find them in every age. Every nation possesses the same truths although in different words, the same great fundamental truths on which every religion is based. They are common truths, and they have been known by the experience of man in touch with the invisible worlds.

Now there is no reason in the world why you should not again be able to verify these truths for yourselves, as in a moment I will show you; but what I want to put to you now is that the difference between the man who accepts the dogma and the Mystic is this: the authority of the receiver of the dogma is outside him, and he has no knowledge which verifies the dogma; but the Mystic knows the truth by sight. The Spirit has faculties as well as the body. There is a science of the Spirit as much as physical science. The Spirit can gain knowledge experimentally as well as the body, and when a man has reached a certain stage of evolution he needs no other authority to teach him religious truth, for within the depths of his own Spirit there wells up the truth

which the other sees from the outside, and an inner authority and not an outer authority reveals the truth that the Mystic knows. He does not believe in God because the Church says: God is. He believes in God because he has found God within himself, and the Spirit knows that is where God is, and naught can ever shake that knowledge. The dogma standing on authority may be undermined by other authority. The dogma based not on demonstration but on a Church or a Book may be shaken to pieces when other books are read and other religions are looked into; but your own knowledge, your own experience, your own realisation of the Deity within you which makes you able to recognise the Deity without you, that nothing can shake; for it is your very own, and you know it, you hold it, and if all the world were to rise against you, it would not be shaken. That is the position of the Mystic. He knows Christ within him. There is the Spirit that is knowledge; and he recognises that which agrees with the keynote of his own Spirit.

For there is but one Spirit in many bodies, one Life in many forms, one God in many temples; and so there comes to be but one word and one knowledge, and that belongs equally to all who will to know and not only to believe, to unfold within themselves the faculty of knowledge which lies within the Spirit of every son of man.

Now Mysticism unites, for all the Mystics of the world agree on the fundamentals of the spiritual consciousness. Dogmatists quarrel; Mystics reinforce each other; and on the development of the Spirit in man the religion of the future must depend. Those grow into knowledge; they will be the pillars of the religion of the future: and dogma will have its proper place in the teaching of the younger and inexperienced, until they have grown into religious manhood. So the mischief of dogma will disappear. It will take its rightful place as part of the education, the religious education, of the man. The dogmas

will be taught in many forms in the different faiths, and the one mystical truth they embody will be taught in the religion, the World-Religion, as expressed in different ways in the Churches.

But another thing that religion must give us is a science of religion. If religion be true, each of you has those faculties I spoke of, which are to the Spirit what the senses are to the body, and the reasoning mind to the intelligence. It is part of the duty of religion to teach us how to unfold those faculties in ourselves in order that we may know, and religions do teach it and have taught it, only it has slipped so much out of sight to-day. Useful as was much that was done in the Reformation, priceless as is the importance of the assertion of Liberty of Thought and Liberty of Judgment, one great harm was done to Christianity by that movement. It robbed the protesting communities of much of that occult knowledge which had come down from the days of the Apostles and the Disciples in the unbroken succession of the Church of Rome. The teachings of the Roman Church to-day contain far more occult science than is found in the bishops and the clergy of the communities that take the name of Protestants. It has methods of teaching, methods of training, ways of meditating, which in every great faith are the only ways of awakening those faculties which enable you to know and not only to believe. The faith which leads to man's perfection is laid down in some great Roman Catholic manuals, and it is identical in its stages, its beginnings and its endings with that same faith as taught in Buddhist treatises, as laid down in the Hindû science of Yoga. You might take what you like there, and you will find the teaching the same, the discipline the same, the methods of progress the same, only the words are different. Rome speaks of purification as the first step of that faith. The Hindû and the Buddhist call it the probationary path, on which certain qualifications are to be gained, and the qualifications

are given one by one exactly, as what is wanted to control and to discipline the moods of the mind and to make a man calm and pure and strong. Then you come to the next step which Rome calls the path of Illumination. The Hindū and the Buddhist call it the path of Initiation, and mark out the various stages on the path, all the great Initiations through which the disciples pass. The ending for both the Roman calls Union, the Hindū and the Buddhist call Liberation, but in both cases it means the realisation of Divinity, the union of the human Spirit with the divine. A few months ago I was reading with some care a Roman Catholic treatise that any one of you might read with the greatest profit, if you care at all about the scientific side of Mysticism. It is written by a Jesuit father, and in the translation is called *The Grace of Interior Prayer*. It has received the approval of the Pope and of some of the high officials of the Roman Catholic Church. Now in that book, at the end of it, in dealing with Union, the writer speaks of the deification of man, man become divine, the union between God and man, so close, so utter, that man is deified. Now I confess I was surprised to find a phrase so strong outside the Theosophical, Hindū and Buddhist treatises. I did not know that Rome would go so far in explaining what the end of the path connoted, and then I remembered that I ought to have known it, for one of the great teachers of the Church, S. Ambrose, gave the noble sentence: "Become what you are." Does it sound a paradox? It contains a great and profound meaning. Become the manifested God that you are already in seed and in germ; for, if you think for a moment, you cannot become that which you are not. Only that which exists in you in possibility can ever be manifested by you in actuality. You must have it within before it can show itself without, and in that great sentence of S. Ambrose the idea of the universal religion is declared. The human Spirit is divine, the offspring of God. Become then in outer

manifestation that which you are in inner reality; and the World-Religion of the future will bring out the way again in sight of the people, will show them how to walk; it will lead them into a knowledge of their own Divinity; mystical in its teaching, so that the teaching can be translated by all the religions into the varied dogmas; scientific with the knowledge of the Spirit, so that men may learn to develop the spiritual faculties and then use them for the perfecting of their own nature; with no antagonists, for it will be universal; with no quarrels within it, for it will be all-inclusive. That mighty World-Religion is to be proclaimed by the supreme Teacher, the Teacher of Angels and of Men; that, in very truth, is on the threshold: its foot is at the door. Look around you, and you will see the signs of the change. Look abroad over the world, and you will recognise that a mighty synthesis is coming, into which all the world-faiths shall be built and know themselves as one. When religious hatreds have passed, when religious controversies have disappeared, when men have learned the supreme truth so often preached, so little practised: "Let him that loveth God love his brother also"; when out of the World-Religion has grown the World-Peace; when out of the World-Faith has grown the World-Service; then religion shall be what it ought to be, the helper of the down-trodden, the protector of the weak, the teacher of the ignorant, the raiser of the fallen; then religion will not only tie man to God but man to man, and it will be realised that Knowledge of God is best expressed in Service to Man.

THE SACRIFICE

By M. POWELL

"**R**EST awhile now, my master," pleaded Gondo, his soft, brown eyes dark and humid with solicitude. The dying artist heard him not, but still with trembling fingers and failing strength continued his race with life. Pitifully the lad stood at his side, watching with awe and reverence the picture grow beneath the magic touch. It was the artist's masterpiece—the work upon which he had freely lavished all his powers of brain and body. But now the decree had gone forth—the artist must die. Only a few brief days remained to him, and then he must travel forth into the shadow land.

"I'll win yet. I'll finish the picture, and then let death come," he gasped in triumph, his sunken eyes glowing in his ashen face.

An hour passed and still the dying man toiled on, and still at his post stood Gondo, patient, watchful, his eyes fixed in mournful tenderness on the master he adored.

"Ah!"

The brush dropped from the nerveless fingers, and with a wailing moan the artist fell forward. The boy bent swiftly over him and raised the sunken head. On the pallid forehead the death-sweat gathered—a mist clouded the eyes. A few gasping breaths, and the poor frail house of clay lay tenantless.

Reverently the lad raised the dead form and carried it to the rude pallet in the far corner, and, kneeling down, gazed in mute anguish at the pinched, gray, features. Slowly his eyes wandered to the unfinished picture and a great wave of resentment swept over him.

"God is cruel," he murmured. "Why could he not let the master complete his task? The poor master, who cared nothing for life, only for his work."

Slow, bitter, drops welled in his eyes and blurred his vision. Impatiently he brushed them away. His master had hated weakness and despised tears.

"And now he is gone and I am alone."

A shiver passed through him, and his glance roved forlornly round the room, resting at length on the picture, the supreme effort of a master-hand. Even as he gazed a figure, gray, wraith-like, rose before his eyes; at first, dim and shadowy, but rapidly assuming an appearance of solidity.

It was his master.

With a startled cry Gondo stepped forward; then paused, and looked back at the still, lifeless form on the pallet. There it lay, cold, motionless, but there also in his wonted posture, a brush in his hand, stood the artist. A brief space the strange figure remained thus, and then with swift, confident movements passed the brush over the canvas.

A chilling horror crept over the boy.

"It's the master's spirit come back to finish his work," he thought, and crossed himself in fear.

He uttered no sound; his lips, white and dry, refused their office; yet the artist stopped in his work, and turning, threw him a glad, triumphant smile.

Instantly all terror left the boy, and a great joy took possession of him. He could have laughed aloud in glee. His master had conquered death. Driven out of the broken physical body he had occupied long and painfully, he had come back in another form to complete the beloved work.

Breathless, radiant, Gondo quitted the couch with its silent burden, and stepped lightly across the room, taking his usual post at the artist's side. Bending forward, he peered at the picture, watching the steady movement of the brush; then a cloud of doubt and fear descended on him. He rubbed his eyes with his hands and looked again, and a low cry of disappointment burst from him.

The brush left no trace.

His master turned with a swift, enquiring glance.

Gondo strove to speak, but words were not needed. In the strange, new body the artist tenanted, thoughts were things, clear, intelligible as speech. With a sudden gesture of infinite woe, the artist flung the brush from him, all the gladness and joy gone from his face, his whole being grown dark and gray and hopeless.

"Master! Would I could lend you my body!" cried Gondo, torn with a passion of desire to help.

A light irradiated the sombre face, to fade instantly into a look of doubt.

Gondo read the thought.

"Yes, master, I would gladly. But how?"

Even as the boy spoke a sudden sickness and darkness fell on him. He flung out his arms with a blind, groping movement. A momentary unconsciousness followed, and then an odd sense of lightness and freedom.

He looked around, shut his eyes, then looked again. There on the floor in a huddled heap lay a boy, his curls showing black against the pale olive of his cheeks. Curiously Gondo moved forward and bent over the still form.

"It's myself!" he murmured. "What does it mean, and is this death?"

"No, Gondo. You can go back when you like," said a tender, reassuring voice, and Gondo saw his master beside him. "See, a silver thread unites you to your body."

Gondo looked and saw that his master spoke truly. A thin silvery thread connected him with the recumbent figure on the floor.

"And you, master?" he asked.

The artist shook his head.

"No, I cannot return. The cord is severed that bound me to life. And my work is yet undone."

He moved sadly to the picture and stood gazing at it. A deep, overwhelming sympathy took possession of Gondo.

"Take my body. Use that," he cried earnestly.

His master faced him, joyous hope transfiguring his countenance.

"May I?"

Gondo nodded.

Instantly the artist bent over the motionless form, then gradually faded from view; but Gondo, watching, saw the eyelids flutter and the nostrils quiver, as the apparently lifeless body admitted a new inmate. A convulsive struggle, and a few painful gasps, and the boy staggered to his feet.

The incredible change had been made.

Gondo in the shadow land beheld his body, tenanted now by his master's spirit, walk unsteadily across to the picture and seize the brush. An uncertain movement or two, and the boy settled to his task.

Hours passed, but the artist never paused nor hesitated. Stroke followed stroke, and Gondo, shadowy, invisible, watched the picture grow in grace and power. Once or twice he glanced at the silver thread that still bound him to the physical frame. It grew thinner, yet more frail.

"If it breaks I can't go back."

Fear and terror gripped him. This gray spirit-land was not his home. His place was in the warm sunshine, where he could laugh and talk with his fellows. He was alone, darkly alone, and full of fear.

"Give me back my body."

The words burst from him, and he stretched out his arms imploringly; but his master, enveloped in a thick, impenetrable garment of flesh, did not hear the voiceless cry.

Then a sense of shame and contrition swept over the lad. He had offered the sacrifice and now would withdraw it.

"What matters it if I don't get back? The master will know that I loved him. Let the cord break."

* * * * *

Next morning when neighbours peered into the room, they found the finished picture, and before it on the floor Gondo, smiling and still, his sacrifice complete.

CONSERVATION

By M. R. ST. JOHN

THE Student of Theosophy learns that some of the Masters of Wisdom, who are the elder brothers of humanity, can and do take pupils or chelas, and, while it is the earnest endeavour of those who have deliberately set their faces towards the entrance of the Path to prepare themselves for service under one of those great Ones, every aspirant has to realise that he cannot become an accepted disciple until such time as he will be found fit to be used by the Master as a channel for His force, without risk of that force being wasted or misused in any way.

He has also read about the Nirmānakāyas, that host of great Beings who in Themselves may be likened to a mighty reservoir of spiritual force, which is available for the regeneration and uplifting of humanity, and in respect to which force and its transmutation into power for use on this plane there is conveyed to us in the saying of the Christ, "And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again," a profound and far-reaching obligation.

Now we all do know that waste of energy in any form cannot be good, whether that waste takes place on the mental, astral, or physical levels, and, not only has this to be guarded against, but also the misuse and abuse of spiritual power as well; because the great Ones Themselves are careful in the conservation of all spiritual energy, the would-be disciple must always bear in mind how great is his responsibility in the use he makes of all force and power he may derive from the spiritual worlds, and the old proverb "Waste not, want not" is a fundamental axiom for his guidance.

It is hardly necessary to make any reference as to how spiritual force can be used to the best advantage in the mental and emotional worlds, for there is a mass of

literature available on the subject; but, when we come to deal with the physical world, in which we are at present more particularly engaged, information regarding that is somewhat scanty.

For the manifestation of Spirit some form of matter is required, and, always bearing in mind that the lower is a reflection of the higher, let us see what material and conditions are to be found for its working in the physical world to-day.

We find the following: Money, Environment, Time, Opportunity; and, since it is in this quaternary that we have to utilise our force, it must be remembered that, as above so below, if we squander money, waste time, and fail to take advantage of opportunities, we render ourselves unfit to be used for any important service in the great scheme of evolution. There is a certain inter-relation and dependence between the four quaternary aspects, for Money without Opportunity is useless, and Time is necessary for all.

What then ought to be the attitude of the occult student towards Money, which is a power equally for good and evil, and not the root of evil as some would have it? If he happened to be rich, he would probably think somewhat after this fashion: "Owing to my past karma, I have so much power entrusted to me for use in the service of humanity; how then, after providing for my own necessities, can I use every bit of the surplus to the very best advantage in the service of my fellow-men?"

If he should be poor, he might reason as follows: "Owing to my past karma, I have very little money entrusted to me in this incarnation, so I am obliged to be thrifty, and will, by acquiring this faculty, be found in another life deserving of more wherewith to help my fellow-men."

And again, we ought to be just as careful of the use to which we put money as of the use we make of all higher gifts that may be granted to us; and we should never be unwise enough to disparage the form because it happens

to be a physical plane token, which gives to its possessor a certain amount of power; for, if we do not regard it in this light now, the sooner we learn the better.

The story was told of a man who had, by some curious aberration, come to regard money as something unclean. He refused to carry it on his person or handle it, lest by doing so he should in some way become contaminated—possibly by the magnetism of the people through whose hands it had already passed. The effect of this idiosyncrasy was to put other people to a good deal of unnecessary trouble and inconvenience, since somebody always had to act for him when money had to be disbursed, and, when he travelled, he had to be accompanied by a devoted admirer who paid his rail and cab fares, hotel and other expenses. Had this man had a knowledge of Theosophy, he would have been appalled at the karma he was piling up for himself, for what could be a more fitting and suitable reaction than that he should, in some future life, be obliged to earn his living by what would correspond to the selling of railway tickets or the occupation of a tram or bus conductor? This is, of course, an extreme case, but it teaches us the lesson not to despise anything by which we are enabled to do good, irrespective of its nature and form.

Now Environment is the field in which our force has to be used; the circumstances and surroundings in which we find ourselves in this life are the result of past karma; and further, we have the power, to a greater or less extent, of modifying or changing these, and this has often to be done under the greatest difficulties.

This brings us to the question of motive: whether it is a selfish one instigated by our desires, or an unselfish one inspired by altruism, and we can trace both of these motives in the lives of men who have risen above the environment into which they were born and in which they spent their earlier years, by the use to which they put the advantages and opportunities that subsequently accrued to them.

But the great majority of mankind is composed of those who are unable to rise unaided, who are, in fact, the younger souls, and these it is the duty of those who are better situated to try and help. Then there are some who are born under the smiles of fortune and who, according as to whether they are young or old egos, will either misuse or make the best use of the favourable circumstances in which their past karma has placed them.

Environment is not only a field in which we must do what we can in furthering the evolutionary plan of the Logos, but it is also in a sense, a school in which are senior and junior boys, the former in the position of monitors or prefects.

There is another kind of Environment which is favourable for study and literary efforts, and, when a man finds himself in it and his temperament lies in that direction, it is evidently intended that he shall work in it, for we should all make the most of an environment that suits us, and one that is conducive to the kind of work which we feel we have the capacity for doing; we should lose a great opportunity if the promptings of our lower natures were allowed to influence us to try and change it, for here it is that discrimination comes in:

Where and how can I use the capacity I have for service?
Is this the field intended for me to work in or ought I to seek
fresh pastures?

Opportunity naturally follows on Environment and it has been truly said that it is only those who have the most evolutionary experience behind them, who know just when to seize the great Opportunity when it comes; for life is made up of both little and great chances, and the man who is able to detect the smaller, which is more often than not passed by the unobservant, is he who will be the one to seize the greater when it comes. There is a tide in the affairs of all men which taken at its flood leads to fortune.

Then we come to Time. Not to waste time means that we should never be idle for a moment; but this should not

be taken as implying actual work on the physical plane. In summer time it may be pleasant to sit for a while under a shady tree and, though neither engaged in sewing nor reading a book, it does not follow that you are idle; for, while the physical body is certainly at rest for the time being, so long as the mind is active or the emotions 'raised,' the idleness of the physical is only a *māyā* hiding the activity within.

There are some people who are generally fussy or bustling, and who want to be up and doing things, and such are apt to regard others, who are temperamentally rather the reverse of themselves, as loafers or idle dreamers; but students know that mental work is of the greatest importance since, without it, nothing could be achieved in the lower worlds. It has been said that an idea formed on the mental plane ought to be materialised; just so, but not always by the same individual, and has it not also been stated by those who know that the work of the Occultist is to improve the thought atmosphere of the world?

On the other hand if a definite intention of doing something has been formulated, that something should be carried out, for does not the old saying, "Hell is paved with good intentions," point directly to the remorse caused by waste or misuse of time, opportunity, or money?

Energy is never actually lost, but though the physical law of its conservation is applicable to planes of finer matter as well, it is often sadly wasted by misdirection or abuse, and, although the French Revolution would appear to be a case in point, it nevertheless gave to the world a great object-lesson which, it may not be too venturesome to say, has not been entirely forgotten.

In an endeavour to show the application of spiritual force in the world of physical matter, a certain amount of criticism is to be expected; but anything that gives rise to that has its use, if it helps to attract the thoughts and invite the opinions of those who are far more capable of dealing with this all-important subject.

AMBASSADORS FOR CHRIST

By T. P.

[From a translation of German mystical poetry by Frances Bevan, published under the title *Hymns of Ter Steegen, Suso, and others*. This poem from which a few verses are omitted for brevity, might well be called "The Initiates".]

"Who are those who come, amongst us,
Strangers to our speech and ways?
Passing by our joys and treasures,
Singing in the darkest days?
Are they pilgrims journeying on
From a land we have not known?"

We are come from a far country,
From a land beyond the sun;
We are come from that great glory
Round our God's eternal throne
Thence we come and thither go;
Here no resting-place we know.

We have seen the golden city
Shining as the jasper stone;
Heard the song that fills the heavens
Of the Man upon the throne;
Well that glorious One we know
He hath sent us here below.

We have drunk the living waters,
On the Tree of Life have fed;
Therefore deathless do we journey
'Midst the dying and the dead;
And unthirsting do we stand
Here amid the barren sand.

"Wherefore are ye come amongst us
 From the glory to the gloom?"
 Christ in glory breathed within us
 Life, *His* life, and bade us come.
 Here as living springs to be—
 Fountains of that life are we.

Fountains of the life that floweth
 Ever downward from the throne,
 Witnesses of that bright glory
 Where, rejected, He is gone,
 Sent to give the blind their sight,
 Turn the darkness into light.

He hath sent us that, in sorrow,
 In rejection, toil, and loss,
 We may learn the wondrous sweetness,
 Learn the mystery of His cross—
 Learn the depth of love that traced
 That blest path across the waste.

He hath sent us highest honours
 Of His cross and shame to win,
 Bear His light through deepest darkness,
 Walk in white 'midst foulest sin;
 Sing amidst the wintry gloom,
 Sing the blessed songs of home.

There is a beautiful saying of Penn's which sets forth what many good men of very different creeds must have felt again and again before he gave the thought expression: "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the divers liveries they wear here makes them strangers." May we not venture to carry further the thought and say, that this religion includes every servant of truth, and every man who is recognising in practice in his own life the need of his fellows, by subordinating his own happiness and interest to theirs?

A Wayfarer's Faith, EDMUND HARVEY

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

By FELIX

I REMEMBER that some years ago in the *Daily Telegraph* there was a tremendous amount of correspondence as to whether we "believe" or not, as to the truth of reincarnation, and as to matters of a psychic nature. Columns of this journal were filled on these subjects during successive 'silly seasons'. A great many histories of the soul were laid bare, and such wonderful events were recorded that the reader's credulity was taxed to its limits. The tale was told of a very useful 'lady' who after her decease still haunted the house of her son and daughter-in-law, and filled with desire to help managed to do the washing and even wheel the baby in its perambulator! At first the young mother was a trifle alarmed, but gradually she accepted the situation. It was not recorded whether the maid-of-all-work was dismissed, but we imagine that would be the next step. The extreme humour of this letter was the only possible justification of its inclusion in what was supposed to be a serious correspondence.

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For a long time psychic matters have been much 'written up' in newspapers, but there seems to be an even keener boom than usual just now.

Black magic, haunted houses, apparitions of the dying, and other psychic phenomena have formed the subject of an address by Monsignor R. H. Benson to the Roman Catholic Women's League.

Monsignor Benson's interest in such matters is of course well known. He painted some of the darker aspects of spiritualism in *The Necromancers*—a book which I did not think worthy of its literary reputation, but which was doubtless a great boon to his co-religionists. Catholics are not

supposed to have anything to do with spiritualism, and one lady told me she might not read books on the subject. "But," she added, "I read the books against it, and then one hears things, so one is not so badly off!"

This is obedience to the letter of the law with a vengeance. Monsignor Benson, who is possibly "above the law" on these subjects, inclines to think

that the apparitions of the dying are due to telepathy and not to the soul travelling to the spot where the apparition is seen:—

1. Because there is no doubt that the same type of apparition can occur when both parties to it are very much alive.

2. Because, when it is seen, the clothes of the person who appears, as well as a part of the background in which he happens to be living or dying, also often appear.

One might suggest the theory of an astral body, as a third alternative!

Talking of Black Magic, the *Daily Chronicle* has been giving up a lot of space to the subject lately not to mention the *Times* which publishes letters on 'A Theory of Ghosts'. Sir Oliver Lodge's address to the British Association has "led to a new activity among Spiritualists". 'A Psychical Expert' gives a word of warning—and tells us of Mr. J. G. Raupert's attitude against spiritualism. Mr. Raupert seems to have dipped deeply into the domain of psychical research, and had many interesting experiences which, while not doubting their genuineness, led him to believe:

That the spirits of the dead are not actually materialised, but that the spirits of evil draw upon the sub-consciousness or subliminal self of those who invoke them, and use the knowledge so gained to imitate the personality of the departed. Spiritualists, he says, have utterly failed to prove identity.

Everyone has not the same experiences as Mr. Raupert, and many hasten to let the *Daily Chronicle* know it, and one tells how he has become by the study of spiritualism a more ardent Christian than ever. *Quot homines, tot sententiae*. Let us not enter into the controversy.

The Poet Laureate has revived an ancient custom by sending a Christmas poem to the King. It has always seemed to me an anomaly that a poet should put himself in the position of having to write to order. Tennyson was perfectly wonderful at writing poems suitable for the occasion, and Wordsworth, wise man, accepted the Laureateship, I believe, on the express understanding that he would not be expected to write further poetry unless so disposed. Dr. Bridges has begun his Laureate life very happily in his poem, 'Christmas Eve'. It will have been widely read. I came across just lately another poem on Christmas written by the author of *Father O'Flynn* after a German original, which may not be so well-known.

When God came down on Earth to dwell,
Great cold befell;
Yet Mary on the road hath seen
A fig-tree green.
Said Joseph: "O Mary, let the fruit hang;
For thirty good mile we have still to gang,
Lest we be late!"

When Mary unto a village door
At last did win,
She thus bespake the cottager,
"Sir take us in!
Since for this young Child's tender sake
A pitying heart must surely ache,
The night's so cold."

* * * * *

The godly Joseph carved a spoon
From out a brand;
To ivory it changed full soon
And adamant.
When Mary gave the Babe the food,
He became Jesus, Son of God,
Before their eyes.

The charm of this poem (most horribly curtailed owing to the exigencies of space), as well as the fact that it did not come into my hands until now, must be the excuse of my introducing such an unsuitable topic as Christmas in February, when one may reasonably expect to be free, for the time being, of all that appertains to the festive season.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

X

CHILDHOOD to me presented no problems of bigotry or prejudice. Throughout our household—comprising three generations—ran a spirit of religious tolerance, and kindly sympathy for all classes. I created my problems for myself. I have always had a passion for reading—right from babyhood—and read many things that my childish brain could not grasp, but puzzled over. I hid behind a large sofa in a shadowy corner of the big drawing-room and pored over forbidden books. Up in the concealing branches of an immense plum-tree I could defy punishing arms while I devoured innumerable stories. Any hint of magic in my reading held me entranced, small vivid details that I still can recall. One book I treasured especially because it had in it a wondrous tale of transmigration, which I read innumerable times. Through countless books of travel I waded with laborious persistence—especially if they treated of India.

Till seven, life was careless and venturesome, with that spicy tendency towards freedom and adventure which only young Australians know. Then my eldest sister died. Though but a child, she was yet such a quaint mixture of saint and genius that she was already a compelling personality. I was amazed, shocked, demanded explanations and—got none. During the next six years many brooding hours marked their passage, for difficulties and perplexities increased. Then came one appalling day when the strong, dominating grandfather was stricken down—soon to pass

1914

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

73

away. Then, too, fell financial chaos; the wealth that had seemed a natural part of life likewise fled.

Our family had always been keen supporters of the Cathedral and clergy of the diocese, so we looked to the clergy for advice and sympathy. We found a cold reception and no comfort whatever. Such treatment stirred me passionately; I recklessly declared that religion was all a sham and there was no God. The more so that in a few months my mother followed my grandfather, and within two years my grandmother. We were left, scarcely more than children, to do as we pleased, with an impossible guardian—whom of course we defied. Impatiently I questioned the 'why' of all these things, and saw no reason for them.

Then I fell ill and was for months at a time stretched upon my back. I read and read, and asked of Darwin and Huxley and Spencer and all the others of that galaxy the answers they had to give to the problem of existence. I rejoiced in Carlyle's stern words and sterner creed. At College I had found a friend, seeking like myself. During a spell of better health I went to stay with her in Queensland. Her father was an atheist, one of the finest and noblest of men. He owned vast lands and loved them, and lived as lord over them with an even-handed justice remarkable in its way. He did much to confirm the opinions then forming in my mind; while there I obtained my first hint of Theosophical teachings. In a copy of the *Nineteenth Century* I found an article by Mrs. Besant on the seven heavens. It appealed to me strongly. For some unknown reason I linked in thought the name of the writer with a persistent dream that haunted all my childhood. A lady in grey—knickerbockers, I have to confess—a virile figure always working strenuously, and in the background an immense white building. The lady in grey, I believe to be our President, but no buildings at Adyar so far correspond with those of my dream. I read also at this time that curious, bitter satire—*The Mahātmas*, by Mabel Collins. It impressed me.

Then another bout of illness left me out of love with life; and the prospect of a helpless existence seemed a curse too heavy to be endured. I came perilously near the borderland at times through sheer determination not to live. Having no hope left, life, despite many experiences to the contrary, seemed an empty and vicious durance. I would escape from it.

Bored with my ordinary reading, I one day begged my sister to hunt through the town library for something that no one else seemed to have read, something new, different, more interesting. When she returned she held up for my inspection a red-covered book on which were strange symbols, coated thickly with dust. "Here," she cried, "is something that will be sure to interest you. See the dust on it. No one has ever read it for the leaves are uncut, and I found it hidden away in a corner!" It was the *Key to Theosophy*! The Judge party had made a gift of a copy to all Free Libraries throughout the State. I am always grateful to the Judge party. I set to work and read and read till every word of the book was finished. I was certain of the truth of it all. I drank it in and new life came. I saw, I understood. Out of the blank darkness of materialistic thought, I stepped into the ordered living beauty of Theosophic thought and teaching. It was indeed a dawn for me. I refused to be ill, and I got up and walked in defiance of all protests. I was determined to learn and help to serve the world. An old friend, unafraid of my atheistic reputation, came often to see me, and, when I told her of the book, she confessed to having relatives who were members of the Society. She put me into communication with them, and I promptly sent in my application for membership. That was sixteen years ago, and never in all that time have I found the light of Theosophy to fail me; ever its illuminating power seems to increase, and give promise of a far fuller day away somewhere in the heart of the future, but sure—ah yes, sure.

JOSEPHINE RANSOM

STUDENTS IN COUNCIL

[In this department any student can take part, either in elucidation or contravention of previous answers, or replying *de novo* to any question. The co-operation of our readers may render this both useful and interesting—Ed.]

[The following answers were given in America many years ago.]

Is the Socialist Movement of great value in forwarding the First Object of the T. S.?

A. P.—The Socialist movement is, and is not, an important movement in building up universal brotherhood. The Socialist movement, as it is being conducted to-day, is rather to set classes against one another. It is part of the great movement that is working in the future to bring about enormous improvements, but as it is conducted to-day it has too much hatred. The Socialism that desires to give is all right; but the Socialism that desires to take is not. It is so much of the hunger movement at the present, and hunger is never wise. I noticed in one of the American magazines a thought of some one who said apparently we wanted more appeal to the stomach; that is the Socialism to which I object, that is the great peril of the time—for fear that the poor should rise up before the right changes can be made. I do not think that it is a good thing that labour should control the policy of the country. In Australia they have a dominant labour party. For the time being, I know it makes the working class much better off than it has been before, but it is killing out the others. There are so many things which are now going on which are fatal to the future there. In Melbourne, the Trade Unions practically rule the whole city. When I was there the Trade Unions would not allow milk to be sold twice on Sunday, in order that the milkman might rest; but in this the cows cannot take part, the milk has to be milked, or the cows will be sick. Hence it is mixed with the Monday's milk and the death-rate of the babies increases.

Why do Theosophists never sing or pray?

A. B.—Many Theosophists do; but to have prayer you must have people who agree. Whereas, in the Theosophical Society, we must have absolute freedom of opinion. We don't take people out of their churches. They pray in their churches and learn in the Theosophical Society.

How will the sixth sub-race come into being?

A. B.—The sixth sub-race will begin in many countries out of the most promising families that can be found in the fifth root race. It will be a very scattered body, coming from all these different people, and they will drift over to America. The sixth root race will be in this part of the world, but after a very large part of that continent has been broken up and changed. It is said that that is the part of the world in which that civilisation is to grow up after the great physical changes that will come.

Following on a question regarding certain so-called eccentricities of Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Besant added:

There is one point I should like to make here in case of misunderstanding. Where I say that you should admire greatness, and that you should not be quick to criticise various other points which I mentioned with H. P. B., I do not mean by that that you are ever to set aside your intelligence or your conscience in the judgment that you form. I am saying that, because otherwise you may exaggerate, otherwise you may blind your reason. You need not say the man is wrong; but you ought to say, if it does not reconcile itself with your reason, I do not understand it. No Master will ever tell you to act against conscience. It is perfectly true that a disciple would obey his Master at once, but that would be because he previously thought the Master was right. Especially in this country, where you have an enormous amount of pseudo-occultism, never follow where your reason and conscience do not consent.

When is the advent of the World-Teacher likely to take place, and shall we know Him when He comes?

A. B.—I cannot give you an exact date, and I don't know how far it is wise in a meeting like this even to give you an approximate one. Speaking very generally, it will be within a half-century, and if you happen to be clever astrologers you may be able to work out a rather closer date than that by studying the aspects of the planets.

I hope a very large number will recognise Him. Those who are already disciples will, of course, know Him. They probably will inform a certain number of people closely connected with Him, but they would be very careful in what they did, because it ought to be more a matter of intuition. You remember, how, on a previous coming, He charged his disciples to tell no man that he was the Christ.

The expectation seems to be a spreading idea among many religions. In India I came across a very curious case. There was a little boy there who was clairvoyant, and his parents listened. He described our own Masters, and this child stated that a Great Being would soon appear in the world, and that the body was already prepared in which this Great Being was to appear.

Can you tell us where the Master Jesus lives?

A. B.—The Master Jesus is in incarnation now, living in Syria, in a Syrian body. I have often seen Him. There is a rather interesting point—speaking of Syria made me think of it; you know the very wonderful spiritual teacher, Abbas Effendi. I met one of his followers the other day, and he told me that Abbas Effendi had told him that there was a very great teacher soon to come, who would unite the East and the West. But this has been denied by other Bahais, and I am inclined to think that the gentleman who spoke to me made a mistake.

S. Paul speaks in one passage of Christ being formed within oneself. How is this connected with the idea of salvation through the blood of Christ?

A. B.—In the light of S. Paul's statement the Christ is to be born in the believer, and only as the Christ is born in the man and develops in him is that man what is technically called saved, not from hell but saved from compulsory rebirth.

I think that the idea of blood atonement grew originally out of the idea that the blood stood for the life, the life of Christ, and that then this blood was connected with that, and so it became among somewhat unrefined people used in place of the life. You always have to remember, even when you are reading the Christian Testament, that there is a great deal in it that was put into it by writers who were not always of the highest type of Occultists. Not many are saved in the above sense.

THE KERALA CONFERENCE

By C. W. LEADBEATER

OUR energetic friends in the South have just been celebrating the second session of the Kerala Theosophical Conference. According to the programme the proceedings were to last from Saturday, the 27th of December to Tuesday the 30th, and the members were kind enough to invite me to come over and preside. As I was warned that railway travelling was difficult and unpleasant just at Christmas time, I started a few days earlier, leaving Adyar on the 23rd. Our members on the Western Coast took advantage of this to commence their meetings in an informal way on the 24th, and from that time onward until the official opening of the Conference we had two informal question meetings each day, each lasting from an hour and a half to two hours, the time between meetings being occupied with private conversations.

In this way we had already come to know intimately quite a number of the members before the official proceedings commenced at 4-30 upon the 27th, with a very hearty address of welcome to the delegates from Rao Sāhab Vaidyanatha Iyer. This was immediately followed by the presentation of an address of welcome to me by Mr. Manjeri Ramaier.¹ I said a few words in reply,¹ and the meeting then rose with immense enthusiasm in response to the suggestion that a message of love and loyalty should be sent to our revered President. The proposition that she be invited to become President for life was carried by

¹ Printed on pp. 85-86.

acclamation amidst enthusiastic cheering. After some meetings of a private character the members adjourned to dinner, and met again shortly afterwards to spend a musical evening. These musical evenings were quite a feature of the Congress, for the Harikatha each day was prolonged until midnight. The most memorable of these performances was that on the second evening, when a small boy of twelve years of age entertained a huge audience with the most remarkable success for three hours and a half, without apparent fatigue.

In spite of these late hours, private meetings began early the next morning, and were followed by a meeting for questions which lasted from 9 o'clock to 10-30. After the usual adjournment for lunch a business meeting was on the programme, but that was for some reason postponed, and we had instead a very successful gathering of the Order of the Star in the East. From 3 to 5 the time was occupied by a number of short speeches, some in English and some in Malayālam, and at 6 o'clock I was carried off by the Elaya Trinmalpad of Nilambur (the eldest son of the Zamorin of Calicut) to deliver a public lecture at the premises of the second Theosophical Lodge in the centre of the town. The scene here was very picturesque, for our platform was erected in a garden amidst splendid trees, which, as daylight died away, were illuminated by quaint Chinese lanterns. The chair was taken by Justice K. S. Chandrasekhara Aiyar, who delivered an exceedingly able speech, explaining that those who attacked Theosophy invariably did so in ignorance of its true teachings. I then spoke for an hour upon 'Life after Death,' the audience being interested and appreciative. The next day's proceedings were practically a repetition of those of the Sunday, except that the subject of the evening lecture was 'What Theosophy does for Us,' and the chairman was Justice R. Ananda Rao. The speeches delivered on these occasions by our distinguished Chairmen are appended to this report.

One feature which seemed to me of great interest and promise was that quite a number of our brothers had brought with them to the Federation some of their children, so that we were able to have a special meeting for these young people, who manifested an intelligent comprehension of Theosophical teaching, and a love and devotion to it which promise exceedingly well for the future of our Society's work. As a result of this little gathering sixteen names of candidates for admission were forwarded to the Secretary of the new League of the Servants of the Star. On the morning of the 30th, after the usual private meeting, the following closing address was delivered, and nineteen new members were formally admitted to the Society.

I should like, on my own behalf, and on behalf of those who have come to this Conference, to thank collectively everybody to whom the Conference owes its great success. I should like to re-echo to my brothers what has been said just now—that on the spirit of service that every one will take back to his own district will depend the usefulness to him of this Conference. Most prominent has been the cordiality, the sense of brotherly love, that has permeated all proceedings. It is a striking and beautiful thing that the feeling of brotherhood puts itself so prominently forward in a Theosophical Conference like this. We realise our fellowship with one another, and thus our enthusiasm is renewed. Here we learn something of one another, and when we go home again each one of you will be a kind of light-house in the midst of the sea, radiating out the force which he has gained here. Sometimes people feel that in the stress of daily life their enthusiasm begins to flag a little; but it is by such gatherings as this, by bringing people together, that we renew the enthusiasm which is the motive force of all that we do. We know quite well our duty to our fellow-men, we to whom Theosophy has given the great privilege of knowing the truth; it is that we should give freely to others what is given to us. I hope that all who hear me will carry away the memory of a very pleasant, peaceful and fruitful time spent here, and they may take that as the closing thought—that what they have freely received they shall freely give. Because all the splendour and enthusiasm of this Conference—all the delight of devoting ourselves to higher matters—is valuable to you exactly in proportion as you pass it on to other people. That is the great central thought, that is the closing thought I offer you to take away; to carry out in your lives what you have learnt here, and so far as it is in your power, to pour out its blessing in return, upon your fellow-men.

I now proclaim the Conference closed.

What impressed one most all through the time of the Conference was the intense enthusiasm of the members, and the strong fraternal feeling which manifested itself perpetually in many different forms, making the whole meeting seem like a reunion of a great family. The West Coast of this southern part of India differs considerably from the East, and the faces that one meets in the streets bear distinguishing marks of races quite other than those with which we are familiar on this side of the peninsula; but our members clearly demonstrated to us that the variation of race made no difference in their Theosophical enthusiasm. Calicut is to a large extent a garden city, and the country there resembles that around Colombo much more than the more arid Coromandel Coast; so that we had all the enjoyment of a decided change of surroundings in addition to the pleasure of meeting many old Theosophical friends and forming many new ties.

A large crowd gathered at the station to take leave of us, and much emotion was displayed. Great public interest was manifested in the proceedings of the Conference; the actual number of members present probably did not exceed 150, but we had nearly always twice that number, and sometimes three or four times as many, present at all the meetings to which sympathisers were admitted. Many questions were sent up from non-Theosophists, but they in all cases manifested intelligent and friendly interest. It seems certain that there cannot but be a splendid future before Theosophy on the beautiful Malabar Coast.

THE CHAIRMEN'S SPEECHES

By Mr. Justice K. S. Chandrasekhara Iyer, Judge of the Chief Court of Mysore:

Brethren: I feel highly honoured by being asked to preside over this meeting of your Conference. Having been brought up in Malabar during most of the years of my boyhood, I do not come among you altogether as a stranger, and I may say that it was the desire to renew the happy

associations of those early days, combined with the pleasant anticipation of meeting our revered teacher Mr. Leadbeater and so many of our fellow-workers in Theosophy here, that decided me to accept the kind invitation of our Calicut brothers.

And then the task that was considerably assigned to me, while agreeable enough, was purely nominal, seeing that the real burden had been assumed by most capacious shoulders. Where a person of vast and all-embracing information, with a genius for making the most abstruse subjects clear and interesting, undertakes to speak from the fulness of his knowledge, it is the duty of the Chairman, as I conceive it, to efface himself as much as possible; at all events it is his undoubted privilege to take it easy, and claim to act in strict conformity with his designation by adjusting himself comfortably in the chair, and listening to the words of wisdom along with the rest of the audience.

Before I do so, I should like to say a word or two with reference to the great movement to which we are all fortunate enough to belong. This, as we know, is a time when much ill-informed and very often ill-natured criticism of Theosophy and its leading exponents is being disseminated everywhere with an industry and perseverance worthy of a better cause. The ways of the misguided men engaged in this barren work are various: some appeal to our patriotism, and some to our reverence for ancient institutions, to win us back to our old moorings; some, more unscrupulous, misrepresent and malign those to whom we look up to with reverence as our leaders and teachers; and some, true to their nature, serve up for the delectation of their constituents unsavoury morsels picked up from the dustbins of scandal and untruth. But though their ways are various, they are all animated by a common hatred towards the object of their dislike, which is as vigorous as the lantana pest that overspreads the fields unless the soil is periodically stirred up and planted with richer crop. It seems a pity that there are men who, instead of doing some useful and helpful work in their own little spheres, waste their energy in placing needless obstacles in the way of others who are earnestly striving to do what they can for the uplifting of the world.

But so it is; and we who believe in a great world-plan into which all things fit, good and evil, need not be surprised at such misguided perversity, but may go on undisturbed with the task of clearing away the weeds and preparing the soil of public opinion for the reception of the glorious truths which Theosophy proclaims; and this task is considerably facilitated by Conferences like the present, where a multitude of hearts, beating as one in common devotion to the sacred cause of Truth and Love and to the Great Ones its Custodians, and in affectionate loyalty to their chosen agents, are gathered from all parts of the land.

At such a time as this, it is the duty of all who have felt the beneficent influence of Theosophy in their lives

to come forward and bear witness, if not by eloquent speech, at any rate by their sympathetic presence and co-operation, to the value of its priceless message to mankind. From this point of view I make no excuse, as one who has been in the Theosophical Society for over twenty years and been a diligent student of its literature, for adding my little voice to the mighty chorus of testimony that exists to the value of the Theosophical teachings, as embodying a most comprehensive, consistent and soul-satisfying system of philosophy, as offering to every man the very highest ideal that he can apply to daily life and conduct, and further strengthening and broadening the essential teachings of all religions alike, by supplying them with an intelligible, rational and scientific foundation.

Of this service that Theosophy renders no better illustration can be given than the way in which it deals with the eternal mystery of death and the life beyond. That is the subject of this evening's discourse; and we are exceedingly fortunate in that we have for its exposition a teacher who by his studies and personal investigations has done so much to enlarge the bounds of hidden knowledge in this and other directions. I am sure we shall follow what Mr. Leadbeater is about to say with the closest and most earnest attention and interest.

By Mr. Justice R. Ananda Rao, Judge of the High Court of Trivandrum:

Ladies and Gentlemen: When my good friends at Calicut invited me to attend the Conference some eight or ten weeks back, they did me the honour of asking me to preside at one of the two public lectures of our well-beloved and highly revered lecturer, Mr. C. W. Leadbeater. I jumped at the offer, as I considered it both a great honour and privilege to sit side by side with Mr. Leadbeater on the same platform. I assure you I do not exaggerate when I say it is both an honour and a privilege. I presume you all know well that Mr. C. W. Leadbeater is a great man, and more than that—a true man. Any one who has read his books will not, I am sure, gainsay me; but just at present I know that owing to the machinations of some of our misguided friends who unfortunately will not think for themselves or be guided by wiser counsels, a few have chosen, I don't know whether purposely or otherwise, to misunderstand our Society, the Theosophical Society, and misrepresent our highly revered and respected leaders. The profounder the ignorance, the greater the assurance with which the above category of misguided friends have been speaking ill of us. We shall not be true Theosophists if we do not forgive their mistakes; but at the same time it is as much our duty towards the public at large to

warn it against being misguided by the vituperative writings of our above-mentioned category of friends.

For some years now there has been a systematic and malicious campaign to malign this Society and its leaders. I can assure you that so far as the Society and its leaders are concerned they have in no way suffered, for, as we its members know, it is beyond the attacks of little minds and interested parties. It is, I think, however, necessary to tell you that the Society claims at the hands of the fair-minded public to be dealt with at least with "common honesty". The meanest and the basest criminal is entitled to be heard before he is judged. If that right is denied him our sense of justice is offended, and that righteously. But when dealing with the Society and its leaders this entire doctrine is forgotten, and when attention is called to the infringement of the principle, we find, shall we say, unrighteous indignation is aroused that the Society should ask for a hearing before judgment.

The Society has on its rolls at present several thousands of members in all climes and countries. Many of them are men of letters, many in all the honourable walks of life, occupying places of respect and great trust, men acknowledged by their countrymen to be their leaders, wise and great. These men, who are thought fit and found fit to hold the destinies of countries and nations, are characterised by our misguided friends as credulous. It is for you, gentlemen, under these circumstances and conditions to judge who is credulous.

One thing more that I wish you to note and beware of is the tendency among a few of the followers of the proselytising religionists to traduce much older faiths and religions whose philosophy is simply transcendental, and perhaps (in the case of the majority of such traducers) beyond their understanding and comprehension. Such conduct is something like what is sometimes jocularly said of lawyers—that when a case is found to be weak they abuse the opposite side, thereby tacitly confessing the weakness of the cause advocated by them. The religions of the world are given to humanity by Him who is omniscient, and it cannot certainly be that He made one good and the other bad. If, therefore, the traducers of any religion simply knew this truth, they would, I hope, act more wisely and more truly according to the religion they profess to follow. We can, however, afford to look on them with sympathy for their utter ignorance—to put it charitably. I know you are impatient to hear the lecturer, and I shall not keep you away from him much longer; only permit me to tell you that the subject of the lecture is 'What Theosophy does for Us'. I have very little doubt that you will hear the lecturer with rapt attention. I shall, however, tell you that opportunities of this kind are rare—very rare indeed—and it is hoped that you will derive the fullest benefit therefrom.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO MR. C. W. LEADBEATER

REVERED TEACHER AND BROTHER,

We, the members of the Theosophical Society, gathered here in Conference from the lands of Travancore, Cochin, Malabar, and Canara, lands dear to the Mighty Warrior-Brāhmaṇa, Rāmā of the Axe, beg to offer you, on this your first visit to our coast, a most hearty welcome to this ancient capital of the Zamorins.

2. You, like Nachikētas of old, by your life of uttermost purity and sacrifice, you have wrested the secret of Death from Yama's hands, you, to quote the words of our beloved President (may she long guide our destinies), "you have done more than any living man to lift the veil which men call Death and to point to worlds of peace and happiness where ignorance had clothed the unknown with terror. Thousands have found help and comfort at your hands when their hearts have been breaking over the loss of their beloved; you have been verily 'a Son of Consolation' in many a bereaved home." For over three decades now, you have carried high the torch of the Ancient Wisdom in both the hemispheres, and to you, O Great Pioneer!, we offer our whole-hearted love and loyalty.

3. You come of the line of the prophets of old; and to you, as to your predecessors, ingratitude and scorn have been abundantly dealt out by the Scribes and Pharisees of the day. Did not the judges of Athens, blind reflectors of the prejudices of their day, hand the cup of hemlock to Socrates, for "introducing new Divinities of his own and corrupting youth"? Did not the inquisitors

of Rome burn brave Bruno, *Dormitantum Animarum Excubitor*, the awakener of those that sleep, for daring to reproclaim the wisdom of Pythagoras? How fondly imagined then these proud persecutors, that the star of their victims had set in shame; how bright the sun of their glory shines round the heads of the heroes now!

4. Give us, we pray you, in the name of your Master, whose most trusted disciple you are, His blessing, that in the lives that lie ahead of us, we be not of the shallow mob that stones but of the loving band that serves those over whose head shines the Star.

MR. LEADBEATER'S REPLY

Brothers: I thank you very heartily for your kindly welcome and for all these expressions of confidence. I hope indeed that I may deserve them all, and I hope some at least of the things you have said have some foundation in fact. Whether I have really been able to help so many, I cannot tell; I have at least tried to do so. You speak of attacks that are made not only upon me but upon all those who try to be of use to the world in their times. I think it is exceedingly natural. I think, indeed, that it is inevitable, because you see those who try to help the world must, in certain ways, draw themselves a little apart from it, must live a little differently from the average man. You may remember, perhaps, or some of you may have heard, that the great Christian Teacher said to His disciples: "Ye are not of the world, therefore the world hateth you"; but He also said: "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." People who live differently from the rest of the world are necessarily regarded with suspicion. The world credits them with some motive, such as it would easily understand. It suspects them always of having some other reason in the background for the difference in their lives, and that is why, or at least that is one of the reasons why, those who try to help it meet generally with scant consideration at its hands. But, on the other hand, they have always the very great pleasure and privilege of the confidence, and the friendly and even the grateful feelings, of those who find themselves able to accept their help. Here in Theosophy, we stand perhaps a little differently from those who preach to you one or other of the religions of the world. Because in Theosophy, we do not ask you to believe anything whatever; we do not claim that you shall attach your signature to any creed, or that you shall declare your belief in any system of dogmas. We say only: We in the Society exist for the helping of the world and we proclaim the Brotherhood of Man; that we do ask you all to

join us in accepting. The man who does not believe that all men are brothers can have no place in the work in which we are engaged, and therefore for him to join our Society would be manifestly useless. If the one belief that dominates his life is that men are brothers, and that we must try to help them to realise their brotherhood, then we welcome the man freely to our society, without a single question as to what may be his creed or race or caste. We want nothing of him but the one fact that he is willing to help his brothers and to extend to them the same feeling that he expects them to extend to him. And so you see our position is a little different from that of a man preaching religion. We do not ask your adhesion to a formula, but simply that you should come and work with us. Naturally, those who come together as you have done to this Conference, who bind themselves by a common aspiration, by a common desire to be of use—naturally, they feel the strongest affection one for the other; naturally to them it is a great joy thus to meet and thus to spend a few days in real brotherly feeling and live apart from the ordinary business of the world. And so I trust indeed that these few days will be greatly blessed to all of us; indeed, they must be and they will be. And so in thanking you for the very kindly welcome you have offered to me, I return you all the good wishes with thankful joy, in the hope that you may bear away from this Conference a strength which will enable you to hold aloft the Theosophical banner in all the different parts of the country from which you come, so that you may be, each one of you, a binding force to draw men together and to bring them to follow the mighty Teachers of old and Their successors, the great Masters who stand behind the Theosophical Society at the present day. That is what I wish for you, that is what I hope you will do; and I trust that the deliberations of this Conference may help not only to draw you together and fill you with enthusiasm, but also to show you new ways of helpfulness, new methods in which you can spread our just ideas throughout the world, so that all men may come to realise a mighty brotherhood. Not all yet realise themselves as definitely belonging to it. But at least they will know that there is a strong body of men who hold that belief and who are ready to welcome them and help them. The great mass of mankind has always been ignorant of the way to liberation. Let us rally round the great Rshis and help to spread Their teachings, so that we, in our small way, may each be a centre of light, just as each of them is a great Sun of light, of brotherly love, to the world, helping others to understand, so that in understanding they may learn to love one another because they all are part of Him, the great Deity who Himself is love. That is the great lesson that we have to convey to the world, the lesson of brotherly love. Just at this season of the year, your Christian brothers will tell you, was born the Victor who brought this new commandment: "This new commandment

I give you: That ye love one another." That was two thousand years ago, and the world has not yet learned it; and there is still much room for the carrying out of the new commandment, still there is much room for that gospel, and assuredly it should be spread by every one of you present here. Men of all faiths, of all opinions, may learn to love one another, and that is what we want to help the world to understand. We want to prepare the world for the time when the Great Teacher shall come among us once more. How can we best prepare for it? By carrying out that instruction, the greatest which He gave us, so that we shall all stand before Him as brothers ready to receive from Him His message of kindness and love. So I thank you for all that you have said to me, and I trust that you will accept my greetings, and that you will convey that as the Theosophical message, each to his own friends in his own place.

THE BURNING BUSH

O burn thou lowly bush of human life
 Within the burning ground of fire and strife
 Ye leaves of tenderness be evergreen,
 Ye everlasting flowers, O set a screen
 About its holy mysteries! Ever since
 The Syrian shepherd-boy loved Israel's Prince,
 O fiery bush! thou art the lowly shrine
 Of human love, beacon of love divine.
 O may eternal tenderness be ours
 Evergreen leaves and everlasting flowers!

K. F. STUART

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS, S. INDIA



THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. VII

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No. 3

FROM THE EDITOR

ONE of H. P. Blavatsky's oldest and most faithful friends, and one of the hardest and most loyal workers for the Theosophical Society, Isabel Cooper-Oakley, passed out of the body at 2-45, on the morning of March 3rd, 1914. For some years she had been suffering from tuberculosis, and was more than once in danger of death, but she battled on with indomitable courage, and her iron will carried her through heavy work when most would have been lying in bed or on couch. She was, as all her friends know, passionately devoted to the work of the Masters, and of a devotion absolutely single-eyed. Nothing was too hard to attempt, nothing too painful to face, if Their work had to be done. To me she was the most faithful of friends, and her love never varied nor suffered eclipse. The many she has helped to a deeper understanding of life's problems—she was the most patient and persevering of teachers as well as the most steady and earnest of students—will join with me in the ancient cry: "May the Peace Eternal rest upon her and Light Perpetual shine on her." We



may be sure that her eager devoted love will soon bring her back among us to a new term of Service.

Adyar Headquarters is passing into its usual hot-weather stage, and many visitors have already flown. The workers go on steadily, showing no diminution of energy, and there is no change in the stream of output from press and publishing house. The weekly *Commonweal* has fallen into its own place, and comes out with unfailing regularity and no special effort, the press having absorbed it into its normal work, and feeling no longer troubled by the necessary rapidity of the composing and printing. The circulation is rising steadily, and it is reaching the very class for which it was intended, the leaders of Indian thought in every part of India, and many of the leading men of England as well. It is much quoted in other Indian papers—a sure sign of popularity.

As all the world knows, there to be a Panama-Pacific International Exposition in the United States in 1915, and one feature of it will be an International Congress of Religious Philosophies. If I am still President of the Theosophical Society in 1915, I shall take part in it in that character, and it is hoped that every National Society will send one or more representatives. The great schools of Hindū philosophy should also find presentation there, with those of Islām and Zoroastrianism. Jainism and Sikhism should each have something to say, and reforming bodies, like the Ārya Samāj and the Brahmo Samāj should make their voices heard. Thus would America again see the light of eastern philosophies, and realise how much the West has still to learn from the East.

The exposition gives, free of cost, the halls for the meetings, places the meetings on its schedule, and takes on itself the making public of all necessary information. Delegates meet all their own personal expenses. The

World-Congress of the Theosophical Society takes place in Paris in 1915, and the dates might be so arranged that delegates and visitors to the one might go on to the other.

Mrs. Stead, of Edinburgh, is conducting a very useful activity at Adyar—a class for the Indian ladies living at Headquarters, and for their young children. They are all learning to read, write and speak English, and are acquiring the language with remarkable facility. Some other of the resident European ladies have joined in, as the work grew too heavy for Mrs. Stead alone. This has enabled the students to be classified—a necessary step when the ages vary from 3 years to 47.

The Young Men's Indian Association in Madras opens its Reading Room and Library this month, and its general activities about the middle of July. Various other towns have already begun to organise similar Associations, so that there may be institutions of an entirely unsectarian character open to young Indians all over the country. It is earnestly hoped that, in Madras, the Association will establish some hostels for College students—a crying need of the time. Madras and Calcutta are the two towns in which students are most neglected, and we hope soon to hear that Calcutta has a Y. M. I. A. There is little doubt that H. E. the Governor of Bengal, who takes such keen interest in the welfare of students, would do all in his power to advance so beneficent a movement. To look after the students—as was pointed out in *The Commonweal*—is to save them from Anarchism.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has been reviewing Mr. Farquhar's *Approach of Christ to Modern India*. Mr. Farquhar is a Christian of a fairly liberal type, but the danger of his propaganda lies in the fact that he puts forward Christianity as the only cure for the admitted evils in Hindū Society, evils the Hindūs are working to destroy. It is as though Hindūs sent missionaries to England to

preach that prostitution and drunkenness could only be cured by the adoption of Hindūism as the national religion! Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, who, we venture to say, knows but little of Hindūism, calmly takes for granted the truth of Mr. Farquhar's allegations, and agrees that India, in building herself into a nation, must "act not only without religious sanction from her old faith, but contrary to it". He actually ventures to say that Christianity has "not been the handmaiden of political domination nor the servant of race ascendancy"! It is a pity that Mr. Macdonald knows nothing of the injustice done in mofussil districts by magistrates under missionary influences, and the favouritism shown to Christians. "Young, educated, aspiring India" has not the smallest inclination to turn to Christianity. The drinking habits it has introduced are one of the causes of the failing health of many educated Indians; they adopt many of the Christian's habits while remaining utterly indifferent to his faith. If Mr. Macdonald will study the Census Report instead of Mr. Farquhar's clever and distorting presentations of facts, he will learn two significant facts: (1) It is Roman Catholicism, not the Evangelicism he favours, which is making most way; (2) It is the criminal and the outcastes who form the bulk of the converts—for obvious reasons—not the "educated and the aspiring". The latter may patronise the missionaries occasionally for their own ends, but they do not follow them.

* *

It is pleasant to hear from Cawnpur that the Theosophists, the Sanātana Dharma people, and the Ārya Samāj are drawing very near to each in their work, the leading members of each being very friendly. A friend writes: "I think we are all three entering upon a period of energetic activity, and when, as active workers, we will meet together, our common purpose will be recognised." This will bring about co-operation, and, as so often happens, many difficulties are solved *ambulando*.

THE PLACE OF THEOSOPHY IN INDIA¹

By ANNIE BESANT

A Lecture delivered at the Theosophical Convention of 1913

OUR subject to-day is 'The Place of Theosophy in India,' and I want, if I can, to put before you that which seems, to me at least, to be the special work of Theosophy in this great land—the work that nothing else can do as well, which is necessary for the building up of a mighty nation, the nation which we love to call United India. But let me begin, for the sake of clearness, by separating from each other the Theosophical Society and Theosophy itself.

Now as regards the Theosophical Society, most of you, I think, understand that no member of that Society is bound to accept any special truth or any particular view. A member is perfectly free; he chooses his own way, he forms his own opinion, he follows any leader, who, to him, is deserving to be followed. No member has a right to challenge another, no one has the right to say that this is the way in which you ought to walk. That perfect freedom of individual opinion is, to us, most vitally necessary for the Society. Liberty of thought, the right to challenge all authority, the right to question without any limitations, the right to accept or to reject without dictation—that, to us, is the very condition of intellectual progress, and without that liberty no opinion worthy of the name can be formed. Hence believing that intellectual

¹ This report contains most of one of Mrs. Besant's Convention lectures at Benares last December. It is the best an amateur reporter could do, and the speaker has filled up gaps and corrected it as well as she could.

liberty is necessary for every seeker after truth, we neither desire, nor try, to assert: "This is the truth which you must accept." We believe that man's own nature is the guarantee that he will find the truth, if he search diligently for it. We believe that man's intellectual nature is, as the Upanishat says, knowledge; that he knows the truth by its assonance with his own nature, if he has reached the necessary stage of development. If a man's intellect does not assent to a statement of truth, it is only because that stage of evolution has not been attained from which that truth can be seen. Argument does not disclose truth; it may point out errors which have not been previously perceived. No amount of argument can really reveal truth. A man must see it for himself, and he can only see it when he has evolved the power of sight, no matter how much he may nominally accept it. Truth is only Truth to you, or to me, when from within comes the echo to the voice without, until the God within responds to the God without. Only when that inner sight is opened can the truth be really revealed to the searching intelligence of man.

The very condition of knowledge is investigation. There is nothing so sacred that it may not be questioned, that it may not be investigated, and that it may not be challenged. It is only thus that Truth becomes our own. All else is second-hand, all else is hearsay. Sometimes the hearsay is very valuable for the time. What is called dogma, an intellectual conception of a truth imposed by external authority, has its part to play in intellectual development. I do not say religious dogma has not its place. Both religious and scientific dogmas are useful during a certain stage of learning. A student of chemistry accepts from his professor the dogma: "If you put nitrogen and chlorine together you will have an explosion under such and such conditions." He takes for granted the truth of this dogma, obeys the directions given, and so in safety he makes the experiment. A scientific student

at first must follow the directions given by the professor, and so he gradually gains knowledge. Similarly in religion: the religious student cannot at first know for himself; he can only study on the lines laid down. His teacher tells him such and such is the fact; many a truth in religion which the student cannot at first see he accepts provisionally, until he learns how to test it for himself. All he thus accepts is second-hand knowledge; it is not truth for him, but a provisionally accepted hypothesis. Later on, if he continues his study, comes the time for first-hand research, and then, and then only, is he able to reach self-determined thought. Since the very condition of such thought is absolute freedom, the Society has no dogmas, no beliefs imposed from outside. It leaves to every member perfect liberty of investigation, for it is better even to think wrong than not to think at all. It is better to make a mistake than blindly to follow somebody else. No intellectual growth is possible by mere acceptance of another man's belief. If you struggle with a thing you do not understand, at least by the very struggle your mental muscles get stronger. But if you blindly accept everything you must ever remain weak. A bird learns to fly by being pushed out of the nest and compelled to make efforts; if you remain quiescent, never will you be able to leave your nest, and with strong wings cleave the outer air, soar to the sky, and fly to the sun.

We therefore encourage the freest enquiry. Think as you will, but think. We are students seeking truth, and, to quote a well-known phrase: "We regard truth as a prize to be won," and to be won by intellectual struggle, strenuous perseverance, long-continued search.

A man may be of any religion or of none in the T. S. A Hindū remains a Hindū, a Musalmān a Musalmān, a Christian a Christian, a Parsī a Parsī. Any man who comes within the Society brings his religion with him, and none has a right to challenge his faith, and to say:

"Your belief is wrong." His religion will become grander, wider, more liberal, as he studies—that I grant. It is likely, year after year, to pass out from narrow dogmatism into the light of mystic reality and individual knowledge gained by spiritual experience. That is likely to be the result of your study, for, as the Dean of S. Paul's said: "Mysticism is the most scientific form of religion." It rests on personal experience of truth; it rests on the same rock on which Science itself rests—research and experiment.

Such a Society then, open to all, imposing fetters on none, is the Theosophical Society, and out of this inevitably a certain rule of conduct flows: that the Society must never be committed to any special form of belief. Each individual member may follow his own line of thought and action, but the Society, as a whole, remains all-inclusive, and committed to no special line of thought, to no special form of activity. If the Society must include every form of faith, it can belong to no one form exclusively. Hence it has no particular form of belief; hence each one of us must choose our own way on every question, and find our own solution to the problems of life. We must cut for ourselves the path which our feet will afterwards tread, and never commit the Society to any of our opinions, nor limit the forward progress of truth by fetters which have been forged by our own minds.

Now naturally that way of thinking and acting is not always understood. People are too accustomed to move in grooves to understand the exercise of liberty. You could not, of course, have a particular religion which did not insist on certain lines of thought or conduct, which did not place some limits to investigation. The religion which is the freest of all, Hindūism, declares thought to be free, and its philosophical schools include atheism on one hand and devotion to a personal God on the other. But if that absolute individual liberty of thought is given, very rigid lines of social conduct are laid down.

Modern Hindūism is less free as to thought, though freer than any other religion. I am one of those who think that ancient Hindūism was freer, more liberal, than modern Hindūism. But certain rules of living according to caste are compulsory, and certain ceremonies are obligatory for remaining in caste. The T. S. has no such limitations, social or religious, any more than intellectual. It has no ceremonies incumbent on its members. There are members of many faiths, and the member of each faith has his own ceremonies, and follows them as long as he needs them. There is no reason why we should supply a new set of ceremonies. The man who wants ceremonies has them in his own religion.

So we have perfect freedom of opinion also in social matters, no caste restrictions nor rules; these, again, belong to special faiths. On every matter opinion is free, as I have just said. Members of each religion follow their own rules and customs without interference from the T. S. A Christian goes to his church as a Christian, not as a Theosophist. The Hindū goes to his temple, the Musalmān to his mosque, but the T. S. has no church, no temple, no mosque. Every member follows his own faith. That imposes on each of us the duty of not throwing the force of the Society on to any particular line followed by any of us. Thus, we must not, in any matter of education or of politics, commit the Society to our own ideas. We cannot lay down rules and say that this is what a member of the Society should think or do in any such matters. We are an international Society, and our members live under all varieties of political organisation, despotic and liberal. In any country our members remain masters of their own actions but they may not commit our Society, as such, to any sociological or political view, any more than to that of any special religion. The world can no more judge of a man's views from his being a member of the T. S., than from his being a member of the Geographical Society.

How then can I speak of Theosophy as of special value to India? By virtue of this very liberty which the members of the Society enjoy. Theosophy is a body of teachings, which a member of the Society may accept or reject at his pleasure, but Theosophy itself brings with it an attitude of mind which is useful in uniting, in binding together, because it seeks points of agreement, rather than points of difference. The Divine Wisdom does not lack in definiteness, but it lays stress on the relativity of evolution and belief. It includes in itself the fundamental teachings of religions, the teachings wherein they all are agreed. That is why Theosophy may be acceptable to a man of any religion, because it only gives him a deeper and fuller view of his own truth. It spiritualises, but it does not contradict. Those truths are very few; they are fundamental; they are essential to all true understanding, and to spiritual growth. They are eternal spiritual verities, clad in different outer garments. The difference of the garments masks the inner identity, and so people quarrel. Many a man who is a good Theosophist, because full of spirituality, has never heard the name of Theosophy. The Divine Wisdom is not limited within the petty boundaries of any earthly Society. Like the Sun, it shines into every heart which throws open its doors to the light. Its truths belong to all who are able to accept them, and no Society, no man, can label them and say: "These are mine, and not yours." They are ours because we are human beings; they include, but are not included. Theosophy is like an immense ocean and the Society is but a single ship on its mighty waters. A whole navy floats thereon. Theosophy is Divine Wisdom, and a member of the Society acquires of it as much as he can, but it is not his by virtue of his membership. It is the value of Theosophy to India that I am interested in, and its value lies in its uniting power.

We may consider this value under four heads, the four great departments of human thought and life: its value in

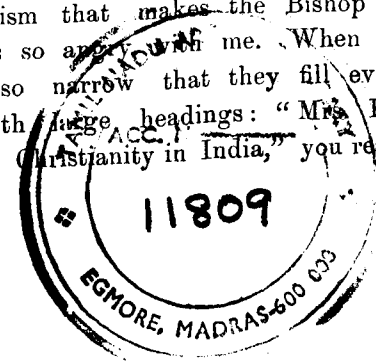
religion, its value in education, its value in sociology, and its value in politics. I say its value "in India," merely because we are living in India, and because its value in the second pair—sociology and politics—must be determined by national conditions. You can only speak of universality in reference to spirituality. In all else there are different needs according to social and political conditions. The political and social action of a Theosophist in Russia must be different from that of a Theosophist in India. When I say 'Theosophist,' I do not mean a member of the Theosophical Society, but a man who has accepted Theosophy itself, and is governed by it in all his attitude to life, in all his relations with his fellows.

Let us take first religion. Now looking over the whole of India, which possesses all religions, we find that as regards any one of the great religions of the world, Theosophy has for India a profound interest and utility. The great mass of people are Hindūs, of innumerable shades of thought; there is a small but important community of Parsis; you find a few Buddhists; after these you come to Christians and then to Musalmāns. These you may say are the great religions. You may add to them the Hebrews, but these form a very small number, and Hebraism is not likely ever to wield any very great influence in India. Then you have Jainism, which—so far as one is able to see—is almost as ancient as Hindūism itself, as ancient as Hindūism in India in definite and organised form. That is a small community also. This antiquity is not, I know, the view of European scholars, but I take a different view. Jainism cannot be ignored. Then you come to the Sikhs; they, again, are comparatively small in number, but are vigorous, active, progressive, a valuable element in the religious life of India. Practically you have these seven to take into consideration, leaving aside sects within each, and these have all clear and superficially different beliefs. Necessarily out of this divergence of opinion a great deal of opposition has arisen, owing to human bigotry and

human ignorance. I ought perhaps to mention also the two vigorous communities of the Ārya Samāj and the Brahmo Samāj; they are rather sects of Hindūism than apart from it, but are sufficiently distinct not to be ignored. They have their own contribution to make to the general religious life of India. These pass out of religious questions into social, educational and political life, and they cannot therefore be put aside when we are thinking of building India into a mighty nation. But we find that religions are somewhat left out of political life, for some of the Political Party object that they cause divisions, whereas all can work together for political reforms if religion is ignored. So also in social matters, you find the Social Reform party desiring to leave religion on one side, again as causing divisions, and some even regard all religion as superstition. In this way antagonism grows up, and even in education there is danger lest there should be an intensification of narrower ideas of sectarian teaching which may hinder Indian unity; and thus we are obliged to ask: How far can Theosophy help, or be of value, in dealing with the religious life of India? The value of Theosophy lies in the fact that it regards all religions as brethren, not as rivals; that it sets itself against the idea of converting people from one religion into another; that it declares that every man's faith should be self-determined when he reaches maturity. In childhood he should follow that of the parent, and in manhood his religion should be self-determined, the outcome of his individual thought, his spiritual self-expression. What fundamentally has one faith to give to another which it cannot find in itself? Each religion has its own part to play in the great forward movement of humanity, adding its special overtones to the fundamental notes. Any one who is attracted to any religion need only intensify its note in his own religion. The attack of one faith on another is destructive of human brotherhood, and it is futile and foolish, the result of ignorance. It is quite true that every faith has its own dominant

note, but the dominant note of one faith is found as a subordinate note in another faith. Thus each man can find in his own religion all that he needs of inspiration and guidance.

Let me take an example. We may all admit that the dominant note of Christianity is to be found in individualism and self-sacrifice, and if you look at the Christian countries, you will see the result. Individualism has brought out a competitive civilisation, but the sense of public duty is stronger in England than it is in India, the willingness to sacrifice oneself for the nation is more commonly to be found in England than in India. I am sorry to say that it is so, but the fact remains. The awakening of the social conscience in England is due to liberal Christianity; the sense of duty spreading through the younger generation is full of promise for that land. But it is not possible to say that Hindūism does not teach self-sacrifice, that Hindūism has not splendid examples of men who put the public good above private advantage, who were intent on the welfare of the people. Is there any greater name among those who shine out as examples of self-sacrifice than the name of Rantideva, of the Saint who gave away everything he had of food while himself starving, who gave away his last draught of water when almost dying of thirst, and then declared: "Let me alone suffer so that the world may enjoy." From that example of self-sacrifice, shown thousands of years before the Christ came into the world, you may learn to realise that all faiths have all virtues, though one particular virtue may be made the dominant note of a particular faith. Hence there is no need to change from faith to faith nor to seek to convert any. It is my opposition to proselytism that makes the Bishop of Madras and his missionaries so ~~annoying~~ to me. When you find a body of Christians so narrow that they fill every paper in Great Britain with large headings: "Mrs. Besant, the greatest obstacle to Christianity in India," you realise that narrowness



leads to untruth. I am not the opponent of Christianity, but I am the opponent of the perversion of Hindū boys and girls into a faith that is not their own. I should not be a good Theosophist, if I did not oppose the intrusion into the Indian family of a faith which is not its own, and which kills Hindūism in the hearts of children, before they are old enough to judge for themselves as to the truth or falsehood of the allegations made. We defend, not attack. I do not deny that a Hindū has a right to become a Christian, or a Christian to become a Musalmān, but it should be in manhood. There are people who are born in a Hindū body who are not Hindūs at heart, and so when the Christian presentment of truth is put before them they are attracted to it; they are perfectly right to accept the view which to them is the fairest representation of religion. But that is a very different thing from putting before Hindū boys in school such a question in an examination as: "Prove from the Gospel that Jesus was both divine and human." Why should a Hindū boy discuss Christian controversies? Again, why should he be asked to "compare the influence of Brāhmanism and Christianity in India," when Christianity has been put before him in the fairest light and Brāhmanism is attacked by his teachers. We object to antagonism; we object to all that makes for division between Indians; we object to the religious bitterness between Hindūs and Muhammadaus which causes riots; we object to prisoners lying in prison in Ayodhya for offences that have been pardoned in others. If Cawnpur can be forgiven, why should not Ayodhya also be forgiven? We object to any favouritism on religious grounds, and we ask for equal treatment of every faith. We ask for mutual sympathy and consideration. We say to our Musalmān brethren: Why not sacrifice another animal than the cow, so sacred to your Hindū friends? If you must kill, why not kill some other animal? Why choose out the one animal that is held sacred by your neighbours, and then parade your murder of the helpless creatures to the

wounding of the hearts of your brethren? Many of them think it wrong to kill any animal, but they will not riot over a camel, and you might kill a camel rather than a cow. Remember that when the Amir of Afghanistan came to India, he would not allow any cow to be killed here. He was a better Theosophist in this than many, for he realised that where religion is concerned it is more religious to abstain from a ceremony than to wound human hearts. Cling to your own faith by all means, but also respect the faith of your neighbour. You should not outrage his religion any more than he should outrage yours. Surely that view will be of advantage if it spreads in India.

(To be concluded)

The account of the celebration of the 79th Anniversary of the birthday of Shri Ramakṛṣṇa Paramahansa is rather sad reading, in the contrast between the speech of Dewān Bahādur P. Rajaratna Mudaliar and the spirit of the Saint commemorated and of his great disciple Vivekānanda. The speaker went out of his way to attack "foreign ladies" and the exposition of the Scriptures by foreigners, forgetting how it was foreigners who rescued those Scriptures from the neglect of the English-educated, who have made them revered throughout Europe—one may recall Schopenhauer, Max Müller, Monier Williams and Deussen—that it was abroad that Swāmi Vivekānanda first found recognition, and that it was from among "foreign ladies" that he drew his best helpers both in money and work. This ungracious and intolerant spirit, alien from all true Hindūism, is fortunately rare among Indians, but it is peculiarly sad when shown in commemorating the most tolerant of Saints, when following on talk, thus proved to be void of reality, about "love to all mankind". However, we may be sure that the foreign ladies—if they have imbibed the nobler spirit of the Hindū religion, with its rejection of separateness as "going from death to death"—will continue to offer their humble services to the nation they love, and it may be that their critics will, some day, learn to return love for love, instead of hatred for goodwill.

—The Commonweal

HOW AN OLD-FASHIONED THEOSOPHIST REGARDS THE ORDERS

By HENRY HOTCHNER

II

IN an article written a year ago, I gave the reasons why, though in the Theosophical Society for more than eleven years, I had not joined any of the affiliated activities, such as the Esoteric Section, the Temple of the Rosy Cross, the Order of the Star in the East, etc., and also said that I considered it my duty not to oppose them until they had had time to prove themselves. Later I joined one of them, and when I saw the fine work it was doing, I joined more. Many friends have since asked me to write why I thus changed my former opinion, and what has been the result of the year's experience. I gladly do so.

It has been strongly impressed upon me that the love of the Supreme expresses itself through myriad channels; in the outer world each new channel is a further revelation of His love, His beauty, His power. In the Society, each new channel of work is this and still more; it is another way in which to serve Him by co-operating with those of His children—our fellow-members—to whom the new Order especially appeals and whom it is designed to help. Only as we understand the kind of work which evokes the greatest enthusiasm in our associates, are we able to draw close to them in true brotherhood of sympathy and encouragement, and also to unify ourselves with the Supreme which thus expresses itself through them.

Furthermore, the Society has steadily grown, not only in numbers but in the variety of temperaments to which it appeals. The old-style Lodge meeting with its study of a textbook, its question meetings and its lectures, is an excellent thing for propaganda and for the instruction and development of members. But it is essentially for those

FROM "THE COMMONWEAL"

THE THEOSOPHICAL EDUCATIONAL TRUST

The Theosophical Educational Trust has taken over a Primary School at Madanapalle; it is to be housed in the old T. S. Lodge, which will be enlarged for the purpose. The Lodge stands in a compound, and will be healthy for the little ones. The arrangements for raising the High School to a College are going forward, and the President and the Secretary of the Trust met the University Committee at the Senate House, Madras, on March 4th, to go into the matter. Mr. Mark Hunter was sympathetic and his suggestions were helpful. The University is setting a very high standard even for a Second-Grade College, and this need not be complained of, if the ultimate demands are not pressed at the beginning, so as to make the affiliation of Colleges impossible without a quite inordinate expenditure. The staff proposed at Madanapalle is stronger than that of most of the Colleges already at work, though of course it does not come up to that of the Presidency College; the latter has some 1,500 students, and Madanapalle hopes to begin modestly with 40. The University very properly sends down Inspectors to judge of the proposed arrangements, and it is practically impossible to open the College in the July of the present year. But the year of preparation will not be wasted, for it gives ample time for all that has to be done. The Trust has also taken over a Samskr̥t School at Bellary, which has been carried on for the last 20 years by the local T. S. Lodge.

CLAIRVOYANCE

A man named Louis Cadiou, living in Paris, suddenly disappeared while travelling to his factory in Brittany. His wife and brother, fearing foul play, advertised a reward for information. They received a letter, giving full details of M. Cadiou's murder and a description of the murderer, and of the spot where the body would be found. The brother, while not placing much reliance on the information, supposed to have come from a clairvoyant, searched a place answering to the description given, and found his brother's dead body, with the throat cut. It would be interesting to know more about the informant. It may have been a clairvoyant, but it may also have been a confederate.

who have the inclination and the time to study, and there are many who have not, but who prefer meditation or practical service outside the sphere of ordinary Lodge work. There are also many who lean toward prayer, or ceremonial, or art, or toward something else more tangible than the idealistic study of a Lodge meeting.

Experience shows that the Orders satisfy this need. They interest members who otherwise stay away, they arouse enthusiasm among those who before were inert, and they make workers out of those who were formerly inactive. They give a fresh spiritual impetus which helps to overcome old obstacles. In one city, the leading members of two Lodges who were strongly opposed to each other became fast friends and co-workers, because of the larger point of view acquired by joining one of the Orders.

The Orders also broaden our appeal to people outside the Society. We reach new types that the old-fashioned meeting could not reach at all. In one case, five people joined the Society because of their desire to become members of an Order which required them to be first affiliated with the Society. Now they are consecrated workers in the Society and the Order.

The Orders are a very great help in carrying out the objects of the Society, for they not only add to its membership, but they provide more workers to spread Theosophical teachings and practice, and equip those workers with greater enthusiasm and ability than before.

The Orders train the body in poise and rhythmic action, they guide the emotions in the direction of beauty and sympathy, they help the mind in meditation, in clear thinking and in the power of decision, and they evolve the soul in the sense of unity and in devotion, to the great Ones and to our leaders who represent Them.

This is what the Orders have proved to an old-fashioned Theosophist, and that is why, in addition to expressing gratitude to the founders of them, I decided to co-operate heartily with them by joining them all.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—ED.]

XI

MY story is a very ordinary one with no startling or strange features, but such as it is I gladly tell it.

I joined the Society in May 1894 when I was sixteen, but I first heard about it in 1891. My father and mother were at that time Socialists of the intellectual type, friends of William Morris and Belfort Bax; one day my mother, who was ill and not satisfied with things, went to hear Mrs. Besant, and when she came home she announced that she had heard something which solved more of her difficulties than anything else. This was Reincarnation. My own first introduction to the subject followed very shortly afterwards—at tea-time I remember—and I fear that the impression produced was not very great.

The next picture that comes to me is 19 Avenue Road in 1891, on an autumn afternoon. I walked up and down outside, with my big dog, while my mother went in to see Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and joined the Society—of which she has been a devoted member ever since. With her adoption of it, Theosophy began to colour the atmosphere of our home; on the outside we had hard and difficult times for some years and I went to work before I was sixteen; but nothing was allowed to mar the gentleness and refinement of our home, and certainly Theosophy was one of the

strong influences there. My father joined the Society for a short time—to back up Mrs. Besant in the Judge trouble, when he thought she was being badly treated.

The next picture that comes to me is that of the early days of the Lotus Circle. A charming American lady, Miss Anna Stabler, of whom I always cherish grateful and affectionate memories, a staunch supporter of Mr. Judge, came to work for a year or more at Avenue Road in, I think, 1892. She announced that she would hold a 'Lotus Circle' for children. Of course my fifteen-year-old dignity fought shy of this at first, until my brother and sister, aged six and eight respectively, had attended and reported that there was a class for elders—parents and such-like—as well as the baby-class. Then I went—and renewed acquaintance with an old friend of many lives ago, Miss A. J. Willson, who worked regularly in the Lotus Circle and subsequently took it, with help from my mother and some others, when Miss Stabler went back to America. The Lotus Circle was delightful; I recall its atmosphere of brightness and high thought most clearly. Little passages from the *Voice of the Silence*, then heard for the first time, made an effect far deeper than those who read them to us realised. I love the children's work to-day, because I know what it meant to me when I was a child.

I think I absorbed Theosophy slowly; perhaps it is my way, for some of the fundamental ideas are just beginning to dawn upon me now. But there were not then so many books, and there were none for young folk. I began the *Secret Doctrine* when I was sixteen, reading it in the winter evenings, and going up to bed when the lunar manvantara or the coming of the Lords of the Flame grew too much for me. I don't regret it; for I dug out a few grains of gold for myself from that wondrous mine, and I grew to love H. P. B. in the digging.

I have saved up my two best memories for the last. The Judge trouble dealt rather a heavy blow to the Lotus Circle. The room in which we met was no longer

available, and children were not altogether welcomed by the then residents at Headquarters. One Sunday afternoon we were meeting under Miss Willson in a corner in the Library, with a kind of screen round us, when a tall, fair, bearded gentleman, with the kindest pair of blue eyes I think I know, seated himself in the background as a kind of spectator. Presently he joined in, and then we began to ask him questions. We found that he had been in foreign countries; he told us of things he had seen and places in which he had been. This was the beginning of, for me, a series of wonderful meetings, extending through five years; the stranger was Mr. Leadbeater, and from that time he regularly took the Lotus Circle. We were installed in the sanctum sanctorum, the E. S. room, when Mr. Leadbeater gave us, in his easy conversational way, some of those talks for which he is famous. He gave us a simple yet clear outline of Theosophy, in its various aspects; he spoke to us about the great Elder Brothers whose servant he is; and by adding many personal and intimate touches, he gave us that sense of Their Living Reality which is so great an inspiration to a Theosophist. One day, in the spring of 1898, I received a note from Mr. Leadbeater, asking me whether I happened to know any one who could write shorthand and could help him by taking down letters at his dictation. I did know such a person, and so presented myself on a Saturday afternoon, and sat at a small table in his little bed-sitting room, looking on the Avenue Road garden, and took down letters. Of course I was very nervous at first, but I was quickly made to feel at home; Basil (now Mr. Basil Hodgson-Smith) and Lee (now in Devāchan) were spectators. Even then Mr. Leadbeater's correspondence was great, and I marvelled many times, during the two years in which I did this work once a week, at the infinite patience with which he sought to help everyone who applied for help. They all got letters, but many of them received far more than a letter, while the scribe stored up many things in his heart.

It is said with profound truth that all our lives are being woven into a splendid pattern which the Greatest knows; the last memory to which I would refer is the coming into my life of a Thread of Gold which has run through it for more than twenty years, nay twenty lives; in the world of the true I hope it is part of the pattern. I first heard Mrs. Besant speak in S. George's Hall in 1891, but I was too young to follow, and have only a faint memory of the figure in the black dress, with watch beside her. Gradually, as I attended some of the meetings at Avenue Road, I gained the power of hearing Mrs. Besant with my heart as well as my ears. Especially do I recall the profound impression made upon me by the lectures on 'The Outer Court,' given in the holiday month of August, 1895. They were to me as the very breath of heaven, stirring all the love of the good and the beautiful and the longing to serve which I inherited from my past, with other things less desirable. That marvellously gracious, understanding, and helpful influence came to me in my youth, and each succeeding year has given me deeper reason to bless it.

The twilight for me in this life was very brief; the dawn heralded a day whose key-note appears to be work. It was work that brought me three of my most precious things—my two big Friends and my Wife.

HERBERT WHYTE

LOVE MAGIC

By G. F. W.

THIS is a true story of a dog—true in all its essential points of fear and love and death. I tell it from memory as nearly as possible as it was told to me by Beth, the little dog's mistress and god. If it brings tears to your eyes as it brought them to hers and to mine, remember, in the midst of your grief, that out of a love stronger than pain or death—such a love as that which led our dog at the last—individuality is born.

* * * * *

There are, in some of the Western States of America, forests still so wild that in their depths the mountain-lion wanders at will, hills so remote that the foot of man has not yet disturbed their solitude, beautiful untamed regions where timid deer, chattering squirrel and gentle bird creatures can yet find refuge from their human enemies. Such a district was the country of the Rogue River in Southern Oregon, till some venturesome prospector discovered gold there, and one by one miners and lumbermen came in, the former to take the gold from the earth to enrich themselves and the world, the latter to destroy in a few years what nature had taken thousands of years to build. Yet it takes time to spoil her handiwork, and even now this region is only scarred by the axe and the sickle—not mortally wounded.

It is in one of these Rogue River mining camps that we first find our dog—a rollicking, rolling puppy, alternately petted and pestered by a family of rosy-cheeked boys

and girls whose father had been sent there as superintendent of a new mine, 'The Rajah'.

The forest grew right up to their doors—great century-old pines, stretching for miles and singing a wondrous deep-throated song whenever the wind swept their branches. Sometimes at night it would be so still one could almost hear the stars shining. Then as the five little Smiths lay quiet in bed, there would arise out of the blackness and stillness, a cry, piercing and terrible as though wrung from some woman in agony. Again and again it would sound, and their father would say: "One of those infernal lions in the gully—I must look after the dog." He would go to the front door and open it. Right beside it was the puppy's house filled with straw—a snug little nest—and in the straw the puppy would be lying as far back as possible, eyes shining in the darkness, ears and nose alert. Every time the cry came from the gully he would shiver slightly—but not a bark escaped him; wise little dog, to be quiet on such occasions. He came gladly to his master and lay down before the fire, heaving a great sigh of relief as the big door closed. On such occasions, he generally trotted to the bed of his fellow-playmates, where after much whining and scratching he was lifted or pulled by a very sleepy boy up on to the warm coverlet, to fall asleep hugged tight by a pair of childish arms. Sometimes the cry would come nearer, and once a heavy body brushed against the door, but it was firmly fastened and the walls were made of stout logs. So neither the children nor the puppy were much alarmed. It was just scarey enough to be fun.

Thus our puppy grew rounder and fatter and bigger and stronger, and life seemed one long frolic, till, like a thunderbolt, the great change came. Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith and the five young Smiths were suddenly called away and they departed bag and baggage, but they didn't take the puppy with them. He stayed behind, left to the care of everybody and therefore in charge of

no one. Detained by strong hands, he looked after them wistfully as they drove away, responding with sad little tail-wags to the tearful farewell endearments of the children. When dinner time came there was no dinner, though the first night he waited patiently. Finally, driven by hunger, he sought food for himself—scraps and refuse very different in quality and quantity from the foaming milk and bread he was accustomed to.

His heart was full of love, but being only an awkward little puppy with such a lot yet to learn in life, he got in the way of the men when they were working, and annoyed them with his clumsy innocent efforts at self-expression.

The first time he was struck I think his heart nearly broke; but it was not until blows and kicks and cuffs became the rule, and hunger a chronic condition, that the iron entered his soul. There were only men in the camp—rough men at that. They didn't mean to be cruel—they just didn't realise what they were doing, didn't know that in their blindness they were transforming a loyal friend into a bitter foe.

One day in response to a kick, the dog snapped back. That ended it. The men turned on him, chasing him away with stones and rough words. "A dangerous brute," they called him, and it became the custom to use him as a target whenever opportunity offered. He learned to fly at the sight of a man, and soon grew into a hunted tortured creature—hating, and hated in return.

Then Beth came!

Warren, her big gentle-hearted husband, was appointed superintendent of 'The Rajah'. They left a rose-bowered cottage in Southern California and together faced the sterner life in the woods of Southern Oregon. He built their cabin with his own hands on the side of a hill in a clearing among the pines, where the music of the Rogue River was ever in their ears, and they dwelt in this cabin and called it home. It was to be more than a home to

one small animal, our miserable out-cast dog. Yet he first entered it on the end of a rope—a most unwilling guest, pulling back and struggling to get away till he almost choked himself. He feared all men, and though Warren had saved him from the hands of his tormentors, in his dumb, bewildered consciousness lay only the dread of fresh abuse. Warren's eyes were still blazing with pity and indignation, and Beth's mouth tightened when she heard the story of rescue: "The men say he is possessed of a devil, but from the look in his eyes I should say he was possessed of fear, hunger and pain."

"Poor little hunted beast," said Beth. "We'll make him love us."

They succeeded in dragging and coaxing their reluctant charge across the threshold. Then a strange thing happened; some one spoke to him in such a kind voice that it was all he could do to keep his tail from wagging—and wonder of wonders, hot delicious-smelling soup, such as he had not had since those far off happy puppy days, was placed beside the big open fire. The rope was removed from his neck, though he snapped and bit at the hands that did it, and he found himself free and alone—Warren and Beth had slipped from the room leaving the front door open. For a moment fear fought with hunger, but hunger won. He approached the food and swallowed it almost at a gulp—so famished was he.

Caution told him to go; weariness and weakness bade him stay. It was cold outside, the bear-skin in front of the fire looked inviting, the way of escape was open. Nervous-quivering, suspicious, ready for instant flight, he crouched on the rug; but after a time, the peace and quiet of the room, the glow of the fire, the effect of the food, overcame him; tortured nerves relaxed, head sank upon paws, and sleep came with many moans and starts and shiverings, for he was pursued even in dreams. Beth's approach was the signal for flight—but the first step had been taken. He dared to come back later through the open door to the fire where

fresh food had been placed. He found he could come and go at will. Always there was food, and never anything to startle or terrify. To the right of the front door, just outside, a big straw-filled box was placed for him, just as it had been ages and ages ago in that dimly remembered early life. After much hesitation and many false alarms, old habit re-asserted itself and one night he crawled in there and slept. When Beth discovered this, she announced it as a victory. Little by little he learned to approach the hand that fed him, and to come at the call of Beth's soft voice. Gradually—very gradually—trust and love were born in his heart anew. By Beth's fire he slept in peace, in Beth's house he was safe. Finally he never left. If he went out alone at all, he stayed within the confines of the primitive garden. When Beth spoke to him, a dumb undying devotion burned in his eyes. Once Warren took him on the wagon over the mountains to the nearest town twenty miles away; but the voices of men and boys caused him such intense misery that the experiment was never repeated. He joyfully accompanied Beth however when she rode out into the forest, and many a wild gallop they had together. No one used coercion; he was allowed to remain undisturbed in the sanctuary he had found.

A year passed. Then Beth fell ill. Before the long winter settled down she must be on her way to the distant city where proper care could be obtained—and doctors. Warren decided to go with her. The cabin was shut up, the doors locked, and the windows boarded to protect against the deep snows which so soon would be piled up nearly to the roof. Then came the question: What could they do with the dog? It was not feasible to take him with them and yet they could not leave him to starve and suffer. Finally they arranged that he should be placed in the care of the foreman—a good-hearted man, who promised to feed him and to see that he was protected while they were gone. Beth turned her eyes away when

a rope was tied round his neck and he was led forth, struggling and resisting, from the one home he had known since his first master left him to the mercy of the wilderness.

They were gone six months and came back with the first throb of spring. The foreman met them and drove them over the long mountain road. It seemed good to them to be in the pines again, to have their nostrils filled with the scent of the balsam and the odour of earth fresh relieved from snow. They were both eager to see the little cabin, to open doors and windows and let in the glorious sunlight and crystal-pure air—eager to handle the dear old familiar things and put them in their proper places on table and mantle. It was some time before the dog came into their minds. The foreman had always forgotten to mention him in his letters, though Warren had asked repeatedly—nor did he speak of him now. A worried guilty feeling entered Beth's heart as she remembered. "And how about the dog, Mr. Ames? were you able to keep him and care for him?" Mr. Ames seemed embarrassed. He did not speak for a minute, but busied himself with the horses. Beth waited anxiously.

"I sure did the best I could for him Mrs. Western," he replied at length, "fed him and spoke kind to him, but he wouldn't take no food from my hand, and the second day after you left he slipped his collar and got away." He paused.

"Well!" asked Beth—a sharp note of pain in her voice, "is he still alive? what became of him?"

"After that," continued the man, "he hung around the camp and would sneak up and steal any food that he could find. I tried my best to catch him; so did the men. I coaxed him with food and soft talk—set a plate of grub outside every night for him to steal. I knew you folks set a lot o' store by him—but you know mum, when men get the spirit of the chase in them they aren't always gentle. The dog feared and hated them,

so it was sort o' natural in them to chase the dog. You can't deny human nature, Mrs. Western. I did my best to hold 'em back, but it wasn't a mite o' use. Well—after all we didn't catch him. He grew wilder and wilder till he become more like a coyote than a dog. He lived entirely in the woods. Lord knows what he lived on, for he quit the camp—never came near it any more. After the first heavy snow, the men caught sight of him five miles from camp—awful thin and pinched-looking and wild! One o' the boys yelled at him, and he said: "You should 've seen him run!" Finally one evening I saw him, and he certainly looked as if he was starvin'—no waist and all ribs. I spoke him gentle and held out a bone, but he stood fifty feet away and wouldn't come an inch closer. I saw it was hopeless, and decided it would be better for him to be dead than scared and starved and frozen. I was real sorry, Mrs. Western, but it seemed right and merciful."

"You shot him?" gasped Beth.

"I just had to, mum, to put him out of his misery—but the durned little cuss gave me a sort o' buck fever. I couldn't hold my gun steady; it jerked just at the wrong moment. I thought I had missed him." The man's voice was low and troubled: "But I hit him all right enough; only I didn't finish him—I only wounded him. He howled, and ran off into the wood leaving a line of blood on the snow. I followed him a little way, but he had got the start of me. I was ten miles from home with night coming on. It was fearful cold that night. I thought o' course he would die in the woods." Again there was silence unbroken save by the creaking of the wagon and the laboured breathing of the horses. Beth was staring at the foreman with large horrified eyes.

"Go on then," said Warren, "tell us the end."

Mr. Ames did not speak at once; he snapped his whip as though it were a safety valve for some new and unwelcome emotion; then he broke out: "Say, Mrs. Western,

that dog sure loved you folks. It made me and the boys feel pretty bad—they won't speak of it even now. Blame me, if that little cuss didn't drag himself wounded and bleeding and starving across the snow and through the brush for ten real miles—yes, sir! right to your cabin. His last thoughts were for you all right. We found him stretched out dead there next morning, lying stiff and cold, just as near your cabin door as he could get. I'm real sorry, Mrs. Western. Indeed I am."

But Beth didn't answer; she was crying.

APPEARANCE AFTER DEATH

Mr. Robert Austin had a story to tell at a bulldog club dinner in Bristol the other evening, which he said was unlike most dog stories, inasmuch as it was true. His father, Judge Austin, who, as most people know, is a great lover of dogs, possessed a spaniel who was devoted to its master. It was the judge's inseparable companion, and, said Mr. Roger Austin, "we sometimes wondered whether the dog was thought more of than us children". In the course of time the dog died. A week or so afterwards Judge Austin called upon a friend at Clifton, and sat talking for a while in the drawing-room. After he had gone, a young Scotch lady, who happened to be staying at the house, inquired who the gentleman with the dog was. The lady of the house replied that it was Judge Austin, but, she added, "he had no dog with him". The other replied that there was a dog in the room, and she proceeded to draw an absolutely faithful picture of the old spaniel, even describing its favourite attitude when resting beside its master. "You may think what you like of this story," Mr. Roger Austin added, "but it is true."—*From the North Somerset Gazette.*

THE KINGS OF LIGHT

By MARGUERITE POLLARD

The Kings of Light have departed in wrath. The sins of men have become so black that the earth quivers in her great agony. The Azure Seats remain empty. Who can assume the Flower of Power, the Plant of the Golden Stem and the Azure Blossom?

STANZAS OF DZYAN

The Kings of Light have departed,
For the sun of the Age has set;
In wrath They have turned Their faces
From sins that none forget.

The Kings of Light have departed,
They have turned from the sins of men;
Earth quivers in her great anguish,
Will They ever come again?

The Azure Seats are empty,
The Azure Seats of the Blest,
The Seats of Knowledge and Mercy,
Where the great Ones used to rest.

Still grows the Azure Blossom
On its wondrous Golden Stem,
But who shall gather the Flower
Of Power once held by Them?

The Kings of Light have departed,
In Their wrath They have turned away.
Who shall fill the vacant places
Of the Children of the Day?

INTERROGATIONS

By A. C.

WHY do certain conditions exist? How have they arisen? How shall they be modified, improved or changed? To one or both of these lines of enquiry the individual (whether regarded as person, society, race or what not) must bring an individual answer, if he is to count as a factor in evolution. In other words, he must bring some *positive* element to the life of the world.

Broadly speaking, it is the distinctive province of philosophy to deal with the 'why' of things, whilst every branch of science is an effort to understand the 'how,' and to apply that understanding to life under existing conditions. The latter process covers by far the major portion of human activity.

What then is the attitude of the Theosophist in the face of the problems of his day and generation? What answer has he to the questions: Why do certain problems exist? How are they to be solved? In so far as the 'why' of things is concerned it must be admitted that he has an answer which is at least satisfactory to himself; an answer, however, be it remembered, that has not originated in himself but that has come to him from an outside source. But, on the other hand, it appears to the writer that he is no nearer a solution of the vital problems of our time than any other altruistic enthusiast, outside the Society; in point of achievement, to put it quite plainly, he is a rank failure.

The philanthropist, the statesman, the soldier, the artist, and the scientist, at least achieve some definite result by

their efforts; but if we are quite honest with ourselves we shall admit that we are almost completely nonplussed when we are asked: "But what have you Theosophists done? You have a noble code of ethics, but you are not alone in that. You have an ideal of Brotherhood, but so likewise have the Christians and the Socialists. You have a theory of a continuing life after death; spiritualists and many psychologists have also. You have a theory of the Universal Life and of Origins; every philosopher has that. And you have besides certain theories about matter which may or may not be true; but scientists have also these. Then wherein are you a better, greater, wiser or more effective agent in the life of the world than they?"

We may plead that at least we have aided a little in establishing peaceful relations between the peoples of various creeds and races, but have at the same time to acknowledge that the Comparative Mythologists and Religionists have had a hand in that as well.

So the matter appears to the ordinary plain man; and if we are ever to carry conviction of the truth of Theosophy to the educated practical Westerner, we must have a definite answer to his query: "What have you done?"

Let us turn then to the three objects of the Society and review the results of the last thirty-eight years. With regard to the first object we have some semblance of success to show, although even in that we had a counter-foil in the great Races Congress which in its scope and character put any Theosophical Convention to shame. And, again, amongst scientists and artists there is a brotherhood that may be equalled by, I hardly think is excelled in, the Theosophical Society. A striking example of this was noticed at an international Science Congress which was held in a foreign country during the Russo-Japanese war. Representatives of both these countries were present, and before the opening of the meeting, the Japanese representative with all the native politeness of

his race, crossed over to where the Russian scientist was seated and holding out his hand said: "In the realm of science there are no frontiers."

Do Theosophists in general live up to the spirit of that remark?

Then with regard to our second object, I ask you: "What original research has been done by us beyond what was contributed by Mr. G. R. S. Mead in the early days of the Society? What new facts have we added to the store of human knowledge in this regard?" Alas! answer comes there none.

It is true that the Adyar Library bids fair to become one of the oriental libraries of the world, but this is a monument to the efforts of our great President-Founder and a few open-eyed individuals since, who have given financial support to this institution, so working with evident success for research work in this direction. All honour to these, but the numbers are too small; much help is needed and the opportunity is a golden one.

And lastly, in the field of scientific investigation into the hidden laws of nature and the powers latent in man, what result can we show in the least comparable with the work done by the Society for Psychical Research and kindred bodies? I am not forgetting the work of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater in this respect. One can only regret that they have not more leisure for the further pursuit of their work of research; and one may deplore the fact that the prospect of some really efficient helpers coming forward to relieve them of some of their present duties (which one feels are absorbing energies that might be much more profitably expended) seems still remote. To return to the point, besides these two, where are the promoters of the third object to be found? How many are there amongst us prepared to expend the time, patience and labour in the pursuit of that object, in the way that hundreds of scientists the world over are expending them daily in their laboratories in their efforts

to make humanity richer in knowledge, health and happiness?

Then turning to practical politics, to social, political and economic problems, what is the Theosophist doing there? He talks of the application of the ideal of brotherhood to all these matters, but something more than mere talk is required. Every statesman, every philanthropist, every social reformer worthy of the name is working for the establishment of peace and the spreading of good-will amongst men, is continually seeking ways and means to increase the sum of human happiness. That the human family is one is not a new idea, nor is the rolling out of platitudes from a Theosophical platform a very satisfactory method of dealing with a coal strike, for example.

Surely it is high time for Theosophists to talk less and to do more. We have been talking constantly for the last thirty-eight years; our ideas have spread, and the task set us now seems to be to apply them *ourselves*. We must refuse to drift idly with the current of events, or to be gently punted up stream by others who should be much better employed.

Two dangers threaten us; first that of becoming so narcotised by emotionalism as to be rendered unfit for vital and effective work; and secondly, that of being so galvanised into unwise activity that the last state of us shall be worse than the first. There is any amount of good material amongst our members that is utterly going to waste; there is a priceless store of energy and devotion which is being frittered away upon things which do not count. Witness the number of subsidiary activities that arising in our midst "have their day and cease to be"; the number of magazines we turn out—I believe we must be the most magazined Society in the world, and cannot help feeling that, if some of the sectional organs were either curtailed or buried and all efforts were concentrated upon making *The Theosophist* the one effective organ of the Society, translating it, if need be, into the various

languages, then the world in general and Theosophists in particular would be far better off intellectually. And if some of the best minds amongst us will only realise the situation and set their wits to work to find out how best to originate something to bring our theories into practice, in short to cease talking and begin *doing*, we might hope that a new era of prosperity and usefulness would open up for the Society, which we all love but apparently neither wisely nor fervently enough. I have put down these thoughts which I know are shared by many, in the hope that they may stimulate keener intellect and abler pens, and that out of the discussion some suggestions of real value may be drawn.

Not multiplication of activities, but special lines of activity thoroughly carried out; not diffusive emotionalism, but a concentration of the will to a definite end; not mere mental passivity or vague promulgation of predigested thought, but strenuous effort along original lines of investigation and research; these seem to be the needed requirements. Have we the grit to get there?

[The writer of the above article—which we print, ill-informed and ungenerous as is its spirit—may be recommended to read the Annual Report for 1913, and he will there find what Theosophists are “doing”. Or he might visit the London Headquarters—in fact, do anything which would bring him into contact with the full and active life of our members.—Ed.]

THEOSOPHY FOR CHILDREN

By C. W. LEADBEATER

SOME of our Theosophical brothers (and sisters) suffer under the strange delusion that it is better not to teach Theosophy to their children—the reason alleged being usually that they themselves suffered much in shaking off the fetters of the narrow and soul-destroying theology which was forcibly imposed upon them in youth, and that they therefore feel it right to leave their children without instruction upon religious subjects, so that they may be quite free to decide these important matters for themselves when they reach the age of discretion. No doubt this sounds fine and large and liberal; but it is in reality a sad illusion, for which the unfortunate children will have to suffer later.

First, they are setting before themselves an impossibility. A child does not and cannot grow up without notions on these subjects. If his father and mother will instruct him, he is usually quite ready to accept what they say; but if they decline to teach him, he proceeds to pick up scraps of information from his nurse, from the servants, or perhaps from his playfellows, and from all sorts of undesirable acquaintances. So that the refusal of the parents to help him does not result in his reaching adolescence without any belief, so that he is free to choose later on; the real effect of such a policy is that he acquires a mass of ignorant superstitions of all sorts, so that when the time comes for him to think for himself he has to thread his way through that jungle instead of being able to start fairly.

Secondly, a man has no right to deprive his child of the knowledge which he himself has attained. He should remember that that child did not come to him by chance, but of intention; and surely the most important part of that intention must have been that he should receive just such training as he is specially able to give him. If it had been intended that the child should grow up in ignorance and superstition he would have been born of savage parents, or at least of those who themselves had no knowledge to impart. If ordinary orthodoxy had been most suitable for him at this stage of his evolution, there are thousands of families to which he could have been sent to acquire it. The very fact that he was not sent to any such family, but was born of Theosophical parents, indicates in itself that he has reached a level where he deserves to have the magnificent opportunities that Theosophy gives. It is for those very opportunities that he has come; what conceivable right can the parent have to rob the ego of the advantages which he himself has gained? Surely the birth of a child is the greatest compliment that can be paid to the parents, for it is either a trust placed in their hands by the great Deities of destiny, or it is a mark of the most absolute confidence given to them by the ego himself, in that because of his affection for them (brought over from previous lives) he is willing to resign himself altogether into their hands and entrust to them the preparation of the vehicles in which his present incarnation is to be passed. The responsibility is indeed a heavy one, and it behoves the parent upon whom such a choice has fallen to see to it that he shows himself worthy of the honour that has been done to him. Clearly he must do his very best for the child, not physically only, but morally and intellectually as well; and how can he be doing his best for him if he insists upon withholding from him his most valued possession—the knowledge which makes life easy and happy for him?

Thirdly, there is yet another most important reason why he may not withhold the best teaching that he can give. Long

before his child comes of age, and is therefore supposed to have for the first time gained the power to think for himself, he will have met many troubles and limitations, he will have found himself face to face with many serious difficulties; and upon the way in which he meets those difficulties the whole of his future life may depend. What right then has the parent wilfully to deprive him of the inestimable advantage which a knowledge of Theosophy gives him in dealing with those circumstances as they arise? Many a boy has wrecked his life for want of intelligent instruction such as Theosophy gives; to expose a beloved child to such a danger is truly not only a tremendous responsibility but an act of positive wickedness.

Fourthly, the parallel between Theosophical and orthodox teaching does not hold good. No doubt the orthodoxy was cramping, hebetating, soul-destroying; but Theosophy is precisely the opposite of all that. Instead of stifling our reason, Theosophy encourages us to use it to the utmost. Instead of crushing out the sense of joy and beauty, Theosophy develops it. It is in itself the very apotheosis of reason and common-sense; therefore, there can be in it nothing to unlearn, and a knowledge of it can only be an advantage. If at any time in later life your child for any reason feels drawn to the manifestation of universal truth which is enshrined in any one of the great religions, the Theosophical knowledge which he acquired in childhood will but make that truth fuller and brighter for him, and will enable him to see far more in the religion which he adopts than could be seen by any man who had not had his advantages. Therefore on all possible accounts it is clearly the duty of the father to enable his son to share with him the glorious privileges which destiny has brought to him.

There are other parents who are willing to teach their children, but cannot see how to begin the instruction. They say: "I find Theosophy difficult enough for my own comprehension; how can I make it clear to the immature mind of a child?"

* You need have no fear as to the possibility of conveying it, for the child is nearer to God than you are, and it may often happen that the questions which are too high for the blundering efforts of your reason may be crystal-clear to his heavenly intuition. There is no difficulty in teaching him; but in doing so we must put our belief before him reasonably, and we must discriminate between the essential and the non-essential. It would certainly not be advisable at first to trouble him with rings and rounds and planetary chains, nor need you commence by reciting the planes and sub-planes and all their different qualities. All that is valuable, and in time all that will come; but first you will begin with the Three Great Truths as stated in *The Idyll of the White Lotus*—that God exists, and that He is good; that man, being a part of Him, is immortal; and that we live in a universe of absolute justice, and consequently that as we sow, so we shall reap. As it was very truly said when they were first put before us: "These truths are as great as life itself, yet they are as simple as the simplest mind of man."

The parent may well ask: "But what can I say of God to my child? Considering how miserably insufficient is my own conception of Him, how can I hope to give a perfect conception even to a child who is nearer to Him than I?"

A perfect conception truly you cannot give; you can only begin to indicate His glory, you can only faintly adumbrate His splendour and His power. And yet it seems to me that you can do much; and that what you do, be it much or little, will be of supreme value to the child. Give him the grand old definition: "God is Love"; point out to him all the beauty and the glory of nature; show him all the great qualities which have sometimes been shown by a few of the noblest among men, and then tell him that there is One from whom all these things come, of whom all these are but small and partial manifestations; tell him that some day he may get behind all these, and see That in which all

these great qualities are, by reflection from which they come down into our world; and that then he will catch at least a glimpse of the outer garment of God. Tell him that wherever he goes he is surrounded by perfect power, perfect wisdom, perfect love, and that all these things belong to God. Show forth to him all that you possibly can of the God within you by perfect love and perfect kindness, by making him always perfectly happy; then at least by degrees he will grow to understand you and to appreciate you a little, and to love in and through you that God in you which alone makes you worthy of love. So by degrees he may grow to understand that all which is good and true and beautiful is an expression of God; that He is one eternal loveliness; that in Him is all peace and purity and safety. No form of words can be laid down, for you must trust much to inspiration; you must be guided much by the disposition of the child with whom you have to deal.

Teach him that he must always be on God's side, that he must be literally permeated with the goodness and the brightness, the glory and love and unselfishness of God; that it is his duty to show forth all these clearly to those who are blinded by their circumstances, who otherwise might not be able to see. Show him that wherever there is pain or suffering in the world an effort must be made to relieve it—that wherever help is needed, help must be freely given. All that, any child can very readily understand, and he will rejoice to put it into practice, for a child is by nature active; he likes to be doing something; he likes to help; he likes to shower love upon others, and he delights in the gratitude and love which come to him in return.

Then you can tell him something about man. Tell him that this which he sees—this outer body—is not the real man, but only the clothing of the man; that the reality within is a spark of God, slowly but surely growing upwards to the knowledge of its own capacity; pressing ever upward and onward to Him from whom it came. Then you can easily explain the idea of reincarnation,

showing him that just as he himself takes off his clothes at night and rests, and then again wakes in the morning and puts on his clothes to resume his work, so in the same way at the end of the longer day which we call a life, the man takes off the clothing of the flesh and lies down to rest, and that afterwards he gets up and puts on his clothes again, and resumes his work at the point where he left it. And do not forget to explain also that the real man never sleeps nor loses his consciousness, and that he is able to continue his work of love and helpfulness in a higher world, whether he has laid aside his outer garment temporarily or permanently.

Explain that if he is full of love and of earnest desire to be useful during his waking hours, he is quite certain to show the same spirit during his sleep and after the death of the body; for he—the real man within—is always the same, just because he is a spark which cometh down from the Father of Lights, with whom is no variability, neither shadow of turning. Show him how, ever more and more, that spark should grow brighter until it bursts into the flame of divinity, and how every act or thought of love and unselfishness fans that spark and allows it to manifest a little more of itself, while if there should unfortunately happen to come a thought of unkindness or selfishness, the spark would burn low and he would be manifesting for the time less of the divine glory. Teach him that there is growth going on everywhere, that that growth is God's will not only for man but for all the other creatures too, the animals and the plants; and that therefore to help in that growth is always a fine, a noble thing to do—an act which is pleasing to God. Surround him always with beauty and love and unselfishness, because in that way the divine forces may fully play upon him; because in that way only he can grow as the flower grows, eagerly opening his heart to the sun.

Tell him, too, that there are greater people than men—great Adepts and Masters, and others even above Them.

Tell him that there are great Angels, and that even below them all nature is alive, is permeated with life; and that all round him there are living entities which he may please or displease according to things that he himself does and feels and thinks. And this will lead you on readily to the explanation of the great law of cause and effect—that from good, good always comes, and from evil, when unfortunately we allow it to happen, evil will come. That will be for him one great reason against the doing of evil; yet he should be taught that more important than that is the idea that to do evil is to interfere with growth, and to that extent is to act against the Divine Will which rules the universe; that therefore, and not because of any personal result to himself, this evil is a thing which must not be done—because it shows ingratitude to the great Father of all; because it shows ignorance and foolishness.

Most of all will his progress depend upon what you are—what example you set before him, and how you treat him. Study with very great care *Education as Service*, and that most beautiful little book *Flowers and Gardens*; and that most beautiful little book *Flowers and Gardens*; and read also what I have myself written on 'Our Relation to Children' in the second volume of *The Hidden Side of Things*. Put all this carefully into practice, and above all things be sure never to fail in showing forth infinite love and patience, for that is the surest and most effective method of teaching Theosophy.

All these points which I have mentioned above are surely clear enough, and easy enough to explain; you will find no difficulty in so putting them that any child can grasp them, and to grasp them fully is to act upon them. No doubt sometimes a child will fall short of the highest that he knows. He will make mistakes, just as his father has made them before him; but at least the mistakes will be far fewer because of this Theosophical knowledge; at least his life will be much easier and much purer, his progress will be far more rapid, and you will have gained the gratitude of

the ego who honoured you by entrusting to you so delicate and so important a piece of work. Thus you also will have the happy sense of a duty well done, and you will obtain as a result the invariable reward of good work, in that further work will certainly be entrusted to you. So may both you and your child become fellow-workers together with God; and your child in turn will grow up to be an efficient labourer in the mighty cause—perchance even to be one of those who shall be chosen by the Great Teacher when He comes—who shall be sent forth by him to earn for themselves the fulfilment of that beautiful prophecy: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, but they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

UNIVERSAL RELIGION

(Reprinted with permission from the *Masonic Sun*)

There is no religion nobler
Than the searching after Truth.
Where it beckons follow fearless
Headless of Detraction's tooth;
And though men point scornful finger,
Hissing "Heretic" or worse,
Ye, serene, can smile in pity
At their self-recoiling curse.
Seldom Synagogues or Churches
Reach Religion's noblest height:
Orthodoxy, looking backward,
Cannot see the Forward Light.
He, the Universal Ruler,
He, the Almighty Architect,
Watches where we struggle upward,
Heart aglow and head erect.
Brethren of ten thousand Lodges,
Brethren of ten thousand Creeds,
Ye are One and Undivided
If ye follow where Truth leads.
Let not jar of purblind zealots
Stay ye on the way of sooth;
Onward, Brethren! This your watchword:
"Truth is God, and God is Truth."

F. G. GREENWOOD

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THE

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FROM THE EDITOR

HER many friends will like to know some details of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's last days on earth. She went to England in February, returning to Budapest, very exhausted, on February 20th. None the less, with her indomitable courage, she was present on February 21st at a meeting of the Order of the Star in the East. It was her last meeting. On February the 22nd, incessant coughing brought on hæmorrhage, and a doctor was at once called in. He said that one lung was entirely gone, and that only a little piece at the top of the other lung was free, and that her condition was one of immediate danger. Under the most favourable conditions, it was possible that she might live another two months. On the 27th February, hæmorrhage recurred, and the doctor said that nothing more could be done. On the 28th she saw the English chaplain to bid him goodbye, as he was leaving for England, and her last act was to sign a little address from the Budapest members of the Order of the Star to Alcyone. She grew weaker and on March 2nd, her heart gave her a little trouble; otherwise she did not suffer. She was restless on

the night of March 2nd, and at 2-30 A. M. on March 3rd she said: "Licht"—"Light"—and the nurse turned on another electric light. She looked at her hands, and down over her body, lay back quietly and seemed to fall asleep. At 2-45 she passed peacefully away. A trained nurse was in charge, and there were with her at the end Miss Rutter, Frau von Rathomji, and Fraulein Elsa von Bomches; all her intimate friends and co-workers were in and out all day, including Miss Abbott, who kindly wrote me the details here given. She had wished to be cremated, but the law did not permit it without her written wish, so she is buried on the Buda hills, in the Fárkasrét Cemetery, in the land she loved so well, the land of her Master. The worn-out body will mingle with its soil, while His freed servant dwells in His presence, awaiting His command to return to earth.

* * *

Khan Bahādur N. D. Khandalvala, one of the oldest members of the T.S., writes of meeting her in Adyar at the memorable Convention of 1884, where he had long talks with both Mrs. Cooper-Oakley and her husband, both of whom were profoundly interested in Theosophical ideas. Mr. Leadbeater had just then arrived in India, and was working, he says, "in a most unassuming manner". Of Mrs. Cooper-Oakley he remarks: "Her long and useful work under various difficulties will always evoke the admiration of those who knew or have read of the singular service that she rendered all along." Mrs. Cooper-Oakley will always be remembered for her unswerving devotion to the Theosophical Society, and her unflinching courage in the face of difficulties. She has fully earned the true reward of Service, the power and opportunity to serve better in the future.

* * *

All who desire to understand something of the militant wing of the Women's Army should read the simple and direct and profoundly touching book, entitled *Prisons and Prisoners*, by Lady Constance Lytton. This saintly and

heroic figure moves through the welter of deputations and crowds and police and magistrates like an angel treading the gloomy roads of the infernal regions, and she tells her story with an exquisite simplicity which is all unconscious of its own pathetic beauty, and the charm of the character therein unveiled. That one so gracious and so dainty, so delicately wrought by nature for the highest ends, should have been flung about by policemen, placed in dock, thrust into 'Black Maria,' ordered hither and thither by wardresses, forced to wash in a revolting bath, robed thereafter in unclean garments which had been worn by the most degraded of her sex—all this makes one wonder at what men can do and women can suffer. *She* does not complain, but passes willingly and gently through a martyrdom the horror of which to such a one can be imagined, as its features emerge in her narration. It seems incredible that such brutalities should have happened in twentieth century England. Is this the best use to which England can put this human flower of womanhood?

* * *

After a second imprisonment in which Lady Constance found that she was favoured because of her rank, she disguised herself, and was arrested and sentenced as Jane Warton, and underwent the horrors of forcible feeding, and all the sufferings of the ordinary prisoner. The account, quietly and simply given, is horrible. The outcome of the whole thing has been a well-nigh fatal illness, a stroke of paralysis, long-continued suffering and weakness. And through it all, the one motive shines out—to help the working-women of the country by raising them to citizenship, so that they may 'count' in the eyes of the law-makers. For this has this heroic woman sacrificed her own body, and gone down into hell. If, on one side, this story brands England's Government with shame, on the other hand it shows what England is, since she has given birth to daughters like Constance Lytton and the band of martyrs of which she is one. When women have become

citizens, the story of their struggle for freedom will take its place among the tales of heroism which shine like the stars in heaven.

* * *

Adyar is growing empty in these April days, some of our students returning to their foreign homes, others going awhile for rest to the hills; the Society has now a larger bangalow in Ootacamund, where students and workers can go for a time for change. I myself have to fly across to England to another hearing of the case which has for so long a time interfered with the normal course of work. I have had to make all arrangements to be back in India at the beginning of July, as ordered by Mr. Justice Bakewell.

* * *

A noble effort is being made to raise a Residential College in Madras, and H. E. the Governor, on April 1st, laid the foundation-stone of its first hostel. He spoke with the warmest sympathy, and said that "the Pachaiyappa spirit" could accomplish anything. Our readers may remember that it was Pachaiyappa's College which lent its hall to Colonel Olcott and Madame Blavatsky in the midst of the persecution conducted by the Christian College authorities; it has always been ready to show hospitality to Theosophists, and has kept open its doors to them. It is the only College under Indian control, and therefore it has a right to our service, apart from all else. The hope inspiring its leaders is to make it first a residential College, built on a large property in a healthy and open part of Madras, and then to raise it to a University—the South Indian University, conducted on National lines. It is a splendid hope, and will doubtless be realised.

THE PLACE OF THEOSOPHY IN INDIA¹

By ANNIE BESANT

A Lecture delivered at the Theosophical Convention of 1913

(Concluded from p. 103)

ANOTHER idea that should spread is that religion should not confer either political or social privilege on any. All religions are equal ways to God, but religions should not form the basis of separate electorates. There is no reason why appointments to the Bench should be influenced by religious belief. There is no reason why in politics it should ever be asked whether a man is a Hindū, a Christian, a Parsī or a Musalmān. In the public life of a nation, none should be privileged; all should be protected. Perfect liberty to each, and privilege to none. That is the proclamation of the Divine Wisdom: "On whatever road a man approaches me, on that road do I welcome him." "The ways to God are as many as the breaths of the children of men." There speaks the Spirit of Theosophy through the mouth of Shri Kṛṣṇa, and of Sūfism. And remember again: "Any man who worships under any form, he worships me." For there is none other than the one God to whom the human heart goes out in prayer; under whatever name is made the offering, it can find its way only to the one Supreme God. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold," said the Christ. "We make no difference between prophets," said the blessed Prophet of Islām.

¹ This report contains most of one of Mrs. Besant's Convention lectures at Benares last December. It is the best an amateur reporter could do, and the speaker has filled up gaps and corrected it as well as she could.

That is the Divine Wisdom. That is Theosophy. And throughout India is spreading that idea. Truly, it is spreading. It is not without significance that a Muhammadan nobleman is presiding over the Indian National Congress to-day. The very last word of his presidential speech proclaimed perfect religious equality among Indians, the leaving of all religious distinctions aside in the service of the common Motherland. I know no way except the way of Theosophy—the recognition of the common truths in all religions—by which perfect good feeling can be created. We cannot object to any faith, when we find its essential teachings are like our own. The philosophy and spiritual teachings of the Hindū religion are, to me, beyond any thing I can find elsewhere, and therefore at heart I am Hindū. And so with every person whose heart and soul were mainly trained by any creed in his own past; the taste for it remains, even when he realises the unity of all religions. But I can teach Christianity to Christians, Hindūism to Hindūs, Buddhism to Buddhists, Zoroastrianism to Parsis, Jainism to Jainas, Sikhism to Sikhs, with sympathy and facility. To each “in his own language”—that is the duty of the messenger. All the religions are all the same, for each is God-given; each is the way to the Supreme. Hence the value of Theosophy among the warring religions in India; it is the value of the peace-maker, and it endeavours to show to each the best side of the others, so as to make a better feeling, and to awaken a better mutual opinion; by showing their similarities religions may be made a bond of union instead of a dividing wall.

Let us think of Education. How does Theosophy influence that? By laying down the necessity of educating the whole nature, spiritual, mental, moral, physical, and not only a part of it, by bringing to bear on it certain teachings which are vital in education. You cannot educate a child aright if you regard the mind of the boy as newly-created, as a blank page instead of as a written one. Theosophy teaches as a universal truth the old doctrine

of reincarnation, which is the very foundation of sound education. But if you do not accept this, you must take the less accurate scientific half-doctrine of heredity, and realise the fact that a child brings with him certain capacities, certain peculiarities which are his own, and which make his character. If you do not admit a continuing consciousness in man, the philosophic view, you must act on the empirical. To educate well, you must study the child, find out his tendencies, follow his lead, help him along his self-chosen road. When I say self-chosen, I mean that to which his faculties point, the faculties evolved in the past. Thus education, from the standpoint of Theosophy, becomes the “educing,” the pulling out, of the reminiscences of the past. “Knowledge,” as Plato said, “is reminiscence.” It is the memory of the past conditioned by the brain of the present. The child must be respected as an individual, and not regarded as a possession to be used and tyrannised over. The ego in a child’s body may be older than the one in the body of an elderly man, and so the wise teacher respects his pupil and loves him, trying to serve him. He rejoices even to think that he who is his pupil to-day may presently go beyond that which the teacher may himself achieve, and so he tries to help him to evolve the highest in him, not to force him on his own lines. A school on Theosophical principles is very different from a cramming-house for examinations, a forcing of pupils along ways congenial to the teachers. The coercion of boys and girls along uncongenial lines is alien from the Theosophical spirit. The Theosophical school is looked forward to with delight, instead of being shrunk from for fear. To many schools boys go with fear and timidity. They dread the teachers. But to a school where children are trained in the Theosophical spirit they go with delight; they rejoice as they see the teacher, as we find alike in Benares and in Madras. I believe that Theosophy has much to do in the future in moulding the education of India, and already it is doing that great

work, though only to a small extent as yet. Great is its value, then, in Education.

Two types of schools are for the most part open to you, the Missionary and the Government. On the whole the Government type is better than the Missionary, for the Government at least leaves religion alone, whereas the Missionary kills religion in the heart of the boy. One chief cause of Indian materialism is these Missionary schools. They do not convert as a rule, but they do make boys materialists, for they kill their own religion in the hearts of the children, and with religion unselfishness is killed out. We suffer terribly in the public life of Madras from the effects of the Missionary teaching; they have materialised the boys, and so there is more selfishness and indifference to public duty among the men than you find in most other places.

In Social Reform what is the value of Theosophy? I may note in passing that some misunderstanding has been caused by a feeling among many Theosophists that, until there was a revival of religion and it was made part of education, it was better not to press too strongly for social reforms, lest they should shake the fabric of Hindū Society. They thought that until religion was strengthened, there was a certain danger that Hindūism itself might perish. They feared that our brothers of the Social Reform party were too indifferent to the essential value of religion. But this danger has passed away. Religion has been revived by the efforts of the Theosophists and of the followers of Svāmi Vivekānanda, and it is now an active moving force. The period of sloth, of slumber, is now over, and there is no longer any danger that India will be despiritualised. Hindū education has been largely influencing character, and more and more religion is being recognised as essential in all education. And so Theosophy may now go onward, applying its liberalising principles in every direction, and specially widening the Hindū outlook in all departments of social life. For India is now demanding a

far wider life than she can enjoy so long as the bonds of outgrown customs fetter her. Many of these were bound round her limbs in days of ignorance, and she must be set free in order that she may advance in knowledge and prosperity. Let me take as an illustration the question of Foreign Travel. Hindūs were led to take up the idea that crossing the "black water" was wrong. Many were imagining that going across the "black water" was against the decrees of their faith. But if we look back into the past, we find that foreign travel was common among the early Āryans in India. We find that Ṛṣhis took great delight in going upon the sea, and that a Ṛshi declared how delightful it was to swing up and down upon the waves. That passage shows that they were accustomed to sea-travelling, and you may find a whole mass of Hindū authority on the right to travel. That right should be boldly claimed. And I would venture to suggest one thing to my Hindū brethren, who think, quite rightly, that there is nothing wrong in going abroad, and who yet, in deference to social prejudices, perform Prayashchitta on their return. Now why? If it is merely that they get rid of a ceremonial impurity by a ceremony, it matters little. But if they mean to admit by it that travel is wrong, they should not go. If it is right, they should make it very clear that they pass through the ceremony as a ceremonial, not a moral, duty. If they go once, they may go twice, thrice, four times. Are they to be purified every time? It becomes a little absurd, as in the case of a Bombay merchant who said on board a P. & O. steamer: "Oh! my family priest will meet me and for five rupees I shall be all right again." That seems more like hypocrisy; it is surely not religion. It injures religion.

Again, your caste system is much more restrictive now than it was in old days. At the present time, you must have Brāhmaṇas as cooks, but your household Shūdras used to cook in the old days. So with many other customs; these things have been tied round your limbs; they do not belong

to the purer times of Hindūism. In reforming social customs we can win more hearing, and reform with more success and less friction, in the light of Theosophy, where there are reverence and affection for, and understanding of, the past and not contempt. There is a danger lest the younger men, brilliant men intellectually, but untaught in religion, should break in anger things which have had value, which ought to be gradually changed by thought and by wisdom, bringing over whatever they have still of use into the new social order. You cannot keep your younger men bound and fettered by customs which separate them from the larger world outside, into which they must freely go. There are so many customs now which they cannot observe. They must eat with all sorts of people when they go abroad, and you cannot expect them to come again with in the fetters on their return. You cannot shackle them with all these cords of customs which they have thrown off, when they return from abroad, and tell them that they must not take meals with their English friends. Besides, how much is there of reality in these customs? How many people who will not go in by the front door of a hotel go in by the back door? The other day a Hindū gentleman said to me: "I like the English way of taking food, but I cannot follow it here without serious trouble." You have to deal with these things, and to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. Let the England-returned man keep the essentials of Hindūism, but do not force him to become a hypocrite. If you do, the braver ones will break with Hindū Society, when otherwise they would remain good Hindūs, though liberal. Our admirable Seth Narottam Morarji Gokuldas, the ex-sheriff of Bombay, has been attacked by his caste for going abroad. Why should he submit to a set of ignorant men? The caste has much more to gain by his presence in it than he has to lose by remaining outside it. Theosophy will help you to look at things from a large standpoint, and not lose yourselves in trifles. The very life of Hindūism is

concerned in these changes, which, made in a religious spirit, will strengthen the ancient religion and enable it to adapt itself to modern conditions, while obstinate retention of the outgrown, or furious shattering of the ancient, will equally destroy it. Caste pañchāyats are careless of character, while careful on non-essentials. Yet it is character which matters, not caste and social customs. Unclean life destroys, while it does not matter that you should eat with a Shūdra or a foreigner. Far better to eat with a good Shūdra than with a profligate Brāhmaṇa. I have stood near a Brāhmaṇa so reeking with alcohol that he made me sick. His caste does not outcaste him, though he is a drunkard, but might do so if he went abroad. As long as the caste system excludes the England-returned man, but does not exclude the profligate and the drunkard, it remains an organised hypocrisy. Therefore must Hindūism purify itself, if it is to live and to preserve India. The religion which shelters shams is in danger of destruction. But Hindūism must not be destroyed, for without Hindūism India has no future. So, I pray you, get rid of your prejudices. Bring all national customs inherited from the past before the bar of intellect and conscience. Let the good survive, but let anachronisms perish. Claim your freedom, as intelligent and thoughtful men, to shape your social polity, and do not allow all these customs, many of which grew up during the time of ignorance, to endure merely because they are now in existence. Do not destroy anything which is useful merely because it is old; neither allow age by itself to maintain an existence which is burdensome and not useful.

What is the attitude of Theosophy to Politics in India? Theosophy must claim equal political liberty for all who have gained education and self-control, no matter what the colour of the skin. It must make character and education the standard, and not colour. In this land wherein live together white Aryans of the fifth sub-race and coloured Aryans of the Aryan root-stock, the colour bar must go. It must claim for them the perfect equality of right, set forth

in the late Queen's Proclamation, which opened her service in this country to men of every creed and family. In 1858 that proclamation was published; it is not redeemed in 1913. But Theosophy bids us remember that liberty can only be rightly and safely enjoyed by the man who knows and obeys the Inner Ruler, Immortal, and can therefore substitute inner for outer constraint. For this religion is necessary. For this morality is necessary. For this education is necessary. But let us get rid of prejudices. Why talk of unrest only in India? Look at England, Ireland, New Zealand, where democracy is ruling, where industry is dislocated, where all means of communications lie at the mercy of the Trade Unions. If unrest here is reason for forcible repression of opinion, it is far more necessary in England, where no one is mad enough to suggest it, despite the bitter strife between capital and labour.

And so in politics Theosophy demands education and character in those who are to be the leaders of the people. It tries to draw the two nations together by encouraging mutual understanding. If you want to know the spirit which is the antithesis of Theosophy, read the *Times'* article, the greatest journal in England, in which that great paper tries to set the Government against the educated community, fans South African oppression and condemns the Viceroy. The articles on the 'Indian Peril' are the greatest journalistic crime that I remember. They are a disgrace to the paper in which they appeared. If the use of the Press Act be ever justifiable, these articles should be confiscated under it when landed here, as stirring up disaffection and hatred in India. You could not have any thing more provocative of rebellion.

In putting these views before you, I put them as Theosophist and Occultist, not as representing any view of members of the Theosophical Society, which includes Tories and Radicals, Socialists and Anti-Socialists, liberty-lovers and advocates of repression, Imperialists and Anti-imperialists.

members of every shade of political and non-political opinion. But as Theosophist and Occultist I say that in the willing co-operation of English and Indians lies the hope of humanity for the near future, and that this can only come by the union of the educated of both nations. Here in India, the educated, and the educated alone, are intelligently loyal, and in them lies the hope of India's future freedom and the stability of the British connection. You cannot expect anything worthy the name of loyalty from the ignorant masses. The masses cannot understand. They have care about their landmarks, their crops, their cattle, the rainfall, the promise of the harvest. What can they care as to Government? You cannot for a long time to come have intelligent loyalty from the masses; but the educated can and do give it, and it is to them the Government must look for the slow growth of it among the masses. The political and righteous unrest is born of English education. It is England who taught the value of liberty, the grandeur of Self-Government. The Indians do admire these English ideals, and they pay to England the greatest compliment—imitation; and there, if England could but see it, lies England's hope, not a hope for the loyalty of slaves, which is worthless, but for the loyalty of free and intelligent men, which is priceless. Trust them; have confidence in them; arouse that spirit of trust in England. They are England's political children in Indian bodies, of value and of worth in public life. They long to be free citizens of a mighty Empire, not aliens in their own land, as they are now.

And so wherever one goes, one would try to plead with the educated community to be patient, and with the Government to trust them. It is they who will unite India into a nation; it is they from whom the nation will draw its guides and its helpers. And for myself, and for the large number of sober-thinking people who are imbued with Theosophical ideals, I say, that we are working for, and looking forward to, a day of peace and happiness, a day in which the Indian people, having, with

Britain's help, learnt the lesson of Self-Government, shall rule their own land as part of this mighty Empire, and shall help to rule that Empire by their representatives in the Imperial Parliament, side by side with the representatives of the other Self-Governing nations, so that Imperial affairs shall be guided by Imperial wisdom. That is what we are looking forward to in politics, we who believe in the Occult Hierarchy as the guide of the destiny of nations. A vast Empire is building in England, in India, and the Colonies. It is meant to grow into a federated Empire of free nations, under one mighty Imperial Crown. That is the plan which the great Ones have unrolled, and all lovers of humanity, all great and good men, should strive to draw together the peoples of the two Races, until they become as brothers, until they love and trust each other as members of one family should do.

Through our progress in science the wholeness of the world and our oneness with it is becoming clearer to our mind. When this perception of the perfection of unity is not merely intellectual, when it opens out our whole being into a luminous consciousness of the all, then it becomes a radiant joy, an overspreading love. Our spirit finds its larger self in the whole world, and is filled with an absolute certainty that it is immortal. It dies a hundred times in its enclosures of self; for separateness is doomed to die, it cannot be made eternal. But it never can die where it is one with the all for there is its truth, its joy. When a man feels the rhythmic throb of the soul-life of the whole world in his own soul, then he is free. Then he enters into the secret courting that goes on between this beautiful world-bride, veiled with the veil of the many-coloured finiteness, and the *paramāṭman*, the bridegroom, in his spotless white. Then he understands the meaning of the seer-poet who sings, "From love the world is born, by love it is sustained, towards love it moves, and into love it enters."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE in *Sādhana*

THE VISITOR FROM INDIA

By T. L. CROMBIE

I

I SETTLED myself down for a quiet afternoon. It was one of those dull afternoons that so often occur in a London winter, and Jane had just lit the lights, pulled down the blinds and taken away the tea. Jane was not altogether a satisfactory servant, but still I did think that when I gave her strict orders that I was "not at home," even her limited comprehension would grasp the fact that I wished to receive no visitors.

I was reading *Dracula*, and particularly wanted to be undisturbed, for I was beginning to be most interested in the book. With my feet well on the fender, seated in my most comfortable chair, I prepared to enjoy myself. I remember hearing the door-bell ring, and thought of summoning Jane again to tell her I was to be left alone, but I refrained, and as nothing further occurred, my opinion of Jane rose.

Dracula soon absorbed me, and indeed I began to find myself distinctly nervous. Stories about vampires should be read in broad day-light. Quite suddenly I felt a chill draught behind me as if someone had opened the door. I looked round rather uneasily, and saw the figure of a soldierly man coming towards me. I had been so lost in my book I had not heard him come in.

"Jane has played me false after all," I mentally exclaimed, as I rose hastily from my chair, putting my hand instinctively to my hair to arrange it.

"Good afternoon," the stranger greeted me. "I am afraid you don't recognise me, Mrs. Jermyn."

By this time he had come nearer the light and I saw him distinctly. Fortunately my memory for faces is good, and I remembered meeting him some three years ago at the Graham's. We were there for about ten days together, and I recalled how, at that time, I had thought him very attentive to Helen Graham; but since then I had heard nothing of him.

"Of course I remember you, Captain Travers," I replied pleasantly. "I thought you were in India."

"I have just returned," he said, "and I came straight here because I want you to do something for me, and I earnestly hope you will do it."

I was surprised. What could the man want with me? I scarcely knew him, but what I did know, I rather liked. He had a simple and direct manner that pleased me. Looking at him again, I thought that India had left its mark on him. There was a certain sadness in his expression which was not there when I last met him.

"I will do what I can," I replied smiling. "But first let me get you some tea."

"No, thank you," he said, and then paused. "Have you met the Grahams lately?" he asked suddenly.

"Not for some time," I answered. "You see, they are nearly always in Cornwall now, and very seldom come up to town, but I believe Helen expects shortly to be here."

"Ah! yes," he reflected. "I want you to make a point of seeing Helen, if you will be so kind. I want you to give her a message from me."

"But why don't you give it to her yourself?" I suggested.

"It is impossible—believe me, it is impossible," Captain Travers said, and his expression was very distressed.

"There is no one but you can give it. It is this. You remember I left for India quite suddenly. I loved Helen then, but I never had told her so, and had no opportunity. I was sent to the Frontier, and could not have

married for some years even if I had had the means. I have written to Helen from time to time, but never have indicated my feelings towards her—and now I seem to know that she feels I never did love her, and that she has loved me all the time. This distresses her, and so I want you to see her personally and tell her simply this: 'Geoffrey loved you before he went out to India, and has loved you ever since. He asks me to tell you this.' Please write it down."

I began to feel a little frightened. Was the man mad? India suggested sunstroke—should I ring for Jane? These thoughts chased through my brain, as I did the will of my unbidden guest. Slowly and clearly I wrote down his message. After I had done so, I said sternly:

"Captain Travers, you owe it to Helen to tell her this yourself. If you cannot go to her, you can at least write to her. As I promised, I will see her if you wish, but I think that you are behaving in a cowardly manner. Come now, why can't you write?"

"She won't get my next letter for a fortnight," he replied quietly, "and that will be like any of the others."

This convinced me. The man was *mad*. I wondered whether promises made to a lunatic were binding or not. I decided that it would perhaps be fairer to Helen to say nothing. Did he read my thought? He rose suddenly, his face absolutely altered with a passionate anxiety.

"For God's sake, Mrs. Jermyn, promise me you will give Helen my message." His voice trembled. A strange feeling came over me. I felt I could not refuse, and somehow I had a great pity for him.

"I have already promised," I said, "and I will keep my promise. Be at rest on that point."

I think the look of peace that overspread his face at my words would have been sufficient recompense for a much harder task.

"Thank you," he said quietly—and then added: "Helen will explain."

Without a further word, he went to the door. I had enough presence of mind to ring for Jane to show him out, and then I sank down into my chair, utterly unstrung. In a few moments Jane entered.

"You rang, Ma'am?" she said, standing expectantly before me.

"To show the gentleman out," I replied curtly, adding under my breath: "Idiot."

"What gentleman, Ma'am?" Jane asked. "I never saw any gentleman."

"He must have let himself out," I said crossly. "You must have been very slow. Never mind. That will do."

Jane went. "But she must have let the gentleman in," I thought. I would speak to her about that to-morrow. I must get rid of Jane.

II

Five days later I heard from Helen. She said she would call that afternoon. My letter had been forwarded to her from Cornwall. I was glad I had not to make a long journey into the West Country in order to fulfil my promise.

I was distinctly nervous at the prospect of the coming interview. Helen was a very reserved girl, and would most likely resent interference with her private affairs; moreover, the more I thought over the incident of Captain Travers, the more I chided myself for being drawn into this affair.

At three o'clock punctually Helen arrived. I was astonished at the change in her. Somehow in dress and appearance she gave me the impression of being in mourning; but when I looked at her closely I found she was wearing a dark blue dress, and a hat with a red feather. Even so, the impression persisted.

"My dear, I am glad to see you," I said warmly, if a trifle mendaciously. "But how ill you look! What has been the matter with you?"

"I have been a little run down, that is all," Helen responded, "and mother thought a change would do me good, so she packed me off to London a week earlier than I had intended to come."

"The country must be very dull just now," I said. "I am sure you need a change."

We sat silent for a few moments. Then I felt I ought to give my message. Helen was obviously waiting for me to speak. People do not, as a rule, crave for an interview on a matter of importance, and then remain silent during it.

"Helen," I said, "I have something rather strange to tell you. You will forgive me, I am sure, for seeming to interfere with your affairs, but I gave a promise, and it is because of this promise I asked you to come to see me."

"Yes," said Helen expectantly.

"The day before I wrote to you," I went on, "Captain Travers called on me."

At the sound of his name Helen became quite white and I thought she was going to faint. However, I decided it was better to go through with the matter and finish it as quickly as possible.

"He asked me to give you this," I said, handing her the message. "I wrote it down at his dictation."

There was no response for some time. Helen, at first, read the message slowly, then afterwards she continued staring at the paper, but without apparently understanding it.

"Captain Travers was here six days ago," she presently said very slowly, and in an almost mechanical voice.

I nodded. "You will pardon me, Helen, but he was very strange. I told him he ought to see you himself or else to write to you, but he said: 'Impossible—impossible.' Then he said his next letter would not reach you for a fortnight, and it was the same as all the others. I didn't understand, and must have shown how puzzled I was, for just before leaving he added: 'Helen will explain.'"

Helen had remained absolutely motionless while I was speaking; she was still strangely white, and I began to be thoroughly frightened.

"I am sorry," I continued, "if you think I have interfered in any way, only Captain Travers almost compelled me, against my will as it were, and as I promised him, I had to see you."

Silence again. At last Helen spoke. "Geoffrey was killed in India ten days ago," she said, and then bursting into sudden tears, she cried: "Oh! Mrs. Jermyn, what does it mean?"

I did my best to comfort her, assuring her that I had seen him with my own eyes, that he had certainly appeared to be troubled, but that he was most undoubtedly alive. As I was speaking, I had an intuition that I was striving to convince *myself* rather than Helen. Was it possible that I had really talked with a dead man. Some friends of mine who were interested in a queer cult had once said that they thought I might be psychic, but if this were psychism it was painfully like reality. Perhaps this was why Captain Travers was able to come to me; perhaps this was the only way he could reach Helen.

Helen still sobbed. She was usually remarkably reserved, and I did not know what to do. Soon, however, she began to speak.

"I see it all," she said. "He must have written just before he died and I shall get his letter next mail. But, thank God, he came to you with his message, else I should never have known. When I heard he was dead, I thought I could never know, but Geoffrey has found a way."

"But, my dear, I *saw* him," I protested faintly.

"Not him, but his spirit," Helen insisted. "There is no doubt that he is dead—and besides how could he have got home?"

She sat silent again for a time; then she demanded every word of the conversation I had held with her lover. I

think this comforted her, for, when she left, she flung her arms round me and kissed me.

"I can never thank you, Mrs. Jermyn," she said at parting, "but it has been worth all I have been through to know at the end that Geoffrey loved me."

* * * * *

After Helen left, my mind was in a whirl. First, I went and took *Dracula*, and tore it to pieces. Somehow I connected the book with the whole incident, and, though I was glad to have been of use to two distressed people, I felt I could never look on that particular book again with any sense of security. Then I sat down to think. Why hadn't the man told me he was dead? Of course I should instantly have fainted. *That* was why Jane had never seen him. Thank Heaven, I had forgotten to scold her for her supposed carelessness. I certainly must go away for a change; this sort of thing cannot possibly go on.

For three or four days I have been quite ill; that is, I have stayed in bed. To be candid, I am a little afraid of sitting in the drawing-room; I feel safer in bed, and from that place of refuge, I have written this truthful account of my visitor from India while the facts are fresh in my memory.

Just as I have finished, a tearful Jane comes to tell me she has broken my most treasured Crown Derby teapot.

"It came away in my hands, Ma'am," she assures me solemnly.

Really, I have not the heart to be angry with Jane. After the experience I have just been through, such a thing as a teapot "coming away in one's hands" seems a perfectly natural phenomenon.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—ED.]

XII

LOOKING over my life I find that from my early childhood the desire to know something about the occult, the hidden side of things, has been a dominant factor. Brought up under circumstances which were anything but favourable for the development of my tendencies in that direction, they yet remained a potent force in my life, no matter how often materialistic surroundings and the pressure of circumstances obscured them, often for considerable stretches of time.

One naturally finds it next to impossible to remember and to describe accurately one's feelings and state of consciousness during early childhood. One significant conversation, giving me a clue to my nature at that youthful age, has however remained fixed in my mind, though it happened when I probably was less than five years old. Pondering during a sleepless night over what happened to us after death, and being told by my mother that we became Angels, the idea of continuing in that state for ever afterwards seemed terrible and troubled me very much. Needless to say, I got no further information on the subject, but was told to go to sleep. Theosophical parents, able to enlighten their children on such matters, were unknown in those days.

During my school-years materialism was in the ascendant; even our religious instruction was tinged by it, and the

explanation of the Bible and the Gospels by our liberal-minded clergyman was hardly of a kind to strengthen the religious nature of young pupils.

At the age of sixteen I was against my will placed in a commercial house, where, for three years, hard work, long office-hours, and private lessons out of office-hours, kept me busy from early morning till late at night, and left me no leisure to ponder over religious matters. When I got my discharge, my principal presented me as a souvenir with a copy of Kolb's *History of Civilisation*, written on distinctly materialistic lines, which impressed me so much that I became a convinced materialist.

At this time I left my native country for London, where from 1881 to 1884 I led a somewhat solitary life, as my finances did not permit my sharing the amusements of my friends, but left me all the more time for communion with myself. By degrees my belief in materialism lost its hold on me; I frequently attended church-services, both high and low, including even an occasional visit to the Salvation Army, which was then in its infancy and much ridiculed. Its methods did not appeal to me, but after hearing an eloquent lecture by the late Mrs. Booth on the origin and aims of the Salvation Army, I recognised their utility and could not but admire the unselfish endeavours of General and Mrs. Booth. I followed to some extent Mr. Bradlaugh's campaign in the House of Commons, but curiously enough I cannot remember having noticed at the time Mrs. Besant's name.

In 1884, I left for India, and during the next few years I was so much fascinated by the new life and the change of circumstances for the better, that I did not give much serious thought to higher things. I did, however, try, though without success, to get a clear idea of Hindûism from our cashier, who was a Brâhmaṇa.

About 1888 my attention was drawn to articles in the newspapers regarding Madame Blavatsky, Col. Olcott and certain mysterious happenings at Adyar. I do not think I

took serious notice of them, yet when early in 1889 I was stationed for a short time in Madras, I very much wanted to see Col. Olcott and Adyar, but had not the courage to enquire from my friends about the locality of the place. I recognise now that my inner consciousness was in some way in touch with Adyar, and unsuccessfully tried to guide my personality to my future home.

The next few years brought to me considerable success in business, but also some exciting experiences. Two big fires destroyed our factory; my bungalow was struck by lightning while I sat at dinner, the flash passing a few yards from where I was sitting, and an unfortunate practical joke resulted in the death of my then superior, who was shot by a small revolver bullet while standing by my side. These events were bound to make a deep impression, even if my nature had been less serious than it was, and as a result I became again a regular church-goer, finding a certain satisfaction in the services.

About this time I also became a vegetarian, partly for the sake of my health and partly for ethical reasons, which at once appealed to me when I found them presented in a pamphlet sent to me anonymously.

I feel now that all these years I had been drifting; well-meaning, often religiously inclined, I was not determined enough seriously to study unpopular truths and the higher problems of life. The turning point however came in 1893, when I had the good fortune to be in Colombo on the occasion of Mrs. Besant's first visit to the East. Previously, a friend of mine had given me some pamphlets on Theosophy, but I confess I never read them. I was induced by a Scottish newspaper reporter to attend Mrs. Besant's first public lecture in Colombo, dealing with the subject of Karma. While giving full praise to her eloquence, my reporter friend described Mrs. Besant to me as a most objectionable person, and in proof of his correct estimate of her character he lent me the 'Knowlton' pamphlet. I went more from curiosity than from any

other motive, but from that hour dates my conversion to Theosophy. While she was speaking with her accustomed eloquence on Karma, Reincarnation, the various Principles of Man and the Great Brotherhood of Adepts, I seemed to awake to a knowledge of familiar truths which I grasped without the least difficulty and which I longed to study in detail. During the next two years I repeatedly passed through Madras when I took the opportunity to buy every book on Theosophy that I could get at Adyar. In the small station in which I was then living I knew no one with whom I could discuss Theosophy; I was left entirely to myself in the studies which interested me more than everything else, and I did not stop till I had read every book on Theosophy, of many of the more important of which I made abstracts. If during all this time I did not join the T.S., it was not because I was over-cautious, though I may have had a tendency that way; it was largely owing to my isolated situation. In 1895, while the newspapers were full of the Judge trouble, I happened to pass again through Madras, when I joined the Society, with the then manager of the "Theosophist Office," and one of our oldest and best Indian members as my sponsors.

From 1897 onwards I was again stationed in Ceylon, where I frequently met Col. Olcott, whom I learned to know well and intimately. I often regret that I made no effort to meet Madame Blavatsky, but at least I have the great satisfaction of having won the friendship of her colleague, whose real greatness and value to the T.S. I learned to appreciate. I have pleasant recollections of many an evening spent in his company, and of listening for hours to his reminiscences of H.P.B. and of the Masters. When in this mood, his conversation was of a kind not to be forgotten, showing as it did his true nature and his absolute devotion to the Masters and to the cause of Theosophy.

I took every opportunity of attending the Annual Conventions at Adyar. They were comparatively small

gatherings in those early days, and on that account had a charm which is to some extent lacking in the much larger meetings of the present time, though the spiritual force remains and has even increased. Col. Olcott as President and Mrs. Besant as lecturer and teacher made a perfect combination.

With my increasing interest in Theosophy, the desire grew in me to work some day for the Society. My business career had never been to my taste, though I acknowledge its value and would not wish that I had missed its training. For a number of years, however, circumstances prevented my retiring from business; also I hesitated somewhat because I was at a loss to know in what capacity I could be useful. Our Society needs mostly lecturers and writers, two lines of work in which I could hardly prove a success. The solution of my difficulty and the realisation of my long-cherished wish came in 1907, when I happened to be at Adyar during the last illness of Col. Olcott. Mrs. Besant was on the look-out for new office-bearers, and when she offered me a post that exactly suited my training I accepted without hesitation.

My decision has proved to be the right one, for I know of no worldly career that I would take in exchange for the way I have voluntarily chosen. My intuition has guided me to it after years of aimless wandering, and I sincerely hope that I may be strong enough to follow it to the end of this life.

A. SCHWARZ

AFTER THE EVENT

By K. F. STUART

(Shrivilliputur Conference, March 20—22.)

“THE warmth of our welcome can only be gauged by the warmth of our climate,” said Mr. M. A. Martin, the sympathetic chairman of the Reception Committee of Shrivilliputur, to Mr. Wadia in a felicitous speech; and truly it seemed to our bewildered gaze as though the whole inhabitants—numbering very many thousands—must have turned out *en masse* to make merry in honour of their guests, such was the enthusiasm of this famous place of pilgrimage.

We must begin a little further back with our arrival at Madura, where we found some greatly esteemed old friends waiting to greet us, among whom we may mention Mr. Rangaswami Aiyer and Mr. Somasundaram Iyer, who beguiled the rest of the journey with interesting conversation about the place and people we were about to visit. Our kind hosts on this, as on many similar occasions, seemed able to divine our desire to enter not merely into the geographical area, so to speak, but into the *spirit of the place*, and this they rendered it easy and delightful for us to do by giving us the history and legends of the people. While from Satur we flew over thirty miles of highroad in the two motors, kindly placed at our disposal by thoughtful friends, we were able to observe the rich plain clothed with rice, tobacco and plantain, and note the innumerable bales of cotton in the bullock-wagons, betokening the chief industry of the district. It was a fair prospect, and in the distance we could see the towers of the twin Temples to Shiva and to Vishnu that marked the whereabouts of Shrivilliputur. There was a legend belonging to the Temple, so we were told, and the legend ran thus: A

certain Priest whose duty was to offer garlands to the God noticed one day among the roses of the garland a single hair—the hair of a maiden. At this he was much concerned and taxed his daughter with having been responsible for it, asking her if she did not know that all such garlands must be entirely fresh and free from the touch of mortal maiden. He then prepared another garland which he offered to the God. The God however would not accept this garland, for said He: "This garland is not the same as those that you used to bring me."

"Alas," said the Brāhmaṇa, "but those I fear my daughter had worn, therefore they were not fit to be offered to a God."

"But what does it matter if she wore them," replied the God, "seeing she also is mine, being my devotee?"

So runs the legend of Shrivilliputur Temple, but there are other tales. Somewhere among the neighbouring Western Ghats there stands a holy mountain upon which, legend tells, there is a cave, the abode of holy men. This mountain is called in Tamil the Square Mountain, and the legend tells that though many have tried to visit the cave they are all turned back. Only a certain shepherd, so we were informed, had once met one of these great Ṛṣhis in the fields at the foot of the Mountain. Perhaps it is their influence that imparts a certain spiritual fragrance and that gives to the people of Shrivilliputur an unmistakable eagerness for spiritual truth. Presently we found ourselves dashing through the crowded streets to the picturesque Dak Bungalow.

The formal reception took place in the house of the Zemindar, a fine building with broad verandas. Inside were lofty rooms decorated in semi-European style with portraits of the Mahā Rājas, in frames upon the walls. Here took place an incident which impressed us profoundly—did our Hindū brothers know that we had recently been practically excommunicated by some of our fellow-religionists in this country? It almost seemed as though they must, for

greatly to our astonishment we found ourselves becoming the recipients of some of the Temple Honours, cocoanut, betel leaves, rose-garlands, etc., all of which we received at the hands of our Hindū brothers as a veritable sacrament of peace and goodwill. That such an attention should be given to a spiritual leader and teacher, well-known and widely honoured as is Mr. Wadia, would not of course have occasioned us any surprise, but that foreigners—foreign ladies actually should be offered such tokens of fellowship makes one realise something of that spirit of tolerance, nay of world-wide Motherhood, that makes the grandeur of Hindūism. We felt ourselves becoming one of the family.

Preceded by a magnificent elephant, Mr. Wadia and Mr. T. L. Crombie next took their seats in a lofty carriage and we ladies in another vehicle drawn by a milk-white steed. We were all instantly surrounded by eager flag-bearers with banners from the Temple, and by no less eager students, who seemed to have come straight from their desks, their pens and lesson books in their hands. Thus escorted we promenaded all the main streets till we reached the Mandapam where the meetings were held. Throughout the whole proceedings the courtesy and chivalry shown to those of another faith and another sex were most remarkable.

Great crowds assembled to hear Mr. Wadia's lecture on the Spiritual Life, always a favourite topic to a Hindū audience. Watching the rapt attentive faces it needed no clairvoyance to sense above the vast gathering one giant thought-form: "*Here is an Opportunity; let us make the most of it.*" We must not omit to mention some wise and helpful words from Mrs. Stead on race-feeling, and how a little study of the upbringing and environment of other nations might help us to try to understand that they also had ideals of a different nature. One feature of the gatherings was a meeting of the Order of the Star. This was a great success. The question of the education of women having been raised, Mr. Crombie, in the course of his lecture

on 'Theosophy and Its Relation to Life,' sent the matter home by pointing out that a future incarnation as a *woman* might be the lot of many in the audience—a remark that produced a thoughtful expression on many faces.

Mr. Wadia followed up this speech with an able and eloquent appeal to the chivalry of Indian young men, urging upon them to wed none but English-educated wives, thus securing for themselves intellectual as well as spiritual fellowship under present conditions. "How should *you* like to be your *sisters*?" he asked.

It is our earnest hope that these mutual endeavours to understand one another are not made in vain. Sometimes it is sadly true that as races:

We live together years and years,
And leave unsounded still
Each other's springs of hopes and fears,
Each other's depths of will.

And all the time this gulf of separateness might be bridged by a little mutual sympathy.

We cannot close this little account without mention of one whose name deserves to be mentioned in the 'despatches' if ever a man's did. I refer to that living embodiment of bhakti, Mr. Sundararaja Aiyar. As he continues to exist, we presume there must be times when Mr. Sundararaja eats and sleeps; there is a legend to that effect about him, anyway, but it sounds rather unlike him, so intent is he upon green pastures, and pure waters for the flock that any stone will do for Mr. Sundararaja to lay his head upon. The skill and foresight that makes these sallies of the Theosophical Society so successful are largely due to his strenuous toil; but why weave a garland of words for one whose deeds are so fragrant—he would rather it were laid at the Feet of the Masters he serves so faithfully.

In conclusion we all offer our best thanks, then, to the Reception Committee and the citizens of Shrivillipatur for their beautiful welcome and generous hospitality and wish them good-speed in their future labours.

INDIAN SUMMER

A sound all sadness sifts adown the breeze,
The silky rustle of the restless leaves,
A wistful voice, as 't were, of that frail haze
Which veils in silver these late jewel days.
Now Nature gazes on her garnered sheaves,
Upon the ruby-amber of her trees,
And murmurs: "This is finished, this is best,
For this I strove from April green to gold,
Transforming old to new and new to old;
The whirling wheel brought life; it now brings—rest."

Ah, Nature, may that quivering leaf, my heart,
Show the perfection of thy finished art
When my October comes with torch alight
To make less sombre winter's ivory night.
Grant that it float not forth all pale and dead,
A shell of dust to crumble 'neath the tread—
Foreworn and dry, with tender edges curled;
But rather let it flame with tints from thee,
And whirl in splendour from the parent tree,
Borne on the winds of freedom 'round the world.
This do I pray: Life glorifying death,
Radiant, victorious life with pulsing breath.
Yet, Mother, say—this waning of the year,
Is it still far? Peace would indeed be blessed;
Oh, to lie still, ingathered to thy breast!

G. W.

AN ADDRESS BY MR. LEADBEATER

(Reply to a Welcome Address presented at Rangoon
on 23rd February 1914)

GENTLEMEN: I thank you very much for this hearty welcome. I am a poor servant of the great Ones, and I hope I may prove worthy of some of the encomiums you have been pleased to shower on me. It is true that I devote my life to trying to work for others, because that is what Theosophy teaches us to do; but I am afraid I can hardly lay claim to all the titles you have been giving me. I am indeed glad to hear from your address that more of our Buddhist brothers have seen the great advantages to be gained from working along with us, because when I visited this country before (I have come several times, first in 1885 and several times since then), I noticed that your great difficulty was that there was a lack of co-operation. So far as I was able to understand it, my Buddhist brothers in Burma were so confident in the glory of their own religion that they thought it would take care of itself, and they therefore took no practical steps to spread it or carry the knowledge of it to others, or to give proper education in it to their children. I noticed that, specially here, the children of the Buddhists were being sent to the missionary schools, and apparently no steps were taken for their instruction in their own religion. Now we know that however glorious, however noble his religion, the child does not fully appreciate it unless it is taught to him, and if, instead of that, he receives instruction in some other, it is not desirable. It is true that from one point of view faiths do not matter, and one may believe in Buddhism, or in Christianity, or in any other. From the Theosophical point of view all religions are statements of the great truths lying behind them all.

1914

AN ADDRESS BY MR. LEADBEATER

165

Christianity is one such statement and is suited to a certain set of people. Buddhism is another great statement made from a different point of view, and suited for a different temperament altogether. We may be Hindus or Buddhists or even Christians—some of you here are Christians. If you are well-instructed Christians, who have read your Church Fathers, you know something of the truth. You know people are not born by accident in this religion or in that. If you are born over in Europe, then you may assume that it is good for your progress, good for your evolution, that you are born there, and from those surroundings you have something to learn. Supposing you are born in India, then you have to learn something of its religion. The same is true of you who are born here in Burma, in this great and sublime faith of Buddhism. If your children are born in this Buddhist land, then for their progress it is well for them to be Buddhists. You must give them clear instruction in that faith before you allow them to come under the influence of some other. I do not for a moment say that no man should ever change his religion, but he must know his own first. By the exercise of his reason, he can change his faith if he will, after the fullest consideration, but it should not be because he is ignorant of his own. So it did seem to me that our Buddhist brothers lacked co-operation. They are not guided by their own interest when they take no trouble for the education of their children, leaving it to people of other faiths to teach them. I say, my Buddhist brothers or my Hindu brothers are not wise when they submit their children to the seductive teaching of others, instead of training them in their own faith. Where a man is born, in that religion he must assume that he is intended to take advantage of the instruction available for him. So I am very glad to hear that more Burmans are coming into this movement. All should be treated equally; therefore you who belong to one particular faith should know your faith thoroughly and bring your children up in it, and

send them to the world fully equipped to discuss it with people of other faiths. If after having discussed, they change their faith, that is another business. Every man has a right to follow the lead of his own intellect, but he should not be thrown among the teachers of another religion when uninstructed in his own.

Another point: Many of our brothers in the old days were thinking more of what they would gain from the teachings of the Theosophical Society, than of helping that Society to spread its teachings in the world. Now I may tell you plainly that it is useless to join our Society with the idea of getting something out of it. If you want to know anything of its teachings you need not become a member. You can buy Theosophical books without being a member of the Society. All we have to teach (except certain private matters referring to the great Teachers who are connected with the Society) is printed and published, and any man may buy our books and may profit by them. If you are a member, you hear these lessons discussed. You come across different people of whom you can ask questions, and who will explain to you difficulties. Such advantages you do get. But I always think that a man who comes into the Theosophical Society with the idea that he is going to profit by it, will not in reality gain much for himself, and he will be of little use to the Society. The point of view with which I think he ought to join is this. He should say to himself: "Here is a good thing, the best thing I have ever seen. Here are hypotheses (let us say that they are hypotheses) which answer, better than any others that I have found, the problems of life which seem to be so difficult. Here are the best teachings I have known. They have done me good. Let me therefore think of giving them to others. Let me in gratitude spread this knowledge to others." All members of the Theosophical Society should think in that way, not: "What can I get from it?" but: "What can I do for it?" "How can I help it?" not: "How can I

be helped by it?" These must be the thoughts of a member. In that helping you will not think of yourself, for to give help is divine, and the helper who makes himself a channel for divine force will find a divine power radiating from him. So co-operate with your brothers in the work that is to be done. You know, merely to put down your name, merely to buy Theosophical books—that does not constitute a good member. Your good member is he who endeavours to serve the Society to the utmost of his power—the man who tries to work for the helping of the others. This world is a large place. There are many who are in trouble and in difficulty whom we can relieve by giving them the knowledge that we possess. Thousands, even millions, of people are entirely ignorant even of the existence of the Theosophical Society, and yet out of these millions of people there are many who earnestly desire the very information you can give. How can you help to spread this? Obviously, first by joining the Society which exists for that work; then, having joined it, do not be a drone in its ranks, be a worker, see how you can help to disseminate that knowledge, how you can help to bring more people into it. You must remember that we in Theosophy are not in the least under the delusion, as some missionaries are, that if people do not accept a particular idea they will go to hell. What we say is this: "Here is what we believe to be a truth; it has been of the greatest value to us; we think it will be of equal value to you. Here it is; take it." We do not want for one moment to force our ideas on a single human being. We will never impose our beliefs upon him, if he comes to us. We never even ask him what he believes. The one and only thing we shall ask him is to accept the brotherhood of humanity. We do not ask people to believe in rounds and races, or things of that sort. We do not ask them to believe even in the existence of the great Teachers. We want them to do something for others. So, you who are members, I would say to you that what you have to do, having come into this

organisation, is to spread its ideas. But do it with tact. You know how sometimes young persons will come up to you in the streets of London, and ask you whether your soul is saved. It is no doubt well meant, but you are not favourably impressed. You feel the soul is a sacred subject, not to be talked of in the public streets; so methods of that sort are not to be recommended. I do not suggest we should adopt that plan in spreading Theosophy. There are so many ways. You read your book in the train. You leave it there, and another takes it and reads it. You can send out small tracts for distribution. You leave them in public places. There are quantities of ways in which you can help to spread Theosophy. You can each of you be a centre. In fact you *are* a centre, whether you know it or not. Each man is an example to other people. People are watching him to see what he does. If they happen to know that he is a Theosophist, they watch him all the more keenly. Every one of you is preaching by his actions every day and all day long; and if you happen to make mistakes (every man must make mistakes), if you happen to lose your temper, people will say: "That is what it is to be a Theosophist; they are no better than other people." You do not want to be thought better than others, but you do not wish that, through you, people should think ill of Theosophy. You represent the Theosophical Society to some small circle of your relations or your neighbours or the people of your own town. If you are not easily upset by anything, then when people are in trouble they will come to you for advice, and because you are a Theosophist you can give it. Perhaps when some one who loves them, and whom they love very much, passes away, they seek for some consolation along the lines of ordinary religion and do not find it. They find the teachings of ordinary religion are somewhat vague. They are upset. Then they will say: "Well, there are people called Theosophists; I think they pretend to know something about death. I should like to hear what

they have to say." In such circumstances they will come to you. In many cases the whole future life of such a person depends upon your answer. If you know your Theosophy well enough to put it rationally, in such a form that they will understand it from their point of view, they will want to know more. But you must be practical about it. I wrote a pamphlet called *To Those Who Mourn*, in which I tried to put these things sensibly and rationally. If you put the thing in that way it impresses people to make further enquiry. Then they will come to you, and ask you to give them some more. Then give them some interesting book on Theosophy. That is one way to make them get a glimpse of it. Many have begun in that way, and been saved by that from a lifetime of useless sorrow and worry. There are some people who have no firm foundation, and do not know whether there is any truth anywhere. If you can save a man from that condition, you have done a noble deed. Perhaps some unusual occurrence happens to them. They have a dream. The dream may be true or not. They would like to know something about it. They receive some strong impression about something. Sometimes they have encountered curious phenomena and do not quite understand them. Again they come to the Theosophist. You have, as wisely as you can, to explain their difficulty, give them a small book on Theosophy, and generally give them an idea of the system as a whole. Give them the Ancient Wisdom in a way which you think would be suitable for their type of mind. In this way spread the Theosophical literature. A great deal of good will come. When books are sent out into the world you never know how many will read them. The book is a messenger, and we do not know how many thousands of people it may reach. You can send the book to a public library, where many will see it and read it. I think that everyone who joins the Society ought to make it his business to co-operate definitely with the Lodge to which he belongs. He ought to try to do

something in his own little way, but most of all he should be a good member of his Lodge. It is no use joining the Lodge and taking no interest in it beyond paying the subscription. There is no difficulty in finding something to do. You who are Buddhists, you may have heard what our President-Founder Colonel H. S. Olcott (who was himself a Buddhist) did for the Buddhists in the island of Ceylon. How he went there and worked among his co-religionists; how in the island where there had been only missionary and Government schools there came to be three or four Buddhist colleges and over 300 schools, all teaching Buddhism as well as the ordinary requirements of the educational code. He brought, I think, altogether some 60,000 Buddhist children under direct Buddhist teaching. Now, you know, something of that sort ought to be done in Burma. I know some of your great monks are becoming alive to this and are willing to do something with regard to this. But, remember, the monk is limited by his rules. There are many things he cannot do. He cannot touch gold or silver. There are many lines of activity that he cannot touch, which are open before you. You who are Buddhists, take up the matter of education. If you do not know how to begin, come to the Theosophical Society and you will be put in the way. And all of you, whether you be Europeans, or Hindūs or Buddhists or Parsis, whatever your faith may be, whatever your nation may be, remember that the Theosophical Society holds the belief in brotherhood irrespective of race or caste or creed or sex or colour, so that in it you are all equal. What you are called upon to do in it is to try to understand one another, and then try to join one another in the beautiful work which it does to benefit mankind as a whole. Therefore, let me ask you to be earnest members of the Theosophical Society, thinking always what you can give to it and not what you can get from it. That is the spirit of all true helpers. Remember that our most splendid example, the great Lord Buddha Himself, gained nothing for Himself from those

five-and-forty years of wandering in the Ganges valley. He set himself to preach His Law entirely because He wished to help His brothers, and it was for them that He gave all these years to labour. Follow His example then. He has become the Buddha, the Enlightened One. What we have to give, what we have to teach, is His great gift. "The gift of the Law excels all other gifts." Each has his circle that he can help, but as members of a Lodge you can carry help to many thousands. Let us then do our best. Let no man be idle. Let all set to work, and do that which is nearest. It is noble to work for others, and you may be sure that he who forgets himself in his work goes farther and gains more than one who is thinking of himself.

To attempt to surrender our own expression of the Truth as we see it, and replace it by an expression drawn from the vision of others is to make in the inner life an error like that of the school of Bologna in painting. The Caracci and their followers deliberately aimed at acquiring the peculiar excellencies of each of the great masters who preceded them, the harmonies of Raphael, the colour of Titian, the vigour and the grandiose forms of Michael Angelo. They hoped to combine all these and thus achieve a higher perfection than their masters, but in so doing they failed to express themselves in their own way, for they were always painting things as they imagined they ought to see them, and not as they really saw them And so while we recognise the vision of truth that comes to men of different views from our own, we must not abandon our own vision or our attempt to express it faithfully, because we know that we see a part and not the whole.

A Wayfarer's Faith, EDMUND HARVEY

AN ALLEGORY

By G. K.

THERE once dwelt a Woman in a Stronghold, alone with Love—and she had many friends.

Now with Love beside her she craved no other company, and long was it before others gained access to her. At times, when she heard a knocking at the gate, she would seek her innermost chamber, and clasping Love to her pray: "Let us not heed them, even though they knock; we are enough for each other, you and I?" But Love would reprove her gently, smiling: "Surely we must share our happiness with others. Listen! they are calling at the door, we cannot leave them in the outer cold." And so the gate was unfastened and many entered.

Now these made much of Love and of the Woman, crying: "Behold, our hearts yearn over you, and the sight of your contentment makes us glad: no Wine is so red to us as your Wine—no Fire so warm; let us tarry, we beseech thee, do not drive us away." And so the door was left always open, and Love and the Woman entertained their friends.

There came a day when Love was taken from her, and in his stead only a little child was left, whom men called "Remembrance".

The Woman beat her breast and cried, an exceeding bitter cry—for her heart was broken. She besought Love to hear and to return to her, but none answered, only the little, cold hand of Remembrance was slipped into hers and a whisper came: "Alone you are not, for always am I with you!" She, however, but wept the more, declaring: "I will have none of you; the friends who have always gathered

1914

AN ALLEGORY

173

round will surely help me now; they shall care for me and drive you hence, and I will drown all memory of the Past." So lifting her head, and wrapping closely round a cloak to hide her bleeding heart, the Woman journeyed forth into the world.

Soon along the road came those who had been friends in days of yore, and holding out both hands she hurried towards them crying: "Lo! Here am I, sad and alone, for Love has been taken from me; pity my loneliness and cherish me that I may forget all grief." But they glanced at her with horror, for bright drops of blood fell from her wounded heart, staining all red the path on which she stood; and shuddering they quickly passed by on the other side.

Sadly the Woman wandered on; many she met on that long road but none approached; only Despair, with grim persistence, dogged her weary steps. At last she found herself, as night drew near, before the dwelling of a Poet, one who in days of yore had clamoured loud for entry to the Stronghold. With outstretched arms he met her, murmuring low: "Full well I know your loss; enter dear friend, with music sweet your grief shall be assuaged." And he wrote a song and sang it, and singing, watched her; for the verses told of Love, lost Love, and all her wretchedness was brought before her eyes.

She listened, bowing her head, her hands becoming chill and numb in her great agony. So numb they were, they could not hold the cloak around her closely, and apart it fell, showing, beneath, her heart all bruised and torn; and the Poet seeing, forgetting all but vanity, gloried in this, that words of his could make it throb so madly.

And to the Woman all was revealed, and hate of him rose in that broken heart. So strong it was, it seemed to give her life, and rising she onward passed, holding erect her head, and praying that ne'er again the face of such false friends might meet her view.

Then it was dark. And Despair seized her; but even as she stumbled and was about to fall, the little cold hand of Remembrance slipped once more into hers, and as she clung, it became firm and warm, and raised her gently, and she knew it for Love's hand leading her.

And the Woman smiled and blessed God. The wounded heart was healed as she clasped Remembrance closely. Her eyes were opened, and she saw those whom she had thought were friends, were, after all, but foemen in the way. So clinging to Remembrance she passed onwards never heeding, and following Love's voice that called her from afar.

ADYAR

Palm grove and lotus-pool,
Flutter of leaf, and golden sheen,
Blue tides and breezes cool,
What does your hidden language mean?

Air fragrant, sparkling, clear,
Pulsing with life, and vibrant sense,
Hearts throbbing, joy and sheer
Ecstasy, born of an immense

Wondrous enfranchisement.
How come ye all engirdled here?
All else a banishment—
Tell of your radiant magic cheer.

Hands touching God's abode,
Foothold retained on man's sad earth,
Here press they Heaven's mode—
Lo, as response this holy mirth.

Yea, 'tis a sacred place,
Where divine Forms and Presences
Bless us, and by their grace
Blend with our own their essences.

This is the magic cheer
Which fills our souls, surpassing far
All rumour told our ear—
Writ in one word, 'tis Adyar.

HOPE REA

MR. LEADBEATER'S TOUR

NEWS comes from Burma of the safe arrival of Mr. Leadbeater who started at the end of February on an extended tour in Burma, Java, and Australia. Mr. Mazel accompanies him as Secretary. The travellers were met at Rangoon by Mr. Subramania Iyer and several members of the Rangoon Lodge, and were conducted to the Lodge building where they were being accommodated. That evening Mr. Leadbeater addressed a meeting for F. T. S., and an address of welcome, in the name of the General Secretary for Burma and the President of the Rangoon Lodge, was read by Moungh Moungh Jyi, and to this Mr. Leadbeater replied amid much enthusiasm. The numbers at the meetings seem daily to increase. All present were much impressed by the power, and at the same time by the simplicity and extreme lucidity, of Mr. Leadbeater's addresses. Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Mazel feel they owe much gratitude to the Rangoon members for the excellent arrangements they made, and for the trouble taken to secure the comfort of their guests. On the invitation of the Buddhist monks and laymen Mr. Leadbeater spoke on the 'Noble Eightfold Path' in the Shwé Dagon Pagoda. Before this address, Mr. Leadbeater, with permission of the Chief-Monk, gave Pañcha Sila to the audience, who followed it with reverent enthusiasm. The scene was intensely picturesque and impressive. One of the audience, which was almost exclusively Burmese, remarked that for the first time he heard the Noble Eightfold Path explained in a clear and comprehensive manner. From Rangoon, Mr. Leadbeater proceeded to Moulmein. The last stage of the journey was strikingly beautiful and

much impressed the travellers. A certain amount of sight-seeing was accomplished, and then a special address to Burmese Ladies on the Noble Eightfold Path was given, Mr. V. Thain Mounng translating Mr. Leadbeater's speech word for word.

From Moulmein to Pegu (a hurried visit), then to Maymyo. Here as at Moulmein, an address of welcome was given. The meetings are held in a small temporary building, as the Lodge building is in the course of construction. The Maymyo Lodge members are few, but earnest and hospitable. Maymyo was left on March 6th. Much good work had been done there. At Mandalay, Mr. C. J. S. Pillay acted as host. Mr. Leadbeater gave an interesting address on the 'Importance of a Lodge'. The travellers there were allowed a little respite from 'business'. An excursion was made to the Mandalay Hill, where the Pagodas and the effigies of the Lord Buddha were admired, as also the new Pagoda which is in course of construction, and is being built for the special purpose of enshrining the relic of the Lord Buddha that is now in the Arakan Pagoda. The excursions were rendered easy and pleasant through the kindness of Dr. Mullan, who lent his motor-car. On March 9th, Pyinmana was reached—a quiet, really Burmese town, and the party was lodged in a typically Burmese house. Here of course lectures and meetings were held, and much interest and enthusiasm were shown. Rangoon was reached on March 11th. A social gathering, given by Mr. and Mrs. Shaw, combined the functions of a festival in honour of the anniversary of the birth of the Rangoon Lodge, as well as an opportunity for friends to bid farewell to Mr. Leadbeater.

On March 12th the 'Ellora' bore the travellers away from the shores of Burma, *en route* for Penang.



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

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No. 5

FROM THE EDITOR

“FROM the Editor” this month is a misnomer for these pages are not from the Editor, Mrs. Besant being some 8,000 miles away. The next best thing to having her words is to speak of her work—the great work that has called her away and in which she is engaged. She left Adyar on April 15th for London via Bombay where to a very crowded audience she spoke on ‘National Education,’ a verbatim report of which will appear in our pages next month. On the 17th she stepped on board the fine S.S. *Mantua* with Miss K. F. Stuart who has gone for a holiday but who is returning to Adyar next winter.

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The big steamer also carried H. H. The Gaekwar of Baroda and his consort and several members of the Deputation of the Indian National Congress. Mr. Abdur Rahim was also on board—once a Judge of the Madras High Court, now on the Public Service Commission, he has gone to England to take part in the drawing up of the final Report. Then there was Dr. Lefroy, the Bishop of Calcutta, and many others. Mrs. Besant was requested to give a lecture and

she spoke on 'The Value of Theosophy to the East and West,' and we hope some kind friend will send us as full a report as is possible. Many things are happening where Mrs. Besant is present, but all may be well summed up in her own words that came from the boat: "I am very well, and am writing hard both for East and West."

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A cable speaks of a hearty welcome accorded to their President by the members of the Theosophical Society on her arrival in London. Theosophy in England is spreading fast and the five coming lectures on May 17th, 24th, 31st and June 7th and 14th at the large Queen's Hall on 'The Meaning and Method of Mysticism,' 'The God-Idea,' 'The Christ-Idea,' 'The Man-Idea,' and 'Interpretations,' will enable thousands to listen to the good message Mrs. Besant has to give. It is a happy augury that before her work really began the obstacle of the pending Appeal before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council has been removed, for Mrs. Besant's Appeal has been accepted and her opponents have received a blow, and this, we hope, will kill, once and for all, the malignant campaign of prejudice, hatred, malice and fanaticism. Right has once more triumphed over wrong, virtue over vice, wisdom over folly—and that is as it should be.

* *

It gives us great pleasure to find that one who is respected in Theosophical circles is also revered by educated India. We speak of Sir S. Subramania Iyer who has accepted the invitation of the Reception Committee of the Indian National Congress to be their Chairman at the next gathering which takes place at Christmas in Madras. *The Bombay Chronicle* says that it "will be viewed with great pleasure not only in the Madras Presidency but all over India"; and again: "No Indian has been held in higher esteem by his countrymen, as regards the independence of his views or the sobriety of his judgment than the

distinguished ex-Judge of the Madras High Court." *The Leader* of Allahabad says: "This is an event in the history of the Congress on which all members and supporters of the National Assembly will most heartily congratulate themselves." At the conclusion of a long leading article, it further says:

That in his 73rd year this honoured and venerable man should have come forward to act as chairman of the Reception Committee of the Congress, is a no mean tribute to his undying love of country as it is to the unexceptionable character of the Congress itself. The Reception Committee are honoured by his acceptance of their leadership.

In doing honour to Sir Subramania the Congress and the Indian Press are indirectly honouring the Theosophical Society; for it has been, as he has so often said, the source of inspiration and helpfulness, of strength to serve and courage to sacrifice. May he live long to champion the cause of Theosophy and India, is the sincere prayer of all true Theosophists.

* *

If the story told in the *International Psychic Gazette* prove to be well-founded, it will be difficult even for the most convinced materialist to account for the matter by the theory of "coincidence". The case of the Egyptian mummy so notorious some years ago, was supposed still to be preserved in the British Museum. It is rumoured, however, that the attendants objected to its presence and "presented an ultimatum that the coffin-lid must be removed from their vicinity or they would resign". The authorities decided to give way, and had a replica made, and from then all was peace and quiet. An astute American Egyptologist, visiting the museum, detected the fraud, braved the Curators, rescued the original case from the museum cellars, and arranged for its being sent over to America. The boat on which the coffin is said to have made its journey was—the *Titanic*.

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In an article entitled 'The Psychic Side of Religion,' in *The Treasury*, the Rev. G. C. Rawlinson speaks of Theosophy:

There is the Theosophical Movement, connected mainly with the name of Mrs. Besant, which, although we are told it is becoming discredited in India, has lately been manifesting intense activity in London. It is, however, showing signs of developing into a new Second Adventist sect...

It is as false to say that Theosophy in India is becoming discredited as it is true to speak of its intense activity in London. The T.S. in India has never been so strong; it now has more than 6,000 members and over a thousand of them joined last year. The annual report and the monthly organ of the section indicate the positive progress of the Society, and all missionary enterprise to minimise its influence has failed and will never succeed as long as the T.S. stands for what it does, the brotherhood of races and religions.

We may draw the attention of Theosophical workers to the following words of a South American Missionary. They may well be addressed to Theosophical would-be workers.

There is a great need of men for work in South America to reinforce the hopelessly small band in the field. Men, who are men, are needed; men who are young and strong, men of grace, grit, and gumption. They should be unmarried, and have in them the stuff out of which leaders are made. We are not asking for men to take part in a forlorn hope, but for those who will be making history in the next few years. South America is now the continent of opportunity, and to-day is the opportunity.

Our South American Lodges are still non-sectionalised and the first thing needed is some cohesive force to create a section through which the great continent may be helped and blessed by our Masters.

We have received no news of Mr. Leadbeater this month, but hope to give an instalment next issue.

THEOSOPHY AND SCIENCE¹

By ANNIE BESANT

An Address delivered at the Karnātaka Theosophical

Federation, 6th April, 1914

THERE are two ways of studying Science, and strangely enough, two of the Presidents of the British Association for the Advancement of Science separated by something more than twenty years formulated those two ways—probably unconsciously formulated them—each of the two putting forward his own opinion. Professor Tyndall speaking at Belfast declared in the name of modern western Science that they were learning to see in matter the promise and potency of every form of life. Sir William Crooks, sitting in the same chair in England, declared that they were beginning to see in life the moulder and the shaper of matter. In this wedding of two views utterly opposed, the wedding between life and matter, of which every universe is the manifestation, the question has always arisen which is the dominant partner in the union? Is it Spirit, the life, or is it matter, the body? One or other view must necessarily dominate thought, guide experiment and lead the science of the time. There is no doubt that in the East the second view, the view of Sir William Crooks, has always been in the ascendant, that essentially and fundamentally the One manifolded, dividing itself into countless manifestations; but in the West, for a reason that in a moment I will put to you, the other view was triumphant until comparatively lately.

¹ This is a report of an interesting address delivered by Mrs. Annie Besant, on Sunday evening the 6th April, 1914, in the presence of a large gathering at Bangalore. Mrs. Besant has not corrected this report.

Now the West is coming back to the ancient eastern view that life is the dominant factor of the two, that it is the shaper and moulder of that which is behind form. We thus see that the one view is the spiritualistic and the other the materialistic, and the science of any given time will agree with the one or the other. Now there is no doubt that when Tyndall spoke the materialistic view was in the ascendant. A reason for it there was to which I just alluded, namely, the tremendous antagonism between religion and science in the West. That is a western peculiarity which you find nowhere else; on the contrary, everywhere else it was just the reverse. In the older world the priest, the teacher, and the scientist, all these were one and the same; science was regarded as only religion seen from the other side of matter. It was studied from within, not so much from without, and spiritual evolution was necessary for the scientific student. But in the West, in consequence of the break-down of the great Pagan Civilisation by the inroads of Christianity, in consequence of the ignorance which thereupon followed, it has been truly pointed out that for over a thousand years afterwards no thought was given to any science beyond that which was known in Greece. The first idea of a steamship was found in an Alexandrian Museum and a thousand years rolled by before any such idea dawned upon the mind of Europe, and so you find a great gap as far as scientific advance was concerned.

After this came that tremendous outburst of science in the wake of the followers of the Prophet of Arabia. It was the University of Bagdad dominated by Islām which caused the science of the East once more to make its way in the West. It was to the Musalmān that Europe owed the re-dawn of science in its midst. It was from the Universities the Moors had founded, above all, the University of Cordova, that the youth of Europe went to school and began to learn again that there was such a thing as science in the world of knowledge. You find at

that time how far away was Europe from scientific thinking when you see that Pope Sylvester II who had been educated in the University of Cordova was accused of commerce with the devil and witchcraft because he had ventured to use a pair of compasses for delineating a mathematical figure. That illustration shows the level of the general thought. To take another, Roger Bacon who began laying the foundations of modern chemical science by experiment alternated between the prison-cell of the monastery and his own cell that he had changed into a kind of laboratory. You find that every now and then he was sent to prison in the monastery where he was fed on bread and water because he had ventured to study mathematics, because he enquired for books on mathematics and because he also in his sin wanted a pair of compasses and complained that mathematical instruments were wellnigh unobtainable. If you think for a moment of the inevitable effect of science coming with the conquering Islām and spreading through Christendom, you will realise at once that science was a heresy and that the teaching of science was bound to be opposed by the Roman Catholic, the dominant, Church; you will realise that coming into Europe after the Arabs and the Crescent, it was not very likely to be welcomed in the territory of the Cross. So science came to Europe under a cloud, as it were branded as heretical. The result was that the man who dared to proclaim anything of the kind had to go with his life in his hands. Copernicus did not dare to publish his book until he knew he was dying, until he felt sure that his body would be dead before the Inquisition could seize upon it. Those who followed him, Galileo and many another, they had to pay with their bodies for the activity of their brains in science and the unwise loquacity of their tongues. They wanted to talk and to talk Science. That they dared not do with the Inquisition at their back, and so it ended fatally in the case of some and others were rewarded with imprisonment. Thus hostility arose against science. The Church

then was its enemy and its persecutor, and it always welcomed any discovery that seemed to be against the doctrines of the Church! The quarrel was not of the seeking of the scientific men. Science ought not to be blamed because it was hostile to religion. Let us who love religion and know its value, let us be the first to acknowledge that it was religion that began the struggle and that science is not to blame for it. Science only fought for a ground on which it could stand in safety, to have a platform on which the different teachers could speak. Hence the antagonism which made science irreligious, perforce had turned it towards materialism, and when it triumphed, when they could no longer imprison, torture and burn scientists, these, having gained the right of speech and personal liberty, turned against religion which had martyred them and held with delight everything that seemed to show that the soul of man was non-existent and that there was no life on the other side of death.

Look back thirty or forty years ago and the name scientists were given was agnostic—the non-knower. That is a curious name for a scientist, to be called a non-knower when he was always following knowledge. But still there was a meaning in it. It meant that he did not know anything that the senses could not cognise and that the intellect could not understand and observe; that he had no knowledge of the superphysical, no knowledge of God, no knowledge of the spiritual nature. That was the scientific position of men like Huxley and Tyndall and the whole great group of scientists who were the glory of England, of Germany and of France during the second half of the nineteenth century. In psychology it was said, and said truly, that you cannot have a sound psychology without a knowledge of physiology. The brain and the nervous system—these are the organs whereby thought is expressed and as you understand them you can understand the working of thought. So arose the new science sometimes called psycho-physiology and sometimes physio-psychology.

Then researches began to be made by the European scientist. His admirable patience, his endless care to be accurate and exact, the marvellous thought that he spent on his researches and the indefatigable endurance which he brought to experiment—I know nothing more admirable in the whole annals of advancing knowledge than the patience of the investigator—that loyalty to proof that would not accept even until it was sure that the experiment was accurate after endless repetitions and reverifications, arouse our deepest admiration. No one could read the theories of Darwin without a sense of admiration for the thousands of experiments which were carried on to establish a certain fact. Such is the great loyalty to truth, and the thirst to follow truth naturally led to the discovery of truth, and we admire those qualities while even we challenge some of the generalisations which were made. Take for a moment one of those generalisations vital to us all, the survival of the soul after the body dies. You know that the arguments given during the latter part of the nineteenth century were based on what is called inductive logic. Thinkers came to the conclusion that thought was coexistent with the brain, that thought perished with the brain, because within the limit of their investigations they found that they always varied together. The argument—that I advanced in my old sceptic days—was the case of a new-born child. Its consciousness is infinitely small; the child grows a little larger, the brain grows, consciousness grows with it; follow it on to boyhood and you find that the brain of the boy, the intelligence and consciousness of the boy grow side by side together; go to manhood, and the mature consciousness of the man is there with the mature brain. Send a little poison into the brain and thought dies, put there a little alcohol and thought is confused; knock a bit off the skull, and the brain and the thought disappear; if a little bit of the brain is eaten away by disease the memory disappears; when you have a delirium of fever your thought becomes delirious. Thus having traced

every stage, having shown that with the senility of the brain grows the senility of thought, that they vary together, can you wonder when they turned round and said triumphantly: "If from birth to death the thought and the brain are invariable and that they vary together, how can you tell us that when the brain decays thought survives?" That was the problem to be solved. It was a perfect induction as far as it went. How was that induction proved unreliable? Not by proving any fault of logic, not by showing any error in the argument. But it was by showing that an induction is faulty when all the facts which are the basis of a logical process are not taken. "There are facts not included in your induction and therefore we said your induction is worthless." The absence of one vital factor made it worthless and science was against it.

But then psychology went a step further. It studied the brain and the nervous system and on further experimenting it got results which were different from those before obtained. Here comes the honesty of the scientist. Man does not spend all his life awake. He goes to sleep and dreams. What about his consciousness in the dream-state? Do not dreams show consciousness? They thus started investigating dreams. The difficulty of this was that you do not dream when you are awake, and they tried to catch the dreamer, when dreaming, to see what he was thinking in his dream-state. This led them on to the hypnotic and mesmeric trances. They questioned and cross-examined the dreamer and then came to facts which undermined their whole theory of consciousness. They found that the hypnotised man could see in his trance millions of miles away, while his waking power of perception was limited by the range of the physical eye. They found that the hypnotised patient could speak better than when awake, that he was more eloquent under the trance than while he was awake; that he could remember far better than the man awake, that in the hypnotic trance he could recall details of his childhood which in his waking state he had utterly

forgotten; that if you read to him a full page of an unknown language he could repeat it word for word although when awake he could not remember a dozen words together. Thus they accumulated a mass of facts which did away with their induction that consciousness was limited to the physical brain. Some go much further, and Sir Oliver Lodge declared that consciousness is like a sailing ship. He said that the part of the whole ship which is below the water represents the consciousness which works in the physical brain and the rest of the consciousness is like the deck of the ship, like the mast of the ship and like the sails that soar into the air above water; so the higher consciousness of man is not limited by the brain. There is more in the man than consciousness in the brain, and even science has proved this to be true. Sir Oliver Lodge has declared that clairvoyance is an established fact and that telepathy—communication between distant objects, between mind and mind without any physical medium of communication—is proof of it.

Now we see that science is gradually coming to the view that human consciousness is a mighty thing with possibilities undreamed of thirty years ago, whose limits no one can mark out and whose possibilities no one can challenge. Then we go to another line of investigation which has led to the belief of the psychologist in what is called the sub-conscious state of mind. The sub-conscious mind is that which comes up from within and sometimes breaks down the conscious volitions. They are studying it and are puzzled by it. Sometimes they say it is a maniac, a fool, and sometimes a genius. They are agreed that the sub-consciousness is mightier than the consciousness when the man is awake. But they are confused and bewildered for as one of them said, the sub-conscious mind has diamonds in it but diamonds in a heap of rubbish. They are not able to see how the diamonds came to the rubbish-heap or how the latter got up and hid the diamonds. They are trying to analyse and to understand. This is

where science stands to-day in respect to psychology. The most advanced men are realising that on a much closer analysis an answer can be found to explain the sub-conscious mind in man. It is at this stage where the western psychologists stop, that Theosophy which has learnt its psychology from the East—not from the West—which has studied along the line of life—not along the line of form, Theosophy which is only repaying what it has learnt from the East over here, declares that the human consciousness is fundamentally a spiritual thing, the same in nature as the life in the Universe. Huxley in the last lecture that he gave before he died, on 'The Ethics of Evolution' suggested the idea that the consciousness of the man might be the same as the consciousness which is found vivifying the Universe. Thus the Theosophist goes on to say that the Spirit, the Jīvātmā, is the source and the builder of the bodies. The Ātmā desired to see and there came the eye; the Ātmā desired to hear, and brought into existence the ear; the Ātmā desired to think and the mind appeared. Here is the fundamental truth—life is the creator of form, not form the predecessor of life. It was the will of the Ātmā to cognise the external universe which developed the senses whereby that universe might be observed. That is the Hindū and the Theosophical teaching. It then goes on to explain that matter is not only the dense physical matter but it exists in subtler forms and finer aggregations and the Jīvātmā, through sheath after sheath and body after body, gets into contact with other than the physical world.

Theosophical Science or Hindū Science—call it what you like, for both teach the same in regard to this—declares that you can know more of nature by beginning from the Spirit and gradually organising the higher types of bodies than by beginning with the coarsest physical body and observing the phenomena of the coarsest physical world. This makes a profound difference of observation. As the western scientist studies

further and further he comes across finer and finer forms of matter. When he is unable to see with the eye he invents the microscope in order to see by it what, by the physical eye, he cannot discover because of its fineness and of its minuteness, and when his eye fails him he uses the telescope and sees things which by reason of distance the physical eye by itself cannot scrutinise. Putting that generally, the scientist of the West enlarges the power of observation by the creation of suitable apparatus outside himself—apparatus with marvellous delicacy, the balance that weighs even less than a millionth part of a grain, the microscope which expands as it were the power of the sight into the most minute recesses of nature. With those apparatus—and apparatus have a limit—the western scientist came to examine the atom and here his apparatus fails him as no microscope enables him to discern the ultimate physical atom. And when his apparatus failed him, reason set in and he began to argue. By the reasoning power he said that the atom was infinity. The theory of minute particles ceased when the atom became a solar system and a thousand of these solar systems in one atom of Hydrogen. Then out of the idea of a particle he came to the idea of this world in ether. He could not see ether—he could not feel it, smell it nor taste it, but yet he said that without it the visible is incomprehensible. So ether became the hypothesis, and motion in matter the origin. It is coming nearer to the old Theosophical teaching that the great Breath going through space made vacua in space and that those vacua were matter. Matter is an illusion says the Hindū Sage; matter is emptiness echoes modern science. It is not solid, it is not particles, it is nothingness. This is the last word of modern science and it is the first word of Hindū Philosophy. Then we understand what is meant by illusion. Let Īshvara draw in the outbreathed Breath, the universe is naught. Indra said: "I am *prāṇa*," breath. There is no better symbol of the Divine activity; the Divine Breath

going out into the ocean of ether and there making spaces which modern science calls atoms. A wonderful coming together of the old and the new symbols—a reconciliation between metaphysics and science. The one has come down from above from the world of Spirit and the Spirit has climbed from below from the world of matter. They have met midway, Spirit and matter joined; religion and science are wedded and we realise that all knowledge is of God.

It was said in the Upanishats thousands of years before there was a scientist in the West, that knowledge is Divine. You can begin at whichever end you like; you can know more about Him by whom you were made if you study the manifestations in the infinite variety of forms that make the Universe; for there is no form in which God does not lie hidden and so it does not matter where you begin—from either end you meet in the knowledge Divine. But there is one advantage in coming downwards. I said just now that the western scientist had to construct his apparatus to make up for the deficiencies of the senses. The eastern scientist does not make an apparatus outside himself. He builds the apparatus within himself by the evolution of a higher body. In trying to see the atom he does not bother about instruments. He develops a subtler eye, he opens the eye of his finer body, the *Sūkṣhma Sharīra*, and by that eye he is able to see the man after death. He is able to see the dead by this eye even better than the living in the physical body. His observations are made by the inner development. Science becomes Yoga in this. It is said in a Theosophical book that there is no veil in nature to the spiritual eye.

Other sciences may give even more definite and more convincing proofs than the cases I have mentioned along the line of psychology and along the line of research into the atom. Chemistry, for instance, is a good hunting ground for the Theosophical student. Mr. Leadbeater and myself in 1895 took it into our heads that it would be wise to try whether clairvoyance could not be used on the

physical planes. We studied three elements—Hydrogen, Oxygen, and Nitrogen. We published the results in *The Theosophist*. We took up chemical science and tried if we could examine a number of chemical elements and see how far clairvoyant observations are borne out by actual chemical results. Mr. Leadbeater is not a chemist and I am, to some extent. So he was the more unbiassed of the two in the researches. Our difficulty did not lie in seeing. That was easy. The difficult was to identify what we saw. Imagine yourself looking into a space filled all round you with innumerable small bodies none of which you know one from the other. You join them on to nothing which physical science knows. Here was our first difficulty. But we got over it in a simple way. We got a number of substances in which the same elements occurred, water, soda-water, gold, silver, common salt, lead, various things from the chemist and a large number of common objects. We examined those clairvoyantly and found the same thing in several of them. Then knowing the constitution of the objects we said that which is present in all of them must be the thing we are looking at. We took this as our hypothesis. For instance salt gave sodium. We examined it closely, counted, weighed and chemically measured the atoms. We went on week after week doing the same thing until at last we had collected some of the chemical elements of which we had drawings made and we placed on record some things which science did not recognise. We called it "Occult Chemistry," and published the whole lot in the papers in 1907 and in the form of a book in 1908. At first everybody laughed at it. We sent it to Sir William Crooks but he did not laugh for he was too wise to do so. On the other hand, he said it was very interesting and perhaps science would confirm some of these things. Some years have now passed since this was said and in the present year, in a lecture to the Royal Society, some new elements were mentioned as well as

certain forms of obscure elements already known, and the lecturer had the honesty to say that these were to be found in *Occult Chemistry* discovered by clairvoyant examination, so that his own discoveries confirmed the observations and showed the reality of clairvoyance, and that is what we want. It was a thing that could be verified. An Italian Chemist, lecturing on the book, showed the figures we had drawn and spoke of the help that it gave in chemical examination; and so you will see that as they grow more liberal, as they realise that clairvoyance is a reality, scientists will take from our books suggestions for guiding the lines along which their examinations might be carried on. This is what we can ask; we cannot ask that western science shall take our results for granted as that would be absurd. The most we can do is to say that this may be taken as a possible hypothesis in guiding the investigator in his experiments, and the chemist can verify it. Here lies the value of Theosophy. The value of Theosophy to Science consists in this: it is able to explain, it is able to suggest new lines of investigation, it shows fresh possibilities, in short, it is a pioneer in the scientific world. In psychology it is able to tell you what the sub-conscious is and why you see diamonds and rubbish together. The rubbish comes out of the past, the instinct of the past, the savage ideas which so often puzzle us in animal psychology—all these make the rubbish heap in man. The diamond of genius is the super-consciousness towards which man is evolving. There is no mixing up of rubbish and diamond. They are separated really in the sub-consciousness of the past, the waking consciousness of the present and the super-consciousness of the future, and the genius is the high water-mark of human consciousness showing what it can be and what it shall be in the future. And so comes in the religious consciousness in man. It was said that every religious teacher was only an incipient maniac with unstable brain. It is true that the brain of the religious genius is unstable, for genius is instability of brain; it is not the

instability of disease, not the instability of degeneration, it is the instability of the forward way of the evolving consciousness, it is unstable because it is growing, because it is evolving, because it is progressing, for only instability means growth, and growth of consciousness is from the instability of the brain of the genius. Thus you see that the whole thing becomes intelligible. Greatness and madness are said to be closely allied. But the alliance is only in the unstable condition of the brain and no more. The blunder of science comes when it is unilluminated by religion.

Looking at it from this standpoint we can realise that anyone who desires so to do may learn science more rapidly by the method of the East than by the slower method of European experiments. One great blunder that you have made is of throwing away your indigenous sciences and methods in favour of the sciences that have come from Europe. While by all means you can learn the foreign methods, do not despise your own which lie hidden. There lies many a secret in your Purāṇas; the Itihāsas contain many a secret not yet known to you. Never be ashamed of your ancient books, for there are treasures of learning that the West can only gradually realise and admire. You have conquered the West in the metaphysical and you will conquer it on the road of science when you take to the old method of developing on the spiritual line, investigating along the straight road where knowledge is to be found by the study of either Theosophy or Hindūism—for these are at one in this matter, and all that Theosophy can do for the Hindū in this subject is to show him methods which he has forgotten. The value of Theosophy is not in giving any new truth but in showing you how to verify the old ones and to learn methods of investigation from the original teachers and givers of knowledge. If I have learnt where many are blind, if the life after death is real to me, if I know by personal knowledge that there is really no such thing as death, that consciousness can enlarge its borders, if that

which you find impossible is a commonplace to me in the higher world, if I know the truth of the different *koshas* that you read about in the Vedānta, that does not add to Hindūism, but I only apply it. You read the teachings of Hindūism and you are proud of them but you never dream of carrying them into practice because you have fallen into the delusion that you cannot be a Yogī unless you separate yourself from your fellowmen, live in a cottage, sit in the jungle, as though God were not in the common market-place as much as in any jungle. It is not by change of place that you will find your Self; the Self is everywhere. It is change of condition in yourselves and not the change of place that you need in order that the majesty of Self may be revealed to you and you may know Him by whom all is known. It is not by deserting your busy homes and shutting yourself up in a forest that you can get spiritual advancement. The heroes of your race in the past were not recluses. They were warriors on the field of battle like Arjuna who learnt the nature of Yoga in the field of battle; there were men like Janaka, the King, and Tūlādhara, the grocer. It is recognised that the divine possibility is hidden in man and if only you look for it, it will unfold the Self within. Go then and realise the truth that the world in which you live is full of beauty, full of knowledge, full of nobility and heroism; and the moment you do so you will rise higher. There was a time when the Devas were making visits to this world, there was a time when the R̥shis visited the Courts of Kings and saw that Kings did their duty well; and if those R̥shis have now withdrawn from this world and the Devas do not come here, it is only because we are not pure enough for their presence, it is because our eyes are blinded that we do not see them even among the men of to-day. There is no field, no wood or place in India where the Deva's life is not vivifying the landscape and infusing life, and you can see the Devas in your morning walk if only your eyes are open. And if you do

not see them it is because you have fallen into evil ways by unclean drink, unclean food, and unclean habits, and how should They enter your cities where the bodies of slaughtered animals poison the very breath that they have to draw? The defect is on your side and not on theirs. It is you that create hindrance. And, if India becomes again what she was and what she ought to be, if Hindūs love their faith as well as boast of it, if they practise it as pride themselves on it, it is not impossible that again the Gods will come and walk with men, it is not impossible that again the R̥shis of the great Himalayas will come down into our plains and again talk with Kings and men. Their hearts are not closed to us but we have closed the paths to Them. Let us then wake up and look for Their blessings. Did not Shri Shaṅkarāchārya tell you that there were some *Adhikāris* who would remain in this world to the end of the age? Those are the great Teachers whom Theosophy proclaims in your cities, it is from Them that all knowledge of things begins and to Them is due the changing attitude of western Science as well as the spreading of eastern Science over the world.

AMONG THE HIMĀLAYAS

By E. M. C.

“WHO goes to the Hills goes to his mother” runs the proverb, and my whole nature echoed it as the train crawled along the single, narrow-gauge line between Ambala and Kalka, and the first hills were visible in the distance. After a long summer and a rainy season spent in Calcutta, the low, shadowy range, lit up here and there by the first beams of the sun, seemed like a Promised Land, an earth wherein all things were new. Rosy-tipped by the sun’s fingers, the morning mists hovered around the hills so that only a faint outline could be seen as I leant out of the train window, and they seemed like a doorway to a wonderful land of beauty and mystery, far above the common haunts of struggling, toiling men. And as we pursued our journey up and up in the little hill-railway with its innumerable tunnels and windings, this feeling changed to reality, to actuality. We were indeed in a new world, a very happy world, where Nature was fertile and her children content. Round each tiny homestead, dotted here and there on the hill-side, the land was cultivated, green and smiling. Soon we came to cool pine-woods, which wafted to us the peculiar scent so characteristic of the Himālayas, and to where masses of rhododendrons, in the spring-time, hold high festival, decking the country-side with gay crimson blossoms. Suddenly, as we turned another corner, the first snow-peak loomed before us, the great forerunner of his eternal brethren out to the north. But a glimpse of them did not come until almost our journey’s end, when the little train had toiled and panted and struggled bravely on, through dark tunnels, across narrow bridges, round tortuous curves, climbing ever higher and higher. Then all at once, quite unexpectedly, they were revealed in all their beauty and

1914

AMONG THE HIMĀLAYAS

197

majesty, range upon range of giant snow-peaks, stretching, in their dazzling whiteness and purity, from one end to the other of the horizon. It brought to mind Browning’s lines:

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that’s under;
Wide our world displays its worth, man’s strife and strife’s
success,
All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
Till my heart and soul applaud perfection, nothing less.

And after that first vision, nothing, so it seemed, could separate us from them again. Though they were not always visible, though night descended, and fogs and mists shrouded their beauty, we knew they were there and that the first brightness of the sun would rend the veil that hid them from us. Some time afterwards, when reading Mrs. Besant’s wonderful description of humanity toiling up the winding mountain-road on its path to perfection, a picture of this little hill-train rose before me; it too is a symbol of that road of Life along which we all are travelling, and we know the Vision Beautiful awaits us and the “glory of the Lord shall be revealed”.

It was on the occasion of our second visit to the hills that we decided to go into the interior, to approach still nearer to those snowy heights which in Simla are eighty miles away. One glorious sunshiny morning our little cavalcade started, consisting of our two selves, two ponies, two servants, two mules, a mule-boy, and my fox-terrier. Leaving Simla on the left behind us, we branched off to the Hindustan-Tibet road, the great trade route from Simla to Tibet, which, in spite of its importance and dignified name, is at most only a few feet wide and very rough in places. But our ponies, which we had hired for the trip, were accustomed to it and carried us splendidly. All along this mountain-highway we met the most diverse-looking people; scores of Tibetan peasants and coolies whose wrinkled, parchment-like faces betrayed their Fourth Race origin were engaged in mending the road. All of them were very dirty, very ragged, but invariably

cheerful and smiling. Then the hill-women, in picturesque, rainbow-hued costumes, anklets and bracelets jingling as they walked along, chattering volubly the while. Their dress is very like the Persian, and consists of loose, baggy trousers caught tightly round the ankles, a short coat and a sari twisted round and round, covering the head; a big gold ring through the nose is their sign of matrimony. These hill-tribes are exceedingly fine-looking specimens of Āryan beauty, no darker-skinned than the peoples of Southern Europe, and often blue-eyed. We rode for seventeen miles, arriving late in the afternoon at Teog Dāk bangalow. To our dismay we found all its four small rooms occupied by ten German lady missionaries, who offered us a table to sleep on. We decided to take the risk of the next bangalow, eleven miles further on, at Mattiana, being full, and to push on there that same evening in spite of the darkness and tales of bears and leopards. Our servants roasted Indian corn on a hastily-lit camp fire, the horses had a feed, we had dinner on the veranda, and then all started off, the dog being carried on the mule, lest he should prove a toothsome morsel for Balu.

It was a brilliant moonlit night; the woods through which we passed were mysterious and lovely, but very dark, until, on reaching the other side of the hill, we emerged on to a wild, rugged part which had no vegetation of any kind, just bare rocks. There the moon shone down upon us, lighting up the hills with her eerie splendour, and guiding us to our destination which we reached safely at midnight. Next morning we pursued our way along the beautiful stretch of road between Mattiana and Narkhunda. At first the scene is bare and bleak, then it becomes wooded, and the road climbs to a height of 9,000 feet above sea-level. On the way, owing, no doubt, to the great elevation, my companion's foot became very painful, and she longed to take off her heavy riding boot, but there was no one to hold the horses. We were considering what to do when round the corner came a Tibetan coolie, carrying a

heavy slab of rock. Him we addressed in Hindustāni and he beamed with pleasure but did not understand a word. A regular pantomime followed, till, finally he seemed to gather our meaning and put down his load. Then, to our surprise, he pulled off the riding boot and began gently rubbing the poor foot, smiling with pleasure and kindness all the time. Truly the Self is one, whether in the Tibetan peasant or in the English lady, and in that little act of service it "shone out undimmed".

Narkhunda is on a ridge, facing the snow-mountains which tower in front of it, only forty miles away. The air is so strong that sleep is sometimes impossible for those who are not used to it. There the road branches off, on the one side winding down to the orchard valley of Kulu, on the other to the Baghi forest. It was our first sight of the everlasting Hills at such a near distance, and they were unspeakably glorious as we gazed on them from the Baghi road. We stood at the parting of the ways; to our right there lay a wonderful panorama of hills, the road down into India threading in and out like a silver line. To our left, like a great wall of snowy whiteness, rose Himāvat, so pure and calm and strong, such a perfect link between the heaven which crowns them and the earth at their feet, drawing the very atmosphere of that heaven down upon the sons of men, a living, eternal symbol of Those Pillars in the Temple of God, the Lovers and Saviours of the World. The Baghi forest unfolds to the traveller one beauty after another. Though the snowy giants were hidden, the delights of earth were revealed. The ferns and mosses, the huge spireas growing to a height of several feet, the stately pines, the tiny streamlets murmuring happily, and now and then a rushing torrent roaring down the hill-side, all were a never-ending joy. But at Baghi a sad disappointment awaited us. Three marches away is a bangalow perched on the spur of a hill, overlooking the Rampur valley and facing the snows; this had been our destination. Three miles beyond Baghi, however, we came to a

deep ravine, down which rushed a mountain stream, and found some Tibetan workmen busily mending the only bridge across it. They explained it had given way after the Commander-in-Chief's advent a few days before. We wished the bridge had not been so impressed by the Commander-in-Chief, and were discussing whether it would be possible to climb round the top of the hill, when a jingle of bells was heard. A boy of fifteen came scrambling down the slope, leading a gay-looking, diminutive steed, both covered with mud, but highly pleased with themselves. The pony had a wonderful bridle decorated with bits of bright-coloured wool, and bells which made music wherever he went. We asked whether there were any possibility of crossing the ravine higher up, even by crawling on hands and knees, but the hero shook his head. "My horse," he said, pointing to the tiny steed with great dignity and pride, "has had a very narrow escape; it would be quite impossible for your horses to go that way." So we sadly retraced our steps and rode instead down to Kotgarh, made famous by Kipling in the story of 'Lispeth' of the Kotgarh Mission. There we purchased a large *kilta* or basket and had it filled with apples and pears, and the next day began to retrace our steps back to Simla. Three days later we rode down the Mall to our hotel, having been away exactly a week, bringing with us an ineffaceable impression of that mysterious and beautiful Himālayan land.

Who hath desired the sea, the sight of salt-water unbanded?
 The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?
 The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, gray, foamless, enormous and growing?
 Stark calm on the lap of the line, or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing?
 His Sea in no showing the same, his Sea and the same 'neath all showing—
 His Sea that his being fulfils?
 So and no otherwise, so and no otherwise Hill-men desire their Hills.

THE JEWEL IN THE LOTUS

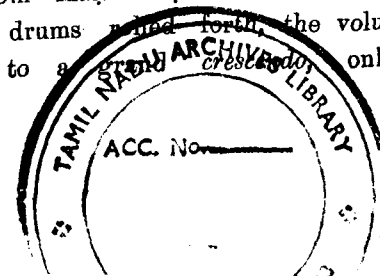
By G. W.

OM! TO THE ONE whose abode is in darkness, from which all things emerge periodically, to be drawn back and dissolved again into the Great Night, the One Light—whose hands and feet are the furthestmost limits of space, whose eyes are suns and moons and rolling planets, whose speech is all the manifested Universe—to THAT—incorruptible, indivisible, and eternal—we bow!

OM MAṆI PADME HUM!

AS the sacred words filled the air with their mystic vibrations, the silence that followed seemed to be a living presence. So intense were the thoughts of the assembled worshippers, that they trembled on the brink of becoming an actual entity, whose brooding wings overshadowed the prostrate figures lost in adoration and meditation.

The altar table glowed like a jewel in a dark setting; faint blue streamers of incense veiled the mellow lights and circled round the lofty pillars, hung with multicoloured, silk-embroidered banners. The priests in their gold and orange robes moved slowly to and fro, like the souls of some secret flame, occasionally sprinkling with a peacock feather the bowed heads before them with holy water from a silver vase, and ever and again, chanting strange mantrams which always ended with the cosmic words: "Om Maṇi Padme Hum." As the voices died away, the drums ~~rolled forth~~ ^{crested} the volume of their sound increasing to a ^{crest} only to fade away



again into the silence. Heads were raised to receive the Soma juice and bowed when the golden cup passed on.

They were a sorry lot—these devotees—Tibetan peasants for the most part, clad in their coarse, loose garments, strange caps on their heads, feet heavily shod in outlandish boots. Theirs were strange faces of a far-away people of a far-away time. The ignorance (or was it curious Oriental reserve?) which robbed their flat features of vitality and the appearance of thought was swept away now, by the wave of religious fervour. Each man, in the Great Presence, felt himself alone—alone with his own soul. In those ordinarily quiet and baffling eyes, there glowed no mean fire, for in their depths, for a few rare minutes, shone the divine spark.

The strange images on all sides smiled inscrutably, as if they were drinking in the incense and the prayer. The gems upon the walls glittered in the glancing lights.

One person there was, however, whose thoughts were not tinged with divinity, whose soul was too sodden to be uplifted even by the powerful, compelling force of the prayer-laden atmosphere. Kneeling beneath an image of Padmapani, the eleven-headed, lotus-bearing God, he gazed out of the shadow with piercing black eyes, small and unwinking, set in a thin pinched face which narrowed over the eyes and above the temples. When others prayed, he watched—always watched, while the claw-like fingers, made for grasping, drew closer around him the dirty white robe.

Suddenly he raised himself from his crouching position and strained his neck forward.

The High Priest was placing upon the altar a wonderful golden lotus, so delicately and marvellously wrought that it might well have been a natural flower solidified into the precious metal. It lay there calmly, as upon some placid lake, while like a blossom picked at dawn, it held within its heart a giant dewdrop—the Jewel in the Lotus—which, nestling down between the enfolding leaves,

robbed the lamps of their lustre and flashed its splendour into the upturned faces.

Once in a hundred years was this diamond brought forth from its secret retreat. Once in a hundred years were profane eyes permitted to gaze upon its pure and palpitating brilliancy.

Whence came it? What was its history? Ah, only those who have the inner eye of soul perception could tell us that; but it bore the record of a mighty past. It was the diamond of the Buddhas, the Enlightened Ones—those of the great and diamond souls.

The eye of lust and greed, however, saw in it nothing but its market-value. A stone like that meant power—riches and power. Aye, truly! More riches and power than you ever dreamed of—you of the soiled white robe and clutching hands—you who have left the dark retreat at the feet of Padmapani and have pushed yourself furtively along the temple wall, till near the altar you are suddenly lost to sight.

Ah, priests, who so tenderly cherish your treasure; ah, people, who would deem it a sacrilege to touch it with a finger, how strangely your eyes are blinded to the future! Could not Padmapani, the especial guardian of Tibet, have sent His children one clairvoyant ray? To what end, since the Great Law works unceasingly and none can stay it.

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.”

In what distant past did the High Priest turn his hand against his brother, that now, in his turn, he should be brought low?

That night he lay face downward on the altar steps. From a wound in his back flowed the blood which stained the orange of his robes and which, trickling downward, formed dark pools on the temple-floor beneath a calm-eyed Buddha, sitting cross-legged on His Holy Flower.

The lights burned low, sending out fitful gleams which furtively touched these pools, turning them red like a ruby, or illumined for an instant, before leaving them in

darkness, the gilded face of some idol, some stray gem, or a golden cup half filled with sacred wine.

The silence still brooded over the now deserted temple, but it had become the silence of death.

It took shape like some terrible Nemesis and pursued the figure of a man who was making his way down the rocky hill upon which the monastery was based. He of the soiled white robe it was, flying not so much from the vengeance of man as from the unseen presence of the temple. Twice he fell headlong, only to pick himself up and run dizzily onward, ever clutching with eager fingers that priceless thing that lay against his breast. On his face was abject terror mixed with the lust of possession.

At last he had it—that king of gems, that would make him as rich and mighty as the mightiest Mahārājāh of the land from which he came.

He had laid his plans beforehand. Beneath him, on one side lay the country where, in scattered bands, lived the Tibetans he had seen at the temple that afternoon. There, his chance of escape would be slight. Any moment the alarm might be given and then every man of them would be on his trail like hounds. Moreover the place was full of pilgrims, come from far and near, to be present at the great ceremony.

On the other side, wide as infinity itself, in endless undulations, stretched the desert of Gobi, gleaming silver-white as it melted into the distant horizon. There, alone, lay safety. For he knew that not for gold or precious stones, not at supplication or command, would any native Tibetan set foot on that desert after dusk. Whoever did so, they affirmed, was destroyed by the powerful demons which guarded the buried treasures of civilisations that once flourished there. But Abdul Nahmed laughed at such fears, outwardly at least. What else could he do, seeing it was his only chance?

At the base of the hill, which he soon reached, breathless and exhausted, was tethered a camel, provisioned for a

long journey. Patiently it took him on its back and then proceeded, first slowly, then with ever increasing speed, like a ship under full sail, across the short strip of land which separated them from that ocean of piled-up sand.

When the edge of it was reached and he felt himself beginning to be absorbed by its immensity, Abdul drew a long breath of relief. The strained expression of his face gradually relaxed. He settled comfortably back, yielding his body to the motion of the camel, and with nervous fingers drew forth that which his garments had concealed.

It lay on his thin palm, glowing with the fire of a thousand suns or their souls, throbbing with light. Its colours danced and sparkled from facet to facet, always melting back into the original pristine white.

Involuntarily he looked around to make sure that he was alone; as if aught could disturb his solitude on that vast and awful desert!

Satisfied, he turned again to his treasure. He pressed it against his heart; he kissed it passionately, as a lover his sweetheart; he gloated over it, wept over it almost. He held it up between his thumb and forefinger till it caught the direct rays of the moon. As her light mingled with its radiance, a sudden gleam seemed to flash from its very heart with more than physical lustre.

Was there a soul to this gem, an emanation from the Lords of Creation whose jewel it was? The thought sent a superstitious shudder through Abdul's flesh, but it was only momentary.

"My wonder!" he whispered. "At last you will do some good in the world. Some rich Greek or Egyptian will give for you a king's ransom. The peerless Cleopatra herself would have been proud to wear you in her hair. You are beautiful, my treasure, but more beautiful to me is the price you will bring; I will sell you at Shiraz or Memphis; I will get gold for you, sacks of gold; then how I will make them serve me, those low-born

ones who dared to mock and scorn me and cast me aside! My wives shall be princesses who formerly would have treated me as the mud beneath their feet. They shall be mine willing or unwilling for I shall be master—master—master!”

His voice broke in his exultation. The stone suddenly burnt his hand like a flame and yet it was cold as ice. He winced but would not let it go. Giving it one more adoring glance, he wrapped it in a piece of silk and dropped it into a pouch at his belt, which he tested to see if it were secure.

That night was his great hope. According to the distance he could put between himself and the monastery in the next few hours lay his chance of escape.

He mercilessly goaded on his faithful camel who stretched its great limbs and sped forward till the sand flowed by beneath its feet like a swift and mighty river. Suddenly, a quiver ran through its tremendous frame and it stopped so short as to throw its rider violently forward.

“Brute! Beast!” cried Abdul. “What devil has possession of thee? On, I say! On!”

He beat him without pity, but the poor, patient animal sank to its knees and laid its nose on the sand. It was now shaking as with ague and moaning in a curious terrified manner. They were alone in that wilderness—man and beast.

Something caught at Abdul's heart and congealed the blood in his veins. Was the loneliness so appalling because he knew that he was not alone?

Presences, dark and terrible, seemed to be arising on all sides, loathsome, soulless faces, that peered at him from behind every hillock, and yet, when he looked again, were no longer there.

Was he going mad or were there truly Bhuts that guarded the secrets of the Gobi desert?

Without a note of warning, the utter, all-pervading silence was broken by a thousand voices; horrible gibberings,

uncanny laughter, fearful wails, that now arose from the wastes around him, now sounded in his very ears.

Wild with fear Abdul slid from the camel's back and lay prostrate on the sand. He buried his face in it and pressed his fingers in his ears to shut out the horrors around him. Impossible to escape! He could feel them creeping nearer and nearer, in a moment they would touch him; the thought made his flesh quiver.

He sat up and uncovered his ears. He must face them, those devils. Better anything than to be taken unawares. Then a thought entered his mind: perhaps it was the diamond that they wanted, his precious diamond. There was a moment of terrific mental struggle between greed and fear but greed won. He would defy them. Jumping to his feet, he dragged the jewel from his pouch and held it above his head; dared them to touch him who possessed such a gem; boasted of his power, his riches, “For the power of the Buddhas dwells in this stone, and even They must bow to my bidding!”

The words and their God-defying tone seemed to send a tremor over the face of the desert; Abdul would gladly have recalled that most unholy speech. The hideous ravings ceased and a hush like death enveloped him. He stood there with the diamond still upraised, waiting with the spirits of the desert, waiting and listening; for what, he knew not.

Would the Gods in their anger destroy him?

The moon broke from a cloud and along the path of its light floated a mighty voice, filling the depths of space with purity and peace. The words, stern only with the spirit of absolute justice, struck like a thunderbolt on his heart:

“Rash man! The Gods do not destroy, 'tis man destroys himself. Thou hast robbed the Lotus of its Jewel and sought to barter it for gold; behold, the gem has now become a speck of mire! The gifts that come from the Spirit can neither be bought nor sold, the

Snake of Wisdom, the Sacred Nagi, stings to death those who misuse it. Thou wouldst have the gift of the skies? Then face and overcome thy greatest enemy, the Guardian of the Portal!"

As the voice died away, a dreadful shadow crept over the face of the moon. The figures of night around him combined and re-combined till all the demons of the desert were united in a shape of blackness and hate that seemed to absorb into its evil face the wickedness of all the hells. Its leering eyes peered at Abdul who, with mute lips and chalky face, stood gazing at it. It drew nearer and nearer, its arm outstretched, its finger pointing at him. He tried to move, to run from it, but his limbs were robbed of motion as his tongue was robbed of speech. With one stupendous effort, his voice broke through the force that seemed to paralyse it.

"What are you?" he croaked, in words that sounded as if they issued from a dreadful tomb.

The entity thrust its neck forward. "Look into my eyes," it said, "do you not recognise your beloved child, your dear creation, built of the very fabric of your thoughts? I will not brook a rival. Before you can possess that diamond you must strangle me."

With its horrible tongue protruding, it glided to his side and cast its arms around his neck, shrouding him in gloom unspeakable.

With a scream that cut the air like a knife, Abdul rolled over on the sands. At that dreadful embrace he had shrivelled as a leaf at the touch of the desert wind. He was quite dead. Within his outstretched hand, still clutched by the stiffened fingers, lay a black and worthless pebble. Behold! The gem had now become a speck of mire.

The moonlight and the silence reigned once more over the desert of Gobi.

THE PATHS OF GOD

*In whatever way men approach Me, in that way do I assist them ;
but whatever the path taken by mankind that path is Mine.—BHAGAVAD-
GITA.*

My children come to Me, their God,
By many a long and devious way
But by whatever path they come
I am beside them night and day.

For all the paths wind up the mount
And there is many a golden stair.
Some climb by service, some by thought
And others still climb up by prayer.

And there are roads that some despise
Calling them evil ways to take,
Yet I despise them not but call
All Mine if trodden for My sake.

And there are some who love Me well
But know not it is I they love.
I tend the holy fire within
And draw them to the heights above.

And there are those who love Me best
Who know Me in the dark abyss ;
They are so near to Me in love
I greet them often with a kiss.

For since beneath the darkest veils
They can behold My shining Face,
Shall I not honour them, My sons,
My heaven-born children, Lords of Grace ?

But by whatever path they come
My children are forever dear ;
I am beside them all the way
And every cry of pain I hear.

For all the paths wind up the mount
And men may climb by love or prayer ;
But when they reach the utmost height
Most surely all shall find Me there.

MARGUERITE POLLARD

THE NOBLE EIGHTFOLD PATH¹

By C. W. LEADBEATER

YOU ask me to tell you the way to Nirvāṇa; the way to Nirvāṇa is to follow the teachings of our Lord Buddha. It is not enough only to talk about following the Precepts, it is not enough to give to the Temples, to take Pañcha Sila and offer flowers. The great thing is to live your lives as the Lord Buddha wished you to live. He has given certain Precepts which we are to follow. Each morning many Buddhists repeat those Precepts, but often they immediately forget all about them, and do not think about them until next morning. That is useless, because the Lord Buddha when He gave these Precepts meant people to carry them out day by day. He gave you, for example, the Noble Eightfold Path. Now I suppose every one of you has heard from childhood all about the Noble Eightfold Path. You may repeat its steps in a moment, but the question is not to be able to repeat them, but to carry them out; because, unless you carry them out they are useless to you. You know the First Step in that Noble Eightfold Path is Right Belief. Now what are the things that we ought to believe and those that we ought not to believe? The first thing is to believe in the Law of Karma. That is, that whatever you do brings corresponding results. If you do good things, good will come; if you do bad things, evil will come. We should all say that that was so, if anyone asked us, but the question is do you live all the time as though it were

¹ A Lecture delivered through the medium of an Interpreter to the Burmese Ladies at Moulmein.

true? Sometimes people say they believe things but they do not behave accordingly. In such cases their belief is only form. There are some things you *do* believe. You believe fire will burn you, so you are careful not to put your hand in the fire, lest it might get hurt. You know that if you fall from a height your arms or legs may be broken, so you are careful in walking up a dangerously steep hill. Also if you believe that for every evil thought or word or act, evil will come^{*} to you, you will be careful. But if you say that you believe in that, and still sometimes speak evil of another person, then you do *not* believe that really.

You see some people think of religion as something to believe in with their minds, and that is all. They think of religion when they go to the Temples or when they offer flowers, but forget that religion should be in their minds at all times and not only when they go to the Temples. You know a religious person not by the loudness of her prayers or by the frequency of her appearance at the Temples, but by the uprightness and kindness of her daily life. So if you have Right Belief in the Law of Karma you will be careful as to what you say or think. Then we must believe that to follow the Path of Holiness will lead us to Nirvāṇa. That I am sure we are not only to believe but to act accordingly is also meant thereby.

The second step is, you know, Right Thought. Now Right Thought means two separate things, about which I am going to tell you presently. First, it means thought about right things and not about wrong things. You can have in your mind always beautiful religious thoughts or thoughts of common ordinary everyday matters. Some people fill their minds all day long with little thoughts that do not matter. You, ladies, have your household work or other duties in connection with your house. When you are doing that you must see that everything is done properly and nothing is neglected; but when your

work is done you can turn aside and think of something else. You do not need to have your minds filled at all times with the price of rice or dhal, or whether there is any reduction in the cost of ghee, etc. All these things have to be thought of at the proper time, but as soon as you are free from household work you can turn your thoughts to religious matters. And when I say "religious matters," I mean to include many good things. When you speak of good meditation, you usually mean meditating on the virtues of our great Lord. That is indeed a wonderful and fertile subject upon which you can think for ever without exhausting it, but there are also two other divisions of thought suited to religion, and useful. You may think, since our Lord is a great example: "What can I do to make my life similar to His own? How can I improve myself so that I can show forth the beauty of the Lord to those around me?" That is one thing. Another thing is: "What can I do to help other people?" Remember when the Lord attained Buddhahood He was perfectly free to pass away without coming back. Why did He not do that? Simply because of His great Love and Compassion for the world—because He saw it needed help. Now I say that a good Buddhist must not take his refuge in the Lord Buddha and trust in His teachings only, but he must also do what the Lord Buddha did. We cannot teach as the Lord Buddha taught, we cannot live the glorious life He lived; but at least it is our duty to try to imitate His Life as closely as we can. After attaining freedom, for five and forty years He spent His Life in wandering along the Ganges Valley and preaching the Law. All this He did, not for Himself, but wholly, absolutely for the people. You cannot perhaps give your whole time to this work, because you have household duties. But even those household duties are work for others, not for yourself. When they are done you must think what else you can do to help somebody. Perhaps you can help the poor, the sick, and those who are in sorrow or suffering,

to whom you can bear friendly sympathy. Remember, it is not only by giving food or other physical things that you can help people. If you give sympathy, that is also one way of helping. Often a few kind words and hearty sympathy will do more for a person in suffering than any money you can give. Everybody, even the poorest, can help others. So one form of religious thought would be to help others, and see what you can do for them. That is one kind of Right Thought, to think of the right thing and keep out useless things.

There is another meaning of Right Thought, and that is *correct* thought—to think truth. Often we think untruly and badly of persons when we should think well of them. You know when people meet together they talk of their friends and relations. There is no harm in that, if what they say is good; but you know how often people think rather of the wrong things done by a person than of the good things he has done. When you are thinking of some wrong, that is not Right Thought. Often people have prejudices in their minds. You get an opinion that such and such a person is bad, and that what he does must be bad. Generally that is quite wrong; and in that case, that is an untrue thought. No person is all bad. There will be something at least that is good in him. So a prejudice is not Right Thought. Remember then that not only must you think of good things, but you must also think truly and correctly.

Now the next step is Right Speech. Here again there are the same two divisions. First you should always speak of good things. It is not your business to speak of the evil deeds of other people. In most cases what is said in gossip is not true. So if the man has not done what you are saying your words are not true, and you are doing him harm. Even supposing it *is* true that he has done the thing even then you ought not to talk about it. You cannot do any good to him by saying over and over again that he has done wrong. The kindest

thing you could do is to say nothing about it. Supposing the person who did the bad thing was your husband, your son or your brother, I am sure you would feel you did not want to talk about it and to advertise it to many people who would not otherwise know about it. You would say: "He will not do it again; let it be forgotten." In the same way you should not talk about the wrong done by another person, even though he is not your brother by birth. We all make mistakes some time or other, and you know that the less you say about them the better, in order that there should be no fear of their spreading. You would know that, if it were your husband, or your brother or your son. We are all brothers and sisters and so you have no right to speak so even when the man is not related to you by birth. You should speak with regard to other people as you would like them to speak with regard to you. If you do something wrong, you do not wish to tell everybody about it and spread it abroad; so do not do that in the case of other people also. I said one side of Right Speech is to talk about good things and not bad things; but do not forget about the other side. You should be careful that your speech is exactly true. Often people speak inaccurately and exaggerate. They make little things into enormous stories; that is not Right Speech.

Now we come to Right Action. You see how these three things follow one from another. If you think of good things you will not speak of bad things, because you speak what is in your mind; and if thought and speech are good, the action that follows is good. So one needs to be careful of what he thinks. One should think of the results of an action before doing it. Nowadays no person lives by himself alone like a monk. He lives among others, so that every time you think, your thought will affect a great many people. You should have unselfishness, and should be thinking of others more than of yourself. A person who thinks of himself only is

constantly doing harm, even though he does not know it; so it is necessary to get into the attitude of mind that we think always of others not of ourselves. The most unselfish life was that of our Lord Gautama Buddha because He thought never of Himself, never of Nirvana, but always of the world. Let us in our small way try to imitate Him by helping others. If we do that, then we may be sure that our thoughts, words, and actions will be right. Before you speak anything think: "Is it true, is it a kind thing, will it hurt anybody?" and then: "Is it useful, will it be helpful to somebody?" And unless you can answer these questions in the affirmative, and say that your words will be true, kind and useful, it is better not to speak. I know quite well that if this rule was followed there would be less conversation than now; but perhaps that would leave more time for Right Thought.

These then are the four steps. The fifth step is Right Means of Livelihood. The Right Means of Livelihood is that which causes no harm to any living thing. We can see at once that that rules out certain men such as butchers, fishermen; but remember it reaches much further than that. You shall not obtain your livelihood by harming any creature, therefore you can see that such a profession as toddy-selling is not a Right Means of Livelihood. The seller of alcohol does not necessarily kill people, but he is doing harm, and living on the harm he does to the people. Take the case of a merchant who in the course of his trade is dishonest; that is not Right Means of Livelihood, for his trading is not fair, he is cheating the people. If a merchant deals fairly, if he buys his articles wholesale and sells in retail at a reasonable price and gains thereby—that is a Right Means of Livelihood. But the moment he begins to mislead people and sells a poor article for a good one, he is cheating them. A Right Means of Livelihood becomes a wrong means if treated in a wrong way. We must deal as honestly with people as we wish them to deal with us. If a person is a trader

in a certain class of goods, he has special knowledge of those goods. The customer trusts himself in the hands of the trader because he himself has not that special knowledge. When you trust a doctor or lawyer, you expect to be treated fairly. Remember, it is in the same way that the customer comes to the trader, and therefore he ought to be as honest with his customer as a lawyer or a doctor is with his client or his patient. When a man trusts you in that way, he puts you on your honour to do your best for him. You have a right to make a reasonable profit in the course of your bargain, but you must also look to your duty.

Then we come to the sixth step, which is called Right Exertion, or Right Endeavour. That is a very important step. Sometimes people studying Buddhism say that it advocates only meditation and quietness, and nothing else need be done. It has been held as a reproach against Buddhism that it taught men to keep quiet and not to do anything for other people. This step, taught by the Lord, contains a full and complete answer to this reproach. Here the Lord Himself tells you: "It is not enough to meditate, but you must also have Right Exertion." What that means is that every person has a certain amount of strength and power. You know you have a certain amount of physical strength. When you have a day's work before you, you put aside that which you could not do, and do that work which the strength of your muscles permits. Also you have a certain amount of strength as to your mind and will, and you can perform only a certain amount of work in that way. Only so much work can be done, not more. Therefore you must take care how you spend that power. Every person has some influence among his friends and relations. That influence means power and you are responsible for making good use of that power. You have many children, relations and servants, and you must be careful about what you do and say, because they will copy you; and so you are to remember that the influence

you are spreading should be good and not bad. Right Exertion means putting your work into useful lines, not useless. There are many things that can be done, but some are immediate and more urgent than others. One of the things done here as a work of merit is the building of a pagoda or a monastery. These are very good things to do: but there may be two or three people who would do them. Instead of two or three people doing the same thing, one might do it and the others might undertake other religious work. The most important part of your religious work is the education of your children. This matter should be seriously taken into your consideration in this country. I do not say you will not obtain merit by building pagodas; but there are many people to do that, and one who gives a school for Buddhist children is making just as much merit as he who builds a pagoda. Instead of all doing the same thing, divide the work among yourselves, and see where your exertion is most useful. In all cases our Lord Buddha expects us to use our own reason and common sense. We should not only believe in His teachings but we should also carry them into effect. There are many good things to do; but do only at the moment that which is most useful; and see that your strength is used in the right direction, and not wasted.

Then you come to the seventh step, Right Memory, Right Remembrance. There again you may take it in two senses. The Right Memory of which the Lord Buddha spoke was memory of past incarnations. He Himself possessed that fully. You will note this in different Jātaka stories. In one of these stories a person comes and speaks ill of Him. He turns to His disciples and says: "I have insulted him in a previous life and therefore he does it now." No doubt if we remembered everything that happened before, we could arrange our present life better now. But we have not most of us the power of remembering our past lives. We must not however, therefore, think that this Right Memory has nothing to do with us. There is a real sense in which

we can all of us have Right Memory. To all of us in our lives come pleasant things, and also unpleasant things. A wise person will remember the good things and put out of his mind the bad things. Suppose someone comes and speaks rudely to us. A foolish person will remember it for weeks, months and years, and continue to say that such and such a person spoke unkindly. It will rankle in his mind. What good will it do? None at all. It will annoy him if he keeps it always fresh in his mind. That is not Right Memory. He should forget an evil thing done to him then and there. In that way you can exercise Right Memory. Always think of kind things that will stir up feelings of love and gratitude, but forget the unkind things.

Once there came before the Lord Buddha two cousins, one of whom had injured the other greatly and tried to supplant him as an officer of a temple; also his wife had poisoned the child of the other cousin, that her own child might inherit the office. These two came before the Lord Buddha wishing to become his disciples and hear His preaching. So the Lord Buddha said to the elder: "Is your mind absolutely free from any resentment against anyone? If you wish to become my disciple your mind must be utterly free from any ill-will. Here is your cousin's wife who poisoned your child; are you utterly free from resentment against them?" The elder cousin said: "Yes, Lord; if they have injured me I have already forgotten it." The Lord said: "You have done well; and one day you shall become Buddha, even as I have done."

So there are some things that you must forget, and Right Memory consists not only in remembering the right things, but also in putting away the wrong things.

The last step is Right Meditation, or Right Concentration. Once more, Right Meditation is that which takes you away to higher planes. Such meditation is for Arhats, and for those monks who devote a whole life to it. When you begin to meditate on our Lord you can hardly

expect such results; but what you can do is to keep for yourself right things in your mind. Another meaning is Right Concentration—fixing your mind on the right thing. See to it that the thing around which your thoughts turn as a centre is a right thing. Do you not know how a person may have a thought in the background of his mind, which does not show itself when he is otherwise engaged, but when he has nothing special to think of it comes again? People treasure up the memory of some fancied wrong done to them by someone else. Such persons sometimes keep it in the background of their minds for years, and when they have nothing to think of, that thought comes up again. That is not Right Remembrance but foolish remembrance. If you have in the background the thought of the greatness and goodness of our Lord, at every time when you are not engaged in physical plane work your thought goes back to such ideas automatically and you will be surrounded with a holy atmosphere. There is a proverb in Europe that "like attracts like". People of the same sort come together. You know that is true in the physical plane, but that is also true about thoughts. You think good thoughts and you will attract good thoughts. There are many Nats and nature-spirits about us, though you cannot see them with your physical eyes. They have no physical bodies, but mental and astral bodies. You must not think those creatures are less real because you do not see them. Some of them are good, some bad. Those creatures are attracted by your thoughts. If your thoughts are good, high and holy, you will be surrounded by good influences and creatures of good type. On the other hand, if you have bad thoughts you will draw unpleasant creatures to you.

There are many men who can feel the atmosphere surrounding another. Sometimes when you meet a person, you feel instinctively that he is holy and good. Why is that? Because that person's thoughts are good and there is a pleasant devotional atmosphere surrounding him. You

strengthen his case with lies." As to the interesting law-points, Mrs. Besant's contentions have all been upheld and the Privy Council gives her all the costs in all the Courts. The decision of the Privy Council gives expression to certain principles affecting Justice in India: while there is a disappointment that permeates the reflections in the fact that an Indian High Court should be so weak and incompetent, there is also the hopeful note that is heard, that there exists in the Empire a Higher Court where that weakness and incompetency can be remedied. But the poor litigants must be rich enough and persistent enough to appeal to England when dissatisfied with Indian Courts. There is an admirable article on 'The High Court of Madras' which is worth bringing to the notice of the public in *The Commonwealth* for 5th June. However, the case which tried to deal a blow to the Theosophical Society is over and while its promoters will be forgotten, the T.S. will go on triumphantly and do, what it has always done—bring light in a dark world, joy to sorrowful hearts and enlightenment to eager souls.

* * *

Mrs. Besant is trying hard to press the claims of India, a country so much wronged and unjustly treated, before the English public. She contributed to the columns of *The Christian Commonwealth* a very forceful article on 'A Plea for India' and another will appear in *The Nation*. On the 11th she was to deliver a special lecture in the large Queen's Hall on 'India's Plea for Justice,' with the question appended: 'Shall India be a buttress or a peril to the Empire?'—to be presided over by Lord Brassey. She is championing the cause of Indian students in England, and is co-operating with the delegates sent by the Indian National Congress to voice the grievances of the Motherland of her Master.

* * *

The first lecture of the series was given on Sunday the 17th May on 'The Meaning and Method of Mysticism,' of which there is a summary in *The Christian Commonwealth* and a good report in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which says:

On the finest evening in May people were flocking into the Queen's Hall and filling every seat, to hear the President of the Theosophical Society give the first of her series of lectures on mysticism. No distracting cough was heard to disturb this profoundly interested congregation. For an entire hour and a quarter every eye was fixed on the strong white figure on the platform, and every ear was intent on her words. To some, as this tall, white-robed figure rose from the bank of flowers that half-encircled the rails behind which she stood, she seemed a shining tower of strength. Others likened her to a rock of faith. Mrs. Besant has no chairman. She comes on to the platform at seven o'clock, she begins her lecture at once, without introduction, addressing her audience simply as "Friends," and, in seventy-five minutes with scarcely a pause—for there are not more than two outbursts of applause—she explains the whole meaning and method of mysticism. Her voice is deep, and strong as her faith. Usually she rests her hands lightly on the shining brass rails that half surround her. But there are moments of intense earnestness when she raises them on high or stretches them before her; and, as it catches the light, the great ring of the society that she wears flashes and shines—a band of gold and, as it appears to some, a stone of blue.

She began by referring to the wave of Mysticism now passing over the world, spoke of it as the most scientific form of religion based on the testimony of human consciousness which is Divine, and the audience burst into applause—the only interruption—when she told them of the Mystic's independence of creeds and scriptures. Dogma she relegated to a lower stage of evolution and showed the rationale of the living of that life, and that, says *The Christian Commonwealth* "with a breadth of passionate feeling, which transformed her stately eloquence into a moving personal appeal". The closing touch is at once practical and superb:

Never pretend to believe a truth that you are not willing to act out; never say "I believe" where you cannot say "I act". Let your religion be small in beliefs until pregnant with action. A man who has learned to live one fragment of truth will find Truth come to him with open arms.

* * *

Reuter has cabled the news of her endeavour to help the builders; and *The Daily Herald* writes:

It would be a great thing if Mrs. Besant should prove to be a pioneer in this matter as she was years ago in another similar labour proposal—viz., that the Government and local authorities should insert in all public contracts a Trade Union clause compelling contractors to pay Trade Union rates and observe Trade Union conditions. She now proposes to carry this a step further, and on work which she herself, and other friends, control, to employ only Trade Union labour. We hope she will be as cordially supported in this piece of work as she was when as a member of the London School Board she was able to establish the great principle named above.

The labour world will watch with interest the final outcome of this great effort.

* *

Mrs. Besant paid a flying visit to Sheffield giving one lecture, and on May 20th went over to France where she was welcome at the station and the Reception that followed were very enthusiastic. Friends had come from Switzerland, Holland, Belgium, and Russia and the gatherings were full of vitality and joy. The new French Headquarters is already a roof high and will be ready in a few months. Three lectures were delivered in French in one day.

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Adyar is practically empty, i.e., it has some thirty workers who toil on. Mr. Johan van Manen assisted by Mr. Cates and Mr. Shiva Row at the Library, Mr. Aria with his Records, Mr. Sitarama Shastri presiding at the Vasantā Press, who cannot fly to the cool hills, for the Publishing House insists on keeping him busy, Mr. Ranga Reddy building houses for friends and members, Miss Whittam looking after the Headquarters, Mr. Daudekar bicycling daily to look after the Y.M.I.A.—a small group. Next month with the return of the President—she reaches Bombay on the 10th July—we will have more people. Mr. Harvey is returning in October as also Mrs. Kerr. M. Scriabine, the famous musician, is coming in the autumn and some friends from Java are expected.

NATIONAL EDUCATION

A Lecture delivered in Bombay on April 17th, 1914

By ANNIE BESANT

THE subject to-night I have called 'National Education,' because I want especially to lay before you the necessity for Indians as a people taking up the question of education in a far more active and consistent manner than they have hitherto done. I want to suggest to you certain lines of work, varying in their nature, but all directed to the same end. For the work of education in this country is far too difficult and vast for any Government to compass by itself, however willing it may be to do so. Not without national effort, not without national co-operation, is it possible for the education of India to rise to the position to which it ought to attain.

Now if for a moment you look westwards on education, you will find that it has gone along two especial lines. In France and in Germany education is predominantly the work of the Government, and voluntary education only steps in as it were to fill up any gaps which the Government may have left. I need not say anything on the French struggles of later years in which—as some of us think most unwisely—the Government has practically destroyed the voluntary system, and in its opposition to religion has closed the voluntary schools. In England things have gone rather on the opposite line. The chief efforts have been voluntary rather than governmental, and Government has only stepped in to fill up the gaps in the voluntary system. By great benefactions given in the past, such as those which made Winchester possible, those which founded

the public school of Eton and that of Harrow, in all these you will find private benefactions, sometimes certainly royal, but given by the King as man rather than as ruler, and many of the greatest foundations there are foundations given by ordinary people, by great merchants, by famous conquerors or nobles, voluntarily given for the rearing of youth. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge are made up largely of colleges founded by private benevolence, and it is only comparatively lately that Government has largely taken up the question of education, partly because of the great economic necessities, owing to the absolute necessity of training the manufacturing and the artisan classes in order that they might compete successfully with the ever-increasing volume of foreign trade and commerce; and so also, as you know, they have founded colleges along scientific lines, so that applied science might be turned to purposes of production, and in this way England might be able to hold her own among the competing markets of the world.

When we look across from Europe to America, there we see a most extraordinary development. Nothing, I think, is more wonderful in the history of modern civilisation than the way in which the millionaires and multi-millionaires of America are pouring out their wealth into educational channels. University after university, college after college, these are being erected by men of enormous wealth, who are thus giving back to the country the wealth which, by economic organisation, has poured into their hands. You find a man like Rockefeller, for instance, trying to create a huge educational trust, pouring into that his almost uncounted millions, and this very fact that he is trying to form an educational trust speaks of the public spirit of the Americans of huge wealth, who realise that the future of the country depends upon education more than upon anything else. There you have the voluntary system taking a new departure, trying to cope with the special necessities of a vast and developing nationality.

Hence India has the advantage, if she chooses to take it, of studying all these different systems, avoiding the mistakes that have been made in the past and utilising to the full those new ideas on educational subjects, so full of instruction for us, thought out by men who are born educationalists, experiments which now are being tried. It is worth while for those of you who find yourselves at one with the proposition that I submit, to see that India as a nation shall take up the question of education—it is worth while for you to read very carefully some of these later experiments in the West, and especially perhaps that system which goes under the name of its founder, the Montessori system. There you have a woman highly educated herself—Dr. Montessori—who has struck out an entirely new line in the way of education, in which she accepts, what, I should submit, is a fundamentally eastern idea: the idea that the child who comes into your hands is not a mere child to be coerced, but an intellectual and spiritual nature to be given full opportunity of development along its own natural lines of evolution, instead of having forced upon it the line of its elders, who are supposed to be naturally its superiors. It is beginning to be recognised in the West that it does not follow that the child is really the inferior of the older people. It is possible that the nature of the child, the soul of the child, as we should say, is not less developed than the soul of the parents at any rate; it is likely to be—if not superior, because preparing to enter the coming civilisation—it is likely to be at least on an average level with those into whose family the body is born. It is seen more and more that it is the duty of the parents and the teacher to study the child, in order that they may help it along its own line of natural evolution, and not to endeavour to strive to force it into a line uncongenial to the child's own nature, to the instincts, the qualities, the faculties of the child. There was strife in England in the last century on the question whether the inborn

character or the outer environment was the stronger factor in the building up of the character of the child. You may remember that Robert Owen, and others of that school, regarded environment as the one important point, and considered that anything could be made out of a child if only the environment were good; but as science has begun to speak more and more clearly on the evolutionary forces, it has come to be realised that the nature that the child brings into the world is more important as a factor in character than the training, the education, the environment of the child. You have it summed up in a well-recognised scientific phrase now: "Nature is stronger than nurture." The organism reacts more strongly than the environment impresses, and while that is so—and that must not be overlooked—no more must we overlook the fact that environment has much to do with the making of character, that good surroundings, good thoughts, good feelings, on the part of the elders and the teachers and the companions of the growing child, these may either stimulate or almost atrophy the germs of the qualities brought by the child into the world. Just as with a plant you can prune it, develop it, giving it suitable manure, water, light, sunshine, air, and so enable it to grow at its best, but you cannot alter the fundamental nature of the growing plant, so is it with the child. You may eliminate the worst side of the child by not supplying material on which the worst side will develop; you may gradually starve out any germinal vice, as you may stimulate any germinal virtue. But while that is true, the child that comes into your hands is not a page for you to write on what you will. It is a page written on by the pen of the past; and you can only modify, you cannot entirely rewrite.

Taking that as a fundamental principle, let us consider, as regards India, how far shall the nation take education into its own hands, and allow the Government to do that which apparently it would be glad to do: namely,

let the control of education go more and more into the hands of the people. Is that a better course for India, or would it be wiser by largely increased taxation to throw education more and more into the hands of Government? Is that the better course for the building of the nation, or can the people at large do better by assuming more and more of the responsibility? Now I take it for granted that for many, many a year to come the two systems must run on side by side. Whatever effort the Indian people may make, they cannot shoulder the whole burden of education at once, or even within a brief time. There must remain a very large part of education guided and controlled by the Government. How far is it desirable gradually to bring the control into the hands of the people, and how far should the Educational Department be included under the growing control—a control that will grow more and more in the coming years—of all those who are elected as representatives of the people, and who ought to voice their ideals and their aspirations?

I submit, first of all, that the most vital interests of the nation are admittedly bound up in the education of the young. At the present time education in India is in this very difficult position, that a large number of the most coveted lines of occupation can only be entered on with a view to climbing to higher posts after the education begun in India is finished by transplantation to England. You know how many appointments—the Indian Civil Service, the higher part of the medical profession, the higher educational service, in fact you may say all the higher posts in the national life—cannot be occupied by Indians who only follow education in their own country, and do not crown it by going to England to undergo a certain course laid down there. Now that is becoming increasingly difficult as far as the students are concerned. It is quite true, as Mr. Gokhale said not long ago, that India ought to be able to supply all that she herself needs in education, but while that is true theoretically, practically the door

is shut in the face of every ambitious young Indian, who desires to serve his country in the higher posts. He must go to England in order to have the English seal impressed upon him, but, while that is necessary, his desire for gaining that education is encircled with greater and greater difficulties.

Now this is obviously partly a political question. You cannot separate the life of a nation into water-tight compartments, and divide off entirely political questions from those that have to do with education; for as long as there is only one road to certain posts of Government employment, as long as that implies travelling to a foreign country where alone the necessary education can be gained, so long as that is the case, it is inevitable that Indians shall ask either that you shall change this rule, and have simultaneous examinations which will enable their own people to pass in a fair way, and open up the road to higher ranks of rule in their own country, or else that you shall facilitate, and not hinder, their going to England, and shall not make the life of the Indian students there impossible. If you take the Universities, the colleges are becoming more and more difficult to enter. Only two Indians may now be admitted each year into each college of Oxford and Cambridge. If this restrictive policy is to go on in England, it must be accompanied by a more liberal policy over here. They must alter the conditions under which young Indians are to be trained for work in their own country. It is not possible, as education spreads, it is not possible, under the impulse of English training given in our universities and schools, it is not possible, as the late Viceroy, Lord Minto, said, that England should hold up an ideal to Indian youths, and imbue them with a love of English liberty and an admiration for English ways of rule, and then say: "You must not put into practice that which we have taught you in the school and in the college, and after having learnt to admire English ways, you must be shut out from the

natural results of the very enthusiasm and the very inspiration which the touch of these in youth was intended to supply." Lord Minto said, and said rightly, and said openly, that for what England has done, England must bear the responsibility. She has stimulated Indian youths. She has held herself up as an example of what liberty can do for a nation, and it is the greatest compliment to her that India wants to imitate what England has done, and shows by her practical aspirations how she admires the lessons of liberty which in school and university she has learnt. It is too late to turn back the tide; it is too late to shut the book. No withdrawal of English history now from school and college will check the rising tide of India's national life. Now you may justly say, from the quotation I just made from Lord Minto, that the best in England desire that the lesson should bear fruit, and that is so. Hence Government must either choose to give Indian students in England a fair field, or else give us in this country open doors which will lead to the higher positions under the State.

But it seems to me that in order that this may be well done, it is the fathers and guardians of the Indian boys and girls who must take up this question of education and deal with it for themselves, and that is my answer to the question I propounded. No people can judge a nation's needs as well as the grown-up men and women of the nation themselves; no Government can know as well as they can what they want. Well, what you need in education is—you ought to know it, if you are thinking of the future of your country—that certain vital points in our school and college curricula should be altered in order to make the education the blessing that it ought to be, not an English education transplanted into India, but an Indian education embracing everything of the best that the western nations have to give. Looking at this a little more in detail, you have to consider in education first the education wanted for

the teaching and the administrative classes, the learned professions, and Government service—what is called the literary education. Then you have to consider the education which is wanted for the carrying on effectively of the trade, of the commerce and the manufactures of the country, an education pre-eminently scientific and business-like, or to use one word, technical education. Then you have to consider the education of women, so much neglected in modern days, but so vitally necessary for Indian progress. And lastly, mass education, the education for the great masses of the people, so that they may intelligently co-operate in all matters that concern the national welfare and that there may not be the gulf that is to-day between the English educated classes, and those vast inarticulate classes of the population, on whom in the long run the life and the prosperity of the nation must depend.

Four kinds of education then you have to think out carefully, outlining them with sufficient detail. Now with regard to the first of these, what I have called Literary Education, the one suggestion that I would press on you as necessary in the way of change is that Indian subjects shall be dominant in that education, and subjects connected with other countries shall take a secondary instead of a primary place. Think for a moment of philosophy. German philosophy is only Indian philosophy written in western languages, it is your own philosophy with a new face put upon it by the modern German thinker. Fundamentally their philosophy is eastern in its conception. When you look more at English and French philosophy, there you find a somewhat different line of thinking. But if you deal with many of those men to-day, with Spencer, with Bain, and the rest, you are dealing with a philosophy which has been almost outgrown in the country of its birth, and you are not realising that your own philosophy should be fundamental, and the whole of these foreign forms should be secondary subjects for study among the

youths of India. You have in the different schools of your Vedānta and in the lines of philosophy and metaphysics set out by the Musalmān doctors and teachers—you have a metaphysic unrivalled in the metaphysics of the world; you have a philosophy far-reaching and deep. You are neglecting it, while other countries are anxiously gathering it up, and are training their youths along those lines, and I submit that in our colleges and in the higher classes of our schools, the line which is to be taken in philosophy ought to be rather along the indigenous thought than along the western, and that the western should be used to enrich and to amplify, but not as a foundation, as it is taken to-day.

Not only is that true in philosophy, but it is still more practically true in history. What sort of history are our boys taught in the schools of the country at the present time? Indian History is a thing which seems to be written as though with the object of disgusting every boy who has to pass an examination in it. Nothing more dry, nothing more uninteresting, nothing more uninspiring, than the school histories of India; nothing to enable the people to realise what India was in her far past, in her near past; yet this is of vital importance for the building of character to-day. How many of your boys and girls know anything really inspiring about the great history of the last two thousand years in India? They may have a few glimpses in their homes of those heroes and saints whose names shine out in the far distant past; but how much do they know of the story of Mahārāshtra, or Rājputāna, how much do they know of the great kingdoms of the south, which were mighty and civilised when Europe was still in mediæval barbarism? That is the history that would inspire your boys and girls. And when you give a particular life to study, whom do you choose as the hero of the biography that you give? Southey's *Life of Nelson*. But why Southey's *Life of Nelson*? Why should an Indian boy

gain inspiration from the story of Nelson? Why should he feel pride in the character or the achievement of Nelson? For an English boy, yes; for Nelson is of his own blood, and stimulates and fires his feelings into patriotism and national pride, but you must give Indian boys Indian heroes and not English ones. Moreover, you must make them realise—most important of all, and for that you will have to rewrite your history—that all the great men of India, no matter what their religion, what their blood, whether they be Musalmān or Hindū, that they are all builders of modern India, and that they have a share in the future building of India. You have to rewrite your Indian history as England has written her history, for she has had wars as well as you, internal and civil wars, in the past. There were days when England and Scotland were tearing at each other, as Delhi and Rājputāna were tearing at each other in the past in India; and the history is so told that the English boy is as proud of Robert Bruce who defeated England at Bannockburn, and of William Wallace whose head fell on Tower Hill, as the Scotch boy is of Wellington and Nelson.

Many forces go to the building, to the making, of a people, and all who have fought and struggled in the past are builders of the nation of the present, and our boys should learn to love them all. The Hindū should learn to love Akbar, the Musalmān, Shivāji. Only so will you make them realise that out of past divisions a nation is being born; and we must honour all the strivers of the past who have made possible the splendours of the future.

And your history lessons have also to be remodelled, so as to contain plenty of Indian matter and less of other nations. Indian boys should learn Indian history chiefly, and the others, only to widen out, to strengthen and illuminate the mind. These changes, then, you need in your literary education, and for these, if you agree with them, it is your personal duty to work. Work by letters

to the Press, work by getting into the Senates of your Universities, work by every means that intelligent men can use for the building of public opinion. In fact, you should exert your influence in such a way that the curricula of the universities and schools should be framed to suit Indian conditions, and to bring about an Indian education enriched by western thought.

Then you have to take up and press Technical Education; but in taking it up remember that it is no good to educate your boys technically unless you employ them after the education has been gained. Now there lies one of our great difficulties. Many of your boys have gone abroad. They have studied Electrical Engineering, they have studied Civil Engineering, they have taken up studies in Glass-making, and many other industries that you find in England and on the Continent. They have faced all the difficulties—you know what they are—of return after foreign travel. They have come back ready to take up work in their Motherland, and they cannot find employment. That is an absolute truth at the present time. India's princes, India's nobles, India's wealthy men, are not doing their duty to the English-educated boys who have gone abroad to study and are coming back practically to starve. Englishmen are given the higher salaries everywhere; but why, when the education given has been the same? I can understand your paying an Englishman more when he has been technically well-educated and the Indian young man has not; but when the Indian young man has gained the same education, when he has passed through the same drill and teaching, and when he returns to his country fully equipped with the technical training he has passed through, why do you choose the Englishman? Why is it said that the Indian must not apply for the larger and more responsible posts, where men have to be organised and where large business has to be controlled. "Oh!" it is said, "the Indian lacks the power of organisation; the Indian lacks authority." Try him

before you condemn him, and give him a chance. I have read, as you have read, all those miserable criticisms that we have had before the late Royal Commission—one of the most mischievous things, I think, which we have ever had in this country, for causing anger and separation between the different races here. But is it not true that wherever an Indian has been tried on equal terms, he has been able to hold his own? If there is a man with power of initiative and organisation, he has no chance here; but let him go to an Indian State, and he will soon show whether he has not the very power that was denied to him, and he proves his capacity by his work. All these young men who come back—I am speaking of men that I know—they have practically no chance with their own countrymen, and yet is it not true that in various lines of manufactures you can hold your own against the English, even with the machinery which is theirs, rather than yours? See the great mills in Bombay and in other parts of the country; they can produce and hold their own even under the disadvantages with which you know they are fettered in their productive industry here.

And so in giving technical education more completely, do not forget that you must have employment for your own educated men, and that you must make a public opinion which will cry shame on the Indian prince or the Indian man of wealth who gives preference to the foreigner rather than to the man of his own country when he is equally well educated in England.

(To be concluded)

ROMANCE

By S. E. GIRARD

ROMANCE, we are often solemnly assured in these commercial days—romance is dead. So frequently is this repeated that one is in danger of becoming hypnotised into belief in the statement, however reluctant he may be at first even to listen to it. But before we erect a monument to deceased romance, it would be well to see whether the remains have been sufficiently well identified! Romance has so often been put into the obituary column and discovered again, to be safely electrifying humanity just in the next state, that one soon becomes sceptical as to these announcements, and not unwisely, for when romance really is dead—but let us see first of all what this thing we call romance really is.

Fortunately we have at last got past the stage wherein the use of the term was in danger of being reserved for innocuous love stories; we have, at great pains, and the cost of reams of paper and hundreds of books, discovered that because a thing is sentimental it need not of necessity be called romantic.

The next dangerous phase into which the word nearly fell for ever was in its near identity with something naïve and not true. How we rolled upon our tongues such a splendid phrase as "pure romance" when we talked about Jules Verne! And it was not because we knew what romance was, but because we thought it meant something new and something impossible, now and for ever.

Then this precious term nearly became identical with fiction of adventure. Any book which gave a fine fabric

of impossible coincidence, heroic deeds by an impossibly perfect hero, the rescue of the ubiquitous damsel (or two or three of them), the galloping to a triumphant conclusion accompanied by the familiar strains of Mendelssohn or special passages from 'Lohengrin'—*this* Charybdis nearly swallowed up romance.

The trouble has been, all along the tortuous path, that poor romance has declined to be sectarian and dogmatic; romance, like Theosophy, identifies itself with many things and is none of them. Sentiment sees romance and claims it at once to be exclusively the property of sentiment; but romance will be no captive. Adventure, chivalry, and a dozen others of the most attractive human heroes reach out inviting hands; but gay romance, kindly and sympathetic to them all, trips lightly by, and does not even leave them quite without a memory of her presence—they remain, and yet are not, romance!

And then what heard we next? Came the romance of science, and we devoured books about astronomy and pictured the inhabitants of the moons of Jupiter and speculated over the appearance of the King of Mars; we read into the wee small hours of the stealthy and long pursuit and final triumphant capture of Radium, and were thrilled to think that at last we had romance close at hand, bottled in a test tube, about to be weighed and labelled—but it was not to be! Here and there were murmurs that this or that one had discovered the Origin of Life, and we eagerly bought some current magazine, and paged it over—surely here, at the beginning of things we should find this thing romance; there could be no hiding in the jungle of multitudinous life when life itself, its own beginnings, could be held in our hands. But the origins turned out to be very much like common or garden yeast, and not a very pleasant smelling thing either—and what had romance to do with that?

Then came wireless telegraphy, and we all scrambled to see this strange new thing. Some of us made coherers

and spent fabulous sums of pocket-money (in advance) and risked precious bones putting up aerials. We heard the whispering of the blind ether in the midnight hours, and caught the faint and far-off stuttering speech of a friend, to whom we talked sweet nothings, or the spluttering and very plain speech of an irate Marconi operator asking us quite plainly to tune out of his range! And presently we discovered how the thing was done, and, lo! romance had slipped away into the ether, or wherever that sprite resides.

And yet we do not cease to hunt. For myself, if I could believe that romance is dead, I too should want to die—did I not know that I must be born again, of course. But yet, although I have never yet caught sight of this that makes life so indisputably rich, I am convinced that romance, whatever vulgar Trade may say, is none of these things we thought, nor yet is dead.

For example, men say that this thing of strange abode may live in those great ruins in Yucatan whereunto some have gone, the Indians say, but few indeed have spoken. There are those great plateaux somewhere in South America; romance is no doubt there part of the season. Has every part of the Sulu Sea been looked into? Has a thorough search been made of the interior of Australia? Then from all sides voices clamour to say that it is no use to go there to find romance, when near at home we hear rumours of its residence; and yet no one has produced romance in the courts for gross misrepresentation and raising of hopes; nor rewarded it (for men takes different views) for guiding humankind hither and thither and making life worth while.

But *I* have found the secret, and unto *you*, dear Reader, shall I whisper it; draw close!

Romance is *not* dead, nor never yet can die. Why? do you ask? For *we are romance*! This Gleam that flickers here and there like a will-o'-the-wisp, it is a light from you and from me. This Gleam, falling first low and then high, lights up the dark places, and there

springs into being—romance. It is the Gleam of golden years, the Gleam of silver days, the Gleam of jewelled moments. But it is

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam.

TO A CANARY

Thou living gift of Song,
That trillest in the early morn
Throughout the whole day long;
Thou comest to cheer a soul forlorn
Who comfort takes from thee—
O sweet Canary, music-born,
Hast thou no note for me?

T. L. C.

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to 'The Editor, ADYAR BULLETIN'.]

I READ some time ago the account of a lecture delivered by Mr. Lovell on the 'Cult of Colour'. Mr. Lovell is an architect and was lecturing to the Society of Architects, but he did not confine his remarks to the recommendation of the use of brighter colours in our grey drab towns. There were ladies present at the lecture, so Mr. Lovell ventured to give them his ideas on colours in dress.

I know it is presumption on my part, a mere man, to discuss the colours of dress before ladies, but I should like to say that a little bit of the complementary colour—the finishing colour which is necessary to form the spectrum, such as green with red, violet with yellow, and orange with blue—will give astonishing results.

If it is only a button or a piece of binding, the effect will be there whereas the gaudy appearance of coloured blouses and home decoration is caused by the colours being all jumbled up together without any proper assortment. That is just the reason why they look gaudy!

Methinks there is much reason in his sayings. He dealt later with the scientific aspect regarding colour:

It has been conclusively proved, that whereas blue has a most stimulating and health-giving power, green produces entirely the reverse. Anyone could prove that statement for himself if he takes a series of cloches, or the glass bells used in French gardening. These should be of all colours, and if placed over any living object, such as plants, insects, etc., it will be found that those under the blue cloche will increase in size, vigour, and vitality, and those under the green cloche will wither away rapidly. It will further be found that the colours between the blue and the green will run in the following order of life-giving properties: blues, violets, yellows, reds, and greens.

You will realise how in the selection of the colour decorations of their homes that aspect of the question should be constantly borne in mind, and how much more so in the hospitals and sanatoria. In this respect errors are unfortunately too often made. Whereas a patient will have a hopeful, stimulating outlook on life if lying within blue surroundings, an entirely opposite effect will be obtained if surrounded by greens and reds.

The value of colour has long been known to Theosophists. Mr. Leadbeater has written widely on the subject, but the world chooses to pass over his observations. If only scientists would accept, simply as a working hypothesis, some of the results of Theosophical research, how much might not be done! What science knows to-day, Theosophy has known for years. There is need, however, of the trained intellect of the scientist to be brought to bear on the observations of the trained clairvoyant in order to produce results which will be of lasting value.

* * * * *

Even Theosophists have their lighter moments, and laugh at each other occasionally in a kindly manner. On looking over my scrap-book I find the following poem, written by a resident at Adyar in the 'prehistoric days,' and entitled 'The Song of the Neophyte'. It was inspired by Mr. Leadbeater's articles in *The Theosophist* on the 'Lives of Alcyone'. From time to time as new persons are 'discovered' in the group, a thrill of hope and expectancy fills those who up to the present have been most unaccountably (!) omitted from the list.

I am a Theosophist faithful and firm,
And I've been one for millions of years.
The Parson said I was at best but a worm
But now I've got over my fears.
I used to believe that the devil could fight,
And to damn me incessantly strives,
But I purchased some pamphlets and now I'm all
I'm not lost, but I'm found—in "the Lives".

Chorus

In the Lives, in the Lives.
I've had all sorts of husbands and wives.
I've been killed and re-born,
Many bodies I've worn

But my higher anatomy thrives.
In the Lives, in the Lives,
We were busy as bees in their hives—
Whether Arab or Turk,
We were pining to work,
In the Lives, in the Lives.

To be "found in the Lives," is no doubt a great privilege, but it is possible to overrate the importance. Some people rather tend to think that, if not found, their possibilities of spiritual progress in this incarnation are rather arrested—a positively illogical conclusion, but one none the less depressing to those who hold it. I am one of the 'lost' myself, but I try to console myself by resolving, that if I were not of the group in the past, I shall take pains to be of it in the future.

* * * * *

A most important discovery has recently been made in German East Africa by Dr. Hans Reck of the Geological Institute of Berlin University. He has found a human skeleton, the age of which he puts at 150,000 years. The skull which he brought home in his personal luggage for safety, is wonderfully well-preserved. "It is long and narrow with an unmistakably negroid jaw, and the back of the head finely developed and deep. The ribs and breast are akin to those of an ape, but the skull is unmistakably human. His thirty-six teeth are complete and beautifully preserved The formation of the eye-sockets and the bridge of the nose is akin to that of the primitive African Bushman." Dr. Reck imagines from the position in which he found the skeleton, that the man had been drowned—there having been in prehistoric times a lake on the spot. Dr. Reck assigns the skeleton to "the diluvial period of Africa which synchronises with the ice period of Northern Europe," and thus estimates the immense age of his discovery roughly and tentatively at 150,000 years. With the human remains were found mammoth fossils, which, when compared with fossils already discovered, may help to fix the man's age

more accurately. In any case the figures go far beyond the four or five thousand years of orthodoxy!

* * * * *

The music of Scriabin is at last receiving a good deal of notice from the public in London. His orchestral music is pretty well known now, but that which he has written for the pianoforte has not yet gained the attention which it deserves. Scriabin is an extraordinarily prolific composer. He appears at first to have been a faithful disciple of Chopin, but later on, as every great man must, he developed a style peculiarly his own, a style which has been much criticised, but which is so original that it cannot be disregarded. M. Scriabin is a Theosophist, and admits the great influence Theosophy has exercised on his music. The London *Times*, in a fairly written article, remarks:

"The Philistine will be inclined to answer that all that his creed has done for him is to make him write ugly music instead of pretty music.... In reality his creed has done the only thing that a creed can do for an artist; it has given him conviction, and having done that it is of no further importance to the world. We need not study the mysteries of Karma in order to understand Scriabin's music. It is his business to express his conviction through music, not ours to re-translate the music into terms of his philosophy."

But surely the study of Theosophy must unveil many beauties in Scriabin's work that otherwise the hearer would pass by unobserved.

FELIX

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XIII

THREE Scenes stand out as landmarks since recognised by the Personality as pointers to the road which the Ego intended it to tread. The first scene, a Hall in London in 1888, crowded with men and women of rather intellectual type, who were all listening intently to the speaker of the evening, for she was one well known amongst them not only for the power and beauty of her oratory, but for the strenuousness of her life lived for and amongst the workers.

And as a young girl in the audience sat listening, her heart swelled in response to the speaker's call to those who were in the enjoyment of the necessities, as well as many of the luxuries of life, to come forward to help their brothers and sisters who had neither the one nor the other. As the orator stood there appealing to her hearers, there flashed into the mind of one of them George Eliot's description of the scene in Florence when Savonarola urged the people to make sacrifices for the glory of God, and many women, catching fire from his enthusiasm, brought their jewellery and valuables and laid them at his feet. Some such spirit seemed to work upon that nineteenth century London audience as the speaker eloquently painted the sufferings and the needs of the toiling workers in their great city. At the close of the meeting some of the girls

from Bryant and May's match factory came round the speaker whom they knew as their best friend, as one who was struggling and fighting to make the conditions of their hard lives easier.

* * * *

The second scene was a few years later, perhaps in 1890. Place—the parish room of a fashionable London church. Through the door from the Rectory came the priest of the church introducing the speaker, a lady well known on Freethought and Socialist platforms who had recently proclaimed herself a Theosophist.

The same girl was amongst her audience, taken by her mother to hear the wonderful "new" ideas which seemed to throw so much light on life's problems, and again her heart went out in response to the splendid Ideal set forth with such absolute sincerity, in language so forcible and yet so beautiful. The lecture called forth some adverse criticism from an over-zealous "Christian" in the audience, who voiced his objections in such unfriendly language as to throw the audience strongly on to the side of the lecturer; and the priest in summing up declared his sympathies to be with the one who, though not nominally a Christian, fought with fair weapons, rather than with her opponent who, professing to be a follower of the Lord of Love, employed the weapons of intolerance and bigotry.

* * * *

Once more a break of a year or two, during which the girl, engrossed in working for a profession, and with many interests, yet listened from time to time when her mother spoke of the wonderful little colony of people at Avenue Road, of their extraordinary helpfulness and willingness to expound Theosophy to a comparative stranger; but not yet was the Personality fully awake to the promptings of the Self that knew where of right it belonged.

And once again the magic name was announced to speak—this time at St. James' Hall, in debate with Mrs. Frederika Macdonald.

The girl, now some years older, had strolled down through the Park in the summer evening, and found herself at the entrance to the Hall with no money in her pocket to pay for a seat. Feeling sure that the well-known names of the debaters would draw thither many of her friends she sat in the entrance watching the people as they came in; and the first friendly face she saw was that of Bernard Shaw—come to listen to his late colleague on the Fabian Society Executive—from whom she promptly borrowed half a crown!

Sharp were the rapiers crossed in debate that evening, and ardent the partisanship amongst the friends of both combatants, but the great Theosophical Orator had no more eager supporter in the crowd than a girl, sitting towards the back of the Hall and following her with an ever stronger conviction of the truth of what she said.

From this time forward Theosophy began to loom large on the horizon of the girl, now grown to womanhood. Even yet, however, her ears were not quite opened, and the step of joining the Theosophical Society seemed too big to take. For in those days it was not so clearly recognised that Christianity was full of Occultism, still less was it known that the great Founder of the Christian Religion was "Lord of the Religions of the World," and the thought that to join the T. S. meant to give up partaking in the Sacrament, to give up Christ as the Saviour, was a very bitter one.

For some months longer the question was considered, and during this time a letter, setting forth the difficulties and telling of the strong impulsion felt by the writer to follow the great Theosophist leader, was sent with a request for help and guidance to the Priest in whose schoolroom Mrs. Besant's lecture had been given. He, however, was involved in difficulties of his own at the time, and the answer came to the woman to go and see him and talk things over on her return from Switzerland whence she had written. This she did not care to do, and so, thrown

back upon herself, she went again and again to the meetings at Avenue Road, and read with avidity the 'Manuals' and other Theosophical books she could borrow from the lending library.

At last one day, ashamed of going so often without joining—for accompanying her mother she had been kindly admitted and had not, as the custom was, been challenged after the permitted three attendances—she came to what seemed to her the great decision to join as an Associate. As she sat in the meeting, with this determination in her mind, the thought came: "Why dally with Associateship, why not become a Member straight away?"

And so at last the plunge, as it seemed to her, was taken, and the woman left the Hall that evening having signed her application for fellowship in the T. S.

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Many leap to the truth of the teachings when first they hear them again in the new body where they dwell; others—perhaps "younger souls"—need steady gentle pushing towards the goal, but surely all who in any life have ever learned the blessed Truth of Theosophy *must* sooner or later find that Truth again, and by means of it hasten their journey to the Goal of perfect Enlightenment and perfect Happiness which is appointed for every soul to reach—and for the one who has guided their faltering footsteps, who has held up before them Ideals to which they could respond, and led them onward by wise counsel and noble teaching, and above all by the glorious example of a life given to Service, what words can voice the gratitude and devotion that they feel? The world may scoff at hero-worship, but those who *know* count him happy who has been privileged to learn from, and whose chief desire is to become worthy to serve, a Disciple of the Masters of Compassion.

ETHEL M. WHYTE

THEOSOPHY AND ART

By MILLICENT WADHAM

THEOSOPHY is as all embracing as Life itself. By its proclamation of the great scheme of evolution to which we belong, it unfolds to us the meaning of life; it shows us how to live in harmony with the great scheme; it supplies us with a sure basis for all action and progress; it provides us with a common ground of brotherhood with all mankind. There is indeed no department of human life to which it does not bring illumination and help.

But while Theosophy itself is thus powerful, the extent to which we can make its potential force manifest to the world depends upon two things: first, ourselves as individuals, and secondly, ourselves as a Society—upon our determination as individuals to apply Theosophy to our own lives, and then, as members of a Society, our willingness to co-operate, to study, to bring all that we each have, of experience, knowledge, or talent to the common fund, and to collect and systematise the results. In proportion as we do this, we are able to make manifest the power of Theosophy to the world. The clearer and more definite our available knowledge, the more transparent and surer our basis of action, and our power of growth.

Now in many departments we have already collected an immense fund of such knowledge, on the strength of which we are able to organise; but there are other departments in which we have not yet amassed much material and, consequently, we still move forward as individuals feeling our way rather than pressing on with assurance and certainty; unable as yet to combine and make

collective progress because we have not a clear enough basis for co-operation, or sufficiently definite teaching with which to carry out an active propaganda.

This state of affairs is particularly the case in the realm of Art. Theosophy, beyond proclaiming its immense value as a factor in evolution, has not yet brought to Art any very definite teaching; and this not because it lacks teaching to bring, but because in this direction its potential powers to illuminate and help are not yet developed. Therefore in Art we still move forward in the main as individuals, isolated and unco-ordinated in our activities, since we have no clear basis for co-operation, or definite collective Theosophical teaching to present to the world of Art. (In speaking of Art, I should like to make it clear that, throughout, I use the word in its most comprehensive sense, as including all branches or forms of manifestation that the Arts can take.) To this great World we have as yet no clear message to deliver, or great inspiration to bring.

We see then, that in this direction the immediate need is to develop the potential teaching which Theosophy has to bring to Art, and by so doing, to provide for ourselves the necessary basis for fellowship, for action, and growth. What will the teaching be? It will, I think, consist of a careful study and application of the great laws which Theosophy proclaims—evolution, reincarnation, karma, to the evolution of Art, and the artistic development of the individual; I believe that these laws when so studied and applied will give to Art the same ideals, the same powers of progress, the same basis of education which they give to life in general. They will bring to us brotherhood, tolerance, unity, service; not as foreign ideals to be somehow combined with our Art life—a difficult and unsatisfactory process—but as fundamental conceptions arising naturally and spontaneously within Art itself, bringing with them inspiration, strength, beauty, harmony, and progress.

Let us, for a moment, consider these laws in the way suggested, beginning with the Law of Evolution. We know that life evolves through the planes of nature, and that it varies in its qualities and form of manifestation with the plane upon which it is working, and through which it is expressing itself. But if life does this, Art, which is as all embracing as life itself, evolves in the same way, and as we study it in this aspect it becomes clear that Art also, in evolving, manifests on the various planes of nature; that here it is astral, there of the lower mental or concrete, in this place working from the higher mental or abstract, or in that, soaring for an instant to the perfection of the intuitional; and as we study it thus we begin to realise that every manifestation of artistic activity, whether it be high or low, feeble or powerful, every aspect has place, significance, and relative value in the scheme of evolution; that none need be condemned, however poor or limited it appear, while each may be understood and therefore helped—helped to grow, and to take the next step in evolution which lies before it. No longer shall we need to denounce as “not Art” work unfamiliar or antipathetic to our own conceptions; no longer shall we be bewildered by the clamour of rival schools, or offended at conflicting artistic creeds; there is room for all, need for all, use for all. And as we consider this—the outcome of the application of the law of evolution, tolerance springs up spontaneously and sympathy and understanding also, and the message—the teaching of Theosophy to Art—begins to develop before our eyes.

Again, when we turn to the Law of Reincarnation, and realise that it involves the fundamental Divinity and Brotherhood of man—the potential power of all to evolve ultimately to an equal height, how differently do we regard our brother artists and their work; ourselves and our own achievements! We learn to face the blackest truth about our own work with serenity and hope; for despair, grim spectre that so often invades the soul of the artist

struggling with his incapacity to express that which he has conceived, despair is banished! We now know that sooner or later, if not in this life, then in another, the mastery will be gained and the power won; that given patience and determination we may raise ourselves to what height of achievement we will! And then too, scorn, that so easily finds a foothold in the mind of the artist—scorn of feeble work, of cheap popularity, sugary sentiment, vulgarity, materialism—scorn too dies when we realise that all this is but a matter of age, that it is the work of younger souls, and that all of us, whether we work from the rapturous heights of the mystic, or struggle within the prison-walls of the concrete, or express ourselves through the multitudinous emotions of the astral, all of us are brethren, with the same divine life striving to manifest through us, and that somewhere in the dim distance of the future—far off for most of us, a little nearer for others—lies a radiant goal which is common to us all, and whereto, sooner or later, all our paths lead! And as we ponder this, the message of Theosophy becomes clearer and stronger still, for now it is a message not only of Tolerance, but of Brotherhood and Unity also.

Again, let us consider Karma. We know that there is many an artist to-day, with high dreams and visions of his own, condemned by stress of circumstance to see them die unborn; many a poor Pegasus in harness toiling, with dusty and atrophied wings, between the traces of commercialism and bitter need; a sorry state of affairs, and one hard to understand until karma steps in, and brings words of comfort for the future, and salutary, if stern, admonishment for the present. That which we have sowed we must reap, and it may be that in the anguish of denied opportunity is paid off the debt of slothfulness in the past that let opportunity slip by unused! And the lesson learned, how bright the future gleams once more, promising in another life both opportunity and power, and withal an added depth of insight and understanding gained

in the dreary years of toil in the common marketplace. Karma brings strength to endure the present, hope, and power to conquer the future. See how the teaching stands now—Tolerance, Brotherhood, Unity, Strength, Hope. A goodly message surely to carry forth to the World of Art!

Once more let us take these laws: Evolution, Reincarnation, Karma, and combining them into a whole, remembering that Art evolves through the planes of nature; that the age of the ego will determine the type of work of which it is capable; that it is possible to work for and direct the future; combining these, we shall find that we possess a basis upon which to found a scientific Art education, an educational system which, while grounded on principles and laws, shall vary exactly and scientifically with the specific needs of each student, giving him just that which his stage of evolution demands; an education which shall do not only this, but—greatest of all—which shall eventually bring the artist once more within the encompassing arms of Religion, giving him a collective, as well as a personal, Ideal and a great system of Thought and Life to work upon. Then shall the artist once more return to his ancient place in the Temple, which he left so long ago, and once more from within its precincts, as in days of old, he shall work serenely and joyfully for the uplifting of the world of men.

Surely we could hardly have a nobler teaching than this to carry forth to the world, and surely in one form or another this will be the message of Theosophy to Art, voiced in a hundred ways, reflected from a hundred minds, but ever with the same deep laws and principles at the heart of it.

And surely this, too, will be our basis for action, for co-operation and organisation—for a Theosophical Federation of Artists of every conceivable artistic creed, temperament, or 'age,' united in the common bonds of Brotherhood and Service; a body which shall study and teach; which on

the higher planes shall serve as a vehicle for the higher forces, and on the physical shall be an effective instrument for corporate action; an organisation which shall arrange exhibitions, produce plays, provide concerts; and by so doing make it increasingly possible for artists of all kinds to give their best to the world, by providing an outlet for their work, and educating a public to understand and receive it.

This is my dream of what Theosophy shall bring to Art, and already—even since the foregoing was written—the dream is beginning to come true, for a Brotherhood of Artists is being formed, with the object of co-ordinating all our existing activities, and of providing artists of every kind with an opportunity of uniting and serving both Theosophy and Art through its medium.

Very high is the mission of Art, and every artist who strives sincerely to bring through his vision is a true worker for evolution; but here, as in everything else, knowledge is power; union is strength; and only as we know truly, only as we co-operate heartily, can we fulfil to the fullest our high mission—that of making manifest to eyes too dim to see unaided, the infinite beauties by which we are surrounded, of drawing forth and revealing to the hungry hearts of men some portion at least of the inexhaustible riches of the glory of Him in whom, whether we realise it or not, “we live and move and have our being”.

GREEK IN AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

By WELLER VAN HOOK, M.D.

A SLIGHT study of the teaching of Greek in American Universities suffices to indicate a diminishing interest in this department of study.

The old idea that a liberal education demands a knowledge of Greek as well as Latin no longer seems popularly to hold good. A large number of men of the western world are now regarded as well educated who have no knowledge whatever of the Greek language or literature. Opinions among those who have been educated in the older way are by no means at one on the subject. Nevertheless, the fact that the sources of our modern civilisation are in such intimate relationship to the old Hermetic and Pythagorean teaching, prevents one from easily escaping the feeling that something of error lies in the reasoning of the opponents of the Greek element in our educational system. Men of taste and broad information must for a very long time, perhaps for centuries, be thankful that they have had in earlier years some close connection or intimacy with the Greek language and Greek thought and feeling as derived from original sources. A mere education in the literature of languages of a kindred type and of modern form fails to give the man who would be broadly educated that conviction that he needs of the differences that normally exist between civilisations of different types. Without such training it is difficult to realise and remember that equivalence does not exist in modern language forms for the concepts and language symbols of ancient and bygone peoples. Some personal

acquaintance with this broad fact helps strongly to convince the young student of civilisations that there is a breadth in the life of humanity with succeeding cycles which he could scarcely otherwise contact. More of a study of Greek gives the man a first hand opportunity to reach the thought-forms of the Greeks who themselves received instruction at the hands of people greater than it is possible for the mere modern student of Greek to estimate.

The present writer, therefore, looks with regret upon the decadence of the study of Greek in America. It is an indication of that false practicality which tends to set aside large and broad ideals for the sake of haste.

While one would not wish to recommend that the study of Greek be widely extended, one would on the other hand, be pleased to see a stronger tendency on the part of educators to hold for it the ground which the Greek language has so long held.

FAITH ILLUMINED

If life were bounded on all sides by death,
A conscious span amid unconscious gloom,
Why, faith would be but folly, hope a breath,
And love, a blossom springing from a tomb!
But there are those for whom no dark exists,
For whom no noble dream can be unreal,
Who feel the soul of everything persists,
A soul no outer form can quite conceal.
And I who know love's sure immortal tie
Am asked: "Why cling to a remembered hand
When actual hands outstretch? In time all die."
All die! Dear heart, they do not understand;
For sweeter is death-daring faith to me
Since thus my love will prove sternity.

G. W.

DESTINY AND FREE-WILL

A Metaphysical Point of View

By DURGA SUBRAHMANYA SARMA

JIVA is only the Ātmā in bondage. He had countless births in the past and will have as many in the future, unless freed through knowledge. It is said of Jiva that, because of his free-will, he can master his destiny and get what he likes and avoid what he hates. This has been taught in recent years with greater force than ever and is called the Law of Karma.

I admit that a certain cause produces a certain effect and this always happens unless there is any stronger counteracting influence. Fire burns a hand that is put into it. This is the law, but if the hand has previously been dipped in the juice of some miraculous plant, the fire cannot even scorch it. Both are laws, the one is general and the other particular. Everything in the plane of relativity is governed by such general and particular laws.

But to our point: The Jiva had countless births in the past and had therefore set in motion an infinite amount of karma. Some of it was worked out in the past, but what still remains is immeasurable and infinite, for anything taken out of infinity will still leave infinity as credit. Taking the present span of life, his nationality, his parentage, his tendencies, his personal appearance, his tastes, in fact, all his environment is altogether the result of the past. He now generates fresh karma out of his free-will and earnestly seeks for the result. He struggles hard to acquire knowledge, but his poverty compels him to seek his

bread. He wants to make his home happy but he has to face conditions that are uncontrollable. He wants to become spiritual, but his tastes incline him the other way. With his little knowledge, he consoles himself that what he now gets, in spite of himself, is the result of his past karma and that as he accumulates good karma now, the past bad karma is bound to be counteracted, and he hopes to find his desires fully satisfied in future incarnations. This is the state of the average man with some insight into the principles of religion.

But I stumble over this position: I will state my difficulties. In the first place, the Jiva is as old as 'creation' itself. He was without a beginning. As I observed before, he has had *innumerable births* and has performed *infinite* karma, no matter whether of his free-will or out of destiny. He has had also infinite enjoyment of the fruits of his infinite karma—for in all the innumerable births he has had, he was getting but the results of his own karma. From this it may be argued that what now remains to his credit is only the karma of his immediately preceding birth, but this to my mind seems unsound, for infinity can in no way be reduced, and if it can be, it is no longer infinite. I hold therefore that the Jiva has yet *infinite* karma of the past attached to him. This is borne out also by our Scriptures which say that the unworked karma of Jiva is infinite—(Shri Shankara Bhāshya on 6th Adhikaraṇa of the 3rd pāda of the 4th Chapter of the *Sharīraka Sūtras*.) This being so, there is no guarantee that the acts performed in a life bear fruit as we desire. If there is Praṭi Bandha they may not bear fruit for several births. It is argued in this connection that, if the force of karma that is now set in motion is sufficiently strong, the desired result manifests *at once*, but this position involves a fallacy. It takes for granted that the strength of the previous karma can be known, but it is not so. Shri Shankara himself admits that it is impossible for one to estimate what the accumulated strength of his past and

present karma is, and which of the two will prevail (*vide* Commentary to the 16th Adhikaraṇa of the 4th pāda of the 3rd Chapter of the *Sharīraka Sūtras*).

It follows therefore that we cannot be sure of realising our present desires in the place and in the time we like, in spite of our best exertions, for though fulfilment is guaranteed, the conditions of fulfilment are altogether beyond the scope of our present endeavours, owing to the existence of a stupendous past which sheds its mighty influence on the present. This conclusion brings us to a peculiar position.

Suppose I want to acquire fame as a great athlete and am denied the strength now owing to some defect. I try hard to get strength but do not quite succeed in the attempt. The world now closes upon me, and I am again born elsewhere. In that incarnation, my aim which is influenced not only by the aspirations of the immediately previous life, but *all* the previous lives, may be to be a musician and not an athlete. What good does it do me to possess athletic strength in that new incarnation? It does not satisfy me at all, for what I am anxious for is musical skill and not physical strength. In this way, there is no use in getting our desires fulfilled beyond the time and place at which they are most strong. It is said of a King that the penance he did in order to get offspring when king, bore fruit in the next birth when he was born a beggar. He, as a beggar, must very little have liked the karmic addition to his family.

It comes to this, then, that our desires, vast as they are, are not fulfilled exactly as we require, and that the boasted mastery of man over destiny is but an empty hope.

THE FEDERATION OF EUROPE

By H. ROBERTS

THE formation of a League having for its object the Federation of Europe is a very significant sign of the times and should be especially interesting to Theosophists in view of the fact that Mr. Leadbeater in a survey of the future stated that in this century would arise one who would bring about the Federation of Europe.

This League which has been founded by Sir Max Waechter is The European Unity League and has its headquarters at 39, St. James Street, London, S.W. All in sympathy with the objects of the League are invited to become members, there being no financial obligation.

The end in view is the utilisation of the colossal sums now spent in excessive armaments, in carrying out Social Reform, and for use in economic production.

Sir Max Waechter has had the opportunity of conferring with the leading European Rulers and their statesmen, who desire peace not war, and states that the loss to economic production through keeping the "Peace of Europe" is £1,000,000,000 annually and the permanent withdrawal of 5,000,000 of the strongest and most able-bodied men in Europe.

It is easily perceived what an enormous difference the application of this huge sum to the social well-being of the peoples would make. It would spell the knell of poverty and slum life, and provide ample funds for the rebuilding of towns and for education, science and art.

It is not conceived that armies and fleets can be entirely done away with, but with the Federation of Europe brought about and war abolished, the necessity for keeping up the excessive armaments now existing would disappear and the tremendous burden now being borne by the people would automatically lighten and disappear.

It is pointed out that no very great social reforms can be brought about while this burden on the people still exists.

The Federation of Europe, or what comes to the same thing, the Alliance of the Six Great Powers, is to be brought about in the following manner.

There are two great forces or armed camps in Europe: the Triple Alliance, composed of Germany, Austria, and Italy, which is opposed by the *Entente Cordiale*, consisting of England, France and Russia.

These two opposing forces constitute the balance of power, and eagerly watch each other, any advance on one side being followed by a proportionate increase of armaments by the other.

It is suggested that if the leaders of these two Coalitions, *i.e.*, England and Germany, would form an Alliance, the Federation of Europe, would be on the way to realisation, as probably the other members would follow suit.

The idea, then, is to work for the alliance of England and Germany and, instead of there being the Balance of Power which threatens continually, to have a Federation settling differences by arbitration, automatically doing away with the necessity of war in Europe, and acting as the Peace-Keeper of the World.

It is no doubt difficult to bring this into realisation, but it is essentially politic and reasonable.

The Federation of Europe is only a matter of time; Evolution is working for it, but it can be hastened by the enthusiasm and energy of those who desire it, and there are some who will see the Masters' influence behind it.

MR. LEADBEATER'S TOUR

MR. LEADBEATER'S tour in Java seems, from all accounts, to have been a very great success. He visited Batavia where many lectures and addresses were given, one on 'What Theosophy Does for Us,' for members and friends being especially appreciated. Bandoeng was the next stopping place; thence to Buitenzorg where the Annual Convention was to be held on Good Friday, but where several people had already gathered together. One evening was devoted to questions on *Man: Whence, How and Whither*, which book the Lodge members had been studying.

All meetings during Convention were held in the new, and at that time still unused, building of the chemical laboratory, built for the use of visiting foreign investigators and savants. It had been kindly lent to the Society by the Government officials. This Convention was helped in many ways by non-members, *e.g.*, the greenery for decorating the hall was a present from one of the officials of the Garden Department, and the gas for lighting was supplied free by the Gas Company. The State Railway gave a special reduction in fares to F.T.S. travelling to Convention. These acts of kindness will certainly not be forgotten.

Buitenzorg was left on April 15th, Mr. Van Gelder driving Mr. Leadbeater's party all the way down to Sourabaya. This was a most beautiful trip through a country which is not inappropriately termed "the Garden of the East". At Semarang a halt was made and meetings given, as also at Djogjacarta, then Suracarta was reached and here Mr. Leadbeater was most hospitably lodged in the house of H. H. Prince Aria Kusuma di Ningrat, a strong supporter of the Theosophical cause. Thence to Malang, (where a new Lodge room was inaugurated) which was left on April 26th for Sourabaya.

The kindness shown to Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Mazel throughout their stay in Java has been keenly appreciated by them, and the latter was able to tell his many friends all about his impressions of, and experiences at, Adyar.

MRS. COOPER-OAKLEY

By ROBERT NADLER

IT is with the deepest regret that we record the passing over of Mrs. Isabel Cooper-Oakley, on Tuesday, March 3rd at 2-45 a.m. On the 20th of February Mrs. Cooper-Oakley returned from a short visit of two weeks to England and although still very weak, the very next day after her arrival she presided at the weekly Star meeting. Evidently the long journey had tired her more than she seemed to realise, as on Sunday morning, February 22nd, she was taken very seriously ill with a severe attack of hæmorrhage of the lungs. A doctor was immediately called, but he could give us very little hope, as he said, at the best, if the hæmorrhage could be stopped, she might remain with us still a month or two; but unfortunately owing to the chalky state of her veins, of which she was not aware, it was impossible to stop the bleeding and she rapidly sank, and Tuesday morning early, eleven days after this attack, she quietly fell asleep, to wake no more on our physical plane.

It seems she had entirely failed to realise the seriousness of her illness, as she absolutely refused to allow anyone to be informed, or any relative to be communicated with. Only Mrs. Rathonyi and a trained nurse were with her at the moment of death, but Miss Rutter and Miss Bömches were staying in the *appartement*. Consequently only Mr. Mead was notified of her illness, and as Mrs. Mead was just on her way back to London from Cairo, she was not able to be with her sister at the last, or even to attend her funeral. No will has been found and all we

have in our possession is a paper signed by her two years ago, in which she bequeathed some of her furniture, rugs and books to our Society.

She often mentioned that she wanted to be cremated, but unfortunately we could not carry out her wish, as we have no crematorium in Budapest and, according to our laws, no one may be cremated unless it can be proved in writing that it is the wish of the deceased.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley is buried on the Buda side of the city in a new cemetery, beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the town. The funeral took place on Thursday, March 4th, at 4 o'clock p.m., and the last rites were performed by the English Chaplain, residing in Budapest. Many T.S. members followed the earthly remains of our dear departed sister to her last resting place, where I, in the name of our Society, gave a short farewell speech.

The Italian Section, the Milano Lodge, and the Ars Regia telegraphed their sorrow, asking me to represent them at the funeral, and sent beautiful wreaths. Lovely flowers and wreaths were also sent by the Hungarian T.S. Head-quarters, the Besant Lodge, Chrestos Lodge and many individual members. Several members brought bouquets themselves and her grave was covered with a mass of glorious flowers, tokens of the love and esteem of the Hungarian people she had so ardently worked amongst.

Mrs. Cooper-Oakley's loss is greatly felt in our Theosophical circles, she was so constantly active, so energetic and did so much towards spreading the light of Theosophy in Hungary and towards bringing new members into our Society. We shall always think of her with love and gratitude, for all the good work she did for us; her untiring zeal will always be a shining example for us to follow, and we shall always cherish her memory in our hearts.



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FROM THE EDITOR

GLASGOW, June 4th, 1914

THE days are full during this year's brief visit to Europe. An account of the visit paid to the 'Flying Train' will be found in the August *Theosophist*, and on the afternoon of that day, May 29th, a reception was given to me by the International Club for Psychical Research, a very flourishing institution with some 700 members, which I had the honour of opening just three years ago. Mr. Knowles, to whose energy and skill the success is due, gave a brief sketch of the history of the Club, and I spoke on Psychical Research. A good deal of time was spent during these days in trying to end the situation which had arisen through the lock-out in the building trade, and had stopped the work at the T. S. Headquarters for some 16 weeks. After many consultations with the men, we finally succeeded in coming to terms, and agreements have been signed, binding us to employ only Union labour, and the Unions to supply such labour

directly, efficient and satisfactory. Work is to begin again immediately. Much interest, shown by columns in the daily press, has been excited by this new departure which, if followed by others, would break up the employers' ring, and make the lock-out nugatory. Mr. Bradlaugh used to urge on the manual labour class the desirability of using their funds for co-operative production instead of in strikes, thus placing themselves beyond the difficulties with employers. Co-operation, which places capital and labour in the same hands, is one of the ways out of the recurring disputes which so often paralyse industry, but it cannot succeed unless men of the highest ability organise the industry, and are trusted by those engaged in it. Even then, it would be surrounded with difficulties in the midst of a competitive society, but it would act as a palliative until a complete social organisation is established.

* *

The Friends of India held an At Home at the temporary building in Tavistock Square, on May 30th, and a pleasant two hours were spent in music, conversation, and speeches, interspersed with light refreshments. The At Home was specially intended to do honour to the Congress delegates, and a number of Indian and English friends gathered for the purpose: speeches were made by the Hon. Mr. Jinnah, the Hon. Mr. Mazharul Haq, the Hon. Justice Sir Sankaran Nair and myself. Friends of the Indian poetess, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, will be glad to hear that she was present at the gathering; looking still frail, but comparatively well.

* *

Sunday, May 31st, saw its regular two meetings, the E. S. in the morning, and the Queen's Hall in the evening. On June 2nd a party of us in two motors went to Letchworth Garden City, where the Theosophists and the Co-Masons have combined to build a Lodge, each body to have its own hall. The building is well planned, and the lower hall is already complete and was opened

on this occasion. The opening ceremony was a pretty one, the twenty-six members of the Lotus Circle, conducted by Mrs. Sidney Ransom, standing on each side of the pathway to the door of the Lodge, and throwing down flowers as the President of the T. S. advanced to unlock and throw open the door. The hall was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and those who could not find a place within gathered round the windows without; the Lotus Circle, occupying the two front rows of seats, sang prettily, Miss Hope Rea made a most graceful speech of welcome, and then I spoke on the value and the functions of a T. S. Lodge. It is good that in this first of Garden Cities a Lodge of the T. S. should be established, and we congratulate the devoted Theosophists to whose exertions it is due.

* *

On June 2nd, a small party gathered at Warwick House, S. James, to hear read by Miss Hoffman a drama, founded on the exquisite *Idyll of the White Lotus*, and written by Mrs. Cook (Mabel Collins) and herself. It is rightly called 'A Mystery Play,' recording, as it does, the trials and the triumph of the human soul: it is hardly necessary to say, in view of the authorship, that it is beautifully written; and, well-staged, it should win success with a cultured audience; it would need a good setting, for the stage directions outline scenes of rare and dainty beauty, fairy-like accessories which would make it delightful as a spectacle, apart from its mystical meaning. It is hoped that enough funds may be raised to present it adequately on the London stage, and the Viscountess Churchill is taking the lead in organising those interested. I heartily wish the effort success, for the stage may be one of the most potent influences in turning men's minds towards the higher realities of life.

* *

The night of June 2nd found half a dozen of us on the way to Glasgow, and, on the afternoon of the 3rd, the work there opened with a packed meeting in the

Athenæum, over which the Viscountess Churchill presided, and to which I lectured on 'Why We Believe in the Coming of the World-Teacher'. It was a surprise to find an afternoon meeting so crowded, and to see that half the meeting was composed of men. Two more meetings were held at 6 and 8 p.m., but these were restricted to members, of whom a goodly number had gathered. We have two meetings to-day, the second in S. Andrew's Hall, the Right Hon. the Lord Provost of Glasgow presiding; 'Science in East and West' is the subject. To-morrow we go on to Edinburgh, where the fourth Annual Meeting of the Theosophical Society in Scotland is to be held.

Our readers will be glad to have the following news about the first Theosophical World-Congress: The Congress will be held in Paris from the 4th to 10th September 1915 and the first day will be devoted to the inauguration and consecration of the new Headquarters of the French Section of the T. S. It is announced that two or three important questions will be brought up and discussed by the Congress. Mrs. Besant will be invited to deliver one public lecture and two lectures to members only; other lectures will be delivered by leading personalities in the Theosophical Movement. The official languages to be admitted in the Congress will be French, English and Esperanto. Further fixtures will be announced from time to time.

NATIONAL EDUCATION

A Lecture delivered in Bombay on April 17th, 1914

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 236)

TECHNICAL education, then, to the full is most necessary for the welfare of the country. But when you come to Mass Education, first you have to decide what you are going to teach, and then how you are going to get the means to teach it. I submit, friends, that elementary education ought to be the same for every child, and by elementary, I mean that knowledge which is necessary for the whole life of the future. Reading, writing, arithmetic and so on, these ought to be learnt by all alike. But I want to put to you another thing in the teaching in the elementary schools which, I venture to submit, is important, although at present, so far as I know, no school is really taking it up. I submit that every boy and girl who goes to an elementary school should learn some of the common things of life, which will later inevitably come into the everyday life, whether it be of the shop-keeper, of the merchant, or of the professional man. Children ought all of them to learn those simple things which are carefully left out of our education: how to bind up a cut; how to bind up a sprain; what to do if a burn happens in the household; what to do in more serious cases until a doctor can be called in. All these common things no child is taught, and yet every child should learn the common lessons of everyday life. A large number of your men and women would not be able to

tell me how you should put on a bandage if there were a bad bleeding—which was threatening the life of a person before a doctor could be brought—in order to save that life. You would not, most of you, know where to put on the bandage, above or below the wound. The man's life may depend upon it, and it is a common and a simple thing. You can tell from the way the blood flows and from its colour whether it comes from an artery or from a vein, or according as it is an artery or a vein the bandage must be put on above or below for the checking of the flowing blood. It is a simple thing, but a vital thing sometimes. I was able to save the life of a woman in the London streets by the simple fact that I knew how to put on the kind of bandage which would stop the flow of blood, and the case, the doctor said, would have proved fatal if timely assistance had not been rendered. I only had a handkerchief in my pocket, and I asked the gaping crowd, who had a piece of stick to give me?—and a carpenter offered a foot-rule, and with the help of that and the handkerchief I checked the bleeding. But then it seemed to me that every person in that helpless crowd ought to have been taught such a simple thing. If there is a common burn, people run about and wonder what they shall do, because of the absence of such kind of education, and this ought to be a part of the teaching in every elementary school.

Some say children are hard to teach. It is because you do not know how to teach them. Every child is always asking questions, which means that he wants to know something about the queer world in which he suddenly finds himself; but when the children ask questions, you say: "Don't bother." When the child says "Why?" you say: "Oh, be quiet," and so you make the child afraid and stop his longing to learn. Teach the child what it wants to know, and not what you want to teach it, and you will very soon find your elementary schools crowded by eager children anxious to learn.

Another thing you must do in your Elementary Schools, especially the poor schools, is to have medical inspection. England has only found out lately how much of preventable disease is decimating her schools, and now she has appointed doctors, and every child has to go through a medical examination when it comes into the school, and all the little ailments that grow into permanent diseases are found out by medical examination, and are at once attended to; defects of sight, hearing, etc., all these things are looked after, and all those things ought to be done here in India. Wherever there is a school, there should be a medical man to look to the examination of the children in the first instance; not the kind of doctor who cures disease when it is there, but who prevents little defects from growing into permanent and large defects. And that is one thing that you ought to introduce, if I may say so, in your Bombay Schools. For you have many difficulties here that England has to deal with in her large cities, crowded rooms, unwholesome air, not well-chosen food—these are the things that decimate the children; and that might be so much improved if you looked after the medical examination of the children before they are ill, as carefully as many of you do after disease has stricken them.

Now, how to found these elementary schools, to give this simple training and the necessary practical instruction? That is your big problem, and I can only suggest one or two ways. First, the co-operative movement is spreading. Wherever there is a co-operative society in a village, a village school should form part of that co-operative society. It is not very hard to do. I notice one of your co-operative leaders in Bombay saying that the villagers very soon appreciated the need of learning something after they had come into the co-operative society, and you may do in India what England did by her co-operative movement, where poor men clubbed together, putting aside so much per cent. of their profits for the education of their children. It may be two, three or five per cent.; whatever it is, make that

educational tax part of the way of spending and distributing the profits of a co-operative society, and wherever you have a co-operative pañchāyat, add one or two men more for the educational department of it. That you can do without the help of any Government. You can do it in areas of such small size that the cost of it will not be crushing to any particular community.

Then the next step is to appoint village pañchāyats everywhere, whether the co-operative movement is there or not. Now in this Government is willing to help you. The pañchāyat saves litigation and heavy expenditure. It saves the Collector rushing about from one place to another, and deciding twenty or thirty suits perhaps in as many minutes for lack of time. It makes over the disputes of the villagers into the hands of people who know the men, who know the rights and the wrongs of the case, as no visitor can possibly know them, however clever he may be; and I believe that by the establishment of the village pañchāyat system of rule in India, which will from the village unit grow upwards in graded ranks, as also by the establishment of the co-operative societies, you will be able to solve piecemeal the problem of mass education, which is too huge, as I said, for any Government to deal with effectively.

Now that must be done from the towns. Your villagers have the genius for self-government. They have shown it for thousands of years. But they have not now the initiative to begin it, and it is to the English-educated class of Indians, it is to them that India must look for the building up of these village units into self-government, the founding of the broad and strong basis on which the national Self-government hereafter will be building. It is the work for educated men. Take you, then, the work in hand. Many of you have left your own villages, because you are attracted by the towns. You have drawn away the life from the villages by removing the highest class from them and leaving them to the peasants alone. Some

of you are Zemindars and draw your livelihood from the villages; but duty goes with privilege, and you have a duty to the villages that support you more than the mere taking of money; and so I would ask the more self-sacrificing of the town-dwellers, those who are able to give some time to it, to put their hands to this plough of national education, to found co-operative societies as you are doing already, to establish pañchāyats everywhere. Your district committees are in favour of it, but what is the good of resolutions that men pass in the committee and never carry out in the outside world? It is the practical work that the educated amongst you should address themselves to, and you should control that national education and make it what it ought to be for the uplifting of the masses.

I include in this, of course, the education of the depressed classes. That is part and parcel of the question of mass education. Do not make it too literary, or you will only more overcrowd your already overcrowded class of clerks, and you will make a greater pressure still, driving down the salary yet more than it is driven down to-day. Teach in the village schools handicrafts and agriculture. Take in the next schools above them a higher course of agriculture, the teaching of simple chemistry, of the nature of soils and the suitable manures, which will enable them to learn how to improve the soil on which they live. Do not take them away from the village in order still more to overcrowd the town, but make the life of the village fuller and more prosperous by stimulating the intelligence of the villager. Japan is doing it. During forty years Japan has worked for popular education, and she has now a smaller percentage of illiterates to show than the United States of America, the most highly educated country in the world. What Japan has done, you can do. You may say: "Japan has her own Government." It is not a question of Government; it is a question of people. You can do all this of your own accord if you will. Organise yourselves, and

leave the Government to do the work that you are not doing. Government cannot do it. You ought to do it. And then your cultivated villagers will form the strength of your nation, and will pay you back in intelligent patriotism that which you spend upon them to-day in effort and in labour.

Women's Education you also have to consider. Now here in Bombay there is not so much to be said about it, for here you realise the value of education for women, and efforts are being made in every direction to improve it. What I would say to you is only to stimulate your efforts towards the advancement of women's education. If you look back into your past history, you will find that your women were well educated along many different lines and walks in life. You will find that, right through the time that we call the Middle Ages in Europe, your girls were educated, some of them fairly highly, in arithmetic and mathematics, and they were well read in literature, not only what is now called religious, but also what we stupidly call secular. They were trained in household medicine. They knew a great deal about the laws of sanitation, and you will find the older people still, the grandmothers and the great-grandmothers now, conversant with any amount of household knowledge, which made them the rulers of happy households, well looked after in every respect because of the education of the Indian women. It may not latterly have been of the literary type; it may not latterly have been what we call reading and writing; but if a woman knows medicine, if she knows the value of food-stuffs, if she knows how to deal with the difficulties of a large household, if she has learnt literature by listening to it, not necessarily by reading it, such a woman is a truly educated woman, whether or not she has passed any examinations or holds any university degrees. And that education was very largely spread among those aged grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the immediate past. I know many an English

educated man who looks back to his grandmother for his knowledge of Indian literature and history. She told him the stories of the *Rāmāyaṇa* and the *Mahābhārata*, and the later stories of the modern heroes of Indian struggle. The men forget, but the women remember, and sing them to their little boys and girls. The man has forgotten them in his so-called education, but they come back to him in his manhood, and he rejoices in what he has learnt in the home. In these latter years the Indian woman's intelligence has come to be recognised as a remarkable thing. Some of us have found that in many cases where some great natural law has been explained, it was seized by a woman when she heard it, and that then she went on applying it in ordinary things, thus bringing it down into real and practical life. Why is it, then, that so many people in India, less I admit on this side than elsewhere, regard women rather as a clog on the nation than as a great uplifting force? It is not the fault of the women, but it is the fault of the men. They have not made common cause with them in all that interests them in their true life. They have not considered that women have an interest in public life or public affairs, and so they have not talked on what really interests them when they once go inside the women's share of the house. They have left the world outside and then sometimes the younger of them complain that "our women do not sympathise with us". They know nothing, so how should they sympathise? Look at South Africa, and you will find that there, under the pressure of need, the men shared their anxieties and their aspirations with their wives, and when the time of peril came, the wife went to the jail as willingly as the husband, and she was ready to take her share of hardship and difficulty as gallantly as any man could do. And I believe that that great suffering in South Africa has done more to weld all classes in India together, and to bring her men and women more into line with each other, than anything else

which has happened during the last hundred years. It has brought the women out, it has stimulated sympathy between class and class. For so is it that the Gods deal with us, that when we will not go by persuasion, they drive us by suffering into the unity which is necessary for the building of the nation.

And now, summing up all this, you see that in your literary education you want to bring the Indian side out, and use the western to supplement, except perhaps in matters of science, where the line of teaching in the West is more effective than the line of teaching here. But do not forget that you also have science, and do not let the West entirely drive you out of it. You have an indigenous medicine. You have a knowledge of many scientific facts, you have a psychology greater than the western, and you should not let these go while you are acquiring other scientific knowledge from the West. Make the subjects that relate to India first in education, and of other nations second. Then, in the technical education which you give, take the other side of providing a field of employment for the trained young men you turn out, otherwise they become bitter and discontented and add to the difficulties of the country. In your mass education, take village by village, and solve the question slowly, beginning in small manageable areas, building up from the village schools to the university. And in your women's education, give them all that they will take. Train them, and in order to train them, make the marriage age later, for the girl should be at the school with her slate and her book, while here you are putting on her child-shoulders a motherhood that she is utterly unready to discharge.

And so the educational changes will entail the social changes, and that should bring about a better condition of political life; and all for what? Why should I speak to you about education, and urge you to make it a matter for the nation, and not only a matter for the Government? I speak to you on this because there is

one thing that we all are hoping and working for, that great building up of India into one mighty nation, United India. It is towards that all our efforts should be turning, and we must build up young men and women of character, of courage, of patriotism, and of self-sacrifice, because only out of these elements can a nationality be built. People sometimes say, I saw it the other day in my own paper from the pen of a correspondent, that India is only "a geographical expression". So they said of Italy. Italy was only a geographical expression, until the love of her people, the genius of her poets, the thought of her prophets, united her into the Italy that we know to-day. Germany was only a geographical expression, but there again it was the poet, the thinker, and the dreamer, who made united Germany possible. The prophet creates the ideal, and the thinker places it before the mass of the people; with the fire of his genius he lights the flame of patriotism, which from the altar of his heart is to spread to the hearts of the people. Now the prophecy of the dreamers that India shall yet be a mighty nation is proving true to-day; forces are at work which are drawing together the people from the Himalayas to Tuticorin, from Assam in the East to Kathiawar on the West; the India of the future lives in our hearts and hopes to-day and she will come down into actuality when her children are worthy of her. And her children call her the Motherland. It is not without significance that here you always speak of the Motherland, not the Fatherland. People say that you do not honour women. I say that in the genius of the Indian people it is the woman, it is the mother, who is raised above all others, and the love for the mother is the deepest in the heart of every man. And so he calls India the Motherland, and not the Fatherland. And when the Indian home is ready, then the Mother shall come to her place; built as she is now as an ideal, she shall become a reality. Around you here on every side are rising up Self-governing Colonies.

And therefore you must make your people to understand and realise the position; you have to build up character; you have to create and build up interest in your women in the Empire that is to come; you have to build from the village upwards; you have to educate from the child up to the man and the woman; for you are building the India of the future, the India that shall be Self-governing as the Colonies are. Self-governing, the India that shall have the rights of citizenship wherever the Union Jack is flying; the India that shall be welcomed in every part of the Empire, as she makes all others welcome on her soil. That is the India that is coming, that is the India that is building, and you are the builders who are training the young for her service. They shall reap what you are sowing; they shall build in actuality what you are building in hope and in ideal. You remember what Mr. Gokhale said, words so noble that they can never weary us in their repetition: "It will be for others in the future to serve India by their successes; we must be content to serve her by our failures." I know of no nobler words spoken by nobler patriot, for greater are they who in the dark believe in the dawning, than they who stand in the glory of the sunlight; those who know in the depths of their strong hearts that the dawn shall come and the shadows disappear. Sometimes I look forward to the happier days of to-morrow, when all roads shall be open, when all ways shall be clear, when a vast Empire shall look round on her children filled with patriotism; then men and women in other lands will look back to the days in which we are, and they will say: "We thank them that in the days of fear they still were brave; that in the days of ignorance they still looked forward to the hope; that in the darkness they never forgot the coming light." For it is a grander thing to serve while others stand back, than to take part in the progress of a mighty nation, when all the Empire welcomes the children born of her womb.

WORK FOR THE FUTURE

By T. L. CROMBIE

THE general policy of National Reform with which *The Commonweal* set out on its journey through life is worthy of all praise. Not so much the programme, but rather the idea underlying and inspiring that programme has set this writer thinking. And this idea is: Work for the future. We may go to the West for an instance of what is meant. When the drinking of wine was far more common than even to-day, a man used to take a pride in his cellar, and would lay down wines which would not probably come to maturity in his lifetime. This was for the benefit of the son, who in his turn would do likewise for his children. His action was in the nature of an investment for future generations.

Now, if one takes this idea as a starting point, it will be possible to see the working out of it in movements of great import. We have only to look at that of woman's suffrage. Anyone who has discriminately followed it, would at least credit those women, who have faced prison and torture, *with unselfish motives*. We must believe that Mrs. Pankhurst does not really care whether she *personally* has the vote or not. She is working for the future. Lady Constance Lytton, who recently published an account of her imprisonments, would certainly not have undergone the horrors of forcible feeding in order to have the right *herself* to enter the polling booth. The mainspring of the action of these two women, and such as they, lies far deeper than that. They are endeavouring to sow the seeds of a wider liberty for their sex, which will bear fruit in the future—the immediate future as they hope. They are the heralds of a Universal Brotherhood which

does not exclude the sisters from its ranks. And so with many other movements, the real meaning of which lies far deeper than the actual demands made.

Great reformers dream dreams. They see an ideal before them and work towards that end. As Moses, they stand on the mountain top and gaze on the promised land into which they may not enter, but their work is for generations yet unborn, and sub-consciously they participate in the joy of those future children who are destined to inherit the fruits for which their fathers toiled.

The importance of this selfless work for the future is seen in the opening paragraph of the 'Outlook,' in the first issue of *The Commonwealth*.

In these columns from week to week, will be recorded such events as seem to be pregnant with significance for the future, events which indicate the course of great currents, events which mark the line of evolutionary advance. All over the world there are signs of great movements which are affecting all nations more or less and are bringing about religious, educational, political and social changes. . . . Be it ours to draw attention to these movements, and to help in their evolution.

To see what already is being done, co-operate with it, and endeavour to shape the work for the benefit of the future—should be our aim.

In India this should be easier than in the West, though there we had the magnificent example of Charles Bradlaugh, who utterly disbelieved in any form of existence after death, but who yet worked selflessly for humanity, and for the future. But in India there is a widespread belief in reincarnation. If the belief were a vital one in the lives of Indians, working for the future would be a normal condition, in order—from the most selfish point of view—to secure for themselves in the future better conditions. But putting the consideration from a higher standpoint, the knowledge that the work one does in the present bears fruit in the future, and that as time rolls on, the whole level of humanity is being raised, the quicker, the more earnest our endeavours—this should be a sufficient spur to work for the future

AN ADYAR UNIVERSITY

A CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

By CHARLES R. HARVEY

I READ with very great interest, in a recent number of *THE ADYAR BULLETIN*, A. C.'s most vivacious article, entitled 'Interrogations'. It was with the utmost astonishment that having finished it I came upon a condemnatory editorial footnote stigmatising it as "ungenerous and ill-informed". Speaking for myself I found it both stimulating and interesting—interesting as presenting a point of view differing from that generally our own, stimulating in that it makes one pull oneself together and look around to see how we stand. During the latter process two queries at once arise: 1. What are *we* doing? 2. What am *I* doing? Whatever our conclusions may be, it can be nothing but good that we should ask ourselves these questions.

Personally I greatly regret the continual absence of articles from our magazines which, if not controversial, at least do not always tell us that all is well in the best of all possible Societies. From this point of view then, I regard the editorial comment as deplorable since it not only renders nugatory what was evidently intended to be an article with a purpose but tends also to deter other authors who may have something equally stimulating to say. None of us who are intimately acquainted with and have the interest of the Society at heart, can pretend that there is *no room* for improvement in the Theosophical Society, nor probably could such a thing be said of any Society in the world.

If the 'Interrogations' could be summarised into one question, the query would I think be: "Why are we second-rate?" and I for one do not feel able to deny that in many respects, from the world's point of view, we are second-rate. At all events it is patent that our Society is not the standing of, let us say, the Royal Society, nor our Magazine that, for example, of *The Nineteenth Century* either in matter or in literary style, though I admit that recently it has been much improved. Therefore it is decidedly pertinent to inquire why these things are so and in what way we may remedy our deficiencies. However I do not intend in the present article to enter more fully into controversial matters of a general nature. On the contrary I propose to deal with one specific point, as an example of the haphazard way we undertake things, with the result that we are far from being as effective as we might. And since we are taught that criticism should be constructive as well as destructive, I shall see to it that mine shall be both.

Following the Editor's suggestion to A. C., I turned to the Annual Report of 1913 to see exactly what we had lately been doing. Among our most recent activities I noticed in particular the Theosophical Educational Trust. In connection with this, three points are at once apparent. First, that though the title is general, the activity is particular and seems as though it were intended to run in decidedly local channels. The Trustees are, it appears, a body consisting of eighteen persons of whom thirteen are Indian, only five are European, and every member is resident in India.

Up to the present time almost the whole of the Trust's activities are confined to this country. Why educate only India? One would suppose that there must be many other countries besides India in need of schools—for example Burma, the Straits Settlements, China, etc., to say nothing of countries populated by the white races. The Trust has, it is true, only been in existence one year and

it may be that the intention is to extend it in the future to other countries; one must, of course, at first begin in a small way. If such is the case, why then appoint only Indian residents as Trustees with an overwhelming majority of Indians? If on the other hand, the intention is to deal only with India then the title "Theosophical Educational Trust" is misleading and is surely much too comprehensive.

The second point is concerned with the constitution of the Trust and is directed to the fact that all its members belong to the E.S. I do not suggest that members of the E.S. are any worse than other people and I do not make the slightest imputation, direct or indirect, in regard to any one of them. It is utterly improper however that all the members of a Trust dealing with the public moneys should be members of a secret body the head of which is chairman of the Trust. Rightly or wrongly the outside world considers the members of the E.S. pledged to obey its head. How many stock-brokers, one would ask, would recommend their clients to invest in a public company, the board of which was similarly constituted. Further, if trouble should at any time arise which necessitates an appeal to the Courts, the Trustees would lay themselves open to strictures of a very unpleasant kind. My third point is that before expending money on educating those *outside* the Theosophical Society it would be infinitely better to expend it on a much needed educational activity *within* our own borders.

In our anxiety to promote subsidiary, or merely allied, activities of the T.S. there is a danger of overlooking the essential needs of the Society and amongst them at the present time the call for efficient propagandists. When appeals for funds are made, our own people feel impelled to respond, and their resources being limited, they do so at the expense of other activities. Surely some of the lacs of rupees which are raised—many of which come from

European sources—for such subsidiary things as schools, universities, etc. might well go to much more vital purposes connected with the well-being of the Society.

Let us ask ourselves two plain questions. How are we educating the students who come to Adyar for a two-year course of study? What sort of people are we sending out into the world?

So far as the majority are concerned it must be admitted that we do not return highly trained experts to carry on Sectional work. What occurs to the average student who comes here for two years' study? Those who do not happen to be members of the E.S. receive as their *only* Theosophical instruction during residence here, a class of 50 minutes' duration on three evenings a week. True, occasionally some member, moved by this state of affairs, makes an attempt to conduct some special class or other, but the attempt is generally of a fitful nature and soon flickers out. It remains true therefore that two and a half hours out of seven days is all that the student receives. During the rest of the time he is left to his own devices, and, generally not of the student type and having long left school, the individual has lost the *habit* of study and knows only vaguely how to set about it. Undirected study is too often unprofitable. What books to read, who are the authorities, where to get the facts, are problems bewildering to those unaccustomed to research. To these disadvantages is added the inadequacy of the Western Section of the Adyar library. Many standard works are absent from our shelves and in several cases also, ordinary works of reference. As an example, while there are such useful books as *Suahili-English*, and *Japanese dictionaries*, there is not yet an *English-French* one, and most of the dictionaries we have are old and out of date. This is in no way the fault of the library officials, who are well aware of these deficiencies, and who do their utmost to repair the inadequacies and by their most willing and courteous help to enable us to get the very best out of such material as is available; but, if funds are

not forthcoming, what can be done? The Oriental Section is at the present moment the special activity of the Library and absorbs to a large extent such meagre finances as are available. Although much has recently been done to improve affairs a library cannot be built up in a moment and large sums are necessary to make it really efficient. The result of these things is that since naturally enough hardly any of them are good writers or public speakers, our students generally drift into one or other of the local Adyar activities and become employed in such things as copying, typewriting and the like. In other words they do the work of a clerk earning a few rupees a month. Now this is a state of things which is, for many reasons, bad. It will be sufficient to particularise four—first, it supplies our offices with temporary workers. This is a very uneconomical proceeding because of the great waste of time and energy involved in continually teaching to new-comers the details of their work. In addition, owing to climatic reasons, many of them go away during the hot season, with the result that during the most trying season of the year and when there are fewest workers, a very heavy burden is thrown on to the remaining staff, who are called upon to do in addition to their own, a great deal of extra work with which they are not familiar. Secondly, it is squandering our resources. The ability of a great many of those who come to study is, in one form or another, worth in the world's market, from, let us say, one to several hundred pounds a year. To use workers of such value to do the work of inferior clerks is bad economics. Thirdly, the development of the individuals themselves is greatly hindered. Such work instead of calling upon their greatest mental capacities demands only the lowest powers, so that where the work of our students here ought to draw forth their highest attainments, using and developing them to the utmost, and indeed leading them to fresh growth, the activity actually undertaken is too often mechanical and

deadening to the mental faculties. Fourthly, we do not by such methods do what we set out to do, viz., turn out highly trained Sectional workers.

So much then for destructive criticism. Now let us turn to the constructive. As a remedy for this state of things I propose the foundation of an Adyar Theosophical University. Confined to members, it should be purely Theosophical in its aims, and admission to its classes should be restricted to those who have completed the ordinary scholastic education. Its purpose should be to turn out really efficient Sectional workers—persons thoroughly well-trained and fully conversant with every department of their subject. The courses should consist of regular series of lectures, planned with extreme care and thoughtfulness, extending over two years. The best possible professors should be obtained. They should be experts, chosen, not because they happen to be Theosophists conveniently to hand at the moment, but entirely owing to their fitness for the work. It is not necessary that they should be members of the Society, but it is essential that they should be able to view things from our standpoint. They must be in a position to point out where the thought of the day on various subjects strengthens our position as well as where it opposes our teaching, and how we can best meet such criticism. They must keep thoroughly up to date so that we may send out students equipped up to the very last moment. It will be necessary to pay such professors good salaries in order that we may attract really able men.

Proper fees should be charged for the courses towards defraying expenses as well as to do away with any tendency towards laziness. People generally value more highly that which they have to pay for than that which they can get free of charge! In order that the utmost efficiency may be obtained it should be obligatory that all students should take the full course with a minimum number of lectures to be attended in each class, failing this, except

in cases where ill-health is the cause, they should be required to leave the University. Then again, all students must be able to pay their way, i.e., to support themselves at Adyar during their two years and to have sufficient to pay for their return home.

In cases where promising persons whose finances do not permit of this are concerned, their Section may undertake to pay either the whole, or such part as may be necessary to make up any deficiency. It is right that this should be so, since the intention is that students should return to work in their own Section. Thus a Section will then be careful to choose only people whom it may reasonably expect to bring to it adequate benefits in return for the money expended.

In regard to the classes themselves, the following suggested themselves as suitable, at any rate as a basis for discussion:

1. *Theosophical*.—These should be in every branch of the subject, affording a thoroughly complete and most carefully worked out course.

2. *Comparative Religion*, with additional classes dealing with particular religions and religious history.

3. *Philosophy*, ancient and modern, comparative and particular.

4. *History*—world history, general, and in the light of Theosophical teaching.

5. *Psychology*—in all branches, normal and pathological; of the individual and of crowds and, in addition, Theosophical theories as to such.

6. *Science*.—Higher science dealing with the structure of atoms, ether and similar concepts; general science in so far as it bears on our subjects. Geological discoveries, Heredity, Ethnology, etc., etc.

7. *Sociology*.—Aristocracies, Democracies, Communities, their failures and successes. Political Economy. The broad principles of politics and political history.

8. *Literature*, in which students would be taught composition and to write for the press.

9. *Public speaking*.—Debate and platform work generally.

10. *Miscellaneous*.—Under this heading I place a number of things which would be useful to workers: Organisation of Activities; exactly how to start, what to do, points to avoid and points likely to be of use. The Arts and their relation to human development. Principles of the education of the young. Modern 'Classical' physical culture, etc., etc.

The classes should be held during the winter months, from October to March since the climate compels, but they might perhaps be continued at Ootacamund if a sufficient number of students desired. Failing this, a summer course might be planned for individual private work. A quarterly magazine should be issued, the contributions to be a duty of the professors, giving the results of the world's most recent thought and investigations, so that all who have attended the classes will be kept up to date and referred to the latest authorities. Thus students after leaving would be able to keep in touch with the times and to extend on their own account the teaching they had received.

A scheme of this sort would enable us to turn out a continuous flow of really efficient workers, good speakers and writers well grounded on all subjects pertaining to their work.

In conclusion, I suppose I need scarcely add that if the suggestions embodied above should meet with approval and be seriously taken up I shall be glad to do whatever I can towards helping the scheme to success.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XIV

IT was in 1881 when I was 12 years old, I chanced to see young boys of my acquaintance who were newly wearing single *Rudrāksham* beads tied round their necks, in the out-of-the-way town of Srivilliputtur through which I was then passing. I inquired into the reason why. I was informed that certain Europeans in the north were preaching about the excellence of the Hindū Religion and the Hindū Philosophy, and that in consequence these boys manifested their devotion to their ancient religion in the above manner. It may be a result not anticipated by the two founders of the Theosophical Society, and yet it was the first vague reference to the work of the Theosophical Society which came to my knowledge. That event faded away in the kaleidoscopic changes of boyish life. Two more years pass, and the leading citizens of Negapatam, where I was studying in the College of the Wesleyan Mission, invited Col. H. S. Olcott to their town. There was stir and excitement. The people were in a state of expectation. Flags and festoons waved gaily in the railway station and the streets. We waited near the railway line to catch a glimpse of the passing train. Its arrival was announced by the explosion of detonators placed on the rails.

The President-Founder came, but came alone, without the famous lady Madame H. P. Blavatsky about whom we had heard and whom we longed to see. A Christian teacher in the College for whose character and sense of duty we entertained a high regard but from whom we did not or would not derive any inspiration for our religious beliefs warned us beforehand in a special class held for the purpose against accepting the words of the Colonel without critical examination, and read for us a pamphlet against Theosophy by an Indian clergyman. Curiously enough, in those days students from Mission Colleges and High Schools stood more firmly by Hindū religion and philosophy than those from Government Colleges or Institutions where secular instruction alone was given, and in this respect their earnestness and enthusiasm appear to have been stimulated by the opposition of their Missionary teachers.

The President-Founder was garlanded and taken to his residence. The town gave him a warm and enthusiastic reception. Those were days prior to the founding of the Indian National Congress. Public activities were yet in their infancy. Leading men who with their worldly lives would not now dream of entering the Theosophical Society and think of regulating their conduct by the standard of Hindū philosophy and ethics, took prominent part in this awakening, invited Col. Olcott to their places, and started branches, much in the same way as agnostic or secular Jews might have taken interest in their synagogues and religious activities before the laws enacted for their emancipation opened for them suitable secular activities. Well-attended lectures were applauded, but the President-Founder did not spare his Hindū audience. Cures by passes and mesmerised water, an address to the masses within the temple walls translated into Tamil sentence by sentence, interviews and other miscellaneous activities were crowded into the two or three days of the Colonel's stay.

I was thus brought in contact with Theosophy and without any argument took to it. *Isis Unveiled* was the

only classic of those days. While it remained on the table of my uncle, a gentleman of orthodox views whose memory I respect but who remained a doubting sympathiser of the Society, I pored over its pages leaving abstruse portions but deeply interested in those passages dear to the youthful patriotism of a sixth form boy where much that is great in religion, philosophy, sciences and art is traced to India. The attraction once started in me for Theosophy and the Theosophical Society never flagged, and though its even course was not marked by heroism or striking renunciation, it increased in quiet strength in succeeding years, and was not affected in its course by any apparent changes in the thought and work of the Society.

A few months afterwards I got a copy of Mr. Sinnett's *Esoteric Buddhism*. Then came in 1884 the crisis in the Society caused by the treachery of the Coulombs. My fellow-students identified me with the T.S., and one morning in the veranda of the College one of them remarked that the T.S., in which I evinced much interest, had crumbled down owing to the sensational disclosures in the pages of the Christian College Magazine which reached Negapatam that day. I felt very sorry that it should have been so, and wished that the attacks against the Society had not been made. A short time afterwards I read a defence of the Society by Dr. Hartmann in the form of a pamphlet, with the testimonies of Dewān Bahādur R. Raghunatha Row and others. Although I had not then the capacity to judge of the relative merits of the controversy my predilections turned in favour of the Society, and I thought that the pamphlet had rehabilitated it. In 1884-85 we started a Samāj in the College on the lines of the Young Men's Associations started by Col. Olcott, a prominent member of which was Mr. P. N. Muthuswami Naidu, F. T. S. now of Saidapet.

In 1886, I removed to Madras for further study, and joined the Christian College. The Christian College students

had been foremost in offering welcome to Madame Blavatsky and Col. Olcott when they returned to India from Europe after the Coulomb episode. Our heroes were two students who took prominent part in offering such welcome, which was in itself a protest against the actions of some of their professors. I studied Mrs. Sinnett's *Purpose of Theosophy*.

I attended the Annual Convention in December 1886. Mr. T. Subba Row delivered his famous *Gītā* lectures. The esteem and respect with which he was held by his colleagues had filtered down to us, the College students. His delicate and refined features, his quick penetrating eyes, and his quiet deliberate delivery, made a striking impression on those who heard him. Mr. C. W. Leadbeater was there reading his report. The interest in him was to us enhanced by his being mentioned as an English clergyman who forsook his position in the Church for the sake of Theosophy. He was quiet, speaking little, and appeared to me severe and grave. The radiant sunshine of his good nature and saintliness with which he floods in profusion those who now come in contact with him was apparently kept in the background. Pandit Siva-sankara Pandiyaji with his choir of singing boys or rather infants was prominently in evidence.

During the five years I was in Madras as a student, I used to go to Adyar. I remember the founding of the Adyar Library, a Brāhmaṇa priest inaugurating it with the worship of Saffron-made Ganesha, a Pārsi mobed chanting to the worship of fire, Buddhist priests quietly uttering their monotonous prayers, and even a Muhammadan moulvi joining in the ceremony. The Theosophical snip was gaily floating down along the waters, without much stress being laid upon Theosophical teachings affecting the daily conduct, except in the case of lone students. Col. Olcott placed Mr. Nagouchi, a Japanese orator, on the platform of the Pachaiyappa's College, on one of the anniversaries of the Society, who gave a long but eloquent lecture in

Japanese which none except himself understood. Mr. Douglas Fawcett was introduced to us as the nephew of the late Henry Fawcett, claimed as the member for India in Parliament.

I was as ardent as a member of the T.S. though I had not joined. In 1894 the Judge secession came. My sympathies were with the main body. I lectured in Salem to Theosophists on Theosophy, though not a member of the Society.

In 1895 I came to Madura and settled in my native city. I attended the meetings of the local Lodge, and became a fellow of the T.S. in 1896 when Mr. K Narayana-swami Aiyar visited the place.

To me, my advent into the T.S. had nothing of the sudden throwing of illumination, an unexpected experience giving a new turn to life, a withdrawing of a cloud exposing a vision to view. But there was an eager acceptance of its message when I first came in contact with it in early life before my religious convictions became rigid. It has been affecting my views on the problems of life, helping in their understanding, in the light of its eternal verities. Changes in its seemingly chequered career which lead some to think of it as taking on various forms pointing not always to progress onwards, never managed to hide from me the same stream of the waters of life flowing from the Masters of Divine Wisdom. Though I have no brilliant record of Theosophic work to my credit, I am one of that class to whom the message came and remained, to be accepted and adhered to steadily, quietly, and with uniform prosaic tenacity. Though by temperament I am inclined to present Theosophy to others as a rational system of thought carrying conviction to the lower concrete mind, its value to me merely as a rational system of philosophy is not much. Its value to me is based on an innate attraction, and its rationalism came to strengthen after it was once accepted.

A. RANGASWAMI AIYAR

THE ROSE OF JOY

By GRACE F. CROMBIE

“AND so after many days you will come to the land called Seek Beyond and there you will find the Rose of Joy.”

The old man got up, felt for his stick, and bade the children farewell.

He had gone but a little way when one of them hurried after him.

“What do you want of me little maiden?” he said.

“Sir, can little children find that Rose, or must they be old and wise like you?”

He laid his hand on her head, answering: “All who truly seek shall find,” and then he blessed her.

The children talked often of the old man and his tale, the two boys boasting that they should find the Rose when they grew up.

The three little girls were equally determined, but Harry, the schoolboy, was inclined to doubt the girls' chances.

“You will not go about the world as I shall when I am a sailor; I shall go to far off lands and find unknown treasures.”

“When I am big I shall marry and travel,” said Fortuna, not to be outdone by her brother.

The others dwelt on various plans, but little Angela sat silent thinking over the seer's words: “They who truly seek shall find.”

Five years later the home party broke up; Harry went to sea, Fortuna married and travelled, the others were scattered.

Angela only remained at home, and this of necessity, for an accident had deprived her of the use of her limbs

and she was a cripple for life. Few guessed the hardship it was to this child to lie helpless and hear all the doings of others.

Harry's letters full of life and its wonders were her greatest treasures. Fortuna seldom wrote; she came sometimes on a flying visit to the old home, and alighted as a butterfly does upon a flower, to sip the sweetness of old association.

One night as she sat by Angela's sofa the latter asked if she had found the ‘Rose’.

“What rose, Child? I do not seek any.”

Angela paused an instant, then said: “Don't you remember how we are all trying to find the Rose of Joy?”

Fortuna bent her head: “It is not for such as me to find. I have abandoned the quest, talk of it no more.”

Angela questioned Harry by letter but he too had given up the search; his verdict was final. “There is no such thing as complete joy; when you have seen as much pain in the world as I have, you will understand that only a madman could talk of a Rose of Joy. The old man was crazy.”

And the other two, the twins, laughed and said: “We are happy as we are; why bother about a rose no one has ever seen?”

So Angela pondered alone; she knew they were wrong and the old man right, but how could she find the Rose, she a cripple. Surely, to her, search was impossible. Day by day she dwelt on the happiness such a flower would bring to others, to herself: before she slept each night she prayed that she might find Joy. But daily it seemed as if Joy had gone further away. She got weaker and weaker, the pain increased, she knew she should never take any journey for she could not even leave her bed.

But night after night she dreamed, and her dream was always the same: she was wandering about seeking a rose. The places she visited were many, the lands were distant and near, she sought diligently but could find no flower. As her strength steadily waned she began to

If I am buried, did I say?
 Ah no, not I! This case of clay
 Wherein I dwell may buried be,
 But earth nor water holdeth me!
 Not lost the beauty of the world
 Because the soul's wings are unfurled;
 Not lost earth's pageant of delight,
 But seen with clearer spirit-sight.
 Far lovelier hills and fairer skies
 Will dawn upon my opened eyes,
 And a more wondrous spring will teach
 Of summer glories yet to reach.

So take my worn-out body, Earth,
 Or Sea, or Lake—'tis nothing worth.
 I hasten through the door of Death
 To draw of Life my first deep breath!

THE BHAGAVAD-GĪTĀ—A STUDY

By N. N. MITRA, B. A.

THE *Gītā* says there are four stages in the cycle of human evolution. The first stage is Karma, the second Jñāna, the third Bhakti and the fourth Yoga. Other schools of thought hold that Mokṣha can be attained by only one or other of the four. The Buddhist and the Positivist say that Karma leads to Mokṣha. The Vedāntin says that Jñāna leads to it. The Vaiṣṇava, the Musalmān and the Christian say Bhakti or Love leads to it, and the Yogis say that Yoga leads to it. The *Gītā* tells us that we must pass through all the four stages in succession, one after the other, and that each stage has its contributory share as regards the end, and that a harmonious combination of all four will lead to the ultimate goal of our life. Thus the *Gītā* brings home to us the harmony underlying the claims put forward by all the contending schools of thought and supports each according to its relative share in contributing to the end. The Hindū, the Brahmo, the Baistav, the Musalmān and the Christian may cull verses from the *Gītā* in support of their respective religions. The Hindū may point to

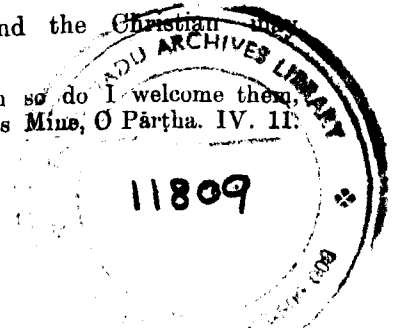
The four castes were emanated by Me, by the different distribution of qualities and actions; know Me to be the author of them, though the actionless and inexhaustible. IV. 13.

The Rationalist or Brahmo may point to

Better than the sacrifice of any objects is the sacrifice of wisdom, O Parantapa. All actions in their entirety, O Pārtha, culminate in wisdom. IV. 33.

The Baistav, the Musalmān and the Christian may point to

However men approach Me, even so do I welcome them, for the path men take from every side is Mine, O Pārtha. IV. 11.



Thus the *Gītā* offers a common platform for mankind irrespective of race, creed or colour. It gives us a true insight into the harmony underlying all religions and assists us in realising the unity in diversity. In fact it preaches universal brotherhood and religion for all mankind. Just as the Sun illumines the whole universe, so does the *Gītā* enlighten the whole of humanity.

The *Gītā* follows the natural law of evolution on which our social, and religious polity is built. In childhood and youth, Karma prevails; in manhood, Jñāna; and in old age, Bhakti and Yoga.

The first stage in the human evolution is Karma. But we must remember that our Karma in this life is in continuation of and is affected by that of our previous lives. For example Prahlād and Dhruva when quite young had their Bhakti fully developed. Why? Because they had passed through the stages of Karma and Jñāna in their previous lives. Karma means the performance of our in-born, appointed, and ought-to-be-done duties in our social, political, and religious relations. Everything depends on the spirit in which we do our Karma and the merit of the performance lies in that spirit. I think I cannot do better than quote two or three verses from the *Gītā*.

He who seeth inaction in action, and action in inaction, he is wise among men, he is harmonious, even while performing all action. IV. 18.

He who acteth, placing all actions in the ETERNAL abandoning attachment, is unaffected by sin as a lotus-leaf by the waters. V. 10.

Congenital duty, O son of Kuntī, though defective, ought not to be abandoned. All undertakings indeed are clouded by defects as fire by smoke. XVIII. 48.

The R̥shis of old imbibed these truths with their mothers' milk on account of their Karma in previous lives. We cannot realise them at once. We must think, act and then realise. Karma is either Karma or Niṣhkarma or Kukarma. We do not generally understand the distinction underlying each. When one prays kneeling down on the ground, we think one is doing Karma; but it may be

Niṣhkarma or Kukarma. When we find another sitting calmly like a lazy man we think it is Niṣhkarma; it is quite possible that he is doing his Karma. We generally think that without exercise of the body no Karma can be done and that Kukarma consists in doing unkind acts. This is not correct. The man who realises, in particular circumstances, Kukarma in Karma and Karma in Kukarma is truly wise.

The second stage is Jñāna. Wisdom will open the doors of His Temple when we advance in Karma. In fact Karma and Jñāna are twins who cannot live long divorced from each other.

The third stage is Bhakti or Prema or Love. "Shrī Kṛṣṇa, is all Love and the whole of this mighty universe is moving steadily onward to an appointed end of conscious unity with Him. Our love is the very manifestation of God within us." The early Bengālī and Maithilī literature fully deals with this phase, and our women—mothers, sisters, and wives—are living embodiments of Love. They are our national assets. With such literature in our possession and such living examples before us, it will be a national misfortune if we do not profit by them. It seems to me that the sacred institution of marriage has for its main object the development of Bhakti or Love. If we take marriage as a real aid for the cultivation of love it will be a great help to us.

Ramakrishna Paramhansa was one day sitting with his wife in the Dakhineswar Kalibari. She asked him: "What do you think of me?" Ramakrishna looked at her and said: "What do I think of you?—Why?—You are an image of the Mother that is in the temple of Dakhineswar." The influence of woman was none the less in the case of Muhammad. His marriage with Khadija was a turning point in his life, and the wife's devotion and love kindled in him the dormant love of his Allah. The influence of women has been great in all ages and countries but nowhere did she receive such an exalted position as in

India. She is considered as the emblem of Bhakti or Prema or Love as embodied in Shri Rādhika.

The poets who sang of the relations between Jivātmā and Paramātmā under the form of love which Shri Rādhika bore to Shri Kṛṣṇa have not sung in vain. Every house in Bengal still resounds with those songs. Rādhika is not an idle creation. She is a living reality. She holds up to mankind the highest ideal of love and its supreme place in human evolution. On this I will quote some lines from that master mind Chandidas which are inimitable in point of language and thought.

It is very difficult to render into English the thoughts expressed in them. There is no harm in trying and I would do it as follows:

Beloved—You are my Life. I have given You my body and mind—in fact all that I have and am proud of. Lord of the universe—the Yogis only know how to worship You. I am a poor humble milkmaid. I do not know Bhajan and Pūja. I have placed my body and mind anointed with your love at Your Feet. You are my all-in-all. My mind is full of You and cannot go to another. They say I am a hypocrite; that does not matter. It is a pleasure to bear disgrace for Your sake. You alone know whether I am Saṭi or Asaṭi. I do not know it. All that I know is Your Feet. They are my only solace in life.

On the foundation of Karma and Jñāna rises the Temple of Bhakti wherein we can find Shri Kṛṣṇa the Lord of Love. To see Him is to love Him. To love Him is to give all in His service. When we reach that stage, the union of Jivātmā and Paramātmā, otherwise called Yoga, is our reward. It is the highest bliss conceivable.

These are some of the truths which the *Gītā* teaches us. To learn and realise them we must approach them in a proper attitude of mind. To quote the words of a distinguished member of the T. S.

This attitude is the first thing we need, yet it is the last that comes. It cannot be acquired by reading. It cannot be learnt like a lesson. It is something into which we slowly grow as a result of our study and still more of our efforts to put that study into practice.

People there are who are still fond of hearing Shri Kṛṣṇa's name even from the mouth of the Shuka. It is not due to the merits of the Shuka but to the greatness of the name that people give the bird a hearing. My apology for venturing to write on such a subject is simple. I earnestly beg that you will take my words as those of the Shuka and if there is any worth in what I have said, it is due to singing His Name.

The following two *Bhajans* are used frequently by the people:

The more I try to run away from Kṛṣṇa, the more I fall into His meshes. The tongue is not my own, it gives out His name in spite of my wish. Much as I may hold up my nose, I can not stop it smelling Him. The ear runs to hear His name even when I wish to hear other things. The eye sees Him though I shut it not to see. My senses do not serve me—shame to them. They revel in the sound, smell, hearing and sight of Kṛṣṇa in spite of me.

If Kṛṣṇa dwells in my heart as He does in Brindaban (universe), my *Bhakti* will be His spouse Shri Rādhika; my desire for *Mokṣha* will be the milkmaids of Brindaban; my body will be Nanda's house in which the Lord is born and my affection will be the Mother Jashoda. Hold, O Lord, the weight of my sins; subdue away with my six enemies; play on your lute of mercy; subdue my desires and fulfil my wish for *Gostha*. Be kind to me your servant. Dwell in me as on the bank of the Jamna under the *Bansibat* of my hope. If your heart is pledged to the love of the cowherd boys of Brajapure, be pleased to look upon me as your humble and ignorant servant and take pity on me.

ON WELCOMING INQUIRERS

By CAPT. E. G. HART

THE duty of welcoming inquirers is one which is readily acknowledged by all members of the Society as part of their obligation of membership, and in fact it sometimes seems to be rather a grievance that the inquirers are not forthcoming in order to test this readiness to impart wisdom and solve difficulties. It seldom seems to strike these members that inquirers are rather in the position of Muhammad's mountain, and of a mountain sublimely ignorant and unconscious of the existence of Muhammad. To us the Society means so much that we can hardly realise that many educated people still know practically nothing of our Society and all that it means, and are quite ignorant of the fact that it has a practical and common-sense philosophy guaranteed to cure all ills and doubts of the soul if it be only given a fair trial. Even if one were aware of the fact, however, instead of classing us, as he probably does, with Plymouth Brethren, the Peculiar People, Quakers, Shakers, *et hoc genus omne*, he would still be rather shy of coming up, with all his soul clothes off, as it were, to a lot of people who are outwardly very satisfied with life and probably do not want to be worried with spiritual diseases.

We do not want to go to the other extreme, of course. We do not want to proselytise nor to coax and force people into Theosophy. But we should do all that is possible to acquaint people with the fact that we have a cure for souls that are sick to death and can find nothing elsewhere that can comfort them, and this, I hold, in India at any rate, we do not do to anything like the extent we should. Two methods have suggested themselves to me as being very suitable ones for the purpose, and these are the placing of notices in two or three very public places, as well as outside the local Lodges, very clearly and neatly printed in type large enough to be easily and quickly read at some distance, of the facts that (1) Theosophy

is not a sect or religion but can help, explain and strengthen all religions; (2) that the members of the local Lodge (noting the address below) will be delighted to welcome inquiries in person or by letter. The second method would be to insert a similar notice in the local newspaper at regular intervals, taking care that the notice occupies a place where it cannot be missed and choosing a day when the paper is likely to be more carefully and fully gone through, such as the Saturday or Sunday issues, than one when it is hurriedly read.

These notices should be very carefully worded so as not to strike a wrong note in the way of exaggeration or sentimentality, and it would be an excellent thing if a large order could be placed for several hundreds of enamelled iron boards with a big firm in Europe or America, these being retailed to Lodges by Sectional Headquarters, and either the Sectional Headquarters of England or America might take the initiative in the matter, calling on other English-speaking Sections to furnish them with the number of such boards that they will be ready to take. Worked on a large scale these boards should cost very little and even the poorest of Lodges should be able to put up the two or three suggested, while big ones could put up several.

With this, arrangements must also be made for dealing suitably with inquirers: they must not be rushed, they must not be gushed over, nor must they be starved. The whole question should be carefully thought over and suitable members detailed to take the patients in hand and supervise their literary and intellectual Theosophical diet. I believe that with a carefully worked scheme of this sort we should be able to bring a knowledge of that Divine Wisdom, which has done so much for all of us, to a very large number of sorely tried and worried brethren who have come to the turn in the Path and are floundering in the bog of Vairāgya, knowing not in which direction to turn.

SCIENCE AND MYSTERY

By H.

Of American magazines *The Atlantic Monthly* is one of the most serious. In the number of October 1913, is an article by Harry Emerson Fosdick, entitled 'Science and Mystery,' in which Mr. Fosdick maintains a thesis which he presented through the same medium, *The Atlantic Monthly*, some months ago—the thesis that religion is a necessary element in human life.

He presents forcibly the ancient observation of man, though he dresses it in modern garb, that our outer life presents a basis for thought, but leaves us unsatisfied with reference to the inquiry of reason and the very heart itself.

We are quite willing to admit that religion is a necessity for humanity; without the sustaining power which religion gives, man could not go on in social life without coming to anarchy.

But what we object to, is the insistence that the mystery of life is unsolvable. He held up mystery as if it were an object of admiration. It is like a man prinking before a glass. The purpose of going through the toilet is to enter into activity. It becomes inept when it turns into an object of life. It is true that we may view mysteries with interest but they should be viewed as we view diversions—to be passed through. All well wrought portals are interesting, all may be viewed and studied, but may not be viewed and studied to the point of regarding them as impassable. They are to be looked upon as affording facilities for transition.

The article of Mr. Fosdick almost descends to ineptitude.

For it is ineptitude to regard the mysteries of life as other than symbols of God's being that should place before men the necessity to struggle with all his powers to reach the answers. Patiently the Great Teacher, the Creator, gives the answers as he gives the inquiries. Religions teach a little. And poets, whom Mr. Fosdick quotes, tell a little more.

When will it be that such men will see that the vibrations of science to which he refers lead step by step into such a multitude of oscillations for each time unit, that at the last another dimension must be hypothecated to contain them all and find reason for their being?

Scientists have already conceived the fourth dimension. Why may not Mr. Fosdick admit this fact and find in the need of that domain the answer to his question? Then dropping mystery and its examination, he might pass on to realise that life which belongs to that other side, and the mystery could then be resolved and another one set before him. Then solving each as it comes, slowly and with effort all mysteries would be known!

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THE

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FROM THE EDITOR

OVER the Empire the War-Clouds have broken into furious deluge of European War. The Theosophical Society has members in all the countries involved, and its duty is to work for peace; and, while war lasts, to keep our sense of brotherhood unbroken, despite the clash of arms. Our brotherhood is a spiritual reality, calm, deep, unruffled by the dissensions of minds and bodies. In the ocean of terrene life, the spiritual depths remain still while nations rise in arms, as the deeps of the physical ocean remain unmoved, though storms hurl the billows thundering along the coasts. Those of our readers who have been long familiar with my own writings and speeches are well aware that while I constantly and habitually plead for the substitution of arbitration for war, of justice for might, among nations as among individuals, I yet hold that war has its place in the evolution of humanity, and that humanity is not yet evolved enough for its total disappearance.

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May I pen here a few words of thanks to those who have shown their love and trust by re-electing me as President of the Theosophical Society for another term of seven years? They know that that gratitude will seek to embody itself in service to the Society and to the world. For with the whole strength of my longing to serve the Elder Brothers above us, I realise that that can only be achieved by the loving service of the younger brothers around us, and that the height to which we have risen is best measured by the depth to which we can stoop.

* * *

We hear that the Theosophical International Summer School at Weisser Hirsch has gone on well. "Mme. Manziarly is splendid," writes a correspondent. Dr. Ahner and Fraulein Guthmann have worked hard. Mme. Ounkosky gave some lectures on Colour-Music and on the rôle of music in the Theosophical Movement. Mme. Kamensky lectured on 'The Culture of the Soul,' and 'What Theosophy brings Us'. There were five General Secretaries present—Germany, Hungary, Austria, Bohemia, Russia—and they discussed the methods of carrying on the work in their different countries. These international gatherings are very useful, and the friendships made will stretch even across the battle-fields which divide. It is sad to think how the hearts of all these, our brothers and sisters, must now be wrung with anxiety for dear ones in the zone of battle.

* * *

We gladly give publicity to the following appeal, made to one of our members:

RANGOON, *July 22nd*, 1914

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER,

In your interesting article on "An Adyar University" which appeared in THE ADYAR BULLETIN for July, 1914, our attention was specially drawn to your statement "one would suppose that there must be many other countries besides India in need of schools—for example Burma, etc.," and we venture to bring the following facts for your consideration:

Lower Burma has been under the British rule for about sixty years, while Upper Burma was annexed in A. D. 1888. English Education is rather slow, turning out not more than two or three dozen graduates every year. We are quite young yet, with nine lodges and nearly 200 members only. The other day we have purchased in a suburb of Rangoon a suitable site, three and a half acres of garden land, for the Burma Section Headquarters at a cost of Rs. 6,500. I enclose a copy of our appeal from which you will be able to see where we stand at present. We have collected and paid so far a sum of Rs. 2,500. Promises to the extent of another Rs. 2,000 have been made, and we hope to collect the amount required among the members before the 7th October, 1914, the date fixed for the payment of the balance of the purchase money, *viz.*, Rs. 4,000. In the meantime an adjoining piece of garden land of 1½ acres is on sale for a sum of Rs. 3,000. We have offered for it Rs. 2,500. It is worth Rs. 3,000. The land is very valuable ground suited for a Theosophical Boarding School.

As in Ceylon, the T.S.'s work in Burma is to be more on the Educational lines for some years. A Pārsi member of the Rangoon T.S. has opened a school for boys and another for girls, but this is not utilised by the Burmese people for two reasons, *viz.*: (1) that there are no Burmese Teachers, and (2) that there is no Boarding House attached to it. About two hundred Madrasi boys and girls are benefited by these institutions, and several of our members are doing Honorary service as Superintendents and Teachers in these schools. There is also a branch school and a night school for the Depressed Classes but all these are for Indians only. To enlist the Burmese people we require a Boarding House before we think of a school. We wish to buy this additional land to build a Theosophical Boarding Girls' School for Burmese children. We therefore appeal to your generosity for such financial help as you think we deserve. Our Reverend President Mrs. Besant is fully aware of the conditions in this Province.

Yours fraternally,

SIGNED BY THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS
OF THE BURMA SECTION AND
THE LOCAL LODGE.

* * *

The suggestion, made last month in our columns as to an "Adyar University," has my very full and cordial approval, and I sincerely trust that Mr. Harvey, to whom Adyar already owes so much, will take in hand the formation of a controlling Board for it, and so begin the

organisation in right earnest. It is quite true that only a limited amount of instruction is given at Adyar, but the idea was rather to offer grown-up students opportunities for *study*, than to take them in hand to teach. Many have thus gained much, as is shown by the work done by them after their return to their own countries, and the universal testimony to the increase of knowledge and of power shown on their return. Moreover, much of the growth remarked in those who have been here has been the result of living in the Adyar atmosphere, of the blessing of the Masters' influence, richly poured out upon the earnest and devoted. The work in carrying on the many activities of Adyar makes the useful servant of the Master, done as it is with love and self-sacrifice, and not as done by a clerk for "a few rupees a month". It will be a splendid thing if Mr. Harvey will plan out the University he suggests, and will gather round him a band of men and women capable of giving such education as he describes. But none the less will the most precious speciality of Adyar ever remain its unique potentiality of raising the lives of its residents to higher levels, of leading them to the inner peace which nought can shake, and of sending them back into the world with eyes opened to a vision of Truth and with hearts full of love for the suffering and the weak.

* *

Care must be taken by all of us that the immense increase of outer work shall not veil from our eyes the spiritual truths which alone give inspiration and right direction to our outer activities. The "world" must either materialise us, or we must spiritualise the world. Let us all resolutely decide in favour of the second alternative.

THEOSOPHY: ITS MEANING AND USE ¹

By ANNIE BESANT.

FRIENDS:

I have been asked to say something to you as to the real meaning and use of Theosophy, what it is in itself, and what it can be for those who recognise it as valuable in the conduct of ordinary life. Now I can put to you quite clearly and simply, I think, what is meant by the word. It is a word that has been used for many centuries in the western World to describe the same idea, and before it was current in the West, to which it came from the Greek philosophy, the Neoplatonic philosophy, it was current in the East under a name, *Brahmavidyā*, that, in the eastern tongue, the *Samskr̥t*, was exactly the same in its meaning as the Greek word Theosophy. Translating either of them you see at once that the word means "Divine Wisdom". That is really the best word we can use in describing it, because the ordinary Greco-English term seems separative as a label, while the other conveys to our mind at once the idea of something which does not belong to any people in particular, to any set or group of people in particular, but belongs to everybody alike, just as far as they are able to reach it and to assimilate it.

When we speak of the Theosophical Society it rather gives the idea of a new sect, and that is not at all the idea that ought to be conveyed. Theosophy is a teaching that lies at the root of religion and does not belong to any particular faith or religion exclusively. If we had always used the words "Divine Wisdom" everybody would

¹ A Lecture delivered in Glasgow, 4th June, 1914.

have seen that at once. For it would, of course, be arrogant and impertinent for any creed or people to claim a monopoly of the Divine Wisdom. Man can only reach that in virtue of a common humanity, and for anyone to claim it as exclusively his own would really disprove, in the very assertion, the claim that he makes.

Now this Divine Wisdom, what is it fundamentally? If you look it up in any Dictionary under the name of "Theosophy" you would probably find that it was defined as a view which asserted "the possibility of direct communion with God and with the super-physical world". I am repeating there simply a definition that I read in a Dictionary of Religions. On the whole that definition is not an incorrect one. The primary meaning of Theosophy is that man can directly know God, and that he can know God because he is of the Divine nature. That is the underlying thought. Just in the same way that you know the physical world round you, because your body is made of the same matter of which the physical world is composed, so in the spiritual world is man capable of knowing God, because he himself is Divine in his essence, and can know the whole of which he is a part.

That is the fundamental conception of Theosophy, the fundamental idea underlying what is called the Divine Wisdom.

Now in most religions you will find that claim made; but it is not realised in many religions in its full extent. It is quite true that you find it laid down in the Christian New Testament that the knowledge of God is Eternal Life; but if you talk to Christian people, you often find that they lay more stress on faith than on knowledge, and they would quote various phrases such as: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and similar phrases, that you find scattered through the New Testament.

Now that idea of being saved by faith is a very incomplete idea. It is perfectly true that a man is

practically made up of that which he believes. There is a verse in an old Hindū Scripture which says: "A man is compacted of his faith," is "made up of his beliefs," and in that there is a profound truth. The things that you really believe are the things that make up your life and that guide your conduct.

But faith, as it is spoken of technically—in theology, perhaps, rather than in religion—means rather a belief in some outer propositions, a belief in Christ, and so on. Now such a belief is clearly not identical with a knowledge of God, for knowledge is very much more than belief. Belief is only a kind of second-hand knowledge, whereas knowledge itself is that which you know by your own effort, which you have assimilated by your own thought, direct knowledge, the kind of knowledge that you gain by a first-hand experience, say as in a scientific thing. Only where there is first-hand experience can knowledge really be spoken of. That which you learn from somebody else, that which you read in a book, that which you speculate about, all these things are not knowledge. Knowledge means the direct contact with that which you then are able to say you know. Now that knowledge of God is said to be Eternal Life, and I just put it to you that that knowledge is possible because you are of the divine nature. Is that a proposition that you find in the great Religions?

I may confine myself for the moment to Christianity, because you will be members probably of Christian Churches, and you will find in your own Scriptures that it is quite clearly laid down that we are the offspring of God, that the body of man is the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwells in that temple. There you have asserted that Divine Indwelling, the fact that in your own innermost nature there is an existence which is Divine. And it is that presence of God in the human body, that reality of kinship, of identity of nature with the supreme universal Spirit, which makes it possible that

you shall go beyond belief and pass into knowledge. That then is the central assertion of Theosophy: Man can know God. And it came into the world at a very peculiar and significant time. I should not say "came into the world," but that it was re-proclaimed in the world—for, as I said before, it is a very, very ancient thing. It was re-proclaimed in the western world just at the time when the science of the day was asserting that knowledge of God was impossible. You may remember how very much used in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was the term "Agnostic". You do not hear it quite so often now as then; but after the Darwinian hypothesis had been very largely accepted, and the leading scientific men of the day were rather challenged as to their attitude to religion, Huxley invented the name "Agnostic" to represent his own attitude to religion. Of course, translated, it means simply "without knowledge". That does not carry you very far. You have to take for the word "knowledge" the Greek word "Gnosis". "Without Gnosis" was the meaning of the word "Agnostic," and that "Gnosis" among the Greeks was exactly what we call Theosophy now, the direct knowledge of God, of super-physical realities.

It is rather interesting to notice that the early Christian teacher, Origen, one of the wisest and most learned of the Christians of the early Church, laid down a particular proposition as regards the Christian Church. He said that Christianity had teaching for the ignorant, that it also had healing for the sinner; but he went on to say that you could not make a Church out of the ignorant and out of the sinners. While it was the duty of Christians to help the ignorant and teach them, to bring sinners to a realisation of sin and so to help to heal them, what was necessary to build up a Church were Gnostics, the Knowers, and that without having Gnostics as the pillars and the floor of the Church no real Church could exist. That was the view current in

Christianity in its early days. They spoke of Christ as "the Good Physician," but they also spoke of Him as "the Wisdom of God". You may remember also how S. Paul said: "I speak wisdom among them that are perfect." He was by no means content to remain with only the outer teachings of Christ, or as he called them "Christ after the flesh". He considered that it was necessary for those who entered into the Church to reach the higher point of union with Christ, and so to obtain direct knowledge of Him whom they called their Saviour. Looking at it from that standpoint, you see that the word Agnostic had a very specific meaning among all cultivated and educated people. It meant that man was not capable of having that higher knowledge, and the whole argument of the scientific men of the time, who followed Huxley in this, was that man could only know that with which he could come into contact; that he could know the outer world because he had senses, and that by means of these senses he could come into touch with the outer world; that he could know the world of thought, because having himself a mind, an intelligence, he could reason and argue and understand mental concepts. But, he said, while men had senses and intelligence, they had no other means of knowledge, no other avenues by which they could know; and that, therefore, while he did not deny the existence of God or of super-physical facts, he was ignorant of them, they being unknowable to man for lack of an organ of knowledge whereby he would be able to contact and seize them.

Now that was quite a clear and definite position, and it was the position which was particularly congenial to the scientific man at that time. It avoided what one might call the roughness, almost the coarseness, of absolute denial; also it avoided the radical difficulty of denying the existence of that which you could not really disprove, in that it was unknowable, although you might disbelieve. Unless you knew everything you could not say: "There is no God."

But the Agnostic position was one that the scientists could accept, and it seemed so reasonable. Men knew the senses; they knew the mind; they knew what these could deal with, and nothing more. Now that statement is one which the Divine Wisdom challenges as imperfect and untrue. It points out that in the consciousness of men there is more than the power of sensating through the senses, or of thinking with the mind, and that if you take the testimony of human consciousness—and you rely upon that when you deal with knowledge gained by the senses and by the mind—you are compelled to recognise that there is something more in human consciousness than these sensuous and mental faculties, that there is the religious experience of mankind, which testifies to something existing outside and within man, which is neither perceived by the senses nor can be recorded as a mental concept understood by the mind; that there is a distinct coming into contact with an extraordinary spiritual Reality, borne witness to by the consciousness in man as clearly and as definitely as any other testimony which is borne by those parts of the consciousness which we call the sensational and the intellectual.

Consciousness is the only thing that you really know. Everything else is a matter of argument, not of knowledge. You know your own existence. You can only argue as to the existence of that which is outside yourself. Something impresses you, and you know your own impression from the outer world. But the ultimate fact is your own existence, and unless you can find in that consciousness, which is yourself, a power of contacting Divine consciousness, then Huxley would be right in the Agnostic position, and in saying that man could not know that which he was unable to reach and to contact.

Now Theosophy asserts, as all religion asserts, that man does have spiritual experiences, and that these spiritual experiences, vague and indeterminate in many, are still part of the normal human consciousness, and that you cannot

use against that the exceptional testimony of a few here and there, who say that they have no such consciousness, any more than you could argue against the joint testimony to colour from the evidence of the man who happened to be colour-blind. You may have abnormal consciousness occasionally found in the human mind; but what is practically a universal testimony bears witness to that communion with a universal Spirit which is the very essence of religion, and the knowledge of the possibility of which, if it be lost, leaves religion rather a shell than a reality, a form rather than a life. Now it is the re-assertion of that possibility of direct knowledge of God, brought about by the unity of the human and the divine consciousness, which is the very essence and root of Theosophy. You have it in the Christian Church in what is called Mysticism, which will be a more familiar conception to you. Many of you may have realised that, during the last thirty or forty years, there has been a very great revival of Mysticism in the Christian Church. It has always existed, especially along the lines of Roman Catholic experience, for it is the mystic conception that leads to the Saint. It has never really disappeared; but of late years it has come very much more to the front again, and you may remember that not long ago, Dean Inge, the Dean of St. Paul's, in lecturing about it, used the remarkable phrase: "It is the most scientific form of religion," the one form of religion which is able to hold its own against attack with a certainty which none can shake. You can shake any intellectual conception of God; that may be shaken by argument. You can never shake the inward consciousness of experiences which you have yourself gone through; and in this lies the only certainty of religious belief. That which you have known for yourself none can take from you; and as you are thrown back upon that conception, more and more will your religion become a reality, and you will realise that Mystics all over the world, of every religion, bear witness to that

same conscious union with the Divine; and so you obtain a unity of religion all the world over the moment you rise into spiritual experience, and away from the small intellectual form of theology from which so much dispute arises.

Now Theosophy has been useful to the Christian Church in emphasising this side of true religion, and so in very largely helping in the mystic revival which now is going on. It has thrown men back largely on their own religious experience; for they have, in a less friendly way, been beaten out of the other testimonies of religion by what is called the Higher Criticism, by what is called Comparative Mythology, by all the many experiences of the knowledge of the religions of the world, which have proved to demonstration to every educated person that Christianity is one of many religions to which it is very closely related, and that it is no longer possible to claim for it that unique position which, until the ancient religions of the world were re-discovered in modern days, the western world was rather inclined to accept.

Taking that then as the primary meaning of Theosophy, direct knowledge of God, you come to the secondary meaning. That secondary meaning is those doctrines of religion which are common to all the great faiths of the world—the living faiths and the dead as far as we know them. If you made an analysis of all the world religions—as you can very easily do for yourselves now because of the large amount of evidence that has been collected in antiquarian, archæological, and literary research—if you analyse them, putting down each doctrine that you find in them, when you have completed that analysis you will find that there are a few doctrines common to all of them. There will be a certain number which one faith has and another has not, but there will be a few present in every faith. If you take out those common doctrines which all religions have possessed in all ages of the world, then you have what is called “Theosophy” in the secondary sense—a collection of teachings; not now direct knowledge, the primary meaning, but a

collection of teachings which have been given out to the world by the Founders of the great religions; and just as many of these as are universal, form the content of what is known as Theosophy—the Wisdom Religion, it is sometimes called. All religions, we say, grow out of this Wisdom Religion, which has been given out to the world from time to time by Divine Teachers, by the great Founders of the World-Religions. And, while They put the truths in different ways, according to the type of people They were talking to, according to the particular civilisation which was to have the religion as its guiding and directing force, the fundamental truths are ever the same. You can run over these quite easily. I run over them from my own study; you can confirm them from yours. First, *The Unity of God*. That is taught in every faith without exception, and you can find traces of it even in those most degraded forms of religion current among entirely savage and barbarous people. That was not realised at first, when people were studying the religions called Animistic, the religions of fetiches and totems, and so on. Andrew Lang wrote a very interesting book, in which it is shown by those who have sympathetically tried to understand the religions of savage tribes, that behind all the superstition, behind all the ideas of gods and devils which they entertained, of the vivifying of objects of Nature as divine or devilish, you find one conception of a Great Spirit, very seldom spoken of but none the less existing there, as it were in the background of the religion. For the most part that Great Spirit is spoken of as symbolised by the sky, the formless overarching sky that broods over the whole earth. Clearly the moment you deal with religions where there is a literature, you can prove this doctrine of the Unity of God by simple quotations. You will find a large number of these quotations collected in a universal textbook of religion which has been published by the Theosophical Society,

in which, from the Scriptures of the world, quotations are taken, demonstrating the presence in each religion of all those doctrines one after another. You have there compressed into a very small book the essence, as it were, of that universal teaching. The Unity of God is the first fundamental truth, "One without a second" as the Hindū says.

Then you come after that, to *The Manifestation of God as a Trinity*. That is all but universal. And you can readily understand that if it does not appear openly either in the Hebrew or the Muhammadan religions—the two religions are very closely connected in many ways, and in both of them this conception of the manifestation of God as a Trinity is absent—there is a reason for it. It is not wholly absent in the Hebrew. You find there, in their most secret teachings, that the idea of the Trinity comes forth, the triple manifestation of the Divine Efficiency. You find a little trace of it in the mystical writings of the Musalmāns; but at that time, when idolatry was rife, practically the only thing the great Prophet of Arabia could do to redeem the God Idea from the degradation to which it had been submitted, was simply to assert the Unity, and nothing more. He was dealing, remember, with a very uncultivated people, a people who had practically no intellectual theology at all, who were of a very low and degraded type, and he would only have confused them if he had brought in this idea of a Trinity. For that same reason you will sometimes find that the popular form of Islām is the first civilising tendency you can bring to bear upon savage peoples. It is very simple in the popular form. It has a great metaphysical background behind it, but is often crude, you may say, in its popular presentments, but very effective, just because it is so simple and crude. Putting these two aside for the moment—they are only partially aside—everywhere else you find this triple conception; and you find it equally, if you begin to think, in your own inner consciousness. For,

just as you have, putting it philosophically, the manifestation of God as Will, as Consciousness, as Activity, the only three logical and philosophical conceptions of the triple aspect of Divinity, so you find those same manifestations in your own consciousness in the image of the Divine consciousness: you have Will, you have Awareness of the outer world, you have the creative Activity of intellect. And the more closely you look into the divine or human manifestations of consciousness, you will find that they have those three aspects, neither more nor less; and you realise at once then why this trinitarian conception of God is fundamental, if philosophical: that you may put it in forms which are repellent to the intellect, but, fundamentally, it is a philosophical concept. There has been a great deal of discussion lately about the Athanasian creed, but that discussion is very largely carried on by people who are under the domination rather of the idea of "person" as you find it current in modern thought, than of the philosophical conception of manifestation which underlay it in the older writings. If you realise that it is a divine *manifestation* that you are dealing with, you will find that it is a profoundly philosophical idea that God in a universe *must* reveal Himself in three aspects and in three only—as Creator, as Wisdom, and as Power, which is the divine aspect of Will. And so you can, if you choose, defend this conception not only on the ground of universality, but also on that of philosophy. That is the second great truth.

Then you come to the *Hierarchies of Spiritual Intelligences*, existing in a universe—Christians call some of them Angels and Archangels. All the other religions have their own names for these. Musalmāns say the same as Christians. The Hindū uses the words "Shining Ones," which may be rather familiar to you from John Bunyan's allegory, in which he speaks of Angels as Shining Ones. They are known as Devas, among the Hindūs. A wrong translation is often given to the word by people who

put upon you. Remember nevertheless that They in Their Almighty Wisdom measure and know the depth of the faith of each and all Their neophytes, and proportionately do They mete out what men call suffering and misfortune.

The greater grows your love for Them, the more strenuous become the tests of its purity. You believe that on the mountain tops is Love Absolute; yet must you labour with no thought of any attainment to that wondrous state. It is for this reason, little Comrade, that as you grow in strength there must come a time when the vision of the summits will grow dim; when you must lose even the conviction that such a consummation there be.

Be mighty in your absolute self-reliance, wearing the crown of a Positive Will on your forehead and bearing the Flowers of Compassion in your hands, and the Gods of the Promised Land will from time to time flash down a golden ray of enlightenment upon you.

It falleth in these valleys at times that a disciple impelled by a great enthusiasm rushes onwards, and in a burst of ardour reaches a point where it is not yet meet that he should be. The necessary lessons have been too imperfectly mastered—and then the mighty winds come roaring down the valleys, shrieking in their fury, and drive him back with resistless force in order that he may make perfect as he again advances every task set along the way.

At various stages in the mountain ranges are set places of beauty and rest, visible only to worthy disciples, through which they may pass and receive divine instruction if they so will. In fair gardens sit the Great Teachers, surrounded by groups of those pilgrims who have merited Their special teaching. Kneeling before the High Altar the pilgrims take their vows and receive their Master's blessing with exceeding peace in their hearts. They sleep for a season and then pass out again into the yet darker valleys beyond.

And now, little child-heart, I must leave you alone on your way, for I pass into regions whither as yet you are not permitted to accompany me.

I kiss your lips and leave my peace with you. I know not if your childlike soul dreams aught of the mighty heights and depths of yonder valleys of mist and twilight beyond which lie the mountains where no sin is. Keep bravely on, and one day in the ages to come, with a great burst of thanksgiving and joy, the clouds that shroud the summits shall roll away and God's messenger himself will make known to you that the Truth has made you free.

RADIANCE

Apollo's lyre shed colour as well as sound
And Orpheus as he sang went wrapped around
With colour bright as rainbow-arch above,
The blue of worship and the rose of love.

E'en now, could we but see with our held eyes,
From spire and dome go mounting to the skies
Far-circling colour-clouds of praise and prayer,
And humblest worship finds its echo there.

While as the pulsing clouds rise high and higher,
Adown their track sweeps forth the heavenly fire
In instant answer. May God give us sight
To see that Radiance round us day and night.

MARGARET THEODORA GRIFFITH

THE BUILDING OF THE ANTAHKARAṆA

By MARGUERITE POLLARD

AFTER the soul has for numerous lives developed its individuality by *taking*, by plunging into all kinds of sense experience, by the pursuit of pleasure, ease and sensuous beauty, it becomes weary of being perpetually caught in the net of desire and wishes to have mastery over itself. Then follows a series of lives dedicated to the building up of virtues. Self-control, restraint of the senses, integrity, self-discipline is now the ideal; the soul denies itself pleasures of sense experience that it may have the joy of power, the satisfaction of self-mastery. Towards the close of this series of lives the individual arrives at the stage at which the Rich Young Ruler came to the Christ to inquire what he must do to inherit Eternal Life. And the reply of the Christ was that this man, rich in virtue, must abandon the riches of his personality since it is hard for one, rich in the consciousness of virtue, to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. By the building of separative, self-conscious virtues, none has ever set foot upon the Path. The pilgrim has to abandon the Tree of Good and Evil, conquer the illusion of the opposites before he can return unto the Tree of Life.

At this stage in spiritual evolution the only way forward is through killing out the sense of separateness. The law and the commandments have been kept from youth up but the soul has yet to sell all that it has accumulated through the hard toil of past lives and give to the poor, to those who have persistently broken the kār-mic law, who have laid up no store of merit.

The moment is very critical and the soul is apt to turn back, sorrowful, on account of its great possessions. Either it must identify itself in its spotless purity with those who are least evolved, deepest in the māyā of earth existence, either it must rise to the thought that humanity is one and cry joyfully "Nihil humanum a me alienum est"—nothing human is alien to me—or it must slip back into the illusion of separate self-seeking personality, into the self-conscious virtue which is an unconscious vice. It can never rise from human into divine consciousness until it has identified itself with all struggling humanity, until it has taken to itself with full acceptance the sin and shame of the world.

But suppose the crisis is past and that the soul elects to throw in its lot with mankind, to leave off building up virtues for the personality, and to live to benefit and serve mankind. Then the first step is taken, the path of discipleship is entered and the building of the Antahkaraṇa, the bridge between the upper Triad, the Divine Self, and the lower Quaternary begins.

There follows a period of testing which exposes every selfish motive or thought left in the soul. It has set the standard for itself and by that standard it is judged. Its ideal is to live to serve mankind; every thought of self, every attempt to get or to hold anything from others, every idea of possession, of things or of persons, has to be abandoned utterly.

The mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small.

Happy are they who do not lose themselves in desires, when the Great Ones put the candidates to the pressure of the test, for life will become fairer than ever, old temptations long since conquered will rise to the surface, the soul will become hungry for experiences that have been abandoned lives ago. Happy are they who are able to hold the ideal of service through it all, and as one

tend the same way in reality, and those wayfarers are wisest who keep straight on, not seeking to explore by-ways, which only hinders their progress. There are men, women, youths and maidens, yea, and tiny children there, and some little ones seem very far ahead of their parents. The wayfarers are of all nations, colours, and languages, and many impede their own progress by quarrelling as they go. These are chiefly white men, who resent the presence of their dark-skinned eastern brethren, and it is sad to see how they will stop again and again, wearying themselves with vain disputations, when often they might accept much help from their dark brothers, who are anxious to give it. Yet so it is.

"Friends walk together in sweet converse, for there are many friends in the Lane; moreover, which is a mystery, distance and death seem to make no difference, for I see myself walking beside the dear one to whom I write across miles of ocean, and also many of those who have passed away from this life we know here.

"Sometimes men stop and rear stately buildings by the way; rest-houses for those weaker than themselves, hospitals for the sick and wounded, refuges and homes for the destitute and orphaned; and I note that when these men and women, having finished their work for the helping of their fellows, go on again, the way is made easier for them by invisible helpers, who guide their feet between obstacles, so that their quick progress may not be hindered, albeit they are often unconscious of this themselves, and think that fresh difficulties to be overcome lie in their path.

"Some people grumble and fret the livelong day through, and long for nothing so much as to get out of the Lane, though where they would go if they did, does not appear. With set, miserable faces, they drag themselves slowly along, heeding nothing and nobody. Flowers grow at their feet and they heed them not; the speedwell and the Star of Bethlehem blossom on the banks in Spring; in Summer the hedges are gay with traveller's

joy, and in Autumn decked with the bright berries of the wayfaring tree, but they surround themselves with a grey cloud of their own wretchedness, through which neither sight nor sound can pierce, and even the light of the sun is dulled and obscured. There are some places in the Lane where it is swampy—places which the wise avoid; yet some who seem to find delight in mire and filth linger round these spots, soiling their limbs and garments, and breathing the foul miasma which floats around. One man I see, to whom a fair young girl looks up with adoring eyes, while he leads her nearer and nearer to a bog over which the will-of-the-wisp plays. "Stay here with me," he whispers, but she shrinks from the spot with loathing, and when he would constrain her, draws from him, though with agony added to the love in her eyes. And it appears to me that, while he remains in the mire, she is carried far, far away, yet remains near him always, to help and succour. Again a mystery, yet true; and I think, as fair flowers grow from the swamps after long months of winter, at some future time they may meet again.

"I see those whom we call dead, and who when they left us were old and feeble, full of youth and vigour, helping their children who are weary with fighting the battle of the world, and combating the difficulties and sufferings which beset them, and the faces of the dead are sometimes lit with unearthly happiness, as they watch this suffering of their loved ones, for the knowledge is given to them that the suffering is for the last time. The Lane is straight, and at the farthest point to which my sight can reach, towers a snow-clad mountain pure and translucent against the azure infinity of space. Rose-coloured clouds envelop the summit, shedding a rich glow down upon the opalescent snow; for it is dawn, strange and magical in its wonder, and through the parted clouds, serene and tender in the clear blue distance, shines the Day-star. High up on the mountain

slopes, amid stupendous precipices, glow the white and gold walls and pillars of a mighty Temple, and the many paths in the Lane converge and all lead into one, leading up to its portal, from which streams light ineffable, spreading down the mountain-side in vivid cascades of colour. I hear sounds also, of unearthly purity and sweetness, issuing from the Shrine, and in some strange way the light and the sounds are one and the same, yet composed of a myriad varying colour-tones and flashing symphonies of harmony. The vast, gleaming, luminous cloud pours in dazzling magnificence out of the Temple, and it is as if the inner essence of it rises into the sky, and, mounting higher and higher, is lost to sight, while the rest flows round and down the mountain and is as a river of Life, clear as crystal. It runs down the Lane, now in full view, now no more than a tiny rivulet, but ever there for those who have eyes to see; and, from time to time, as one pilgrim after another gains the gate of the White Temple, this river of light and sound seems to take to itself a new beauty, and pulsate as if a fresh impulse of life had been added to it.

"And lo! as I gaze, it is told me, I know not from whence, that, as need arises, and before a new age comes to the birth in the womb of Time, One of Those who has entered the Temple comes back to aid those who are still struggling to reach the end of the Lane, and the knowledge is given to me that the time is even now at hand for such a wonder to be, and I cheer my friend, for I know that she, too, looks for the joy of His appearing.

"And this is the truth underlying the old proverb of the Lane which has no turning and never will have, for it is the old, old Path, straight and narrow, stretching back through the millennia of Time, aye, and beyond, the Path of which One said: 'This is the Way; walk ye in it.'"

A shadow fell across the floor, and I was conscious of a soft whinny behind me—it was my neighbour's horse, explaining that the stale crusts are his perquisites. I sealed my letter and went to give my pensioner his daily dole. Can it be that I may also help him into the Lane?

FROM MY SCRAP-BOOK

[Any reader of a sacrificing nature wishing to throw open his Scrap-book for me may do so by copying out what he deems suitable for this column and forwarding it to 'The Editor, THE ADYAR BULLETIN'.]

A VERY strong vein of Mysticism seems to run through that distinguished family of brothers—the Bensons. This may be discerned often in the novels of E. F. Benson, and I recall one very weird incident in the *Angel of Pain*. The works of Monsignor Benson are full of Mysticism—his interest in all occult subjects being well known. Not so very long ago—but of course from an attitude distinctly different from that of his Roman Catholic brother—Mr. A. C. Benson turned his attention towards these things that lie just beyond the threshold of consciousness. In his *Child of the Dawn*, he distinctly admits a predisposition in favour of the hypothesis of reincarnation, and since then he has made the acquaintance of *The Way of Initiation* by Dr. Steiner. The perusal of this book has led him to some interesting comments. Concerning spiritual vision, he says:

It is a thing which needs, I think, some scientific investigation. If mystics claim to have some special discernment of spiritual essence, the man who owns to no such power may at least claim that the visions of mystics should agree; that it should be clear that they are discerning the same things. And this is where the suspicion creeps in, that they do not all seem to see the same things!

He holds no brief for Esoteric teaching, and he considers that Dr. Steiner's "hieratic reserve" mars his teaching. He argues that if teaching is withheld from the world and the world is not allowed an "opportunity of judging what the worth of these ultimate secrets are,"

they cannot be very important—and that it may be rightly suspected that the mystery is one “of expediency rather than of necessity”.

What one feels is that occultism is not a message for humanity, but an exclusive thing, directed to men and women of abnormal perceptions and uncommon qualities.

One wishes that Mr. Benson had not been led by his reading to this distorted view. One would have thought he would have grasped the fact that amongst other things the Occultist is in possession of powers not general to mankind, and that if the way to the gaining of these powers were taught broadcast, unworthy men might take the trouble to acquire them and thus do untold mischief. Again, the real inner teachings can only be communicated to the few. It is not from a selfish sense of possession or lack of desire to share, but from a real knowledge of their importance, and the desirability of withholding them from the masses lest they be polluted, that the Guardians of the Truth are obliged to give their pearls to those alone who are tried and found worthy of the treasure.

* * * * *

Reincarnation is an ever fascinating subject, and when one looks at the great figures in history, one is apt to wonder what they were in a previous life. Oxford has lately celebrated the seventh centenary of Roger Bacon, and I have had heard rumours that this great soul later incarnated as Francis Bacon. Be that as it may, it is interesting in the recent literature concerning Roger to find certain parallels drawn between these two men, and I feel sure that the writers are guiltless of any prejudice in the direction of thinking that they are two incarnations of the same ego.

Both made appeal to the reigning powers to the end that learning and research might be fostered; and used the persuasive arts of rhetoric for the furtherance of this purpose. . . . It is in the whole spirit and aim of the two men that the true and striking resemblance offers itself. . . . Above all they were both utilitarians, in the fairest sense of the word. They sought the improvement of human knowledge “for the

glory of God and the relief of man's estate”. The words are those of Francis; but they equally define the constant aim of Roger.

Both held firmly that religion and science should not conflict.

Theosophists should make a point of reading something about Roger Bacon, and if they look up the Literary Supplement of *The Times* for June 11th, they will find there several books mentioned, as well as a most illuminating leading article.

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Turning back the leaves of my Scrap-book I find a column entitled “Factory-grown Wheat—Six Crops a Year in Artificial Sunshine”. I cannot think how I came to miss it. A certain Mr. Alfred Williams is the man with the idea, and he believes wheat may be grown in factories, thus reducing the cost of the loaf to a quarter of its present price:

Here is this remarkable chemist's plan of cultivation. Expensive wheat lands are banished as unnecessary. Instead, he builds a rough structure of several floors—a sort of factory. Upon each floor he puts some soil. In reality, he points out, it does not matter whether you place sand or fine gravel there, the only object being that it should act as a support for the stalks and provide the necessary amount of dampness. Then the sand or the gravel is impregnated with the nitrate solution and the seed is planted. The radiation is supplied by wires and tubes and in two months there is a bountiful crop.

Mr. Williams has eaten some of his own wheat grown this way and says that it does not differ from ordinary wheat. His nitrate solution, with which he impregnates the sand or gravel, is his own secret. As the above account was published in a paper last year (which I regret I cannot acknowledge), and as I have neither heard nor seen anything more on the subject, I suppose that the scheme has failed in some way. But the idea is distinctly novel, and there seems to be no valid reason why it should not be developed successfully.

My readers will, I think, thank me for the following scrap. It is written by 'Ruminator' and appeared in *The East London Observer*:

In the region around Whitechapel some forty years ago, there existed a keen desire for debate. What was known as "Mile End Waste" was alive with religionists and so-called "free-thinkers"; in fact, it was upon that debating and debatable ground that "General" Booth—in those days called "Booth, the ranter" (often without the "Mister," and with a sanguineous expletive)—first made himself distinctly felt as a power in London. All up and down the Waste stood knots of talkers in eager argument, and,

Party Leaders you might meet,
By twos and threes in every street,
Maintaining with no little heat
Their various opinions.

In order to conduct these debates under cover, little halls were hired and a small charge (twopence, or so) made for permission to enter to the conflict. One of the foremost champions of the orthodox faith of those days was a sturdy little clergyman—a kind of "Boanerges" in his onslaughts—who would challenge any chosen knight of the other side to meet him in fair and open fight upon the platform, in view of an audience at twopence per head. George Jacob Holyoake and others gratified the bold little cleric, and made him famous in a way by "drawing him out".

But the man Boanerges Brewin Grant burned to meet was Charles Bradlaugh. The challenge was sent and accepted. The place and date were fixed for the fight. The East End of London was freely "billed," and a crowd stood outside the little hall long before the advertised time. At last we paid our twopences and got in. There was Boanerges, true to the minute, but no Bradlaugh. The backers of the champion waiting for his man on the platform hinted that the great outspoken man from the Hall of Science was afraid to face their man, and were growing hilarious, when a lady stepped up on to the platform and explained to the zealous cleric that Mr. Bradlaugh was too ill to come, the doctor had ordered him to bed, but that she, herself, at Mr. Bradlaugh's wish, would act in his place, to the best of her modest ability. The suggestion was gently and timidly put, but was pooh-poohed by Brewin Grant. He was for crying the fight off, but the audience felt otherwise, and had paid up. Besides, here was a novelty! A quiet, little lady to encounter the fiery and fearsomely armed Paladin of the Church! So the latter yielded to the public call, and the arguments for and against Biblical testimony were very soon well to the front. We had heard them over and over again on Mile End Waste and round-about, but never with a cultured lady putting questions which the opponent had to dodge.

The outcome of the matter was about on a level with most similar scenes of that period. No one seemed convinced, but we had our money's worth in this way. We were struck with the power of calm and courteous argument. If the phrase be permissible, the "still, small voice" of the lady appealed to us more than the thunder of the cleric as he hurled text after text at the lady's little head. He would not answer quiet little questions, but dealt resounding blow upon blow far, oh, so far! wide of the mark! His battle-axe and bludgeon were not the right weapons against the lithe and deadly little rapier of the fair deputy of Charles Bradlaugh, which pricked and bled him between the joints of his too-heavy armour.

The quiet little lady was the now famous Mrs. Annie Besant, the shining light of the Theosophists.

* * * * *

An interesting gathering truly must the New Thought Convention have been. It was held in London last June, and *The Christian Commonwealth* remarks:

The Convention should prove epoch-making in the history of New Thought in this country, and do much to bring to many a clearer perception of the underlying truths of a movement which is gradually permeating the religious thought of our time.

As New Thought "stands for the principles of Universal Brotherhood and the underlying unity of all religions," Theosophists must indeed rejoice to know that practically two of the objects of the T.S. are being carried on by the New Thought party. It matters to us only that the spirit of Theosophy should be spread—under what label is not our concern. Such a Convention is sure to have a great effect on many people, and guide them to think on broader lines—and for this purpose there cannot be too many workers.

FELIX

INTUITION AND EMOTION

By S. E. GIRARD

OF the three higher aspects of man, it is unquestionable that the intuitional is the most difficult to recognise. It is comparatively easy to disentangle will from all its lower aspects, or reflections, such as contrariness, ambition, and determination. Such concepts as that of existence, the realisation of being, make wisdom, as distinct from intellect, fairly easy to identify, especially in the mind trained to abstractions through mathematics of the higher sorts—calculus, quaternions and higher space projections. But to sort out from the emotions those subtle impulses which are unquestionably intuitions is no simple matter.

The difficulty is not that such flashes are weak and negative; for the most part, indeed, they are not that. But the nearer and more frequent surges of the emotional sea drown out the cry of the "still small voice".

Probably the greatest reason for the difficulty is that the ego, in most of us, speaks but rarely, knowing the futility of trying to shout above the din of the seething emotions in which we largely live. This frugality of orders is largely due to the little attention we pay to the Voice of the Silence in our normal life; so that this silent watcher has long since learned that he should speak only when there is a lull in the battle and storm, when the tired man, doubting the way he has taken, pauses for a moment and hearkens within to hear the word of better counsel. Under such circumstance we call the voice conscience.

I would suggest that neither intuition nor conscience really adequately represents that grand faculty, for the one term invariably refers to a specific mode of expression of the higher consciousness; the other is hopelessly associated with a tradition which knew not the science of the Soul, and, furthermore, only refers to the operation of the faculty when the lower man is making a mistake. Now the so-called intuition is a far grander thing. First of all it is a state of consciousness that can be made continuous, and need not be only an occasional glimpse. Next, it includes modes of expression whose grandeur is transcendent. It is the sense of order and the censor of disorder; it is the eye and ear of Beauty, and the singing voice of the Sublime; it is the face of Apollo, King of the Light. This we might call, with Ruskin, the theoretic faculty.

In the second volume of *Modern Painters* is to be found a discussion of certain obscure impulses in man. Whatever we may think of the distinctions there made between fancy and imagination, this much is true: Ruskin knew and has there defined in all the wonder of his lambent prose this thing which we call intuition, but which he calls the theoretic faculty.

One operation of the sense in the case of the artist I draw from him, abstracting it from the mass of somewhat controversial matter. A true artist, he says (I have not the volume before me), must possess this faculty. And the difference between one who has it and one who has it not will be evident in the mode of the painter. Thus, a skilful workman who is not a true artist will paint a tree by the intellectual method, and will build the form up to suit his ideas of what such a tree as he needs will be. If his is a winter scene and he has chosen an oak, he will paint it thoughtfully with its half-denuded limbs adjusted in good balance, taking care that it shall not be too faultlessly regular nor yet so bent and gnarled as to appear fantastic. He will add here and lop off there,

make and mar and make again. He will *manufacture* his tree; in brief, he is, as Ruskin says, "a carpenter and joiner"!

Now the true artist is otherwise. He will slip back, as it were, into the soul of his being, and there, amongst all the thousands of images of trees within him hidden, he will unconsciously but unerringly select the tree and the *only* tree suited to his subject. It will spring from his higher consciousness fully formed and ready; it will suit his need; and only in the event that his execution is bad will he need to alter so much as a line of the whole. Then will the mind *afterward* say: "Here this is fitting; there is that the mirror of nature"; but the mind will have had no part in the work save to express what it *must* express.

In this way is the theoretic faculty far greater, more sure and more easy than the mind. It does not question; it has no faint misgivings; it does not loiter; it has no weakling doubts. Just as in art its selection is like a mould which casts pure metal to the wanted shape, so does it create for us in every mode of life. But when the human foundry room is disordered and *uncouth*, when the floor is littered and the tools are bent, and the sprue and cope are broken—then the gold runneth to waste and the form is crooked and vain.

To avoid this it is necessary to organise and synchronise the emotions. These must not be killed nor smothered, but shaped and governed and ordered. Now this is no academical task, no theoretical pursuit, but something to be worked in the laboratory of human affairs. What good is it to spend two hours a day in the sole business of bridling the emotions when, the next instant, one loses one's temper because the pudding is burned! It is splendid to see a man patiently concentrating, say, on the end of his nose; but how infinitely more profitable it is to have him concentrate upon a letter he is writing; his nose will take care of itself, but letters may be obscure and illegible! However this may be,

the surest way of hearing the Voice of the Silence is resolutely to rein in the vagrant steeds, Mind and Emotion.

Where events permit, there is a substitute, fairly feeble and merely a substitute, for this rigid discipline of the mind. It is, when one hears what seems to be an intuition, to wait—and continue to wait. The rationale of this seems to be that the theoretic faculty is eternal, and, given the same conditions, it will always say the same thing, and indeed, with time, say it all the more insistently. If the surge is merely an emotion (though I do not want to belie that worthy phase of man's nature)—if it is pure emotion, it will, with time, even under the same conditions, weaken. But Apollo is eternal, a clear-voiced youth. The difficulty may arise that immediate action is necessary; if so it is far safer—and it is always well—to put the apparent intuitional gleam to the measure of the mind, to let grey-eyed Pallas Athena weigh the issue and speak.

First impressions are better than second thoughts. The reason for this is simple and clear. The mind (I speak now of the lower intellect) must work in time and await the development of events. But the theoretic faculty, face to face with a new person or a new situation, looking down from eternal heights, sees in one sweeping glance all that need be seen, and speaks with no uncertain voice. This is the secret of first impressions. With people, we meet without prejudice, without emotion; then can the theoretic faculty unerringly voice the truth.

No more singular example of the operation of the theoretic faculty is to be found than in Wordsworth. The celebrated 'Ode on Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood,' is, despite its name, a quick and brilliant flash of the true knowledge. Now this is visible not only in the content, which is singular in itself, but in the form. Careful readers of this great man will find dozens, nay, hundreds of lines that are rough and many that are impossible in his verse. Now here,

where the great faculty is at work in that very Seer of Beauty, one would expect rightly enough to find beauty of form. Does the more important part not begin:

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose.
The moon doth with delight look round her when the
heavens are bare.
Waters on a starry night are beautiful and fair.
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
And yet I know,
Where'er I go,
That there hath passed a glory from the earth.

This form itself, with its smooth perfection not too perfect is indicative of a high form of inspiration. Then it presently swings on into the more famous passage: "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

But, as the vision dies away the versification becomes ragged. Whether the idea, being true, called for a beautiful form, or whether the beauty of his prelude made Wordsworth write the grand truth—which shall we say? It matters not a little, but perhaps either way is possible.

We have here, of course, the reason for the phrase: "Your poet is your true seer." We might say: "Your artist is your true man." With the swing of a splendid verse form in his mind, the poet unconsciously writes resplendent truths; for is not Truth Beauty and Beauty Truth?

Some persons' intuitions are a sort of higher reasoning, and this we call symbology. But a symbol is only a kind of equation. So the profound significance attached to the interlaced triangles might be coldly expressed: "As spirit is to matter so is the upright to the inverted triangle." Or the symbologist would say: "An Adept is to a man as a man is to an animal." In brief his is the method of algebra, and the normal method of the theoretic faculty is pure geometry.

But the most singular phase of the intuitional glimpse is its lasting force, and the swiftness with which the force vanishes when the need which called it into being

disappears. An emotion may last or be recalled after the situation which brought it into being has passed into the dark backward and abysm of time. But if the theoretic faculty be well developed it will have a propulsive force far exceeding emotion—though it may be called out by emotion or itself awaken the emotions—and, when the need is gone, it will dissipate into thin air.

In so far as the intuitive faculty deals with minor matters—and it often does this, especially in art—it calls upon a vast storehouse of ancient and more modern memories which lies at the same level with the Will, is indeed part of the true Spirit of man. It is as if the theoretic faculty looks into the crystal of the Spirit and 'series therein that of which it speaks. It is Wordsworth's

.....inner eye
That is the bliss of solitude,

and he who has raised himself above the dust and turmoil of this world; who has striven with the mind to hearken unto the Silent Speaker; who has found in the greenwood of his heart the soundless torrent of Being which flows for ever through him; he can securely say, with Masfield:

You cannot banish us, proud world,
We banish you.

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—ED.]

XV

MANY and various are the ways by which we are led to the Divine Wisdom: but, perhaps, the experiences of one who was undoubtedly drawn thereto by the lodestar of a strong, age-old, personal attachment, may not be without interest to other Fellows of the Society.

From the moment—then but a mere schoolgirl brought up in the midst of ultra-orthodox surroundings—that I first saw Mrs. Besant's name in a newspaper, it had a profound attraction for me. Night and day a voice spoke urging me to find out all I could about her, so that I steadfastly watched for opportunities of finding her name again. Enthusiastic, but ignorant, I dreamed as most of us do, that others would be sympathetic with this dawning idealism. I was soon undeceived; but calumny of the one I already *knew* did not deter me, it only (if possible) increased the ardour.

One day, passing a railway book-stall in a little seaside town, I saw on a placard the advertisement of the *Fabian Essays on Socialism*. Mrs. Besant's name was among the contributors. Eagerly I paid my shilling and secured the coveted paper-bound copy—which I still treasure.

How well I remember carrying it off to a cliff-shelter to read. I had never heard of Socialism, so most of the contents were Greek to me! But, no matter. I

plodded through *her* paper, and, in the last paragraph where she gave a splendid delineation of the future, the ideal State, the word "Humanity" struck a deep chord in me—a chord I had not known before in this life. My whole being was flooded with a strange, deep music. I had found some one, something; a call had come across the long centuries, and I answered—as yet hardly knowing in my ordinary consciousness what it entailed. Looking out over the sea that was to bear me to her India long years after, I registered my first vow: "I will find her, she shall be my Leader, to follow her is to follow Truth!"

* * * * *

I am grateful to railway book-stalls, for it was again on one of these that I found a year or so later the copy of Mr. Stead's *Review* which contained the famous character sketch. This was the next link in the chain. Over and over again I read those moving pages: I *lived* in them, as perhaps, I have never lived in anything before or since.

At that time the newspapers were engaged in making fun of Theosophy, then a new butt for ridicule or satire. And, when I discovered that Mrs. Besant was, next to Madame Blavatsky—the Great Founder—its chief exponent, I felt sure that if anyone of *her* type could support it, it was guarantee of its worth. But, besides that connection, I was in myself drawn to the explanation of life it seemed to afford me; since, for some years, I had been growing out of modern orthodoxy and travelling swiftly and surely to the bourne where my intellectual cravings and spiritual aspiration should be satisfied once and for all.

Without hesitation, then, I purchased the pamphlets recommended by Mr. Stead, and realised in their perusal that I had found my own at last. I was then about twenty years of age, but, owing to bitter family opposition and being still a minor, I was obliged to wait a year

ere I could join the Society. I spent the time in preparation for that great event by arduous study; and various of the members at the Avenue Road Headquarters, Mr. Ablett and Mr. Walter Old among them, helped me by eloquent letters and conversation over my early difficulties.

I shall always gratefully remember those two names, although I have long lost sight of the persons in question. I must not forget to mention that I wrote about this time to Mr. Stead himself, and asked him for Mrs. Besant's address, on receipt of which, I penned my first letter to her and received a kindly reply to that and many subsequent epistles.

When, a year ago, the news of Mr. Stead's passing came to us, my thoughts flew to that far-off time, and I could not help wishing that ere he went, it had been my lot to thank him personally for being of such true service.

As soon as I came of age, I was enrolled among the members in the Movement. Having discovered—not by accident—that the cousin whom I was visiting at the time was also a devoted adherent of the Leader and the Teaching I admired, through her instrumentality I visited the Bow Club and the Avenue Road Headquarters—becoming acquainted with various of the then principal members.

About this time, too, I met my dear friends, the Jacob Brights and Mrs. Sharpe.

Thus, nearly twenty years ago, I joined the Theosophical Society; and, through all its labours, vicissitudes and triumphs I rejoice to remain identified with its human Leader and the Great Ones whom it is our privilege to serve.

EVELINE C. LAUDEE

MR. LEADBEATER'S TOUR

THE Java tour came to an end on April 29th. Everything that could be done to make the visitors' stay comfortable had been done. The S.S. *Mataram*, on which Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Masel had booked their passages to Australia, left that night, and after a short call at a small Java port where the passengers had a last look at the typical Javanese landscape with its volcanoes and ricefields and a general impression of a luxurious tropical vegetation under vapoury skies, she finally started on her voyage to another continent.

The boat, which was very comfortable and well behaved even in rough seas, brought Mr. Leadbeater to Port Darwin on the 8th, and to Thursday Island on the 11th, of May. Both towns were still very much in the corrugated iron stage as to buildings, but were splendidly planned with well laid out streets, showing that the inhabitants of each expected, and were fully prepared, to let their city grow into a full fledged metropolis.

Townsville was reached on the 13th in the evening. Mr. Leadbeater was met at the wharf by the President and the Secretary of the Lodge, Mr. Reye and Mr. Horn, and also by Mr. Reid who had come all the way from Brisbane in order to act as an extra aide-de-camp to the party all over Queensland. Being intimately acquainted with the people and the country, his assistance proved most valuable.

Mr. Leadbeater gave his first public lecture on Australian soil, on Sunday the 17th, to a highly appreciative audience on 'Life after Death'. There were about one

hundred and seventy people present, which, considering the size of the town, was a very satisfactory attendance. There was one E.S. meeting, small but effective.

Next day Mr. Leadbeater sailed for Cairns where he arrived the day after and the usual meetings were held, one being for the children of members, to whom Mr. Leadbeater talked mainly on the Order of the Star.

Mr. Mayers, who founded the Cairns Lodge but now lives in Sydney, had come all the way up to be present at his old Lodge's reception of Mr. Leadbeater. He invited the party and a few friends to take part in a little excursion to the Barron Falls. These falls, and the tropical mountain scenery along the railway line leading to them, were most beautiful.

Mr. Leadbeater, in going down the very deep ravine below the falls in order to investigate more closely, and on another steep descent, displayed a vigour and a spirit of enterprise that would have been considered quite creditable to anybody even twenty years younger.

The party left Cairns again in the evening for Townsville, whence they sailed for Port Alma, the port of Rockhampton. They arrived at Rockhampton on the 27th, and were welcomed by Mr. Nelson the President of the Local Lodge. After three days' work there, on the 30th, the party left Rockhampton by rail and arrived next morning early in Brisbane, where Mr. Taylor, the President of the Lodge, welcomed Mr. Leadbeater at the station.



THE

ADYAR BULLETIN

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FROM THE EDITOR

I MAKE no excuse for reprinting here the notes written in the September *Theosophist* on the future policy of our two Theosophical journals. I wish them to reach all our Theosophical readers. They are as follows:

I have read with some care the varying views and criticisms as to the Theosophical Society, and any special lines of work adopted by me in social and political activities. It seems that all members agree that religious and educational work may be carried on by a President, but some think that social and political work, if carried on by a T.S. President at all, should be carried on apart from his Theosophical magazines, and general Theosophical activities. It is, of course, true that great differences of opinion exist between the views of members of the varying nationalities which enter into the world-wide organisation of the Theosophical Society. Our membership embraces persons of all political and social parties, and of none—autocrats, oligarchs, aristocrats, democrats, labour men, socialists, suffragists, suffragettes, anti-suffragites—all sorts and conditions of men and women.

There is nothing one can say on any of the points which divide, which will not give offence to those who dislike free expression of opinions from which they dissent. On the other hand, it is also true that sharp differences of opinion arise on religious questions, and yet these,

surely, cannot be excluded from a Theosophical magazine; some persons objected to the late President-Founder taking the pañchasilā, and thus professing one particular religion, and others have objected to my affection for Hinduism. Probably there is no department of human thought in which the P.T.S. may exert himself, in which the fact that he holds some definite opinion may not cause annoyance to those who would prefer that he should hold their own particular views. But it is obvious from the late election that there is no wish in any appreciable part of the T.S. to curb the liberty of thought or action of its President. (I do not think the great majority necessarily agree with my views; but they stand for liberty of thought.) To put it somewhat bluntly:

The T.S. stands by the principle of Free Thought and Free Expression, whether in official or in simple member, and it would rather have me as I am, with my strong and strongly expressed opinions, than somebody else, who would be more colourless and less effective.

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That being clear from the votes cast, we may consider the position, and see what there is in the objections raised, and if there be any way of meeting them, for the value of opinions is not decided by the counting of heads. A small minority may be right, and a big majority wrong. All reforms begin with a minority of one. I put aside the objection that the President-Founder said certain things about politics, for two reasons: first, no one contends for that which alone he barred, corporate action on the part of the T.S.; none the less, strong action on my part *does*, I think, affect the T.S. in the minds of the ordinary thoughtless person, and to some extent commits it, *in such minds*, to the line taken by myself, if I write on such matters in *The Theosophist*, *THE BULLETIN*, or other distinctively Theosophical magazine. In the second place, Colonel Olcott's opinion on politics, or anything else, is no more binding on any member of the T.S. than is my own; he cannot fetter the Society, any more than I can; our objects alone are binding on us, and not the *dicta* of anybody, however much he, or she, may be held in general respect. If Colonel Olcott, as P.T.S., had any right to bar politics, I, as P.T.S., have an equal right to bar social reform, for which he urgently pleaded, thereby annoying seriously many of our Hindu members. I do not think that either he or I have any right at all to interfere with individual activities. H. P. B. said, in so many words, that individuals

were "perfectly free to follow out his or her particular line of political thought and action". Mr. Van Manen begs the question when he ignores this statement, and quotes her statement that reform of human nature is necessary to useful political reform. I have said this over and over again, and said it quite lately, but this does not mean, to me, that no political abuse may be corrected until human nature is perfect. Time and circumstances must be considered in applying this general principle. The first advance should be in the nature of some of the people; then they should work for outer improvement of conditions, and so on. For this reason, in India, I worked for the revival of Hinduism—and was much blamed for doing so—to obtain a spiritual basis for improvement; then I laboured for religious and moral education; now that those are practically safe, I go on to build on this the edifice of political and social reform. H. P. B. was an enthusiastic social reformer, and H. S. O. was enthusiastically in favour of the Congress, and obtained for me an invitation to lecture at it when it was held in Madras at the same time as our Theosophical Convention.

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The different attitudes of Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen on the one hand and of Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. C. Jinarajadasa on the other are due to profound differences of nature. Mr. Kirby and Mr. Van Manen represent, with admirable taste and spirit, the attitude, the rightful attitude, of men of the world in an ordinary democratic Society such as the T.S. is, from the standpoint of the world. No one, who, like myself, is an elected officer of the Society, can quarrel with that attitude. Criticism, advice, difference of opinion, all these are thoroughly in place, and I am sure that Mr. Van Manen will bear witness that I have never dreamed of objecting to these; as a matter of fact, I have always encouraged them, since I have been an official of the Society. Quite apart from any question of personal criticism, I rejoice over every expression of difference of opinion from the opinions of myself and of others, as leading to more vigorous intellectual life and to an increase of our knowledge of truth.

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The view taken by Mr. Leadbeater and Mr. Jinarajadasa is the view of the Occultist, of the members of a band who, knowing each other, and, realising that Wisdom is the highest authority, gladly follow the

directions of a Wisdom greater than their own. The Wisest rules and teaches. But in that band, no objection to following the Wisest can ever be raised, and the world knows them not. There, no blind credulity can arise, no danger of crude superstition; there, the ignorant cannot be confused by the action of the wise, for they know nothing about it. There, utter obedience and the reason for it are understood, and there is none to challenge or to question. There, no doubt can arise as to relative Wisdom, for the rank in the Hierarchy marks it. It is little wonder that members of such a band, seeing its perfect order and the perfect working out of a Plan, served by all, should wish to see down here a similar order, a similar discipline. But the "pattern" showed to us "in the mount" is not fitted for reproduction in the mechanism of a heterogeneous Society, in which the knowledge of each other by members is very limited, in which official rank is not necessarily according to wisdom, in which many do not recognise in any member the existence of wisdom greater than their own. We are in a democratic age, the T. S. has a democratic constitution, and democracy has not yet devised a plan for placing the wisest in the seats of power. The conditions which exist in the band of Occultists do not exist here, and there is, moreover, an ever-present danger in the outer world of an exaggerated reverence for particular personalities turning into abdication of judgment, of blind credulity taking the place of rational faith. Therefore, I think that the attitude of Mr. Kirby and of Mr. Van Manen is the better for the T. S., and protects it against the worst danger which threatens it, the abnegation of individual judgment and the consequent growth of sectarianism.

The one argument which has great weight with me and which I have too much overlooked in my frank expression of personal opinions, is stated by Mr. Van Manen: he argues that *The Theosophist* is *international*, and therefore should not contain any political allusion which may hurt the susceptibilities of any non-English reader. I see the force of what Mr. Van Manen says, so I shall in future confine *The Theosophist* and *THE BULLETIN* to the three defined Objects of the T. S., including, in these, articles on general political and social topics, which come under "Brotherhood," and are not essentially national—I mean subjects on which nationality will not influence the point of view taken. There is a World-Politic and a World-Sociology.

THEOSOPHY: ITS MEANING AND USE¹

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 324)

WHEN you come to the human intelligence and the way of evolution, there you will probably be rather inclined to quarrel with me in this exposition of the universal truths, because you may be inclined to say: "We don't believe that in Christianity"—I mean the teaching of *Reincarnation*. That is part of the universal religion, a fundamental part of it. It has slipped to some extent out of popular Christianity; current among the Jews, as Josephus shows us, current among the early Christians in many different forms of teaching, as you may find in what remains of the Gnostic literature, as you may find in the writings of Origen and of others, it slipped out of sight under the domination of a General Council in the seventh century, in which the doctrine of Origen was specifically condemned—not the whole doctrine of reincarnation. It was always maintained in a few heretical sects, right through the dominance of the Roman Catholic Church; in Arabia you find it, and among the Albigenses and other sects that were very much persecuted by Rome, and were largely affected by eastern thought—the ground-reason for their persecution; you find it coming out in England in the time of Charles the Second in an interesting and rather peculiar way, because King Charles the Second's chaplain, of all people in the world, preached reincarnation. It seems rather odd in connection with that particular Monarch that he should have had a chaplain of the Church of England who was wise and philosophical enough to teach that doctrine. And I have a curious little pamphlet

¹ A Lecture delivered in Glasgow, 4th June, 1914.

of that same reign, written by a clergyman of the Church of England, picked up on an old book-stall, in which he claims that this doctrine of the "pre-existence of the soul," which is one of the forms in which it has been taught, is an essential part of Christianity; and he says that nothing but that enables us to believe in divine justice—a very important point, on which, for a moment I pause. Now in a general sketch like this I cannot go fully into the idea of reincarnation, but let me tell you in a few words what it means. It means that every human being has, as the Spirit in him, the divine seed or germ; that just as a seed, say from a tree, planted in the ground, grows and develops, bears a crop of leaves every spring which gather nourishment and transmit the nourishment to the growing tree and then fall off; as the nourishment remains and nourishes the tree so that it grows; as every spring sees a new crop of leaves and the same process repeated, showing itself in the growth of the tree, until the tree becomes like the parent-tree whence the seed was drawn, so it is with the human Spirit. It is a Divine seed put into the soil of experience, gathering that experience during the life on the physical earth, carrying that experience—good and evil—through death into the next world, the intermediate world, as it is often called, suffering there the results of evil thoughts and evil wishes, then passing on into the third world, the heavenly, where all the good experiences are assimilated and changed into faculty, intellectual experience into intellectual faculty, moral experiences into what you call conscience or moral feeling. When all the experience of life is assimilated, then the Spirit puts out again a part of itself, as it were, into human life, to gather more experience. But now the new child has the faculties resulting from the experiences, mental and moral, which had been collected in past lives; so that each life adds something to the unfolding of the divine seed. The unfolding goes on in these two worlds on the other side of death, while the experience is

gathered here. And in this way, life after life passed in the three worlds, unfolds the divine powers of the Spirit in man, each new birth on a higher level, climbing from life to life with ever added intellectual and moral faculty and ability, until at last the human Spirit unfolds in the very highest ranges of human experience, becoming the saint, the hero, the sage, the genius. When the highest point has been reached of the human pilgrimage, then this compulsory series of deaths and births comes to an end; man has reached human perfection; and, having reached that, built out of human experience, human earthly experience, he goes on into other spheres, carrying that perfection with him into the superhuman regions of further development. And we suggest to all of you that when the Christ commanded: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect," he was giving a command the fulfilment of which is only made possible by the fact of reincarnation, and the unfolding of the human Spirit from the divine seed to the perfect human likeness of God. Now, for the moment taking that idea, was our clergyman in the reign of Charles the Second justified in saying that it was only that idea which made it possible to believe in divine justice? Ask yourselves the question and try to answer it. I will indicate just the lines on which you should think over it—I cannot here work it out. Compare the type of the child born of two criminals in a London slum, of the congenital criminal child, with the type of child born of a noble father and mother, pure in life, well developed in intellect, and living in cultured surroundings. Imagine for a moment that both those children are new-created—that the Spirit comes straight from the divine hands. Ask yourselves if it be just that one should show out every tendency to vice and the other every tendency to virtue, and that those two human Spirits—who have learned nothing by a past—should be planted into conditions so utterly different, in which growth is impossible for the one and

degradation almost impossible for the other. Apart from the moral difference, look at the differences intellectually. One child is born a fool, another a genius—where is the justice there? Take not intellect or morality, but the mere physical body; one child is born a cripple, another an athlete—where is the divine justice in this, if there be nothing to explain it? Take another problem. One child dies when it has drawn a single breath of human life; another lives on and on, until he is an old man of ninety, say. One has had ninety years of human experience; the other has had none at all. What did the first come into the world for, if no experience was to be gathered in it, and what is the result to these two on the other side of death, if there is only one life? You may be among those who believe that there is everlasting happiness on the other side of death only, or both everlasting happiness and everlasting misery. To which will you give your baby who has died after one breath of life? He certainly does not deserve to go to hell, according to a very horrible little book in which a baby of a span long is represented as twisting about in a red-hot oven; I don't suppose any of you believe that abomination; but neither does he deserve to go to heaven, nor is he fit for it. Suppose it is possible to lose heaven, that everybody is not foredoomed to a heavenly life; then the baby has a very great advantage over the old man; for, as he has done no wrong, he cannot go into an unhappy existence on the other side of death, while the old man may have led a very evil life, and by the very fact of having led a human life he may pass into misery beyond death. Or take it that human experience has some value—presumably it has; then the baby who dies without it will be at an everlasting disadvantage, while the old man will be at an everlasting advantage over the other. There again you come across want of justice. I might give you a number more of these antitheses, but I only want to suggest the line of thinking; because I am not trying to convince

you of the truth of reincarnation, if you don't now believe it, but only to win you to think about it, and to see whether it is not inevitable. That is the only healthy way to believe in any form of belief—to think it out for yourselves. If you honestly try to answer those problems, it will not be very long before you will see that reincarnation is the only theory of human life consistent with divine justice, in which every man receives exactly what he sows. Think it over then, I say; and when you have thought it over and felt yourself pushed, as it were, into it, console yourselves with remembering that it is a doctrine of universal religion. I broke off at the reign of Charles the Second, because my clergyman there used this very argument of the divine justice; I may finish, after running down that line, by reminding you that in modern days this is coming again to the front. The great German philosophers had it in the West—Goethe, Fichte, Lessing, and the others. For, as Hume said, it is the only doctrine of immortality that a philosopher can look at. You cannot philosophically argue for immortality without pre-existence; for the Spirit that wanted a body to come into existence would, logically, when the body goes out of existence, accompany it to annihilation. And so Hume made that rather trenchant remark. MacTaggart came very near it in our own days when he said: "It is the most rational theory of Immortality." And that again will recommend itself to you, if you think it out.

Apart from that one doctrine which has slipped out of popular Christianity, all the other doctrines I mentioned are part of your own faith as well as of others. So with *Life on the other side of death*, in the intermediate and the heavenly worlds; so with the great doctrine of *Human Brotherhood*. And those comprise the universal doctrines of religion.

Now those are all taught by Theosophy and make up what we call Theosophy in the secondary sense. Our

function among religions is to bring back to them anything they have lost, while showing to them their unity with other faiths. And so in the western world we are continually teaching reincarnation, because it has slipped out of popular Christianity, whereas in India we should take up some other doctrine which they misconceive, like the doctrine of Karma, and lay very special stress upon that. In every religion, we never ask men to take a belief from another faith, but only point out to them that they have it in their own, even where it has for a time slipped out of sight. That is what Theosophy does in any country. It announces again; separate from all ceremonies and rituals and forms of worship, these great fundamental spiritual verities; it asserts them as the fundamental verities, and then tries to restore to any particular faith any one of these which has slipped out of sight.

Then you have in connection with Theosophy, Science—about which I will only say for the moment that it is largely, or entirely, drawn from the East as to super-physics; for I am going to deal partly with that to-night; it comprises the fact of clairvoyance; it makes possible, as it develops to higher and higher ranges, a knowledge of the invisible worlds as clear, distinct, and adequate as your knowledge of the physical world, and found out in exactly the same way by observation by many observers, by comparison of these observations, and by experiments based on them. That is a side to which a considerable number of our members give a great deal of attention. The interest of it to the outside world is that it enables us to publish distinct records of observations made by investigators as to the conditions of the worlds on the other side of death and so entirely to remove the fear of death, and to give definite information which enables people to take a rational view of after-death life, and so to make their life here a real preparation for that, as that is the fulfilment and the assimilation of the physical. It joins the three worlds together by knowledge, not only by speculation. And how

important that is in the present time you may realise, if you happen to have read a very remarkable sermon by the Dean of St. Paul's to teachers, delivered only a few weeks ago in St. Paul's Cathedral. He threw entirely aside the ordinary conceptions of heaven—he was dealing specially with heaven—he spoke about the streets of gold and the gates of pearl as mere symbols and similes. Perhaps a few old-fashioned people might be shocked—the sort of people who still believed in the Christian hymn he quoted—but he put it aside quite calmly and quietly as a thing educated people had given up. Then he drew attention to the books which are published now for use in Sunday schools, in which heaven is described as a state, not a place, and in which the teacher is instructed to draw on a blackboard a little dot for the earth and then a kind of sketch of space and the worlds round it, and to lead up from that to the idea that heaven is a state of consciousness, and not a particular place to which people go. Well now, that is partly right and partly wrong. You don't find consciousness without some form of matter connected with it, at least within the experience of people. And wherever there is matter in the form of a body, there must be some place where that body is. So it won't do to go too wildly into the idea of a state of consciousness without body, of which there is no human experience on record, religious or scientific. For wherever consciousness is found, there is some vehicle of consciousness with it, and that implies a place, however subtle the place may be. Some of you may doubt the very fact of clairvoyance, but that is only because you have not read as much as you should. It is not a thing to argue about to-day, but to study. It is no good arguing with people who have not read about it, because they are quite ignorant. It is not worth while for people who understand a thing to argue with those who are ignorant, and who do not care to study. It is a dry fact, recognised all round. Sir Oliver

Lodge lately used the very phrase that I myself used. Here is one fact: I can give you, within our Theosophical experience, which will show you a way of proving the fact of clairvoyance. Some time ago Mr. Leadbeater and myself went into a lot of chemical investigations purely by clairvoyant means, because you cannot see atoms, or the combinations of atoms called chemical elements, until you reach them by clairvoyance. In the course of these investigations we discovered some elements not then discovered by ordinary Science. This was in 1907. We put them down, figuring them as they appeared in the arrangement of the atoms, giving their weight-numbers, and putting them on record—although we knew that we were speaking about things that were not then recognised, in order that when they were found out by Science, we might have a proof nobody could deny of the fact of clairvoyance. Two or three of these have lately been discovered, and in a lecture at the Royal Institution the fact was honourably said by a leading chemist, that these had been mentioned and figured in this book, *Occult Chemistry*, and that what they had lately discovered appeared to be the things we had discovered, the weight-numbers identical, and the position of the new elements in relation to other elements longer known, exactly that which we had stated. I am not pretending that is of the slightest importance, except as a proof of the reality of clairvoyance. In that it is important, although only one of hundreds of proofs. I mention it because of its exactitude, and because it has been recognised by an eminent scientific man, very honourably and straightforwardly acknowledged. The important side of clairvoyance is that you can examine the other worlds by it, and that bears enormously on the guidance of your life here.

Here are the two Theosophical ideas which are perhaps most potent on conduct. One is reincarnation with law, reincarnation under law—as we call it, Karma—and the other the knowledge of human evolution through

the *post-mortem* states in relation to the life here. Reincarnation changes your whole attitude to life, because it enables you to see that wrong-doing is the result of inexperience, and that conscience is the result of experience. You at once then feel towards the sinner, the criminal, the little developed man, as you would feel towards a younger brother in your own family. He is the same as you are yourself but undeveloped, with the same divine life in him, but not yet as much unfolded in him as it is in you. And so you at once realise that our whole system of criminology is fundamentally wrong. We punish, by degrading punishments, men who have come into our hands—men who are what we call criminal, but what is really to be described as ignorant, ignorant of right and wrong, ignorant of moral law, ignorant of all the conditions into which they are born, mere savages born into a complex civilisation. They are born into it in order that they may be developed by the help of their more highly developed brethren. Instead of which, we only think of the mischief they do to us, and we shut them up and let them out again, and shut them up and let them out again, until we have manufactured the "habitual criminal". Not a very glorious result for a Christian civilisation, and not known, remember, in any other! A horrible thing when you come to think of it—the result of our system of criminology. Imagine what the effect would be if British people believed in reincarnation. They would regard these simply as undeveloped babies in the family household. They certainly would not give them their liberty, and they would not give them votes. I am quite aware your present system of Government does not give votes to the criminal under punishment, for, if he had a vote, he would not be allowed to use it when he was in gaol. But if he happened to be a householder, say from the successful results of burglary, you would give him a vote. That is by the way. You would not do that, if you believed in reincarnation. You would take him as a child who

had to be educated, kindly but steadfastly. You would put him first, as you do now, in separate schools. But your schools for the congenital criminal are harsh, whereas they ought to be inspiring. You should wake up in those young criminals the sentiments of admiration and love; and you could do that if you would have as teachers some of the young men of the higher classes who waste their time at present, who would play games with the young criminals and gradually become heroes to them by their athletic power and skill in games. And hero-worship is a splendid thing. You can always wake up a boy's heart, even if he is a born criminal, along those lines. And so you would make them hero-worshippers; that is one of the first steps, and it is important. Then you would draft them into labour colonies, but you would not set them free. You would have in your labour colony everything to develop intelligence, and pleasures which would awake the faculties dormant within them. But you would not set them free. Liberty is too much of a fetich in this country. It is a fetich, even although it is often only used as a scourge to the community. And presently you will realise, as you grow wiser, that Liberty is the last thing that is won by wisdom and character, and the right to enjoy Liberty should only belong to those who, by wisdom and character, have proved themselves, by their own self-control, fit to have control over their fellow-men. These sound like impossible ideals. They will come quickly when reincarnation is generally believed in, because the common-sense of that will be recognised, and the man will win physical freedom by showing in the labour colony that he is fit to be trusted, without turning into a beast of prey on society. For yourselves, who are outside, fortunately, by evolution of those lower ranks, you will find in reincarnation a stimulus in every path of life. For you will realise that every faculty that you have now, and which you brought with you as a baby, is a thing that you made in the past, and you will take every one of

your faculties and work upon them as hard as you can in this life and develop them, knowing that you lose nothing, and that every experience and action is going to be worked up in the heavenly world into more faculty. If you have a dawning talent, you will cultivate it even if you cannot make much of it in this life, because there is nothing lost. You will develop that talent further in the heavenly world, and come back with more of it for your next experience in this world. You will have a stimulus to improve yourself as far as you can, and if you happen to be lovers of humanity, as you are, you will realise that the more you serve now, the more capacity for service you are developing, and that you will come back in a future life as a great servant of mankind, even although you are only a little servant now. And so you will always have this stimulating feeling that nothing is lost, and that you are building a greater and greater humanity for the divine Spirit, which is yourself, to dwell in, in lives to come. You will therefore realise that your experience in this world conditions your state in the others. Suppose, for instance, you have some bad form of physical vice like drunkenness; it is not much good telling the drunkard that he is going to hell for ever, because he does not believe you; he always means to escape at the last moment by an act of faith; but if he is taught what really happens to the drunkard on the other side of death, it might help him to break the habit now, when it is easier to break than on the other side; because the craving for strong drink, the curse of the drunkard here, which drives him into fresh intoxication, is a torture on the other side of death where it cannot be satisfied. Perfectly reasonable; according to natural law; nothing arbitrary or irrational or immoral about it; but the inevitable seed which he is sowing which can grow up in no other way. In that other world it has to be starved out by lack of nutriment, a long, a painful, process. It is true it weaves into the conscience a shrinking from alcohol, so that in

another life he will be temperate, being repelled from the very idea of drink; but none the less it is a painful process, and he had far better break the habit here, where the effort needed is less, because physical matter is less ductile under passions and cravings than is astral matter, which is lighter, and through which you feel more keenly. That is what you want to impress on him. He must break the habit, and it is better to do so under an advantage in the physical world than under a disadvantage in the intermediate. I have found that a most effective argument with drunkards; they have left the vice, realising where inevitably it led them.

Then you will realise that your heaven is conditioned by your life here. The more you can develop good feeling, virtuous emotions, intellectual enjoyments, artistic faculties, the richer will your heaven-life be. For you cannot begin new things in heaven; you can develop almost infinitely that which you have begun here, but you cannot start what you did not take with you. Hence you can make your heavenly life rich and splendid for progress by utilising your intellectual and moral and artistic faculties here. Begin here, and you go on in the heavenly life. And so life becomes to you a synthesis, continuous, one part linked with another, under the universal dominance of law.

You will see that a theory like this, when really accepted and *lived*, entirely changes and transforms human life. You can have no real fear of death; you are only passing on into a fuller life; and that becomes a habitual thought, where it is not cut off from you by a veil beyond which you are unable to see. Then again, you do not lose your friends. As you develop these more subtle senses, your friends who are in the intermediate world are as present with you as if they were in the physical. They are living in a body of subtler matter, but are themselves all the time. And so you enlarge, as it were, your circle of those among whom you continually live, and those whom you call dead form part of that constant circle. So

much in life is brightened and gladdened, and so much in life is strengthened and ennobled, when you are able to take these larger views of human life. That is the great benefit, the great value, of Theosophical teaching. To many of you it will be practically a new line of thinking, and I only submit to you that if anything that I have been saying to you here of Theosophical teaching stimulates you to read and to inquire, then I can certainly tell you of my own experience—remember I came out of materialism, out of unbelief, because the Christianity I had been taught as a child was to me so irrational when I had studied science in many branches—that by some twenty-five years of these teachings I have found the difference that they make in human life. There is no sorrow that can really touch you, when you are living the Theosophical life; there is no anxiety that racks you, when you realise that all moves by law and works for human good; there is no pain that really hurts you, because you know that it is only the beginning of a new power that you will be able to use for the help of man hereafter. That idea was admirably put by Edward Carpenter: "Every pain that I suffered in one body was a power that I wielded in the next." And that is literally true. It is true that the troubles of human life—anxieties, griefs, loss of friends, sufferings and pains of all sorts—all these become only as the dust that may fall upon you when you are travelling along a road. You realise their object; you understand their meaning; and so the sting is taken out of their pain. You learn how to use your mind, how to govern your emotions; you become strong in a state of equilibrium and poise, which enables you to apply your whole thought to every problem that comes before you, making you more useful while you are here, as well as giving you the happiness of an unending progress through the long series of lives. You learn to remember your past and so to know for yourself that reincarnation is true; and you learn to look onward

to the future, full of hope, full of gladness and of joy, knowing that in a world where there is the one life, and that the life of God who is Love, all things must inevitably work for the higher good, and that for every child of man, who is also a child of God, there is reserved an infinite Bliss and an infinite Wisdom, safe in the arms of Him who is perfect Love as well as the only Life.

MANU

Thou sowest Thy seeds in the heart of Thy world;
Thou watchest the harvest of that which Thou sowest
There is not an ear which *Thou* hast not uncured;
For *Thou* knowest!

Thou guidest Thy peoples from land unto land,
Unseen and unknown among them Thou goest;
Thou holdest the nations in the palm of Thine Hand,
And *Thou* knowest!

F. G. P.

THE AMERICAN

By S. E. GIRARD

THERE is nothing, I should say, more wearisome than to hear an Englishman talk about his own country—unless it be an American enlarging on *his* own land! Being an American, I know something about this; knowing it, I feel that I can take up the same subject with impunity, for I am aware of the dangers. Besides, there is something to be gained in this case, for although we have had a not inconsiderable number of comments on the new sub-race by outsiders, there has been, I think, no evidence offered by a member of that race. To sweep away the use of all the first person singular pronouns in this same paragraph, let me testify (in true American style, no doubt) to my fitness for this task, acquired by being born a citizen of the United States and travelling so many and far countries abroad. It is not so much a question as to whether the new type is forming, as it is one of finding what may be the *modus operandi* of the affair. Let us first of all sketch the type, however, and then turn to the mechanical sources of its production.

The American is found in every part of the United States, but he flourishes chiefly in the West, though he may have migrated thither. Physically he is big, leaning toward the Apollo and not the Hercules or the Mercury type. His hair tends toward brunette effects, though this is by no means certain; but sure it is that his complexion will be and already is a wonderfully translucent one. I italicise that word because it needs an explanation. The clarity of his skin and a certain freshness of colour are, as it were, laid over a kind of tanned complexion and the result is a fairness which is far removed from a peach-bloom complexion and yet retains the quality of

fairness. This is obviously an inadequate expression; but there is no better way to tell what is the fact.

In the case of the shape of the head and face we come to matters of the utmost certainty. The somewhat slanting brow and generous though fine nose, indicate the keenness, which is almost the American's greatest characteristic. And this is enhanced by a certain narrowness of the face visible from the full front, saved in turn from weakness by a firm, square jaw and a full breadth of brow. The minor characteristics vary much with the person and the type is not affected thereby. The same keenness is visible in the face of the American woman, and the same firm chin that redeems even her appearance from negativity.

The psychic characteristics are almost equally well-known. The nervous force, the superabundant energy, the high-tension mode of working are matters familiar to anyone who knows the typical citizen of the United States. But the real American has in addition something that might escape one who did not know him well. This something is a kind of superior mental repose. He swoops at his work and his play, this man, like an eagle; but his action has nevertheless the deadly certainty of the eagle's flight. It is a kind of skill in action, a changelessness in a changing world. Then come all the minor characteristics of the psychic composition: feverish absorption of new things, marvellous capacity for information varied and wide, a certain confidence that is nearly conceit and is often spoiled by that defect, a prodigious capacity for strenuous work at a high rate of speed; a willingness to take remote gambling chances of success—in short, all those things which have made the new type known in the world where things are done.

Now let us ask ourselves what is the source of this type. What has produced the American? It is my conviction that there are reasons, for the appearance of the new type that must be physical. It is right to assign a

hidden cause, for there must be such; but equally there must be physical agents of that cause, and it is these which give interest to the problem.

The first part of the answer concerns what Mr. Zangwill calls the "Melting Pot," the great stir and boil of all the races of Europe in a grand maelstrom of internationalism. But it is not so haphazard as one might be led to suppose. In the United States Germans usually marry Germans and live in German communities; Slavs do likewise amongst their own people. But the children born there are not Germans and not Slavs; they are, from the first, marked as Americans in some way; they go through a machine which stamps over the foreign material a design wholly new.

And the wonder of this melting-pot method lies in the fact that the second generation knows not the first. The power of the system of education, and the associations, the newspapers, the magazines, the moving-picture shows, the advertisements, the clothes—all these and many more things speak insistently to the second generation and, if he be not a Jew, he grows up to be an American, and even if he would be otherwise he cannot. He is stamped with the race genius. Americanism screams at him constantly, vulgarly, if you will, but none the less with perfect success. The papers print almost no foreign news, very little of Canadian and none of Mexico unless the Americans are involved there. In this way amongst others the pot is made to seethe within its own circumference. A few journals with a small circulation comment on foreign affairs; but what influence have they compared with the circulation of a certain single five cent (twopence-halfpenny) weekly that sells each week about two millions of copies and is usually American throughout?

But the crux of the whole matter comes when we ask ourselves two questions: Are the intuitions being developed to an unusual degree in the American? How are they being developed? The answer to the first question

is emphatically yes: and the answer to the second is a matter of great interest.

My fellow countrymen have been famous to the verge of notoriety for their spirit of business gambling. Now there is a sense recognised in the business world in America which has a name by itself. It is said that if a man feels that a transaction is going to turn out in a certain way he has a "hunch" about it. I have more than once heard a sound and successful maker of money say quite seriously, "I have a hunch that this matter will go in such and such a fashion," when all his reasoning was against this conclusion. And this primitive intuition is frequently right. Indeed the American does not say "I think"; he invariably says, "I guess"; and guess he does, and often rightly too. This direct mode of arriving at the right conclusion sometimes gives him the appearance of being something of a fraud, of lacking thoroughness, of being impatient of details. But this is often unjust, for the truth is that he has guessed early in the opening of the transaction just what way it will go.

Aside from business there is another method in which the new faculty is gradually being developed. The growth of primitive intuitions is generally related to the feverish activity of the man, but above all it is brought to the surface by humour. Many people find what is called typical American humour somewhat crude or perhaps dull. The trouble seems to be that the Englishman (I take him as my example) feels that a thing is not funny unless he can at least chuckle about it, and is really good only if it makes him hilarious. On the contrary the American finds himself best suited with that continuous form of wit which runs on and gives no time nor space for laughter of the outward sort. And he wants his jokes to be quick, sharp and abrupt. If the narrative that leads up to the point is not very skilfully handled, his intuitions give him the clue to the point of the joke and it is spoiled for

him. *Punch* and *Life* are very different indeed; it is a supreme test of cosmopolitanism to really appreciate both.

In the question of the agencies which mould the new race, how much can be assigned to geographical and climatic conditions it would be difficult to say. For though the sunny land of Southern California is wonderfully charged, yet the true American is found in every part of the country to some extent. There are doubtless many obscure forces at play, and the true tale may never be told of how the American is produced. I would, however, make one suggestion. It is surely unquestioned that the psychological effect of the novels of any country is very great; how profound this may be is a cause for surmise. But whatever may be its relative importance it is interesting to note that the literature of the country runs to an ideal American who was in existence for years in the books, but was not easily found in life. That man who is now appearing, the keen, intuitive high-strung race-horse fellow, has lived in the American novel for years. And not alone there. The advertisements of all things from soap to a certain kind of collar, all picture the same man. The short stories of the magazine show him in all his many phases of perfection. He stalks about in the cinema's screen. He cannot be escaped, go where you will. Now the effect of this upon the nation must be great. Incessantly the men and the women were measuring themselves against this ideal American. They were slowly moulding themselves and the race into the type. And who, we may ask, furnished this type? Would He use such practical and well-known and mundane agencies as novels and advertisements? The answer to these questions may be left until another time. Whosoever is the cause of it all, it is unquestioned that there has grown up in the United States an ideal figure known as the American, and the residents there are incessant in their effort to measure up to it.

There remains still to be mentioned the nature of the sports. This is so characteristic of the nation that it

deserves the closing paragraph. A game like cricket never gains a hold on the American because it lacks that element of suspense which makes sport a source of entertainment to him. He prefers such pastimes as basket ball, which is a furiously swift game, or base-ball. Unless one has seen this latter sport played under suitable circumstances he cannot understand the nature of the effect it has upon the crowds that watch. They lose completely their identity as individuals. They become incarnations of emotion. This, we may remark in passing, is a mode of developing the intuitions. By strong and sustained emotional activity this faculty comes into expression, so long as the nature of the feeling is good. Now on these occasions you have a crowd not fired with hate, though strongly partisan, of course, swept each moment with waves of expectation as the pitcher gets ready to throw the ball. And this constant and repeated stimulus to the emotions is accompanied in the crowd by efforts to guess the next move that will be made out on the field. No passive, critical or judicial person goes to ball games; and the best Americans are there. Democratic in the extreme, he becomes on this occasion absolute in his fraternalism. To refuse to talk to a neighbour, whether you know him or not, would be considered the rankest bad taste. The crowd that watches is a unit, wrapped in the same feeling, enjoying the same thrills of pure emotion surging like a fire, with the same thoughts, intense, live and palpitating. They know it not, but these gigantic crowds of people are slowly weaving into the fabric of the race a subtle, tenuous and hitherto unknown quality, and out of the vulgar, crude and uncouth, irresponsible, unbalanced and unsteady new westerner—for so he has often been described by those who do not know—there is slowly forming the delicate, highly-strung and incisive person whose keen intuitions will redeem us from the tyranny of intellect—the American that is soon to be.

THEOSOPHICAL STUDY

By NEMO

THE main issue of Mr. C. R. Harvey's practical article on "An Adyar University" in THE ADYAR BULLETIN of July naturally involves many secondary issues, all of which have a direct bearing on any thorough consideration of the project. For instance, it may be that some of the residents at Adyar can find the inspiration they most need in outward activity of a kind that may appear to others as commonplace; while possibly another section may regard the particular work in hand chiefly as a means of gaining a deeper insight into the meaning of the Theosophical movement through personal contact with its leading workers. However, the purpose of this article is not to introduce lame comparisons between the various means of grace, latent or manifest, within the catholic scope of the Society's Objects; we want all the grace we are capable of receiving, whatever the means. The particular issue selected for present consideration is that of study from the point of view of the temperamental student, the man or woman whose chief delight consists in getting to the bottom a thing. To the moralist he may appear selfish, though one seldom finds this in practice, as for example in the illustration given in the article "Interrogations" by A. C. (ADYAR BULLETIN of March)—"In the realm of science there are no frontiers." Be that as it may, let us confine ourselves for the moment to the gaining of knowledge for its own sake, and see what we find.

First of all, what is the kind of knowledge that the Theosophical student is really after? He may have been originally attracted by any one of the concrete examples

of natural law that have been illumined by occult philosophy and research, but it is the writer's experience that sooner or later all these specialised studies converged in a common demand for a satisfying conception of the *WHOLE*. In this capacity for synthesis lies the peculiar power of the Theosophical presentation of truth. Not that the real student ever expects to exhaust the possibilities of his conception; such a prospect would be worse than annihilation to him. But, with every access of specialised knowledge, there comes the habit of instinctively relating it to the whole, however tentatively. For the conception of each student must not only be continually growing, but must also be truly individual, that is, creative. Hence the rooted objection of this type of mind to neatly rounded categories, that may appear to many as havens of refuge but to the inveterate student as mere signposts pointing to a *cul-de-sac*. He should be grateful for all suggestive observations, though he may sometimes chafe at repetition; but he must be left to draw his own conclusions.

This is where "occult" study mainly differs from purely academic training, and why it often appears diffusive and lacking in tangible results. Real occult study is of course much more than the garnering of information on psychic matters or the stringing together of impressive catchwords. That which makes any branch of study "occult" is the way in which it is approached. This may be briefly summed up in the words "accuracy," "penetration," "impartiality," and "proportion". Accuracy, to record a correct impression of the writer's statement; penetration, to appreciate his full meaning; impartiality, to compare the result with available evidence; and proportion, to assign a value according to what we conceive to be its rightful place in evolution. "Rather a large order," some will say. "We should not be able to get through much reading at this rate." Possibly not; but would this be such a great loss compared with the faculty developed by this mental discipline?

Again it is much more difficult to maintain the open mind in relation to a teacher to whom we are personally drawn. I have sometimes put quite an obvious difficulty to people who would think nothing of reviewing an ordinary book with scant mercy, and have been amazed to receive some such retort as this: "What? Do you mean to say you don't believe this? I always believe everything So-and-So says." Of course no charge of heresy was intended, but it is apparently difficult for some minds to understand how intellectual difficulties can arise and be dispassionately dealt with apart from any question of personal belief or devotion. For this reason alone the inauguration of a course of academic training at Adyar will doubtless prove a highly interesting and wholesome experiment. Its value will largely be derived from the independent position of the lecturers, but will not be utilised to the full unless some students are able to take their stand on the method of study that I have designated by the word "occult". They must maintain an intelligent attitude of respectful challenge, and, wherever possible, of personal verification; they must formulate all their difficulties without fear of being thought stupid or peculiar, and must insist on receiving adequate answers to all reasonable questions.

This may sound rather hard on the lecturers, who may not be at all used to this kind of audience; but, none the less, it may be the best thing possible for them, as well as for the students. For a purely academic authority may be just as prejudicial to "opening the doors of the mind" as the attitude of contemptuous superiority towards demonstrated fact that too often accompanies a smattering of Theosophical tenets. Besides, if mere technical cramming is desired, this can already be obtained at plenty of colleges nearer home; and at any one of them a student who "means business" can set to work for himself to winnow the grain from the chaff. But if a university is to be called Theosophical, why should not any student be free to get

up and say: "Please tell me more about this and less about that"? This is not at all the same thing as fighting shy of a particular lecture, just because it does not appear to be "Theosophical". Lecturers should not pander to the slackness of students who fall off in attendance because they find the subject "dry". But the student should be consulted in the elimination of mental lumber and the introduction of fruitful matter, the importance of which has perhaps remained unsuspected by the lecturer. In the pursuit of governing principles the would-be Occultist cannot afford to carry about too much dead weight of detail, useful though it may be to specialists in other lines. Of course he may be a specialist himself, he probably is if he has to earn his own living; but he must first and foremost be an all-round thinker, and this generally means confining his specialisation to one speciality. Consequently he should be entitled to a frank expression of opinion in the selection of a suitable curriculum.

There is no doubt that the more book-knowledge we can keep up our sleeves for the backing up of our conclusions the better for the first impressions we make on the public, but book-knowledge alone can never take the place of a persistent testing of values by individual experience. The sages of old evidently knew what they were doing when they threw out those "hard sayings" that are often the despair of the western novice, and told their pupils to go away for a year or two and come back when they had found out the meaning of one saying. So if we can add a literary or scientific equipment to the developed faculty of knowing, we shall have gone one better than the ancients, and we are probably meant to; but, if one or the other has to be curtailed, let it be the form and not the life. I would back a few rough and ready learners from the book of life to do more to uplift the world than any invertebrate troop of highly finished products armed with certificates of up-to-date culture.

The occult student need not expect people to jump at his efforts to enlighten them, however attractively they may be presented; consequently he should not be discouraged by the slowness of results. We go out so convinced that we have got the "very thing" for the world, and sometimes forget that many others are equally convinced that the world must look to them for salvation; meanwhile the world still smiles and goes its own way. Jacob Boehme did not have a large following; perhaps he was not even the best shoemaker of his time, though he probably did his shoemaking thoroughly while he was at it, being a Mystic. Yet who can say that the Divine Mind did not find some aspect of itself reflected in him as fully as in the more notable characters of history?

The conclusion I have come to is that Theosophical study is a science in itself, and one still in its infancy. Therefore in all branches of human progress let it point to the master-key of self-knowledge, rather than a bunch of showy imitations distinguished by their labels. Let us learn to create and discover, and not merely be content to copy. Let us learn to apply the concentrated force of a trained reason and sane imagination to the results of our own observation, whatever direction it may take; to look to nature for our clues, and bring our daily mental outlook into deliberate and confident conformity with her laws. Only thus shall we find ourselves drinking at the fountain-head of knowledge, summing up volumes in paragraphs, and making straight the tortuous paths of human perplexity.

THE POET'S VISION

By AIMÉE BLECH

THERE were many indications by which he might be known as a poet: his pensive brow and flashing glance; his dealings with men and his understanding of life; but more especially his nobility of soul and fervent, enthusiastic cult of the Ideal.

Slowly did he mount the six flights of stairs leading to his attic, as he reflected on the visit to his publisher, from which he was now returning.

Two months previously, a small legacy had enabled him to have his first book of poems published, thus affording a kind of relief to the fever of creation which had filled him. All the same, the publisher had given him not the slightest encouragement. "Love poems," he had said, "always find admirers, but semi-mystical, semi-philosophical verse is not likely to attract readers. Your work shows a lofty sweep of imagination, both matter and composition are fine; but then, you see, the main thing is to please the public."

This very evening, the poet's timid inquiries had fully justified the publisher's remarks, and before the grim attitude of the latter, he had silently withdrawn.

During the few minutes spent in the office, however, he had heard mention of the forthcoming new edition of a drama which had come out only a fortnight before his own book of poems.

This work was from the pen of one of his school companions, a free and careless person, of splendid literary gifts, though eager for renown and money. The drama,

based on a most ingenious intrigue, flattered man's base instincts and depraved feelings and revealed a cunning art at the service of a debased passion. Its success was immediate and great.

* * * * *

Without bitterness in his heart or any feeling of rebellion, though profoundly discouraged, the poet returned to his attic. Feeling his way to the mantelpiece, he lit his lamp. In the somewhat smoky light, the tiny room assumed its wonted aspect: the bed was decently covered with a big warm quilt; the mantelpiece, above which was a large second-hand mirror, was occupied by a few framed photographs. On a small table lay everything necessary for the preparation of a hurried meal, and near the window, beneath a set of shelves hanging against the wall and filled with books—his best friends—stood a larger table, covered with papers and manuscripts which showed signs of frequent erasures. There was neither cupboard nor chest of drawers in this attic; the old trunk which served as a wash-stand was filled with the rest of his garments. A world of privation and arduous toil was revealed in that poor little room, which none the less seemed imbued with a delightful atmosphere of dream-land and meditation. When the poet returned at night, after his day's work as clerk to a commission agent, the room became transformed into an enchanted palace, a solemn, mysterious temple, whose priest he was—for to write down the promptings of his inspirations was to do reverence to a sublime Ideal.

* * * * *

Mechanically the poet struck a match and quickly the water was boiling in the kettle; then, after a moment's hesitation, he placed a faggot on the fire along with the wood of an old box, the result being that within a few minutes a cheerful warmth and light pervaded the room.

"My very soul feels chilled," he thought, "but a little of this genial warmth will stir it up to life again and set it singing. To-day I intend to indulge in that exceptional treat—a poet's orgy."

A somewhat sorrowful smile played on his lips; he poured himself out a warm drink and settled down in a rickety arm-chair, which happened to be the best piece of furniture in the room.

Here, gladdened and soothed by the bright flames of the fire, he would forget his fresh disappointment and the succeeding depression, and would gain renewed vigour by dedicating himself afresh to his Muse.

* * * * *

Time passed: nine o'clock had struck—he counted the strokes as they pealed forth from the tower of Saint Sulpice—the distant rumbling sounds in the streets calmed down, and still the poet's regretful attitude lingered. With eyes fixed on the flickering flame, he brushed aside, in absent-minded fashion, a lock of hair which insisted on caressing his anxious brow. In his eyes could be read the mute question: What is the meaning of it all? Why is glory and popular acclaim, the smile of woman and the frenzied kiss of Fortune, the portion of the man who was devoid of aspiration and ideal alike, who was guided by nothing but the thirst for gold and renown, and who prostituted his genius to the basest of intrigues? Whereas he—the true poet—who had had no thought but to communicate to others that devotion he felt for the Beautiful and the Good, to kindle in other eyes the flame of mystic truth, who had aspired to raise mankind above the filth and slime in which they had sunk and point them the radiant, immaculate peaks of a sublime Ideal, was condemned to a life of obscurity, silence and neglect, filled with daily toil of the most monotonous and wearisome nature!

Unknown or despised, would his works ever attain to importance would they arouse an echo in the human heart and mind?

No, alas! one by one, all his dreams would fade away, his efforts would remain barren and purposeless.

* * * * *

At this instant, the lamp, which had been flickering for some time, though the absent-minded poet had not noticed it, suddenly went out and the pale gleam of the dying embers was the only light in the attic.

A distressful sigh burst from the poet's lips:

"Destiny! Wherefore dost thou show thyself so cruel?"

Of a sudden, an indistinct, vaporous form appeared between himself and the flickering light. In the utmost surprise, he saw standing there the frail but exquisite outline of a veiled woman.

"Who art thou, gentle apparition?" he asked. "Is it possible that thou art my dream which has assumed form, my unknown ideal for which I would give my life? Art thou my guiding Inspiration?"

"Poet, I am thy Destiny," came the voice, full of melody. "I have come at thy call. What is thy wish?"

"That thou may'st show thyself less cruel."

"I am what thou hast made me in the course of thy former lives. 'Tis thou who hast created me by thy actions, thy desires and thy thoughts. Complain not, O poet, take me as thou findest me."

"In former days, thou didst aspire after martyrdom and opportunity for devotion, and thy dream has been fulfilled. Thy whole life must be one of unheeded renunciation. Thou art a sower, and it is thy mission to create without caring for results, to inspire thy fellow-creatures with noble thoughts, the thirst for sacrifice, the cult of the Ideal. However ignored and scorned thy life may be, it shall be fruitful, for it contains the germ from which shall spring the blossom and subsequently the fruit on which men's souls shall feed.

"Bewail not thy lot, O poet, nor envy that of thy school-fellow, for whilst thy work shall reap a harvest of

life in the centuries to come, his triumphs shall bring forth corruption and death."

Look!

One final flicker, and the room was plunged in darkness. Suddenly, a strange light appears on the wall, and in the mirror above the fire-place the poet sees shades move slowly along. The light increases and spreads throughout the room,..... it seems to come from the mirror itself and the poet is astonished to see a *tableau vivant* appear before his eyes.....

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It is now dawn..... faint pink flashes gleam on the horizon, exposing to view two immense fields, separated by a hedge. In each field, a sower, with slow, measured step, scatters the seed in the ploughed furrows, in generous handfuls.

One of the sowers approaches, and the poet recognises himself, the other sower is his school companion.

And now the ruddy dawn changes to a purple hue and a fiery globe appears on the horizon. Greeted by the singing of birds, the sun shines forth. The sowers are far away, but the seeds have grown up. In his field, the poet beholds the tender green sprouts, which soon bloom into glorious flowers with whose delightful, life-giving odours the ambient air is laden. Then the blossoms turn into luscious fruit.

The field soon fills with people; men and women, youths and maidens approach with downcast air, weary and suffering. Hungering and thirsting for consolation and the light of truth, they gather and eat this ripe fruit and are immediately filled with newness of life. Once again hope illumines the brow, and a smile returns to the lips. Their attitude is one of blessing and thankfulness. Mothers press the precious juice into the mouths of their little ones; the men raise aloft their hands to heaven, in aspiration after an ideal and acknowledgment of a God; all eyes are lit up with a sacred flame.

And as the poet, filled with emotion, is conscious that his own eyes are suffused with tears, and that, ashamed, he has closed them for a moment, the voice continues in tones of authority:

"Open thine eyes, poet, look once more!"

* * * * *

This time, it was the neighbour's field that appeared, lit up by the radiant beams of the sun.

What are these uncouth plants growing in the utmost disorder on a filthy soil? They seem almost human with their sad-looking grimace, whilst serpents and slimy insects lurk beneath the leaves. A pestilential odour fills the air. And look, the sun is now at work on his task; the monstrous blossoms have turned into fruit and the field is filled with crowds of pilgrims. These latter are smiling and singing; they are not seekers after truth; rather are they athirst for easily obtained joys and sensations. They gather the venomous fruit and relish its taste.

Alas! Twilight soon falls around, and in the gathering gloom are heard cries and lamentations, cursing and blasphemy. The work of corruption and death is being accomplished. A few unhappy beings, however, leaning over the hedge which separates the two fields, succeed in gathering the fruit of life and tasting it. As though by enchantment, they regain their strength and are saved; they leave the accursed field wherein the death-dealing seed will yet long continue to produce poisoned fruit.

Suddenly, night falls, and for the last time the poet listens to the solemn voice of Destiny:

"O poet! thou hast seen what is ever hidden from mortal eyes, and heard what never pierces to human ears. Can'st thou ever again complain against me, against Destiny, thine own creation? What matters it if thou dost live unknown and despised by all, when thou hast shown the goal of life to thousands of human beings, taught

them to pay homage to the Ideal, made them conscious of their essential divinity, their sacred mission in life?"

* * * *

Midnight is striking from the tower of Saint Sulpice, and its twelve strokes have drowned those gentle, thrilling tones. Frequently however, they will be repeated in mysterious echoes to the one who has heard what human ears are unable to hear.

* * * *

The poet has continued along the path he began. No laurel crown adorns his brow; but never again have his tired, bruised feet halted, or the slightest shadow dimmed the radiance of his inspired vision. He died unknown but happy—for he had been a sower—an indefatigable sower of the seed which is to feed future mankind, and which, at some distant day, will produce marvellous fruit: the blossom and fruit of the tree of Life.

* * * *

He has sown for the future.... but does this mean that the present is barren?

No! Every lofty thought and sublime aspiration leaves its impress in the world wherein souls dwell. The atmosphere of noble souls is a supreme viaticum which consoles a faltering faith and revives a dying hope. This atmosphere is a centre of life whence beam forth an endless array of subtle forces, messengers of peace and light, and these blest messengers are capable of satisfying all who thirst after eternal beauty and aspire to communion with the Divine.

THOUGHTS FOUND IN A BUDDHIST PAMPHLET

O Heart of Pity move in me
Compassion for the sick or sad,
The weak, the fallen everywhere;
• For kindness is the law of God.

O Heart of Happiness, inspire
Joy in the meanest thing's delight;
Whether the pleasure be of Earth
Or won from out the Heart of Light.

O Heart of Love, O Flame Divine,
Burn lovelessness and self from me,
That all my thoughts may be of Love
And men may feel the glow of Thee.

O Heart of Calm and Utter Peace,
I know that wrongs will not remain.
They are but forces gone astray
Which turn and come to Thee again.

BEATRIX

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XVI

MY attention was first drawn to Theosophy by a purely personal interest. I read an article in *The Review of Reviews* on Mrs. Besant's autobiography. She was, I think, the character sketch of the month. I was much struck by, and very interested in, the account the article gave of Mrs. Besant's life, and particularly impressed by the strength of character and love of truth it indicated. To give up the certain advantages of home and love and friendship, to surrender the right of being with your own children, to search for an abstract truth, struck my far from heroic soul as very wonderful. I determined if I had ever the opportunity of hearing her speak to avail myself of it.

Some years passed and I saw in *The Daily Mail* that Mrs. Besant was speaking the next Sunday evening in the small Queens Hall. Much water had flowed under the bridge for me since I had read *The Review of Reviews* article. Then I was quite orthodox and very conventional; I had now arrived at a very critical point in my life. I had suddenly—for on looking back I can discover no one definite cause unless it was a deep sense of personal unhappiness—found myself in a most agnostic state of mind; the orthodoxy in which I had been brought up and to

which I had been sincerely attached, ceased to hold me. I was at the time in intimate connection with a rather well known and moderately High Church. I was teaching in a Sunday School, belonging to a Communicants' Guild and carefully observing its rules of life; my interests were largely religious.

I had been brought up to think religious doubt a temptation of the Devil, and had carefully stifled any doubts that were inclined to present themselves. Suddenly I seemed to be all doubts and nothing I could do laid them. I had a strong objection to anything in the shape of confession or direction so when, in consequence of my resigning first my post as teacher and later my membership in the Communicant's Guild, the Vicar of the Parish expostulated and suggested a private interview—I declined. I was perfectly certain he could not help me and thought I had better worry through by myself. That I was very much out of health and very much worried by family troubles had, of course, a great deal to do with the state of acute depression I had reached; but even as a child I had always a strong objection to physical existence, and never thought it a pleasure to be alive but a trial. I remember very vividly to-day how I, as a young girl of about seventeen, thought with horror of the presumably long years of life that lay before me and wondered how I should fill them. I had in fact always cherished a private grudge against God for having created the world at all. It seemed to me a world full of sins and horrors, a world in which I certainly did not want to find myself. All my church-going, and pious practices were attempts to drug myself into oblivion. In reality I was always in a mental state of rebellion. And as a logical sequence, I suppose, for years I had cherished suicide as a possible way of escape when I felt I really could endure no longer the ills of life. As a young girl I had been much impressed by a novel by Mrs. Oliphant in which a woman killed

herself to escape the torment of a death from cancer and to avoid becoming a horror to those she loved. The teaching of the Stoics on the subject had also strongly impressed me. "If life pleases you, live. If not you have the right to retire," so Seneca wrote; and Epictetus, "Above all things remember that the door is open. Be not more timid than boys at play. As they when they cease to take pleasure in their games declare that they will no longer play, so do you, when all things begin to pall upon you, retire. But if you stay, do not complain." I was firmly persuaded that though little else belonged to me, my own body, my own life, were at least my own and it seemed to me that with them I had a right to do as I pleased. After reading this novel it seemed to me I had found a way out and that when all things began to pall I had at hand a certain remedy, and the thought was decidedly comforting. As to my fate after death, if I killed myself, I never gave it a thought. The teaching as to *post mortem* experience is so dim in orthodox Christianity that one ceases to consider it from a practical standpoint. I did not believe in an eternal Hell nor in perpetually playing on harps of gold which, as I was not musical, did not attract me at all. It seemed to me it was of no use to speculate on the after-death experiences. So the world was looking very black to me when I found myself in Queen's Hall waiting for Mrs. Besant to speak. I had not the slightest expectation she would say anything to help me. I went purely from curiosity, from the interest aroused in me by *The Review of Reviews* article which I still remembered. I was still so conventional that I thought it rather a daring thing to do, to go on a Sunday to hear a woman of Mrs. Besant's heretical views.

Directly Mrs. Besant came on to the platform and began to speak, looking back it seems to me that I must have sat with my eyes and mouth open to their fullest extent in a sort of trance of wonder. On what

subject she spoke I have not now any remembrance. But I liked it enormously. It is possible I did not understand very much, of her speech. I was then exceedingly ignorant of all the objects of the T. S. Of Brotherhood, except very vaguely in a Christian sense, I knew nothing. Nor did I know anything of any religion but Christianity, and very little of that. Science did not attract me and of philosophy I had made no study. Of reincarnation I only had learnt in my school days that Pythagoras taught metempsychosis. I was decidedly interested in psychic matters, though from childhood I had been very nervous of having any personal psychic experience—I had so often then felt on the brink of some superphysical experience and thought I should die of fright if I saw anything. Spiritualism I regarded as dangerous, and I certainly did not covet any personal touch with the superphysical. The lecture was the last of presumably a series; Mrs. Besant had shone for an hour in my horizon and then completely vanished. Of the Theosophical Society I had never heard and so far as I can remember it was not mentioned, or very likely if it were I did not grasp its existence. I was left very much where I had been; things went on very much the same lines for a year and then again I saw that Mrs. Besant was to speak at Queen's Hall, and I went to hear her. Then she was giving the famous lectures on Esoteric Christianity. I attended several of them—I was out of town for some—and at the last lecture as I was coming out, a leaflet was given me, with the publications of the Theosophical Society. I thought I must really try to find out something more about ideas that strongly attracted me and sent for some of the books, selecting them by the attractiveness of the title, and also with a view to cheapness. It was on the manuals my choice fell. I always associate my first attempts at studying Theosophy with the Devil's Punch-bowl in Surrey. I went to stay at Hindhead for August and September and used to study the manuals every

morning sitting in a garden—it was an unusually fine and hot summer—over-looking that picturesque spot. I remember how difficult I found the *Seven Principles of Man* and how worried I was by the conception of the separation of the various principles during sleep. I used to lie awake wondering what would soon happen to my various bodies. The idea of reincarnation though I did not like it seemed to me reasonable and logical. In fact what attracted me in Theosophy was that it did give a reasonable and coherent reason for the appearance of man on the scene of action. Soon after I returned to town for the winter I received—I imagine I had been put down on some list at the T.P.S. as an inquirer or interested person as I had gone on getting books—an invitation to a drawing-room meeting on Theosophy to be held in a district of London quite close to my home. I was very pleased at receiving this invitation and went feeling quite excited at the prospect of actually coming into contact with some Theosophists, of whom I had, as I suppose most tyros have, a most exalted idea. Countess Wachtmeister and Mrs. Scott of America took the meeting and at its close a class was formed to study Theosophy which I joined, and in the following May I became a member of the Society. I always felt and still feel a sense of gratitude to Mr. Stead and to *The Review of Reviews* for the article which first aroused my interest in our great President.

E. S.

TRADE UNIONISM AND THEOSOPHY

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE ADYAR BULLETIN"

There have been many references and much blowing of trumpets in our magazines lately over the recent agreement with the Trade Unions in London as to the erection of our London Headquarters. A recent allusion in *THE ADYAR BULLETIN* reminds me that I have however not yet seen any comment on what may be called the political aspect of the matter as far as it affects the T.S.

If there is one principle more than another that most of us hold dear it is our neutrality. But in signing an agreement to employ only Trade Union labour, the T.S., or those acting for it, definitely take sides against two classes—the employer of labour and the free labourer. Are we to understand that, in the view of the T.S., a man has no right to be a free labourer? Are we, who have always fought for freedom, to say to such a man—perhaps a member of our Society—"you shall not work except at the bidding of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Mr. Keir Hardie or some other labour leader"? Our Theosophical magazines are continually assuming to themselves the right to lecture the British Colonies on the iniquity of excluding the coloured races. Why do the Colonies reject them? Because the coloured people undersell them and lower the standard of living. Why do Trade Unions object to free labourers? Because, we are told, they undersell them and lower the standard of living. Why then this inconsistency in our treatment of the two classes? Why are we not lecturing the Unions on the wickedness of their hostility to the free man as we have lectured the Colonies for their hostility to the coloured races. I do not hold a brief for any party, yet I decidedly take exception also to the view that the employer is always in the wrong. Strange as it may seem to many of our members, an employer of labour is not necessarily a villain! An impartial inquiry among employers of various kinds of labour will disclose just as many faults on the side of the men as on the other—a depressing story of broken agreements, vexatious strikes, utterly unreasonable complaints and so on, which make trade a matter of the greatest difficulty. I cannot see why the employer is to be blamed directly or by imputation because in his effort to put an end to this state of things he also adopts the weapons of the Union and himself

occasionally "downs tools". However I do not intend to go into trade questions, as I am not particularly interested in them. I am aware, of course, that many people expect that the millennium will arrive when Trade Unions govern the world, but fortunately most of us will be dead before that happens and the experiment will have failed before we return! My point is that we have no right to put such of our members as are either employers or free labourers in the position of having to consider whether they can remain in a Society which takes sides against them. Nor does it make it easy for our propagandists, whose new convert may well be doubtful as to whether his new and slender Theosophical views are not outweighed by his convictions on the Union question.

I have heard an apologist say that the London building has nothing to do with the T.S., but if the Headquarters of a National Society, erected with money drawn from Theosophists, supervised by Theosophists and finally to be used for Theosophical purposes, has nothing to do with the Theosophical Society, I should like to know what has!

I trust it will be made clear that although it appears that we are sacrificing our principles to our self-interest in the matter of this building, in reality, as a Society, we entirely repudiate any partisanship in these or similar questions.

LONDON

31st July 1914

C. R. HARVEY



THE ADYAR BULLETIN

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No. 10

FROM THE EDITOR

THE crash of War from every side cannot touch the Peace at the heart of things, and we who are students of the Great Plan need not let our hearts be troubled by the storms of the time. Let us fix our eyes upon the results rather than upon the passing tempest, and realise that the fiery heat of war is ripening swiftly the precious fruits for which otherwise the Nations would have had to toil for weary years of frustrated efforts and of disappointed hopes.

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Whether we look at the matter from the social or the moral point of view, we see that social problems are found to be capable of solution in a state of war, problems which had raised the bitterest controversy, and had seemed to defy any peaceful solving, problems which, unsolved, threatened the stability of Society. The public mind has become accustomed to see the State seize its railways, its personal possessions by forced sale, its sugar supplies, and finds it all quite reasonable and eminently practical. In this way the public mind is being prepared for a fundamental change in the

condition of Society, for the transition from an individualistic to a co-operative system, for the utilisation of the State for the common good.

This change of thought with its more brotherly outlook upon life is preparing the English Nation, more especially, for the lessons of a Teacher who will lay the foundations of a practical Social Brotherhood, and who, by the magic of His Presence, will smooth all difficulties, and will guide the human race into a happier and more peaceful civilisation.

The coming destruction of the Ideal of brute Force—set up by the writers who have pushed Germany towards the precipice over which she will presently fall—is necessary ere room can be found for raising the Ideal of Love. For there is, for the less evolved souls, a curious and fatal fascination in that Ideal, and its contemplation brutalises them and turns their faces backwards. It tends to impel them to evolve into the brute rather than into the higher man. The attraction of it can only be destroyed by the picture of its results, such as is being given in the present War, the awful object-lesson of what men can become who take Might as Right, and strength as the justification of violence. The harmless citizens shot down in their streets by a brutal soldiery, the violated women, the murdered children, the burning homes, the devastated countryside, the swathes of corpses reaped by the scythe of Death, the destroyed treasures of literature and of art, the crowds of widows and orphans that a few weeks ago were happy families, awaiting the coming of the breadwinner at eventide—all this forces upon the minds of the Nations the misery which must ever come when Power is used for aggression upon others, instead of for Service. At least those who have accepted Force as their ideal will know very clearly whither they are tending, and the memory of this wild welter of cruelty and misery will

pass down from generation to generation as a warning and a guide.

Into our beautiful and peaceful Adyar the spectre of War has stalked. Our good and gentle Dr. Otto Schröder has been taken away by the military authorities and interned, with many other Germans. With the strange and dangerous favouritism shown to foreign missionaries, some of the German missionaries are still allowed freedom on parole, while the less dangerous are shut up. These groups of foreigners set up industries under the cover of religion through which they exploit Indians to enrich their countrymen abroad. Now they are actively dangerous, as likely to send information to the enemy. They have long been glorifying the German Empire before their pupils, and telling them of the greatness of the German people, subtly undermining loyalty to the British Crown. Now they are a menace, and through them valuable information may find its way to the enemy.

Our Adyar residents who were in the hills have now returned, but several of those who were to have come to us have been unable to leave England, in consequence of the war. Miss Bell has joined us from Sicily. Miss Jeffreys has volunteered as a nurse on the hospital ship and has been accepted; we shall miss her ever-kindly services, but gladly yield her to the greater need. Major Peacocke has gone to England, to resume his military duties. Mr. Harvey, Mr. Wedgwood, Mrs. Nettell and Mrs. Adair have succeeded in finding their way out. So we have many changes, people coming and going.

The steady work of the T.S. goes on despite all the outer turmoil; Mr. Leadbeater's tour in Australia and New Zealand is everywhere successful; the Hall in Sydney, opened with much reasonable exultation some years ago, is entirely outgrown as the result of his visit, and the

Lodges clamour for his remaining, so as to start them well in the new habitation that he has rendered necessary. Private letters speak enthusiastically of the help given by him. "He radiates love and kindness like a great Sun," writes one. Another says how he makes the inner life "real," that they feel the reality of the Masters and of spiritual truths more intensely than they have ever done before. It is this great value to the world that makes him the object of such unexampled hostility. But enmity passes, and good work remains. Between the claims there, and the difficulties of transport, the Government having taken over so many of the P. & O. and Orient liners, he writes doubtfully as to the date of his return.

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All promises well for our winter Convention, and the presence here of the Indian National Congress will increase the attendance at the meetings of both bodies, for many of the most earnest members of each belong to both. Our Convention lecturer this year is Mr. C. Jinarajadasa, M.A. (Cantab.) well known in both hemispheres for his wide culture and deep spirituality. I shall myself give two lectures, one at the beginning and one at the end of the Convention, as I did in 1910, when Mr. George S. Arundale was the lecturer. It is well that the younger generation should come forward into leadership in our great work; one of the mistakes of older people in public movements is to refuse to allow their youngers their proper place in the guidance of a movement, their "place in the Sun," forgetting that each generation must have its own view-point, and that fresh thought and new ways of working are the guarantee of the continuance of any institution. Presently, we elders shall come back, and go ahead of our present youngers, and so the wheels of the world roll ever along the path of progress. Mr. Jinarajadasa has chosen his subject chiefly with a view to students, and the lectures will be

entitled, "Theosophy and Modern Thought". They will deal respectively with:

1. Theosophy and the Problem of Heredity.
2. The Study of History in the Light of Reincarnation.
3. The Basis of Art Expression.
4. The Search for Reality.

* *

We shall probably not have, this year, so many foreign visitors as usual, owing to the difficulties of coming and going, and the necessity, especially for men, of remaining in their own lands.

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It is pleasant to hear from a very old Spanish worker, Señor Don Jose Melian, who emigrated to South America some ten years ago, that he has founded a Lodge in Lima, Peru, with 25 members; he has named it "Karma". Peru always exercises a glamour over the mind, the last relic of the rule of the glorious dynasty of the Children of the Sun, and one of the great gathering-places of the Band of Servers in the past. It served in modern days to bear witness to the happiness and the wealth of a people whose civilisation was founded and shaped by the Wise, when Kings ruled for the good of their people and not for their own aggrandisement and luxury, when "the autocracy of the Wise was the salvation of the foolish". Humanity like individuals, has its childhood, its youth, its maturity; the period of youth, when the dependence of childhood has passed and the wisdom of manhood is not yet attained, is ever a troublous period of folly, of erratic impulses, of recklessness. Enough if it be pure, honourable and brave, for out of such youth a noble manhood grows.

There are many who take a very vivid interest in the position of India as an integral part of the Empire, and in the growth of her political life. A daily paper three weeks old—things are now—must of course be useless



for news, yet as some of us over here take daily English newspapers in order to watch the currents of public thought and life in England, so some of those who wish to realise what India is and what she is becoming—pregnant as her future is for the future of the Empire—may like to see, in *New India* (daily) and *The Commonwealth* (weekly), the lines of Indian thought, of Indian hopes and struggles, successes and failures. *New India* is the first Indian daily, I am told, which, greatly daring, subscribed to Reuter while priced at one penny. With postage to England it costs per annum Rs. 33 (£2. 1s. 4d.), and is sent off, the six numbers in a parcel, every Friday morning by the foreign mail. *The Commonwealth* annual subscription is 10s. 6d. plus 4d. for Bank exchange. Both papers can be ordered from *New India* office, Post Box 39, Madras E., India.

Friends will be interested in hearing that the circulation of *New India* has now (October 11th) risen to 8,700 per day, and many numbers are out of print. We began on July 14th with 1,100. For India the above circulation is exceptional. But the rapid rise has made many difficulties. Our advertisements, up to October 1st, were an actual loss, as the rates were inherited, and as the circulation rose, they cost considerably more than we received for them! We have no adequate machinery, and that ordered is delayed by the war, so we cannot produce sufficiently fast to supply the demand, and receive much harsh language in consequence. We have not sufficient room, and half the staff is in one building and half in another. There is no rational method of distribution, and papers are stolen by the delivery men and boys. Such are the tribulations of an editor! But it would be much worse if we had no circulation at all.

THE VALUE OF THEOSOPHY

A LECTURE

By ANNIE BESANT

FRIENDS:

In these days of many views and of much controversy, every theory of life must be expected to justify itself if it desires to gain and to keep the attention of the public. My duty this afternoon is to try to put before you as clearly as I can what is meant by the word we hear so often, but that a large number of people do not very thoroughly understand. I shall try to tell you clearly what Theosophy is from the standpoint of those who adopt it as a guide in life; to show you what value it has among the many opposing views of our time; to try and make clear to you its usefulness in the modern world, so that you may judge for yourselves how far it may be worthy of your attention.

And let me say at the very outset, so that no misconception shall arise, that my Chairman, in the use of the word "authoritative" did not, I am sure, in any way intend to imply that anyone expounding Theosophy pretends to impose upon others the view that he himself may take. I can only put the subject to you as a student, leaving you to judge of its value, to accept it or to reject it as you will. For I do not hold—and I hope you also do not hold—that it is the duty of a lecturer to fit his audience with a set of opinions, as though he were a tailor offering ready-made clothes. Thought to be valuable must be individual. Every person must think out for himself his own

theory of life, choose his own guide for himself and tread his own road. The value of a lecturer to my mind simply consists in this, that he acts as a kind of signpost to point the way along a road which he himself has trodden. If others desire to tread it, they must tread it on their own feet. He is merely a guide to the way, and not a treader of the way for another. And so in putting to you this great theory of life, I only put it to you as an exponent, not for one moment saying that you ought in any sense to accept it. If it meets with response from your own intelligence and your own intuition, then no words of mine will be needed to recommend it to your further study. If you are satisfied with life as you find it, with your own theory of life as you have either received or made it, then your time for studying this other theory will not yet have come.

First of all, there is nothing new under this name Theosophy. It is not a theory of life and of thought invented when the Theosophical Society was founded in 1875. It came then into the world as a reaffirmation of certain great truths which at the particular time at which it was proclaimed were challenged, especially by the intellectual world—the reaffirmation of those fundamental truths on which all religion is based, and asserting them in a modern form to suit the thought of the time, and in direct opposition to certain theories which were then more current than they are now—certain views of life which claimed the authority of science and had a right at the time, I think, to claim that authority. Looking at the word for a moment in its etymological meaning, you have clearly "Divine Wisdom" as the translation of the Greek word. The very fact that it has this Greek label naturally would throw you back in time to Grecian thought, and you find the word used in the Neoplatonic schools as implying a certain direct attitude to life and to Spirit. And the Wisdom that was thus designated is that direct knowledge of God which it asserts to be possible to man and necessary for

man's spiritual evolution. If you wanted to go back still very much further than Greece and went across to India, you would find there a similar assertion of the possibility of direct knowledge of the Universal Spirit given there under a Sanskrit name, naturally, as amongst the Neoplatonists given a Greek name, but both identical in their English translation, and meaning simply Divine Wisdom. Then if you want to trace it nearer, as it were, to your own general line of thinking, you would find it described as Gnosticism in the early days of the Christian Church, not necessarily endorsing at all a large number of cosmic theories put forward by various Gnostic thinkers, but rather in the meaning of the word Gnosticism as it was used by Origen, one of the wisest thinkers of the early Church, although some of his views have led him to be branded, especially by the great Roman Catholic Church, as heretical. There is one phrase of his I will quote, in order to show you the view that then very largely was held, as to the need of something more than faith, as to the need of knowledge as the basis of religion. Origen was speaking of the claim of Christianity to bring help to the sinner, to the ignorant, and he alleged that Christ had brought healing for the sinner, but that the sinner was a man who fundamentally was sick. He said you could not out of sinners build up a Church. That view may possibly seem to you a little different from what you often hear in modern days, but I am quoting from one of the wisest of the old Christian writers. There is a place, he said, for sinners in the Church; they come there to be healed of sin; but, he said, a Church needs to be built up by Gnostics, not by sinners, by the Knowers, not by the ignorant. It was due very largely to external conditions, to the fall of the Roman Empire, to the disappearance of Greek knowledge, very largely to the political and social conditions of the times probably, that that view that knowledge was necessary very largely slipped out of the mind of Christendom for many a century. Now it is that Gnosticism, in the sense of direct knowledge,

which is identical with the central idea of Theosophy, that knowledge of God and of the spiritual life is possible to man. I said just now that it was a reproclamation of an old thought in opposition to a popular theory of the time, and I may just recall to the older of you that it was at the time that Huxley and very many others of the great leaders of the scientific world coined and used the word "Agnostic" as characterising their particular attitude to philosophy and to life. If the word Agnostic were translated "without knowledge" it would obviously be absurd as a characteristic name to describe the learned of their time. But the "Gnosis" which was put aside by the Agnostic was not knowledge in the general sense, but knowledge in a very peculiar sense. It may be fitting if I just say to you that in a very ancient Hindū book, one of the oldest of their Scriptures, a distinction is drawn between two kinds of knowledge, the lower and the higher, which will exactly suit the line of thought along which I desire to lead you. A disciple once came to a very learned teacher and asked him what was knowledge, and the teacher said; there are two sorts of knowledge, the higher and the lower. The lower knowledge is—and then he gave a long list of things including all sacred Scriptures, all literature, all science, everything that could be taught by one person to another. That, he said, is the lower knowledge. The higher knowledge is the knowledge of Him by whom all else is known. And that definition will well serve my purpose here. The Agnostic did not deny all knowledge to man, but he limited it. It was the knowledge which he could gain by the observation of the senses, and by the reasonings of the intellect upon those observations—that which you would call science, that which you would call philosophy. Those are realms of knowledge open to the human mind. But, it was alleged, beyond the senses and the intellect man has no means of acquiring knowledge. That which he could observe, that which he could reason upon, that was the Kingdom of Knowledge,

and beyond those boundaries man cannot with any certainty go.

Theosophy, the Ancient Wisdom, asserted that the "Gnosis" of the Greeks, this wisdom which was divine, appealed to a different part of human nature, but to a part of human nature as essential, indeed more essential, than either the senses or the intellect. It declared that beyond the senses and the intellect man was a spiritual being, and by virtue of his spiritual nature he could assuredly know the spiritual world, as by his intellect he could master intellectual knowledge, and by his senses he could cognise external phenomena. It was asserted that man was not only body and intellect, but also Spirit, and that Spirit was the very essence of his being, to which the others were appendages not essential to his real and eternal life. It declared that inasmuch as he himself was Spirit, all that was spiritual was cognisable by him directly and immediately, and that therefore the Gnosis, the supreme knowledge, the knowledge of God and the spiritual world, that was as much within the reach of man as any form of philosophy, as any observation of the outer world. The Gnosis as against the agnosis, that was the reproclamation with which Theosophy came into the modern world, declaring once again the ancient Supreme Wisdom, the possibility not only of faith, of speculation, of belief, but of knowledge, trustworthy, accurate, profound.

Theosophy, then, as its primary truth, asserts that man can know; you will see at once that there is nothing new in that. While modern religion has somewhat forgotten it, it was part of the old Christian teaching, for is it not written in the fourth Gospel: "The knowledge of God is eternal life"?—not belief, not thought, not hope, not aspiration, but knowledge.

How can a man know God? Exactly along the same lines, this view answers, as you obtain direct knowledge of anything else; by being able to reproduce in yourself that knowledge after which you are searching. You see,

because a part of your body has been modified to reproduce the waves of ether which you call light, and for no other reason. These vibrations of the ether are not the only vibrations in the ether around you. Science tells us there are many others. But where we have nothing in our own body modified to reproduce the vibrations, they beat up against us, they pass through us, but we cannot know them. We cannot know, because we cannot respond and reproduce. So also in intellectual matters, we can only think; we can only create thought, because in us there is a power of responding to the intellectual waves—if you will permit me to call them so—which beat upon the mind as light-waves beat upon the eye. We think, and that possibility of thought in us makes it possible for us to cognise thoughts in others. Where a thought is beyond our power of response, for us that thought has no existence. Only that to which we can answer is possible for us to know in the Kingdom of Thought. And if man is a Spirit, himself an emanation of the Eternal and Universal Spirit, then by virtue of that identity of nature man may know God, as he can know thought or an external universe. If within himself he can reproduce because he is of the identical nature of those streams of energy which go forth from the Universal Spirit, then he can know that from which he has proceeded with the deepest certainty of knowledge that is possible to human consciousness. And modern psychology is recognising that; for each of us our own consciousness is the final certainty beyond which nothing can go. That you are, that you exist, that you are conscious of yourself, that is the supreme certainty for each one of you. To that certainty no argument of another can add one grain of strength; against that certainty no argument of another can take away your sureness of your own life. Your own existence you know, and that is primary, the foundation of all else. In those schools of philosophy which have tried to escape from that—such, say, as the philosophy of Hume—in the very

moment that he negates the existence of this consciousness which sees the streams of thought which flow past it, in the very fact that that consciousness cognises the streams of changing thoughts, there is ever the assertion that it is and that it exists. You cannot argue against your own existence without implicitly asserting it. The very fact that you argue against it asserts something that argues, something that criticises. And it is that deepest part of your own consciousness which you must sink down into, and realise the unchanging, the peaceful, the immutable within you, which alone can give you certainty and knowledge of God. No argument can do it; no theory will help you; no speculation will give you peace. It is only when you find God within you that you can see Him around you. Once find Him in your own heart and then everything to you is full of God. Until you have learned to answer from that deepest depth of your own being, you will always be more or less in danger of doubting; but when once you know in your own consciousness, then nothing can avail to shake that knowledge of Reality.

That is the first proclamation of Theosophy in its modern form, this knowledge which is gained, definitely gained, by certain means called, roughly, meditation. What meditation really means is that you learn to withdraw your consciousness from your senses, for the senses always go outward to the external. But you must turn inward. Then you must learn to control your mind. You know how often your thoughts harass you, how anxieties and troubles keep hold on you, and you are unable to put them aside. But that does not mean that you possess your mind, but that your mind possesses you. You are at the mercy of your thoughts, changing, storming, tormenting, and the torment useless and only wearing you out. You must learn to be master of your mind, and learn to think when you choose to think, or to suspend all thought when thinking is useless. You must learn to use your mind as you would use an instrument, as a means of knowledge, but not as your

master; as that which you use for purposes of cognition, and not a thing which has the power to torment and torture, by forcing upon your attention that of which you do not desire to think. That is the second stage in this great quest for the Divine within you, to conquer the mind and make it absolutely subservient to the spiritual intelligence. You learn also to rule what people often call the lower nature, that which the Spirit has created for his own use.

Here again an old Indian thought may be helpful to you, for it knits itself on to the most modern thinking. There is an old verse which says that the Spirit desired to see, and the eye came; the Spirit desired to hear, and the ear was formed; the Spirit desired to think, and the mind was made. Now Professor Bergson was saying not long ago in his Giffard lectures that body was a projection of mind, mind a projection of those intelligible essences which are God. The oldest philosophy and the newest joining hand in hand, and both asserting that supreme truth that thought is not the result of the body, but that the body is the creation of Spirit!

In order then to reach Spirit, you have, as Bergson pointed out quite truly, dealing with the great Neoplatonist Plotinus, to go backwards along the path by which you have come forth, withdrawing from the body, withdrawing from the mind. Having withdrawn from body and mind, with all their ever-changing moods and feelings, then you come back to that which you really are, which has put out these outer things for its own purposes, though they have enslaved and mastered it with too many of us. When you have conquered alike body and mind, then you find yourself in your true nature as an eternal Spirit.

"In the quiet of the senses," it is written, "in the tranquillity of the mind, man may behold the majesty of the Spirit." It is along that line, which we call the line of meditation, that this personal experience has to be gained. It is very often called Mysticism, especially in

the western world. Mysticism is really Theosophy, and it is an essential part of the highest Christianity. Mysticism is not an exclusive thing; it belongs to all religions alike, because it is a matter of the spiritual experience in all of them, not of intellectual dogma and assertion. It is curious how this idea of Mysticism, which is Theosophy, is changing in the modern world. You remember that not long ago the Dean of St. Paul's gave some lectures upon Mysticism, and *The Times*, the great representative, I suppose, of ordinary English opinion, declared that it had long regarded Mysticism "as an exploded superstition," and yet here was a Dean of the Church lecturing on it, and making out a very good case for it. For what was the position of the Dean of St. Paul's? that Mysticism is the most scientific form of religion. And that is true. It rests, as all science rests, upon knowledge—upon the knowledge the individual has gained for himself by his own researches and by his own experiments. Mysticism is unshakable as the centre of religion, because it is the testimony of consciousness, the one basis for all knowledge. Hence its enormous importance in the present day, when all religious dogmas are being thrown into the crucible of thought and a man must think out his faith for himself. I do not deny the place of dogma in religion, as in science. A religious dogma is just the same in religion as a formula in physics or chemistry. It is necessary, when you take a boy or girl into the laboratory, that you should give them some facts which rest not on their own experience, but on the experience of others; and it is convenient to throw these facts into a formula which the memory can easily recall, and which serves as a kind of shorthand for knowledge. No student objects to the fact that his teacher gives him certain formulæ and tells him to work by them. But if the teacher says to him: "You must never go further than this; you must never prove your formulæ yourself by original research; you must never expect that your experiments will lead you to the place where you will be

able to verify for yourself and make your own knowledge"—that which your teachers have given you has been second hand—if the scientific professor did that, he would hold few of his pupils when they had gained enough knowledge for original research. That, unfortunately, is what the professor of religion has too often done. A dogma is an intellectual statement imposed by authority from without and it has its place. While people are learning, they must learn by way of dogma—the experience of others thrown into a conveniently short form and imposed by the authority of others on the ignorant; that is its place. It is a means of learning; but we are not to remain always at school in religion any more than in science. Dogma must give place to the individual verification, and the authority of others to the results of individual experience. Only when a man has religion determined from within, is that religion secure against all assaults.

It is to help people in the modern world to find that Ancient Wisdom, to have in the modern religions what the old religions have—a backbone of the Knowers—for that Theosophy came out again into the world in a time of scepticism, in order that by the weapons of science itself it might show that knowledge of God was possible for man. Now out of that knowledge flowed down the other teachings, as they may fairly be called, which form the bulk of Theosophical exposition, out of the knowledge of Him by whom all else is known. Those are the words that I quoted as the definition of spiritual knowledge.

This secondary meaning of Theosophy may be put into a sentence: "Those teachings which, in all ages, in all religions, have been found and believed." Not the various ceremonies that each religion has for itself—although there is a family likeness because they express certain facts of the invisible world—but the fundamental truths which every religion has given out to the world one after another in turn, which do not belong to any one exclusively, which

are a common property, a common heritage, which you find in the fragments that come down from Egypt, which you find in the fragments that come down from Chaldaea, which you find in all the ancient faiths without exception, which you find in the modern faiths as well; although in the most modern expositions one or two of them have slipped out of sight into the background, they were there in the earlier days. Now those truths are not many, but they are fundamental, and it is those which form the body of Theosophical teachings. After this first great assertion of the possibility of the knowledge of God, then there come in the second rank those teachings which are universally found everywhere at all times. Now, as you know, many of those teachings were brought into the modern world during the last century by the antiquaries and the archæologists of the time. Their researches into antiquity, their unburying of ancient monuments, of ancient cities, their bringing to light fragments of ancient libraries, and other researches, brought into the knowledge of Europe from all the other parts of the older civilisations of the world an enormous part of the increased knowledge of the nineteenth century. These researches began, to a very small extent, in the end of the eighteenth century, but then they were confined to a study of eastern literatures—all these excavations, these researches, had not then been made—but even those brought to light a great mass of likenesses between modern and ancient faiths. Those of you who have read one or two of the old French writers, Dulaure, Dupuis, and others, those of you who know some of the books of the early part of the nineteenth century, of Godfrey Higgins and so on, will realise that those first researches into ancient literature showed a kinship between Christianity and ancient faiths which up to that time had been practically unsuspected.

(To be concluded)

THE WAY OF A MAN'S RETURNING

By X

THE man stood at the parting of the ways: behind him the fertile valleys, the vine-clad hills enfolded in purple mist, the opalescent shadows of dream and of desire. Slender shafts pointing heavenwards pierced the haze, the hopes and aspirations of men tending upwards; pale gleaming marbles marked the palaces and thrones of earth's dominion, the murmur of a million tones and cadences rose and fell upon the breeze. The summer night fell softly as an embrace upon earth's garden; the golden-eyed angels that men call stars drew aside the veils that hid them from Day's ardour and bent their gaze in benediction upon the pulsing heart of humanity. A thousand scents of flowers rose as incense from the censer, the Earth Mother swung gently to greet Astarte as she came queen-like across the heights. The man drew deep breaths, his heart beat to the wonder-rhythm of life, and in his eyes grew and deepened the yearning of a great desire, "To know—to know," he murmured; then in tones that trembled with the burden of their own intensity: "To see! to understand." Soundless, yet vibrant with all sound; wordless, yet thrilling with the majesty of all human speech; a voice spoke near to him and he heard.

"What is it you would know, child of mortality seeking the Light?" And the man answered, "Myself."

"Would you choose all knowledge rather than to know God, son of man?"

And the man made answer, "Yea, verily for I am God."

1914

THE WAY OF A MAN'S RETURNING

415

Then, low but steady, strong yet hushed as notes long drawn upon muffled strings, there came to the man the sound of a chord of marvellous harmonies and his soul bowed down with him in response. Even as the low notes died away, and silence lay instinct with a new beauty upon the hills, the Wordless Voice spoke again to the man.

"Go, test what you have already known of yourself which is Himself; then, if the knowledge has been indeed gained, come back to me. I await you, and the keys of the mysteries of man's own self are in my hand."

There followed many days and many nights of human time, while the man met and tasted again the fevered joys of earth, and drank of the cup of pain, and lifted to his lips the vessel that of old had held for him the red wine of life. He knew again the cry of the flesh to the flesh, the desire of all creaturely existence to mate with its kind, to fulfil itself ere Death with unswerving sword smite, and there be an end of the short span of body's life. But no longer did the cry of the animal soul wake in the man the quick response of the old days, no longer did his blood stir and his heart throb thickly at the bidding of the lower desire. Calm and unafraid he looked into the seething riot of passion and pain in which the form seems all, and the immortal Spirit, learns by suffering to know itself apart from the cunningly wrought casket that holds it. The levels of earth's lowest lessons fell away and he passed from out them into the Kingdom of the Beautiful, in which Desire with panting breath and hair unbound no longer drives and goads, but lures and beckons, half visible amidst her many-coloured veil and crown thick-gemmed with rose-red rubies and emeralds lordly with their scorn of all but Power.

Here again the man drew to him and tested the joys that once had been for him the gods of his idolatry; and in the realm of Art he lingered long, creating from within himself the

bodies wherein Beauty comes to the birthing; using no longer his own body in and by which to recognise and proclaim his divinity by the exercise of the Divine prerogative of creation, but seizing upon marbles and pigments, upon costly stuffs and gems of virgin purity, and fashioning therefrom temples wherein might come perchance one thought from the heart of Venus Aphrodite herself, to abide visibly among men and set a new measure to the fluting of Pan's pipes. But not in the heavier elements of Nature's offering had the man found the material for his creative impulse; his genius yearned not so much to reproduce the things of earth, as to bring down to earth the mysteries of the realms too subtle for earth's children, and he chose for his medium the sound vibrations that pulse in ceaseless harmonies unheard by men yet quivering ever in earth's photosphere "the music of the Gods"; and to render these to the world, he shaped through many lives the organ that should reproduce them.

He sang as other men breathe; in far back ages, amid the stifling growth of tropical forest and marsh, he had lain naked in the scented shade of giant night-flowering aloes, and learned the cadences of the birds whose hearts are passionate with the rapture of mere living. Amid the burning sands of Egypt, and beneath the impassive calm of her mighty God, he had sung of Osiris and his journeys across the "inverted bowl" whose brazen edges shut in the world and its wonders. And again, through lives of strange experience, he had sung in the temple court itself, and dedicated his golden voice and its wealth of beauty to the service of Isis and of Hathor. And now, as again he contacted these days of his past, the man knew once more the mysterious trouble of the senses, the cry of the artist to the world that he would woo, win, embrace, as the lover embraces the woman of his desire. Again he knew the thrill of the senses and emotions as, obedient to his will, they bent to the great urge of his desire: again and again he strove with the creative fire of his innate

divinity to fulfil himself, to give, to call into existence, to perpetuate his own being. And the children of his begetting were the shapes of exquisite colour and form that took up their abode in the souls of the men who heard him; creatures with iridescent gossamer wings, dew-drenched with waves of sound, intoxicated with the delight of sensuous existence, afire with the flame for which Prometheus gave himself.

And the man was content and knew himself akin with the Life at the Heart of things, and he sang to the part of his fellow-men whence the cry for joy and life at its fullest ever goes forth, and he drank of the colours that their souls poured as incense before him. Again the old rapture crowned him, and the scarlet hibiscus flowered at his feet while men acclaimed him, and yet once again their pæans of praise drowned all other sounds, and the Wordless Voice was heard no longer in his soul.

After many days it came to pass that on an evening, as the man wandered thoughtful and satiated with the nectar of success upon the shore of the tideless southern sea, there came to him one, a woman young and very beautiful, and knelt at his feet weeping. She showed him how that her robe of virgin white was dyed crimson with the crushed blossoms of hibiscus and the purple passion-flowers that she had torn from the garlands wherewith the people had crowned him, and she asked that he would give her part of his cloak of tissue of gold to cover the stains. When he would not, she fell to bitter reproach, and told him how that she was not alone in this the shame of her spoiled raiment, but how many women, aye and men also, had crushed the petals of his garlands to their breasts, and now walked among their fellows in shame and pain.

Then did the man cry out upon the God that made him, and asked for help that he might no more cause suffering through his great gift of song: and thereafter for a long period of wondrous peace and stillness he served before the

Altar of the great mystery of Christ's passion, and sang to His glory and that of blessed Mary, His Mother. There in the dim spaces where the delicate reeds and spirals of incense rose night and day in man's intercession with the Most High God for all the sinful and the sad, beneath the seven lamps of ruby fire that burned ceaselessly before the mystery of the Tabernacle, the man's soul grew strong, and pure of much that had before enslaved it, and he desired with ever deeper desire to enter upon the Path that leads to the Self of all that is. But not in the Sanctuary did he find that gateway, narrow as the eye of the needle, opening upon the Way. And yet again he came forth into the world and sang to men the song of Life and Love, of Pain and Hope, of Awe and of Desire herself, for she who ever leads the hearts of men upon the Quest, old as their life yet ever young with immortality, bent at his side to whisper: "Seek again." And ever as men came to him with their offerings of recognition and applause, Desire thrust on one side the gold and incense and the precious stones, and laid her hand upon his heart that quickened no more now with joy or with ambition. So came at last the Voice, and in this manner came it.

It was the night, moonless and starless; the darkness lay upon the earth, tempest-ridden. Torn by pale hands from out Cimmerian shades, the black clouds banked themselves and broke again, while fierce low mutterings shook their sombre hearts that might not even find relief in rain. The hot air trembled, faint with foreboding; the bosom of the waters swelled with fruitless unavailing pain. The man stood again at the parting of the ways. His throat, parched and burning, ached vainly for the solace of tears; his golden voice lay dead within it; and within his heart Desire lay tranced as dead. No plaudits broke the silence, and of the garlands naught remained but withered petals crumbling into dust. The man hungered, but none brought him food or drink; the sweat of agony faltered upon his brow, but there were none

of those whose love he called his own to comfort him. Moonless and starless the night lay upon the hills. Moonless and starless and empty was his heart.

Then once again the darkness trembled, and like a star the Wordless Voice rose in its depths. "Son of man, enter! the gateway is before you, open."

And the man cried with an exceeding bitter cry—"Light, give me Light; the lights of earth are quenched, and all within my soul is dark and still; show me the Light, or I perish utterly."

Then came again the Voice: "The lights of earth are extinguished, the sounds of her many voices stilled; within yourself the Light must arise; look then within."

The silence closed again, rayless, soundless, vibrationless; pain died within the man and joy's torch went out; only Desire stirred in her sleep, awoke, and rose to stand unveiled within his soul. And in her eyes, those wells of promise that so long had lured him on the quest of Life, he saw the God-light of his own immortal Self, and knew that he and she were one and she Divine.

And from her eyes, brimming with light ineffable, his own drank radiance, light and majesty; and her hand, pointing, showed to him the Door, straight in the rock, yet portalled like a Cross, and led him there where opened out "the Way".

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XVII

THOUGH I was born and brought up within thirty miles of Adyar, I knew nothing of the existence of the Theosophical Society till some time after I came over to Burma. On my mother's side, my ancestors were in good positions, holding Government Offices of influence and power, while those on my father's side, though they had enough to live upon were not rich, yet they were versed in the Vedas. I was the eighth child, and all except two daughters had died before I was born.

On the death of my mother my sister's husband took me under his kind care. He was in Government service at Chingleput, and there I joined the Free Church Mission School. In those days we were compelled to attend the Bible class, one hour every day, and an hour every Sunday to hear a sermon on the Gospels. The boys used to be punished for non-attendance at these classes. From my youth I had a natural antipathy to the Missionaries, though I felt much inspired by the life of Christ. I had always a religious turn of mind. I was very particular about my bath, sandhyā and worship at the temple. In 1884, a national High School was opened, and I was the first to join it in the Middle School Class. It was in this year that I was first brought face to face with the Co-Founders of our movement—Madame H. P. Blavatsky and Colonel H. S. Olcott. They stayed at this place only for a few hours, arriving from the South by one train and taking the next to Madras. They were not then known to the people very much as Theosophists, but as

Europeans who expounded the teachings of Hindūism and denounced the Christian Missionaries. I was one of the school-boy volunteers who accompanied the procession of the two Founders from the station to the travellers' bungalow, where the Colonel addressed the audience. Fortunately I stood in a position from where I remember very vividly seeing the piercing look of Madame Blavatsky. I was then only a boy of twelve and all these incidents in my life faded in a short time, apparently completely, from my mind. Four years later I passed my Matriculation.

My family in the meantime suffered much by loss of property and through famine. I was not able to continue my studies further and yet, for the simple reason that my father was getting old and wished to see me married, I was married when I was sixteen. I have never regretted it; my wife is also a student of Theosophy and has been of immense value in moulding my life. My father died when I was eighteen, leaving me a widowed sister and a younger brother to look after. I sought employment, but competition was too keen in the higher grades, and the corruption and bribery in the lower grades drove me away from my own country to Burma.

In September, 1894, I found myself in Rangoon under conditions entirely different. Most of the people from Southern India who had already settled here had fallen into evil ways. I invited a few of my friends to form a society for mutual improvement and the study of religion. One of them lent me the book *Vasudevamanam* translated into English by K. Narayanaswami Iyer. When I read through the first three or four chapters, I felt that there was nothing in it that I did not know already, as I was a student of Vedānta and had sought after Yogis and Swāmis for lessons on meditation. But one thing attracted my attention especially, and that is that the book was published by the Theosophist Office, Adyar, Madras. I sent a sum of five rupees, and asked the Manager to

send me a few Theosophical books. Of the books I received I remember only two: *What is Theosophy?* by Walter Old, and *A Rough Outline of Theosophy*, by Mrs. Besant. When I opened the first book my attention was drawn to the pictures of H.P.B. and H.S.O., and at once I recognised the faces, but it was not till after several months that I remembered the meeting of the Founders while I was a boy at school in 1884. In Mrs. Besant's pamphlet I found what I was in search of, and I at once decided upon becoming a member of the Theosophical Society.

I wrote at once to Adyar for information, and details of procedure as to becoming a member and forming a branch in Rangoon. The reply from Adyar made me more impatient about it. I was merely referred to the General Secretary of the Indian Section at Benares. In reply to my enquiries at Benares, I received a very encouraging letter from the Assistant Secretary there, and yet my becoming a member had to be delayed for some reason or another. I was told that I might join the Rangoon branch already existing, or that I might revive one of the other two dormant branches in Rangoon, or that I might start altogether a new branch, if I chose to do so. I was however referred to a Mr. C. Vetharaniam Pillay, Head Clerk, General Post Office, Rangoon, who was then the Secretary of the Rangoon Branch of the Theosophical Society, for further details. When some of us approached this gentleman, he complained that there were then only two members and that he was busy with his duties in the office from six in the morning till nine at night every day, so that he had no time to do any work, and therefore would like us to co-operate with him in organising the branch properly. We appointed a day to meet him at his office. In the meantime the 22nd Madras Infantry was transferred from India to Burma. Captain W. C. Stuart Prince was in Rangoon, en route to Thayetmyo with his regiment. He wrote a letter to the Secretary asking for information about the working of the Lodge.

We all went to see Captain Prince at the hotel where he stayed and, as a result of all this, on the 28th February, 1897, I became a member of the Theosophical Society along with seven others, and the branch was thus revived with two old and eight new members.

In 1898 I came into touch with Mr. N. G. Cholmondeley, B.A., C.S.I., I.C.S. In the following year Mrs. Besant and Colonel H. S. Olcott visited Burma.

Since then I have been present continuously at the last fifteen Theosophical Conventions, and it has been of immense value to my Theosophical work in this Province. Colonel H. S. Olcott impressed me as having a fatherly heart, and his love and affection towards me were of a special nature. Every time we met, the Colonel used to embrace me with both hands, and bless me in the name of the Masters and in Their Service. He encouraged me in my work by frequently writing to me. I met Mr. C. W. Leadbeater in 1904, and from that very first meeting a recognition of his greatness dawned upon my mind, and during all the following ten years he has been to me an ideal, and at the same time a friend and guide. I owe to him all the power and strength I now possess to work for the Society. I came into much closer touch with Mrs. Besant during her visit to Burma in January 1911, and then I knew and fully realised what she was—a mother and a spiritual Teacher.

Before I became a Theosophist, whenever I performed any ceremony in my life, I always questioned the officiating priest as to what was meant by it, but I never got an answer beyond this, viz., that these ceremonies were ordained by ancient Rshis in the past. In Theosophy and its teachings I found a very reasonable answer to every such enquiry. I am happy to-day because I am a student of Theosophy, and I feel happier when I resolve to be faithful unto death.

M. SUBRAMANIA IYER

VIRTUE AND FACULTY

By M. R. ST. JOHN

WHILE endeavouring to cultivate the virtues, we should always remember to extend the faculties, for not only are the latter necessary assets in every sphere of usefulness but virtues without them must necessarily exist as mere negations only of their opposite evils.

As it is the acquisition of positive virtues that we should strive for, the capacity to express them can only be attained by the use and extension of faculties that we already possess, and by implanting and cultivating those in which we have previously been deficient.

Virtue without the faculty to express it may be compared to the limitation of Spirit while in the mineral kingdom, and, while faculty is the distinguishing mark of the human Monad, the power to use it for either good or evil indicates the extent of man's free will.

Inherent faculty and its relative capability mark the age of the ego, provided the latter is not, for karmic reasons, wearing a defective physical body.

Now there is a tendency in all "kindergarten" schools of Occultism for many of its neophytes so to concentrate their energies on the acquisition of virtue that they are apt to let their faculties rust; a certain schedule of standard virtues is set before them, the inculcation of which is recommended, and, as these virtues are abstract, it is often the case that some of the subsidiary ones are liable to be neglected.

While I do not remember having seen Accuracy, Punctiliousness, Application, Observation, Perseverance, Adaptability, and the Conservation of Time and Energy held up as desirable qualifications in themselves, they nevertheless belong to the parent virtues, as for instance Accuracy, which is included in Truth.

Now whether these should be classed as merely faculties or virtues is determined by the motive and the use to which their acquisition is put; for a faculty used in the right way becomes a virtue and in the wrong way a vice.

Now all are necessary to the man whose ideal is "Service," since the ability to be of service and not a hindrance to the evolutionary scheme denotes the possession of virtues and faculties above the average; and it will not be amiss if one or two examples are given in order to demonstrate the importance of certain attributes, which unfortunately are more often than not overlooked, and sometimes discarded altogether.

Take for instance the faculty of "Observation," not observation in the ordinarily accepted and restricted sense, but the most complete observation of which one is capable.

One side of this faculty is admirably described in Conan Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*, and, while it is unnecessary to dilate upon its manifold advantages, it should be noted that among these would be included the acquisition of great concentrative power, and a far wider and, at the same time, more effective sympathy and understanding.

To be usefully sympathetic, one must possess understanding, and understanding is reached by observation, observation on all planes of consciousness.

In *Light on the Path* we find the following:

Regard earnestly all the life that surrounds you.

Learn to look intelligently into the hearts of men.

Study the hearts of men that you may know what is that world in which you live and of which you will to be a part.

Regard the constantly moving life that surrounds you, for it is formed by the hearts of men; and as you learn to understand their constitution and meaning, you will by degrees be able to read the larger word of life.

Although these sentences are intended to refer to the astral life, such advice infers a corresponding observation on the physical plane as well; and it is unfortunate that many allow this faculty to atrophy, which results for them in a conspicuous lack of understanding and perspicacity,

a serene density of vision that arouses pity in the charitably-minded and contempt in others.

Now correct observation can only be acquired by the elimination of the personal element, for, if that obtrudes, our observations are either coloured or refracted, therefore inaccurate, and this the student can quite easily prove for himself.

Amusing instances of this colouring are seen in people who have fallen into the habit of assuming that some quality that they possess (more often than not an undesirable one) must of necessity be possessed by others; this is sometimes termed "seeing through one's own aura".

Not until the power is obtained of completely eliminating the personal element can observation be accurate; but, when the first is accomplished, we have a sound and solid base from which to conduct our observations.

Observation from one plane of consciousness is, of course, only partial. In the physical world it is the outside of things only that are seen; but, since these are to a certain extent moulded and modified by the working of the Spirit within, and also because *Ātmā* is reflected in the physical, they are useful guides which should be taken into account and by no means ignored.

Yet observation on this plane is, although limited, more likely to be accurate, because physical matter is by comparison immobile, and the changing of it is a very slow process.

The signposts once set up are not easy to take down; it is less trouble to repaint the indicator board, although it may still point in the old direction.

Those who are possessed of astral vision, if it is unaccompanied by intuition or good reasoning power, are the more liable to be deceived because of the mobility and elusiveness of what they see; and, when it is realised that the ability to understand a plane is only arrived at when it can, so to speak, be regarded from the next above it, the necessity at this stage for mentality will be obvious. Yet in the process of observation the mind must not be allowed to obtrude itself; for, since it has so long been

accustomed to have its own way, it will override the intuition if an opportunity is given it.

Further it is obvious that if the mentality is not of a high order, by which only a satisfactory link can be formed, the development of astral faculties becomes a snare and delusion, because the knowledge of the ego, owing to the imperfection of the link, can hardly be utilised: and this explains why ordinary untrained psychism is so unreliable.

In parenthesis, the Root Race to which we belong (the fifth or *Āryan*) is the one in which mentality has to be developed, and surely this must especially apply to those belonging to its fourth and fifth sub-races; our emotional natures were in process of being developed when we were in fourth Root Race bodies; and, although the majority are still very far from possessing much knowledge of the astral world, it is clear that the result of extending that knowledge, without a corresponding advance in mental development, would be disastrous.

Astral sight, sometimes called the psychic sense of colour, is undoubtedly useful for the purpose of either ratifying, denying, or modifying what has been sensed by means of ratiocination; yet, without the latter, it would be not only useless but harmful to its possessor. The link with the ego must first be made strong by the harmonious working together of the higher and lower mental principles, and such harmony is *ipso facto* the ability to know, hence intuition, which is the knowledge of the ego itself.

A studied observation is bound to enlarge our understanding and widen our sympathies, for by knowledge only can the latter become really helpful; but, in order to know about anything, it must be observed at first-hand, since second-hand knowledge, or what is imparted by others, is not knowledge *per se*, although it may induce belief.

To be usefully sympathetic and understanding from the practical side, the subjective and objective must cease to be differentiated on the higher planes, the subjective

must become. for the time being the objective, the self must be merged temporarily in the other self; and this applies not only to the human kingdom, but to the other evolutions that are progressing along with it, even to what are commonly termed inanimate things.

Adaptability is another faculty which, although it ought not to be, is rare, and by this is not only meant adaptability to physical environment but to astral and mental as well. How many are capable of entering into the thoughts, aspirations, amusements, joys and sorrows of average humanity? how many could take a satisfactory part in most of its multifarious avocations? how many ever meditate on this admirable faculty?

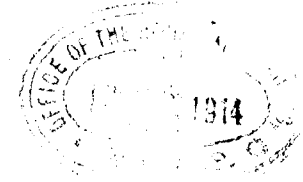
When our Lord was accused of consorting with publicans and sinners, did not His reply to the Pharisees show that He understood those whom He came to call to repentance? He could adapt Himself to the thoughts and feelings of the underworld, and therefore He was beloved by them.

The physical, because of its inertia, takes time to adapt itself, and thoughts and feelings, often require great will-power, in the process of being made elastic and accommodating.

The powers of observation and adaptability are of immense importance in occult development, for by means of them a more accurate, intimate, and comprehensive knowledge of things in general will be acquired, and with such knowledge the capacity for doing more and better work in the world, because knowledge is power.

Surely there are many useful faculties and "minor" virtues that do not receive as much attention as they should; and shall we not have to acquire them sometime or other? for they are all possessed in a superlative degree by those Great Ones for whom we all desire to work, and who can make more and better use of us in proportion to the faculties and qualifications that we can bring to Their service.

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THE ADYAR BULLETIN

VOL. VII ADYAR, 15TH NOVEMBER, 1914 No. 11

FROM THE EDITOR

WE are glad to say that the Theosophical Society continues to bear its share in the heavy work entailed on all good citizens by the terrible strain of the suffering caused by the destructive war raging in Europe. We have two hospitals in France, helping to cope with the mighty flood of wounded men that overwhelm the means for their reception. Dr. Haden Guest has worked nobly to organise these, and has been helped by willing hearts and hands. Dr. Armstrong-Smith is at the head of one, and the second and larger one has quite a good-sized medical staff, and some 70 nurses and helpers. In England, the work of supplying the needs of the soldiers in the field, the wounded in the hospitals, the families of the killed and wounded, occupies every willing hand. And then there came the great flood of Belgian exiles, pouring in, 40,000 in a single week—a nation as guest of a nation as host. They have been distributed all over the country, and are being lovingly cared for in the land of their sanctuary. May all good Powers spread their shield

over England, that these who have sought her shelter may not be pursued in their exile by the New Barbarians, who have turned the garden of Europe into a bog of blood and ashes.

* * *

Miss Jeffreys has left us for the *Madras*, the Hospital ship sent out by the Presidency. Many gentle thoughts will throng around her as she devotes herself to her noble task. Mrs. Charles Kerr has come to us, an ever-efficient helper. Mrs. and Miss Larmuth, and Miss Codd, a sister of our previous student here, have succeeded in coming through from Europe, but our men who were coming have remained in the West, to serve their country in her need.

* * *

Some of our Indian brethren are coming here, to stay a month or so in the peaceful atmosphere; Mr. Justice Chandrasekhara has taken leave for a few weeks, and comes to dwell in the little house he built for himself for such quiet times of rest. Two Parsi brothers came over, to see how the new Parsi house is going on; they have built a fine house in Besant Grove, and it is to be ready for the coming Convention; it stands in a delightful spot, looking out over the tumbling waves of the ever restless Bay of Bengal.

* * *

Our venerable ex-Judge, Dr. Sir S. Subramania Iyer, seems to have taken on a new lease of life, and, as the premier citizen of Madras, he was chosen as the Chairman of the Reception Committee for the welcoming of the National Congress. He was at the preliminary meeting of 1884 in Madras, which led to its founding, and it is right and fitting that, thirty years after, he should welcome to the city of which he has long been the ornament, the sturdy youth that has grown out of the babe at whose cradle he stood. Freed from the trammels of high office, he is able once more to serve his country by pen and tongue in the great cause of her

Nationality. While his body is weak, his brain is keen as ever, and he is an inspiration to the younger men.

* * *

Madras, this Christmastide, is a City of many Conferences, which cluster round the great National organisation; we shall have here the Industrial Conference, the Social Conference, the Theistic Conference, and probably some others, with our own Annual Convention. Our Session is, I think, the longest, as we begin on the 26th and go on to the 30th. If the Educational Conference meets again this year, then we shall be also active on the 31st; but I have not yet had any news as to it. The coming of friends from overseas, who are not British subjects, is surrounded with some difficulties, necessary precautions in these days of War, and our foreign contingent is likely to be limited in numbers. We shall miss Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, and the former's exquisite music; our singing-bird, Mme. Petrini, has just returned from Simla, and Mrs. Edwards, one of our three violinists, will soon be here, and another, Mr. Schwarz, is ever with us. But we shall miss the bow of Mr. Van Hook, and the delightful duets played by him and Mr. Kirby. And probably the wonderful Russian composer, Scriabine, to whose coming we were looking forward, will not be able to pay his promised visit.

* * *

Dr. Rocke, who is again with us, to the joy of all of us, has taken up the work of Secretary for the Order of the Star in India, and Miss Bell and Mr. Wedgwood are working with her. They have opened a room in the Guest House, where Star literature may be had, and where the work of the Order may have its settled home. The quiet work of the Order, permeating all thought with the looking for the Coming World-Teacher, becomes of more insistent value when we see in the contest of the Nations the preparation for the Coming of the Hope of the world.

* * *

Sir Oliver Lodge's remarkable lecture in Melbourne, on "The Largeness and Fullness of Existence," does not seem to have attracted as much attention as it deserves, and as it certainly would have enjoyed in peaceful times. Sir Oliver laid stress on the limitations of consciousness, and on the expanding power to respond which brought us into touch with ever larger and fuller life. He pointed to the signs of the Universal Mind in Nature, and affirmed the supremacy of Spirit over matter. He saw in struggle the method of growth. "It is a good thing that we have to exert ourselves. You cannot exert yourself by pulling at a bit of string with nothing attached at the other end. You cannot exert yourself by hitting at a piece of cotton floating in the air. To train your muscles you need some obstacle. To train your mind and soul you require difficulties. And that is the use of matter. Matter presents difficulties. You have to coerce matter to represent what you want."

* * *

Again, Sir Oliver Lodge spoke strongly and beautifully on man's place in the world, on his relations with other lives: "We are not the only intelligence in the universe. Many of the other intelligences are watching and helping us. We are not isolated. We are part of a great family—some on this side and some on the other God acts through agents, I suppose always; there are agents, as far as I can find. There is always the physical means to achieve any end." Thus does science lead man back to religion, and intellect endorses that which the Spirit has revealed.

THE VALUE OF THEOSOPHY

A LECTURE

By ANNIE BESANT

(Concluded from p. 413)

These researches gave rise to what was called Comparative Mythology, and it was put beyond possibility of doubt that all the great religions of the world have taught the same fundamental doctrines and ethics. It is not a question of argument, but of knowledge. No one who has studied can have any other opinion about it, for the facts are there and the facts you cannot deny. These were being very largely put forward in the educated world when this reaffirmation of the Divine Wisdom took place; and they were not put forward only as facts, but they were put forward as facts with a conclusion drawn from the facts; and the people who accepted the facts felt bound to accept the conclusion, which was a great mistake; for it does not follow that an induction is always accurately made. The fact was undeniable that the religions taught the same doctrines and the same fundamental truths. The Comparative Mythologists say: all these things as we have them in our modern day were evolved; modern religions were evolved from the ancient religions, and the ancient religions go back into ancient ignorance, when the savage worshipped all he could not understand; and however refined they are now, they all go back to the night of barbarism and are evolved from human ignorance. Now the Theosophists accepted all the facts—they are fundamental with us—but they made a different induction. These identities are not the result

of a common derivation from savage ignorance and superstition, but of a common source, of Men spiritually evolved far beyond their fellows, who from time to time have come out into the world to proclaim these familiar truths; and the knowledge has come from Them, the more highly evolved, and not from the lowly evolution of the savage.

So you have the two views one against the other; the facts the same; on those no dispute. How could it be decided between the two which of the twain was right? By an appeal, obviously, to history. Trace the religions back, and see how they come on to the stage of the world's history. And the appeal was made to history and to literature. It was pointed out by the Theosophists in this appeal that the further you go back in a religion the nobler, not the baser, it grows; that the founder of the religion is the standard for all those who embrace the religion; that the Christian of to-day is not equal to the Christ, but looks up to Him as infinitely superior to himself; that the preachers of the day do not preach a greater religion than the Christ taught, but ever refer to Him for inspiration and for guidance; that what is true of Christianity with regard to its great Christ Teacher is true of all the great religions of the world—they all look backward to their Founders, the Revealers, and they have rather grown weaker in the efflux of time, in inspiration and power, than stronger. They may have added much intellectual thought and many theories of philosophical speculation, but for inspiration to noble living, for power, for food for the spiritual nature, for the uplifting of men and women, for their consolation and their helping, it is ever the words of the Founder that are potent, far more potent than the disquisitions of his later exponents.

And there again you are within the regions of fact; the literatures exist, you can study them for yourselves. Ask a Hindū, nay, ask a European, where is the most splendid literature of Hindūism, and he will tell you in the Upanishats, which go back to the night of time; so ancient that the

Orientalist is unable to trace them with any certainty; but there is nothing like them in all the realms of ancient literature. You have schemes of philosophy built upon them, but those splendid words in their marvellous spirituality are the admiration of western philosophers as well as of eastern thinkers. And it is true everywhere. The Scriptures of a religion strike its highest note. But if so, they do not come from the savages, but from the Illuminated; and the moment you realise that all these religions flow down from Men infinitely above Their contemporaries, the moment you realise that, you begin to think that there must have been some connection between all these Men; otherwise how could they all have taught along similar lines, giving a different clothing of the ideas according to the age or type of mind of the people whom they were influencing, but still the same fundamental verities.

And then there grows up quite naturally the idea of that Brotherhood of the great Revealers, in which you find so many Theosophists believe, the great Teachers of the world, a mighty Brotherhood evolved, as I said, beyond Their fellows, and by Their greater spiritual insight able to teach the more ignorant the truths of the spiritual world. There naturally flows from that the thought that what they did in their own age, others may gradually also learn to do; and that if these truths are really truths, facts in higher worlds than ours, then, inasmuch as we are men, and They were men, we also can go along the road by which they reached that height of power and spiritual knowledge; and we began to understand that this life of ours is only for the most of us in its earlier stages, that what great men, spiritual men, in the past have done, you and I also can do if only the time be given to us for such far-reaching evolution. And perhaps some of us may have begun to turn over in our minds the meaning of those words of the Christ: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." We may wonder what He meant, and how that perfection was to be gained. Here Theosophy with its long inheritance from

the great religions of the past, studying the more modern as well as the ancient, finds that in all the old religions there has been put forward the idea that there is a Path that men may tread, who desire to reach that stage of knowledge, while most are content with only second-hand evidence and belief. They remember how it was said by the Christ: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it"—words that have often distressed many a gentle and loving heart, for how was it possible for One who came to save the world to say that few there were who found the path of life? But when we know the ancient symbology, the old ways of talking on these profound spiritual truths, we learn that others have spoken also of a "strait gate," spoken also of a narrow path, and that these have been recognised in all great religions and trodden truly but by few.

Modern thought has changed the meaning of these words, and has made "life" mean simply life in heaven, and the gateway of heavenly existence; then it becomes a terrible statement, dooming the vast majority to exclusion from future happiness. But in the older faiths in which reincarnation was always one of the central teachings—that old teaching which has come back so rapidly into the Christian Church to-day because necessary to all wide and true views of human life—when that was universally believed, as it was over all the ancient world, then the meaning of the path became very clear, and the narrowness of the gate mattered very little. For there is again, in one of those old Hindū Scriptures I spoke of, a phrase very closely allied to this: "Awake, arise, seek the great Teachers and attend, for they say the path is narrow, narrow as the edge of a razor." And in these old religions, and in the great Roman Catholic Church of to-day, the existence of this path is still asserted. It was part of the old Christian heritage when they spoke of the "Mysteries of Jesus" in the early Church,

when S. Clement of Alexandria and other writers of that Church declared that there was something far better in Christianity than the doctrines that were preached to convert the people around them, something far higher than the great Sacraments of Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.

You may remember, some of you who have read the writings of S. Clement, or again the writings of Origen, how they spoke of the Mysteries of Jesus in which was repeated the teaching given by Christ to His own disciples privately, this having been handed down from one generation to another, a teaching spoken in secret, but passed on through a succession of faithful men. You remember how it is written in the gospels that the Christ said that He taught the people only by parables, "but to you," He said, "it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God". And so you find allusions in the Epistles of S. Paul, employing the technical names used in the Mysteries, as when he spoke of "Wisdom amongst those who were perfect," saying he would not be able to tell them the deeper truths; but they were not ready for those truths, which were only given out in those great Mysteries. For it is true that the knowledge of the Path has been covered in the past, although proclaimed so much more fully to us to-day as the narrow razor-edged Path, that Path which, if you are able to tread it, means the higher spiritual unfolding, leads to the direct knowledge of which I have spoken.

I alluded to the Roman Catholic Church, and I want to put to you the teaching of that Church on this particular subject, in order that you may realise that it goes hand in hand with all the old mystic teaching, existing in all the old faiths. The Path is divided into stages. The Roman Catholic Church divides it into three. The Path of Purification they call the first; the Path of Illumination the second; the Path of Union the third and

final stage. You can read all this for yourselves at your leisure if you desire to test it; and there is a very remarkable book translated into English, and called by a rather peculiar title, *The Graces of Interior Prayer*, a very fine book of scientific Mysticism. Those three stages in the East are further subdivided. They speak of the probationary Path, which is the same as the Path of Purification, where evil has to be left behind, and certain great qualifications have to be attained. Then they divide the path of Illumination into four stages, which are followed by the final stage, of Union or Liberation. Now the central teaching is identical right through; there is a discipline of body and mind, so that they become utterly subservient to the higher spiritual nature; a progress in knowledge and expansion of consciousness; and that expansion of consciousness is called in the East by the name of "Initiation," a name which, so far as I know, the Roman Catholic does not use in connection with the Path—but there I speak subject to correction, for although I have studied their theories, I have not studied them as fully as I have the others.

An Initiation simply means an expansion of consciousness, and that means that just as in your physical consciousness you know the things of the physical world and study them, so there is an expansion of that into the second great stage of consciousness which embraces what is called the intermediate world in Christianity, between earth and heaven; then you are able to know that world as you know the physical, coming into touch with it, as by another expansion of the consciousness you come into touch with a yet higher, the heavenly, or mental world. Still passing onwards, with consciousness expanding, you came to a still more lofty world of perfect unity, and then to the final stage of union, for which the Roman Catholic even uses the word deification—union with the Supreme. Now this is practically the same, the only difference of wording is the word "Initiation," which, as I say, is eastern; but

it means nothing more than this expansion of consciousness, which not only enables the man to develop higher powers of thought and intuition, but also enables him to know stage after stage of ever-ascending worlds, worlds inhabited by more highly evolved spiritual beings. That is the possibility of knowledge which flows from the supreme knowledge, the unfolding within yourself of the divine nature which is the essence of your being. It is that which is spoken of when S. Paul desires that the Christ may be born in his children in the faith; it is that to which he alludes, when he says that we are to grow to the "measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ". And it is that higher stage of religious experience which has been too much forgotten in the western World, and especially in that part of the western World which broke with the ancient Roman Catholic Church at the time called the Reformation. In destroying much that was harmful, it threw away also much that was priceless—the method of discipline, the way by which men might advance on the scientific road of deliberate self-evolution, with the object of becoming helpers of the world.

As I say, the Roman Catholic Church has kept the discipline, practises it with some, and so has never lost the power of developing some of its people into saints—a special line of swifter unfolding of the divine nature in the man. But you will at once see when you think over that carefully, that you need time. How, out of our stage of evolution to-day, with so much of limitation in thought, of frivolity, of carelessness, how is it possible to become perfect? Even if the divine seed is in us, it needs time to unfold, as the acorn needs time to develop into the oak. And there is the great loss which Christendom suffered when in the sixth or seventh century it denied the doctrine of reincarnation in the form in which Origen had put it. Not the doctrine as a whole; it has never entirely disappeared; but the form, which Origen gave it, was condemned by one of the Councils of

the Church, and it gradually slipped out of popular teaching.

Now part of the use of Theosophy to you is that it brings back to you some of the ancient teachings of your own faith, which have slipped out of sight during times of ignorance—the more philosophical side of Christianity; not the popular side which anybody can understand, and which can be taught to ignorant people. It is right that the ignorant should be taught, but it is not right that the limit of the appreciation of the ignorant should be the boundary of the knowledge of Christianity. It is that which has brought about the scepticism of these later days. You cannot expect a Huxley to receive the same sort of religion as satisfies a costermonger—it is monstrous—and to say that “the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God,” really does not help us at all. The intellectual have a right to understand and to know, as much as the ignorant have a right to be taught; and so it becomes necessary that such a proclamation as this of the Divine Wisdom should be made again in the western World, and especially among Protestants—I do not like the word Protestant because it always sounds like a direct attack on other people—but I use it for the moment, meaning the great Protestant Communities, those who are not within the obedience of Rome. They have need of it more than any others, because when Rome gets hold of a man who is going far along the road of sainthood, although it will always persecute him a little at the time, it will always take him up later and utilise him in strengthening its hold over the ignorant. It has been the fate of the saints in the Roman Catholic Church to be persecuted in this life, and to be canonised in a later age. But there is an advantage in their being kept as the strength of religion after death instead of throwing them out altogether.

If for a moment you pause on that question of the loss of one great doctrine, the doctrine of reincarnation, let me point out the value it has for your

modern life. What it means roughly is this: that just as a seed is planted in the ground; as it grows up the first year but a little plant; puts out its leaves; gathers nourishment; sends down its little stem in its sap the nourishment it has gathered by the leaves; drops them and they wither; as that same stem puts out a new crop of leaves in the next spring, gathering more nutriment, passes it into the sap and sends it down again into the growing trunk, and the leaves fall again off and wither; so is it in the human life. The eternal trunk, the Spirit of man that is neither born nor dies, but is ancient, perpetual, eternal, puts out the human body and the human mind, the leaves by which it is to gather experience in human life. And when the experience is gathered, as much as the first child-soul can gather, then that experience is carried on into the higher worlds where the real life is rooted, and there it is transformed into faculty and into power.

The experience of a life is changed into emotions, into intellectual faculties, is changed into the true nature of the one who has gathered it, and when the experience has all been used up in the heavenly world, and changed into these faculties and these powers, then another crop of leaves of human life is put forth from the eternal Spirit, to gather more experience for its own growth, to gather fresh experience, to increase and to create fresh faculties. That is what reincarnation means, a continuing consciousness passing from one life to another through the three worlds in which we are living—the physical, the intermediate and the heavenly—gathering in the physical, learning in the intermediate, by suffering, the worse side of the experience; and then in the heavenly world changing all the rest into faculty—the moral experience into what you call aspiration, the thought experiences into what you call mental ability, and bringing back to every rebirth the results of past experience.

Memory, for that is the thought which first comes into the mind when this teaching is presented, memory

lives in your permanent part, not your temporary output. Your body is new, and it cannot remember what it has not gone through. Your mind is new, and it cannot remember what it has not experienced. But the Spirit himself, which has his three aspects of power, of wisdom, of intellect, *that* remembers, and he only puts out into his new points of contact with the external world those germs of faculties with which you are born into the world. The natures of children are so different, if you come to think of it. One is a fool, another a genius; one a criminal, another a saint. If there is no past that conditions the state in which they come into our world in infancy, if there is no past to explain the differences, then how horrible a thing would human life become. Think of a child born into a slum, ill-born of some half-starved mother and criminal father, foredoomed before it is born, by its ante-natal conditions, to a miserable body, half-developed, often crippled. Watch that slum child under the most miserable conditions—I am taking an extreme case—watch how it grows up in the wretched hovel, you cannot call it a home, taught to thief, to lie, to cheat, punished if it does not, and so going on, year after year, getting more actively evil as it grows, ultimately coming into conflict with the law, thrown into prison, coming out again worse than it went in, committing another crime, thrown into gaol again, and so on and on, until he has become a habitual criminal, that horrible product of our civilisation, with none to help, to save, to rescue, an enemy of society with every man's hand against him; and at last he lies, perchance in prison, or on the scaffold. He has never had a chance all through his miserable life. And that the only experience that that human soul is to have of this world so full of beauty, so full of good, so full of splendour? Is that degraded existence the only experience he is to have of this wonderful human life?

Then think of another, born—you say for the first time—a genius, a wonder-child from birth, marked out

by some marvellous aptitude; born in a happy home, of refined parents, trained in virtue, guided by love, stimulated to all that is noblest as the other was thrashed into all that is basest; growing up to manhood honoured and respected, growing up into power—for genius always gives it—loved as the other was hated, praised as the other was cursed, with friends everywhere as the other found enemies, and dying at last honoured and respected. What had he done to earn all this, if he had no past? What had the other done to earn his misery if he also had had no past?

Oh! it is these things that make men unbelievers. It is the horrors of the world for some that make them disbelieve in God. What does reincarnation say? Reincarnation says that each one starts in, and grows out of, that lowest condition. He begins a mere germ of life. They are only savages, many of those criminal poor of the slums, savages who have not grown up to our average point of evolution. They are not to be hated and punished for that, but trained and taught. We have a duty to them. They come into our hands, I grant it, mere savages, unfit to live in a civilised country; but they come amongst us to be helped, not to be crushed; they come amongst us to be taught and to have their evolution quickened, and you and I are responsible for their training, for their helping, for their guiding, for their redemption to a nobler life.

As this is seen and understood it will change the whole basis of our criminology; change our whole dealing with those children who come into the world as congenital criminals; change our whole aspect towards our younger brethren, for we shall realise that they are babes in the national household and must be cared for, guided, controlled and taught, not sent out as wild beasts into the streets and slums to prey upon the Society which neglects them. When reincarnation is really believed, it should revolutionise your social system. You will realise that the

refined, the thoughtful, the pure, have brought with them very much out of their past, not to hold for their own selfish enjoyment, but to use what they have earned to help their younger brethren to a nobler life.

And the doctrine is not merely of philosophical interest. It is not merely, as Professor McTaggart said, the most rational theory of immortality. It is not merely, as Hume said, the only doctrine of immortality that a philosopher can even look at. It is not merely that, but it is a firm foundation for life, and moulds one's attitude to life. It takes away hatred, the sense of injury; it takes away the resentment of any apparent wrong that may be done us, for we realise that, in this long course of growth, we have behind us debts which we are bound to pay, and that these apparent injustices are only our creditors asking for payment of our own arrears from the past. So we grow very strong, very happy, and very peaceful; for we know that in the world everywhere perfect justice reigns. There is nothing to complain of for us. We have our dues, and that is what the strong man wishes. That is what those who are developed in inner strength desire. They want to learn to understand, and this makes life intelligible, so that it no longer crushes one like a nightmare of horror, when we face the condition of so many who are miserable. It makes us work with hope behind us; it makes us struggle with hope that evolution may be quickened, and that the world may pass on into happier days. It changes all life and death; for death becomes nothing when it is only the gateway to another life where we are to make useful that which we have gathered in the past earthly life. We have been born and died so often, that we cease to think of either as a trouble or a distress. We realise that all will gradually rise; that though we are above the congenital criminal to-day, there are others as high above us as we are above the congenital criminal. And as we hope for their help in our climbing so we are

bound to give him help in his climbing; for he also, in time to come, shall develop into the genius and the saint. There is no difference of inner nature, but only a difference of development, marked out by the outer bodies and minds in which we dwell.

You see that along that line there is much thinking to be done. It would be irrational for you, if you have not thought it out, to accept it on the spur of the moment, because put to you in a deliberately effective way. I only want to urge you to study. I am not trying to convince you, frankly, but trying to stimulate you to think, and to put before you a theory of life which may possibly stir you to desire to know something more for yourselves, and to think it out along your own line and in your own way. And that is what Theosophy does for us. Whatever the religion we may happen to be in, it brings back to us anything that that religion in the course of time has lost. This is not an eastern doctrine, that you need accept from Hindūism or Buddhism. It is a Christian doctrine of the early days. In many different forms you will find it; and you should study it in those different forms, and see how it has grown. Remember it has only been really lost in Christendom. Philosophers have taught it, poets have sung it—for poets often realise by intuition what duller people miss in the great realities of life. You remember what Wordsworth says:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar.

That is true. The light within us is a light that set in other times and in other countries. It comes from afar, although truly it is the nearest of the near to us. As you think it out, you will find that this view of life grows upon you, until it seems incredible that you can ever have lived without the knowledge of it.

And so I would say to you, having put to you that Theosophy is fundamentally the affirmation that man can know God and the showing to him of the way by which that knowledge can be gained; then the body of doctrines which all religions have taught, the common heritage; then the Path, which reincarnation gives us the time to tread, endless chances in spite of all we may have lost; that this is something of what Theosophy is in our modern days. Not all; I admit, but something of what it is. It gradually teaches you how you may verify for yourselves one doctrine after another; how you may know, where hitherto you have only hoped.

But let me tell you frankly; it is not a thing to be learned from a lecture, to be mastered in a day, or a month, or a year, of study. It has to be studied, and lived as well as studied, for it is true now as it was true of old that "he who doeth His will shall know of the doctrine." That is the great truth of consciousness everywhere. You only know, as you practise the knowledge you have already gained. If you are to advance in science, you must put into personal practice the knowledge that you have been taught by your instructor. You will never be great in mathematics, in physics, in biology, in anything, without years of study and of careful and persevering industry and strenuous thought. But given those conditions there is no limit to your possibility of attainment. You lose nothing. As you pass through many lives, you keep everything you have incorporated into your very nature, and you always start a little further on than you were in the preceding life. A doctrine of infinite hope which becomes one of absolute certainty.

The final proof to the individual is of course memory; and that is gained when, by meditation, he has expanded his consciousness to that part of his nature, the Spirit which is eternal and has been passing through time.

A brief exposition, friends, of a mighty subject; a few hints only out of a vast and most fascinating study. If

it interests you, then give it a chance by reading and thinking, and gradually it will be to you, as it has been to many of us, like a great light in the darkness of the world, lightening all sorrows, taking the sting out of all pain, and giving the certainty that we are eternal beings that no death can injure, that no change can separate from those we love. For in our eternity is the certainty of eternal life. Death cannot touch it, change cannot alter it. Love, which is the very essence of divinity, is the thing that binds us each to the other with bonds that nothing in heaven or earth can break. And so we can go on through all the changes cheerfully, knowing that they are only superficial, that they do not touch the depth of our being. Thus we gradually become what we are meant to be, people whose essence is bliss, and not sorrow; for sorrow is only a passing shadow over the sun of our eternity, and as surely as we come forth from God, so surely do we share His nature, and naught but bliss can be eternal.

THEOSOPHICAL TERMINOLOGY

By FRITZ KUNZ

THE world of Theosophical thought is now beginning to show clear signs of the need for precise terminology. The lack of definiteness in the use of words more or less technical, the shifting of relations between words and ideas, and the appalling vagueness in the ideas themselves contribute heavily to the score of slovenliness with which we are charged by the scientific world on the one side, and the dogmatic world of religion on the other. By common consent it is quite possible to arrive at a clear understanding as to the meaning of certain terms; and once established in connotation these words will form part of the language. It is patent, by even momentary consideration of such terms as reincarnation and karma, that the constant use of them in a fairly accurate manner has already given them current value in English at least.

In the case of the physical world, the language of science and the language of art, for example, are kept rigidly apart by the majority of writers in either group. While this separation may well be a mistake now, it was as well for science that it kept itself aloof; for now it possesses a language which expresses precisely the ideas which combine to make up the science. An erg, a poundal, a watt, induction, precipitation, ionisation—these words are strongly bound to certain ideas, just as perspective, coloratura and foreground are in the arts.

If, in the light of this, we stop and consider our own case, our terminology with respect to the finer worlds, we have reason to be abashed. We are acquainted by actual experiment and observation with a line dividing the physical, mental and even the spiritual worlds, but that line of demarcation which marks the dense physical world

from the etheric, the destructive mental from the constructive, the world of the Individual from that of the Monad, important as it is, has gone for years, as far as I know, without a name. It might be called the critical level, or critical division, as its relation and similarity to the critical state of a solid or liquid in chemistry warrant this usage; and it is obvious that the change of consciousness, either temporarily or permanently, through this level, is a critical operation.

Most of us must necessarily talk vaguely of emotional and mental vibrations, and this indiscriminate usage has the tendency to weaken the force of our remarks upon these subjects. But we should never for one instant forget that the emotions are subject to scientific as well as artistic formulation and analysis. Thus we shall some day find out that hatred of a certain type produces a vibration of a certain wave-length and velocity; that its action is interrupted in certain precise ways by cross currents of other vibrations, and precisely thus and so may these waves be stilled. The artistic expression of this seems to be that hatred ceases not by hatred, but by love. But I conceive that it is not blasphemous to hope that we shall one day, and perhaps one not far away, have these same facts expressed in the precise terminology of science.

We must, of course, realise at all times that the laws of the finer worlds are infinitely more difficult to grasp, and this is not only because we have few trained investigators, but it is also and very largely because we are dealing with a world of great subtlety and multiplicity. While the formulation of the laws of physics (of the physical world, I mean) has been a slow and laborious matter, the formulation of the laws of the science corresponding to physics in, say, the emotional world (i.e., astro-physics) will be infinitely more difficult, because of the greater variety and rapidity of the vibrations under scrutiny. We must patiently work over our present facts, ridiculously small in number as compared with the total, and slowly accumulate others.

The term "psychic" is a glaring case of slovenly usage. It may mean something pertaining to the nerve ganglia, or something etheric only, or something between the mental and physical critical levels, or, most hideous of all misuses, something pertaining to the spiritual worlds. The difference between a psychic and a sensitive person is seldom clear, and such a one is vaguely a clairvoyant, or an astrologer, or perchance a palmist!

Now it may very well be that vagueness such as this has its own value in stimulating Mysticism, and in preventing unscrupulous people from misusing information; but the two leading Theosophical writers now with us seem to hold differently, and are anxious to have our terminology made precise and inclusive.

A difficulty which lies in the way is that while the orthodox scientific men have only a limited area to tabulate and work over (three lowest subplanes of the physical world and a portion of the etheric levels), we have a vastly greater area and range of phenomena to deal with. And there is the added obstacle in the fact that while the ordinary scientist has only to work against inaccurate vision and similar weaknesses of a few senses, we have to face incompleteness of the vehicles themselves through which we are operating. This accounts for the paucity of facts, but does not condone the misuse of our terms.

In order to make clear the trend of what I am here expressing, I have sketched the accompanying chart of the worlds, showing the departments of our knowledge, and suggesting the reservation of the new terms, or old terms re-applied, for the area to which they here refer. Madame Blavatsky employed the term psychic usually in reference to anything between the critical physical and critical mental level; it is therefore adopted in that sense here. The fitness of the name spiritual for the ground here assigned to it is obvious. Having once established a broad basis such as this we can proceed with greater assurance

to see what is the mode of operation of certain forces from one world to another, or within one world; we can classify our knowledge of forms of consciousness; we can chart the reefs and shoals and channels of man's progress. Even Art and Mysticism, which are the sensing of order beneath apparent disorder, will some day have reason to appreciate the more definite formulation herein suggested.

DIVINE		PARA-NIRVANA (BUDDHA).
	MONADIC CLASS	
MONADIC		NIRVANA: THE CONSCIOUS FIELD OF A CHOHAN, AND THE GOAL OF MAN.
SPIRITUAL LOWER H'R		
	MONADIC CLASS	
INTUITIONAL		REAL WORLD (PLATO): THE CONSCIOUS FIELD OF AN ADEPT, AND THE
MENTAL LOWER HIGH'R		GOAL OF ANIMALS.
	SPIRITUAL CLASS	
EMOTIONAL		HEAVEN, ETC.: THE CONSCIOUS FIELD OF MAN.
PHYSICAL DENSE ETHERIC		
	PSYCHIC CLASS	
	PHYSICAL CLASS	

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

I do not crave the grandeur of the sea:
Those stormy blasts of keen, brine-laden air
Blown over leagues of water grey and bare
Bring neither help nor counsel unto me;
Nor those unresting waves that, never free,
Beat on the shore like slaves urged by despair
In surging impulses from some deep lair
Of woe, to break and moan unceasingly.

No comfort for my questing soul have these:
Not to sea-restlessness would I aspire.
Clear water, ringed by overhanging trees;
Deep water, full of shadows and of fire;
Still water, home of dreams and mysteries;
Such is the water of my soul's desire.

EVA M. MARTIN

FROM TWILIGHT TO DAWN

[Under this heading a series of articles will appear, one every month, written by different members and showing the different road by which each was led to join the Theosophical Society. Brief and interesting contributions to the series are invited.—Ed.]

XVIII

I OFTEN think that the narrative of *how* I joined the Theosophical Society is more instructive than any answer I can give as to *why* I joined the Theosophical Society. However I will try to answer both the "how" and the "why".

I suppose, possibly, I am one who has brought over tendencies from past lives to an exceptionally marked degree. I mention this here, because, one and all, these *skandhas* have found their fruition in Theosophy, and I think such a record may not perhaps be without interest.

My liking for ceremonial was one of these early interests. One of my earliest recollections is that of standing with my nurse in the old Parish Church at Folkestone and watching a procession. I remember, even now, how stirred I was at the sight of it, and how I questioned my nurse about the meaning of the processional cross. Some years later, when at Bedford, I passed a building bearing the inscription, "Freemasons' Hall". I had never before heard of Masonry, but at once I was interested, and, learning that it was a secret society, thereupon made up my mind to join it when I could.

In due course I went to school (I was sent to a boarding school at the early age of five, being, I understand, more than a trifle unmanageable at home!), and on Sundays we went to the usual Anglican Church where there was no ritual worth mentioning. The services tired me, but from the very beginning I was always interested in the organ; and during the Psalms, which were specially trying to my patience, I used to count the number of pipes visible in the organ case. Later I had a good deal to do with organ construction. But it was only after coming into touch with Theosophy that I realised that my chief interest in the organ and music generally, centred round the magical and psychological effect of sound.

Another line of interest was science—especially chemistry and electricity—and as a youth I was most adept at making coloured fires. The religious phase came later, but the twin pursuits of science and ceremonial religion which have dominated my life are, I think, the inheritance from alchemical and Rosicrucian experiences in the past.

We learned Scripture at school, of course, and occasionally the Bible was read to us in our bedrooms at night; but to all intents and purposes I grew up without any feeling for religion, and God was no more to me than a kind of glorified police magistrate in heaven. I regarded saying my prayers as a nuisance, and I look back now with amusement to certain occasions when I bargained with God. I was fond of sweets and of a bilious disposition—two factors which did not harmonise. I particularly dreaded these attacks, and in the throes of them used to promise God to say my prayers regularly for such and such a length of time, if He would let me off the more unpleasant consequences of my indiscretion.

But there was one important element in my childhood. My grandfather, Hensleigh Wedgwood by name, was one of the pioneers of the Spiritualistic movement, a founder of the London Spiritualist Alliance, and of the Society for Psychical Research—I believe he was one of the general

committee who passed the report condemning H. P. B. My mother was an extremely good clairvoyante (she figures in some of the Myers, Gurney and Podmore books), and knew H. P. B. And so, although I knew nothing of Spiritualism or Theosophy, I heard of them and took great interest in the little I was told, and for many years I loved tales of witches and magic above everything else. It was at Folkestone—I suppose at about the age of seven—that I gave my first Theosophical lecture. There was a funeral leaving the house opposite. I have only the faintest recollection of the incident, but I am told that the audience was, to say the least, attentive; for I had thrown up the window and at the top of my voice informed the people that they were silly to think the thing they were carrying away in that wooden box was their friend, for he was in Kāmaloka! It was part of the jargon I had picked up.

My interest in the organ continued, and I liked to go to churches where there was good music. At about the age of seventeen, I strayed into a ritualistic church at East Clevedon, and heard a sermon which dealt incidentally with bowing the head at the name of Jesus. This interested me, and the priest gave me a little book which soon turned me into a full-blown High-Churchman. I became a server at the altar and so gained some experience of ecclesiastical ceremonial. I had read a silly Protestant book called *The Secret History of the Oxford Movement*, by one Walter Walsh; its effect was to fire me with enthusiasm to join all the supposedly secret societies therein "exposed". Those that I did join I found to be perfectly innocuous and really edifying, like the "Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament". Here again, the feeling for secret societies was a skandha from past lives.

I came at this time into touch with a well-known figure in ecclesiastical circles, the Rev. Dr. F. G. Lee, a Bishop of the Order of Corporate Reunion and a writer on occult subjects (though I then knew only of his many other

books), who set me thinking much about the validity of Anglican ordinations and such like topics. I became sincerely religious, and on that account was greatly troubled because I found that the ceremonial side of the worship appealed to me a good deal more than prayer, etc., which, in my ignorance of "rays," I considered a wrong state of affairs. Gradually I abandoned the idea of being an analytical chemist and thought to enter the Church. My people were at first rather opposed to this, and I was not sure of my vocation; so I decided to take up the study of music as the most useful preliminary for a clergyman's work, and, as destiny would have it, I was led to become a pupil of one of the chief authorities on the old Gregorian music or Plainsong.

So things went on till the unexpected happened. I was living at Nottingham next door to a doctor, whose wife was interested in Spiritualism. We used to try table-turning together, and she sometimes went up to London to attend the meetings of Mr. Gambier Bolton's "Inner Circle," where wonderfully fine materialisation phenomena were produced. On one of these occasions she met a lady, and in a moment of unaccountable impulse asked this lady—a complete stranger—to come down and stay with her for a few days at Nottingham. The lady came; she did not stay long, for neither she nor her hostess hit it off with each other. But during those few days Mrs. Besant came to lecture in Nottingham on the occasion of the opening of the Lodge there. The visitor told her hostess and myself that she was a Theosophist and that we should not fail to hear Mrs. Besant. We went. I remember nothing now of what Mrs. Besant said, nor, I fancy, did I after the lecture. I sat and gazed at the figure speaking, lost to everything except the one compelling person before me.

Our visitor never paid a return visit to the doctor's home; her task apparently was over. The doctor's wife did not become a Theosophist, but I was set in the right

direction, and I believe I called myself a Theosophist for some few months.¹

Presently I was moved to York in order to study under the organist of York Minster. I took an early opportunity to visit the Lodge. Somebody was discoursing in very dull fashion; and I was driven away with the impression that Theosophy was all dry intellectual stuff, leaving no scope for devotion or religion. (I now think strongly that Lodge lectures should be *good* even if few; nor should they take place in second-rate temperance hotels.) I came into touch with a High-Church clergyman in York, trained his choir in Plainsong, served at the altar, lived at the Rectory, and began to study for Holy Orders.

One day I noticed a placard, announcing that Mrs. Annie Besant would lecture in York. I remember persuading the clergyman to come with me, and saying to him with easy assurance: "I shall not be upset by her this time." I came, I saw and—I was utterly conquered. The lecture was on the New Psychology. I suppose I scarcely took in a word of the first half of the discourse, for once more I gazed at the speaker as one entranced; but I remember deciding on this occasion, about half-way through the lecture, to give my mind a little share in the feast.

It was Mr. Leadbeater's *Christian Creed* and the chapter on Sacraments in Mrs. Besant's *Esoteric Christianity*, which finally led me to join the Society, owing to the illumination they cast on Church doctrine. But undoubtedly the real compelling force was an intuitive response to the truth I evidently had known in past incarnations. I saw in the new teachings the key to my whole life's experience. The fondness for ritual and particularly the

¹ I can mention another case of one who was led to the Society in a similarly curious way. A nurse from a neighbouring asylum went for a walk through a village. The Vicar's wife, seeing her uniform, rushed out to inquire anxiously if there was any case of sickness in the village. There was not, but the nurse, a perfect stranger, was invited into the garden to eat strawberries, and so an acquaintanceship ripened. I was at that time training the village choir, and meeting the nurse at the vicarage one day interested her in Theosophy, with the result that she finally became a member of the Society.

Sacraments, my interest in mantric music—and, best of all, those things in religion which previously had been discerned with “the eye of faith” were now also harmonised with science, which had always so greatly attracted me.

I was turned away from my church as too great a heretic to be a church official by the clergyman, who was an exceedingly good man, but not able to see that God chooses many and diverse ways to bring souls back to a knowledge of Him. There was a tendency amongst Theosophists at that time towards a cold intellectualism and a too mechanistic view of the universal order. Falling under this influence for some years, I became somewhat impatient at the limitations of Christianity and its seeming lack of philosophy. Then, later, came the founding of the Order of the Star in the East and the Temple of the Rose Cross; my work in the latter made the Power of the Christ a living reality to me, and gave me a real interest in the former Order. Step by step things led up to my ordination to the priesthood, which I have found to be a great inspiration and a wonderful aid in the Theosophical work.

I have never had any serious doubts as to the truth of the Theosophical teachings. I have had various periods of scepticism and doubt as to their value in relation to the life of the world—their practicality. Is thought really so potent a force as to be able appreciably to affect or arrest physical action? Does not refinement of the bodies weaken a man's effective hold on life and unfit him to mix in the busy haunts of men? Such questions do not seriously bother me now, but they have in the past, and I think they ought to be dealt with more fully than they are.

For myself, I can truly say that the sun has risen in my life; certainly, difficulties and disillusionments have not been absent since then, but of my own experience I know many of the teachings to be true, including the fact of the existence of the Masters; having that knowledge, life must ever be irradiated with hope.

J. I. WEDGWOOD

TRADE UNIONISM AND THEOSOPHY

TO THE EDITOR OF “THE ADYAR BULLETIN.”

Mr. Harvey's observations on the subject “Trade Unionism and Theosophy” in your September issue seem to me to be merely a phase of the discussion recently concluded in *The Theosophist*, and therefore likely to cloud the real issue, which is quite simple and which has been made amply plain before. He asks: “Are we to understand that, in view of the T.S., a man has no right to be a free labourer?” The T.S. has no view on this subject, nor can it have, as it is only bound by its objects.

To challenge the rejection by the Colonies of coloured labourers and to employ Union labour only are not inconsistent courses, I think. Indeed, they are grandly consistent, for both are in defence of freedom, for which above all things the T.S. stands—freedom for the British subject to go where he pleases within the Empire, and freedom for the Union labourer to withdraw himself from association with non-Union labourers.

If the personal action of our President is going to commit the Society to situations which must be constantly explained, then we had better dispense with a human President, and elect to office a gramophone, with but one record, namely, the Three Objects. This would safeguard our neutrality, and would offend nothing but our musical ear. This is the *reductio ad absurdum* of the issue.

I trust that no one will try to make it “clear that although it appears that we are sacrificing our principles to self-interest in the matter of this building, in reality, as a Society, we entirely repudiate any partisanship in these or similar questions”. Are we, who have always fought for freedom, to try to limit the freedom of our greatest member?

pathway of the world. At one time, when the great truths of religion have been forgotten and when materialism is strong, it will be its chief work to spread the forgotten truths and to assert the predominant value of spirituality. At another, when a people is to be prepared for the Lord, educational methods and improvements will claim its earnest attention. At another, it will be called to work for social reformation along lines laid down by Occultism. At yet another, to throw its energies into political effort. For those who take this wider view, the country they are living in, the circumstances which surround them, must largely condition the form of their activities. And since the T. S. is international, it can only suggest great principles, and leave its members to apply them for themselves. It can lay down Brotherhood, but whether that shall be cultivated and made practical by Individualism or Socialism, by Toryism, Liberalism or Radicalism, by Monarchy or Republicanism, by Autocracy, Aristocracy or Democracy—on all this the T. S. pronounces no opinions. It can only say: "Son, go and work for Brotherhood: think out the best way for yourself, and act."

* * *

It is obvious that since I entered the T. S. I have encouraged the wider view, and while I have done my fair share in spreading Theosophical teachings all the world over, I have also worked vigorously in outside matters, for education and for many social reforms as, in India, the abolition of child-marriage and the reform of the caste-system, and in England for the abolition of vivisection, for reforms in penology, for justice to coloured races, for the introduction of federalism into the Empire, and of a system of electorates which should weigh heads as well as count them. Since elected to the Presidency, I have endeavoured to organise the many activities of those who agreed with me in Theosophising public life, so that no activity should compromise the neutrality of the T. S., while members should remain perfectly free to work in any of them; and the result has been a great influx into the T. S. of energetic workers, and especially of young workers, who find their inspiration in Theosophical teachings, and their happiness in translating them into practice.

* * *

Both these lines of thought, the exclusive and the inclusive, have their place in the T. S., and it is eminently desirable that both should be present in the Society. The first ensures the steady propagation of Theosophical teachings, and the permeation of all religions with them—the

Theosophising of religions: the second ensures the application of those teachings to public work, the permeation of all public activities with them—the Theosophising of life. While the T. S. was small in numbers and its environment was hostile, the first demanded all the energies of the little band of Theosophists. Now that the T. S. is large, and its environment fairly friendly, the second is necessary for the growth of its influence. The first prepares for the new form of religion—the second for the new form of civilisation. They are complementary, not hostile. But let neither depreciate the other, nor minimise its value. Let each do its work, and recognise that the other has also its place and its work.

* * *

My thought was turned specially in this direction by some criticism which reached me of our French General Secretary going to the front to help his country in her bitter need, of prominent lady Theosophists in France doing ambulance work instead of holding E. S. classes, of the English General Secretary organising hospital work, of the Scotch General Secretary training Territorials whom he is to lead on active service to the front. Such criticisms are untheosophical in spirit, and utterly uninformed from the standpoint of Occultism. In times of need, some men are called to do the hero's work; let us be glad and proud that the leaders of the Society in England, Scotland and France are among them, and that local leaders in smaller areas are among the most active workers in relief, and that the rank and file are gallantly supporting them. Let others take up the work the usual leaders have to drop, and be glad to have the opportunity of supplying their places, setting them free for their more urgent duties. Truly would the T. S. have been disgraced if none among its members had answered to the cry: "La Patrie en danger." Every one who can help at such a crisis ought to help, and if our special teaching propaganda suffers for the time, let it suffer. Peace will return, and with peace its duties. Unless the war-duties are attended to now, the chief Theosophical countries in Europe will be crushed, and there will be but little room for propaganda afterwards.

* * *

The different and useful lines of activity are well exemplified in the splendid organising work of Dr. Haden Guest on behalf of the French wounded and the silent work of the League of Meditation, presided over by Mrs. Duckworth. This latter body bases its work on two facts:

In the first place it is not the German Nation, or the Austrian Nation, with which we are at war. We are fighting the system under which these people have been brought up, a system which we believe to be contrary to the accepted laws of civilisation, and to evolutionary progress as we see it. The mass of German People are but tools of this system, the wheels of this gigantic machine, and in condemning the machine there is no necessity to condemn also the materials out of which it is made. And further, let us not forget that these very people whom in the masses we are now condemning so thoughtlessly, are the ones who have contributed much to the comfort and well-being of our race.

Secondly let us remember that the War does not cease when the voice of the guns is no longer heard, when armed men are no longer arrayed in battle line for their mutual destruction. It is then that the voice of the diplomatist speaks, a voice that is just as important in the settlement of the war as is the conflict of armed men. The tone in which this second voice speaks depends on the thought of the nations which it represents. If these nations harbour bitter feelings, the one for the other, then will the sound of that voice be harsh and exacting, and no true statement will result. If, on the other hand, the nations are led to think nobly, can forgive what they consider to be the wrongs done to them, can harbour feelings of love and brotherhood towards their fellow human beings, then will that voice speak gently, its tone will be as a soothing balm, closing all wounds and healing all sores. Then will the settlement be true and lasting, the result will be satisfactory on all sides, and we shall truly have weathered the storm and entered into a haven of rest.

Both of these thoughts should be steadily kept in mind, for on the nature of the peace concluded depends the sowing or the non-sowing of the dragon-teeth of another war. Every heart that sends out love and goodwill is one of the fair forces which make for a lasting peace. The meditation itself begins on the Unity of Life; passes on to the underlying unity of all human activities; considers the end of the cycle and the birth of a new civilisation, and ends in blessing all, since all are one in God. May its work help in bringing back to the world the blessing of peace.

THE RELATIVITY OF HINDŪ ETHICS¹

By ANNIE BESANT

I HAVE chosen this particular subject of "The Relativity of Hindū Ethics" because so far as I know—and I have studied fairly carefully the great religions of the world, both living and dead—there is no religion which has put forward so perfect a system of Ethics from the philosophical, the scientific, as well as the emotional, side as the great Hindū faith. And I wish to show you how perfectly orderly is the system which has been laid down by the Sages of old. For if you will take the trouble of mastering that order—even though just for a moment it may seem to be a little dry—you will find this great advantage: When you are studying the more ordinary ethical Codes you will be able to understand to what part, as it were, of the great ethical system any particular teaching really belongs. You will not find yourself in the very difficult position in which so many of our Christian brethren find themselves, in dealing with matters of Government, that they cannot reconcile what they call the ethics of their religion with the things which they find they are obliged to do, when they are dealing with their own State and its relations with other people and other States. I shall have a little later on just to point out to you in passing the position in any scheme of Ethics that would rightly be given to that very famous part of Christian teaching—The Sermon on the Mount. I only mention it now for a moment to show that I am not exaggerating when.

¹ A lecture delivered in November, 1914, under the auspices of the Societies connected with the Madras Presidency College, with the Hon. Mr. Justice T. V. Seshagiri Aiyar in the Chair.

I talk of the difficulty in which Christians find themselves in reconciling their theoretical Ethics with their practical politics. I recall a statement which was made by a Bishop of the English Church—an Irishman as it happened—the Bishop of Peterborough; when he was speaking of the beauty of the Sermon on the Mount and the sublimity of its Ethics, he made the remark that if any State tried to carry out its principles, it would not last for a week. That is absolutely true. If you found that a Nation turned one cheek when it was smitten in order that the other also might be struck, there would be great difficulty in maintaining its place in the struggle of modern life. But one ought to say that that difficulty has been solved by a few Christians like Tolstoy, who are prepared never to resist a wrong whether as individuals or as members of Society. There has been a rather remarkable suggestion made that if any European Nation would lay down the whole of its arms, would throw away its armaments, and remain entirely undefended—become what is called “a martyr Nation”—that, while it is certain that that Nation would be conquered, while it is certain that it would be robbed and plundered by its neighbours, that the splendour of its ethical example would make it, after all the struggle had been gone through and the misery and the degradation, a great landmark in civilisation. But as you probably know, you will not find very many people who are prepared to form part of such a Nation.

Now, there are no difficulties of this sort, the very moment you grasp the central idea of the great system of Hindū Ethics: and that is why I have spoken of that as relative, not absolute. Let me put before you the outline of the way in which you find that the old Hindū Sages who worked out this system and made it the foundation of the Hindū polity, how they regarded the question of Ethics, and how they carefully made a system suitable to evolution, which is the model for the growth and development of the world. It is not worth

while to discuss how different from our own Society that Society was, for they have one main fact in common. You might have some different theory of Ethics if you were dealing with a world which was not evolving. Then the question of Ethics would be entirely different in its presentment; for while the basis is one, the Unity, the One Life in which all are partakers, while that is the foundation of all ethical obligation, the method in which Ethics would be followed would differ in a world which was not in the course of evolution from that which is necessary in a world the whole law of whose being, the whole law of whose development, is signified by that word—Evolution.

Evolution implies change: and that fact was recognised by the R̥shis of Hindūism. They saw the one standard of Right and Wrong in consonance with the Divine Will at any period of the manifestation of that Will. The only real standard of Right and Wrong, the question that you should ask when you are settling whether a thing is right or wrong, in principle, is always: “Does it work in with the Will which is guiding Evolution?” Ethics is the Science of Right Relations. I am taking now for granted the existence of the One Life—though I am positively convinced that it is a thing which might be talked over and proved at another time, I am now taking it for granted—that there is One, the Eternal, the Brahman of the Hindū, who is “the source of all life,” of all power, whose Will expresses itself for the welfare of His worlds, and in the following out of that Will only can harmony arise—that is the basis, as I said, which is taken for granted. One could make a good argument for it, if one had time: but dealing with Ethics, I am taking it for granted. I might also take for granted those great qualities which are alluded to when we speak of the Saguna Brahman—that triple division of the Divine as of human Consciousness, in which we find that life shows itself out by Will, shows itself out by Awareness of that which is outside itself, shows itself out by Activity, Action upon that which is without.

Will, Awareness of the external, Action on the external, these are the three great divisions of Consciousness and, although of course in speaking of Brahman, we should have to modify the word "external" because all is within, none the less we can recognise the nature of these aspects which we see revealed in the three great terms—Sat, Chit and Ānanda, the "One without a second". All who are sharers of that life must inevitably, as parts of the whole, find their natural development and their happiness in harmony with the life of which they are parts. Disharmony, friction, is always productive of suffering. Only in harmony can peace and happiness be found: and the very moment you realise that there is but One Life—as Lord Kṛṣṇa said: "I established this universe with one fragment of Myself and I remain"—the moment you realise that, you are bound logically also to realise that the part can only find its perfection and its happiness by harmony with the whole to which it belongs. And I may remind you that modern science is quite at one with religion on that point. Over and over again you will see it pointed out that only by harmony with the world around us is it possible for humanity to advance, and to find peace and happiness.

Now, the great manifestation of this One Life which is the source of the standard that I spoke of, the Will, the Divine aspect of the Will shows itself out in the very nature of the universe and in the laws of nature, as they are called, i.e., the sequences of phenomena constantly observed and constantly re-verified. Do not confuse your thought of the law of nature with the law of a legislature. The law which is made by men can be changed by men. There is nothing natural in it. It is artificial. But a law of nature is not a command. It is an expression of the innermost essence of things according to which only they are able to show activity, according to which only they have various effects upon each other. What we have to do with the laws of nature is to study

nature and find out what they are; and in this study man has been greatly helped by Those whom we speak of as R̥ṣhis. Those illuminated men, having unfolded the Divine Spirit within Them, were able to tell us of the fundamental laws of nature which we cannot break. You can break a man-made law, but you can only disregard a law of nature; and disregarding a law of nature means suffering: and men, growing weary of suffering, fall into willing consonance with those inviolable laws among which they live.

Take that as the foundation: What is the next stage? The Evolution of the world is a progression from a very simple condition to a very complex condition: putting it in the words of Herbert Spencer, "from homogeneity to heterogeneity"—that is the scientific way of putting it. I shall put it from the standpoint of religion—that it is the gradual unfolding of the divine seed into the likeness of the Divinity who put it forth to unfold itself: so that you have, as it were, all the qualities turned inwards:—from a very simple homogeneous fragment of consciousness in the beginning, at the end we have the divine possibilities that are infolded turned outwards, manifesting themselves in Power, in Wisdom and in Beauty, and so there is just as much difference between the beginning and the ending as there is between the seed and the tree. This is the great circle of evolution, as it were, coming forth from One Life, and returning to that Life, enriched with the results of the pilgrimage. Now, the R̥ṣhis divided that circle into two halves; one half, They said, is the Mārga of Pravṛtti, of forthgoing. It is the path in which the germ goes out into the world of matter, constantly acquiring in order that it may grow, assimilating what it acquires, and evolving faculties that are unfolding within it. When that first half of the circle has been accomplished, when experience has been gathered, then, They say you come to the time when the path of return must be begun, the Nivṛtti Mārga. You may divide the whole of human life—meaning by that phrase,

the cycle of births and deaths, the continual incarnation and reincarnation—you can divide the whole of that into the path of Pravṛtti and the path of Nivṛtti.

Now, the Ethics of the path of going-forth are different from the Ethics of the path of returning: but our standard of Right or Wrong being harmony with the Divine Will, that remains untouched. For, although the actions will be different according to the path that the man is treading, he will be going in consonance with the Divine Will, whichever path he may be in, in the one path where he is acquiring, in the other path where he is throwing away the outer in order that the inner may develop into the divine splendour which is its natural birthright. When for a moment I ask you to bear in mind that I am describing these paths which form our system very briefly, and hence very imperfectly, we pass to the next stage, which is to take that long life of the Jivātmā, and divide it into great groups of virtues which have to be acquired set by set, as the soul unfolds: there you have the real reason for the ancient system of caste. It was intended that, in the Hindū Nation, the different qualities that were necessary to develop in order that the perfect man might be evolved, should be divided into certain groups of qualities which were congruous with each other: and in that way it might be possible for a man to develop a set of qualities, as it were, and having worked those into his nature, so that they became part of his nature, he would then pass on to the next great group, and deal with them in a similar fashion. By the loss of the Dharma of the castes, the value of the caste system has passed away, because no longer is each caste a school for the development of certain qualities. Think, however, for a moment how these castes work in the original system of Ethics, and show themselves as different stages of evolutionary progress. The lowest of these, where rules were relaxed, where restrictions were not numerous, was the Shūdra caste, and

the qualities that were to be developed—the man having passed through the savage condition and coming into the great civilisation of the Hindūs—these were intended to be the first lessons in a very highly organised Society. He had to learn obedience, service, usefulness, the general helping of all around him. And this is very noticeable in this great scheme: that the caste which is taken as the primary grade for the teaching of the virtues necessary to the perfect man comes back again in the Sannyāsin when the human cycle of life has been completed: for, just as the Shūdra, on the physical plane, is to be the servant of all, so is the great Rshi on the superhuman plane, the servant of the humanity to which He dedicates Himself. So that we realise how both are learning the great lesson of service; the lowest and the highest are really one and the same, only separated by differences of degree; but the essence of both is Service, the helping of all around, the aiding of humanity.

After these first lessons, then the man was to go and learn to acquire wealth. That was his duty, to gain wealth. He was the steward of the Nation. He was not to keep the wealth after he gained it. He was to be the source of every charity in the Nation. Then having learned to collect wealth, and then detach himself from wealth, he had the next great lesson that he must learn, the lesson of the Kṣhātrīya caste. His duty was to give up life for the protection of the helpless, and he must be willing at any moment to give up wife, child and life itself, if his Nation demanded that service from him, when any peril threatened the unarmed. When that had been learned, then, going on into the Brāhmaṇa caste, he was supposed to have transcended all desire, and to confine himself to the sacred learning, to the spreading of which his whole life was to be devoted. The ethics of the Shūdra, of the Vaishya, of the Kṣhātrīya, of the Brāhmaṇa, were shaped then on different lines, and developed very different virtues.

Now let me remind you of the last beautiful order of this Hindū system; not the life of the Jivātmā any longer embodied in matter, but the life of the individual during a single experience from birth to death: that is the system of the four Āshramas, which exactly corresponds with the caste system. The one is not complete without the other. It was a great dual system. You see at once that the caste of the Shūdra is parallel to the order of the Brahmachārin of the student. He then has to develop obedience, service, dutifulness, he has to learn the lessons for that particular order. Then he goes on to the Grhasth-āshrama, the household life: he is then the typical Vaishya. All other orders depend upon him: he is the Vishnu of this world: the supporter and maintainer. And in that household life, his virtues are quite different from the virtues of the Brahmachārin. After he had passed through the Grhasthāshrama and gained all his experiences and performed all his duties, then he was to step out into the Vānaprastha stage where, himself free from worldly affairs, he would be able to counsel and advise his youngers, no longer to take an active part in the business of the world, but to leave it to the more vigorous people who are able to do it well. The duty of the Kṣhatriya comes under this stage. Then came the last Āshrama which is the correlative of the Brāhmaṇa caste, where the Sannyāsin, having gained all his experience, renounced the outer world, and prepared himself for the life on the other side of death.

Thus well-conceived was evolution according to Hindū thought, and that is why I said it was the most perfect system that had ever been given to a Nation in a religion. There are no gaps in it: there is no ethical question that cannot find its right solution in one part or another of this great system of human evolution: and if you realise the outline of that, then you will readily be able to see how all Ethics are relative, *i.e.*, that the right thing for a man to do at any particular time depends on the place which he is occupying in evolution.

Let us see how it works out. I ought to say that that view of Ethics is a view that has been very much misunderstood. You will hear it attacked by Christian people. They talk a good deal of "absolute Ethics". If you talk to them, you find that they do not quite know what they mean. It is too metaphysical for them to follow, and people are apt to lose fact when they go into a region where accuracy and precision cannot be demanded of them for their lack of mental equipment. Be on your guard when talking to them, because you are very likely to be lost in vague words. "Absolute Ethics" can have no existence except in the Absolute, and there, there are no Ethics because there are no relations. We are all relative. We cannot go beyond that. All our relations to everything around us, our relations to human beings, our relations to the animal kingdom, to the vegetable and to the mineral kingdoms, our relations to everything that lives in the world of which we form a part—nothing can be excluded from that. For we are only a part of the vast chain of evolution that stretches from world to world—all our relations must be, in the very meaning of the word, relative. Let us pass on to the early stage of the Pravṛtti Mārga. Take the average man still on the Pravṛtti Mārga. Now what is his law of evolution? It is to be found in what the Hindū books call his Dharma; "Duty" is a very poor word as a translation for Dharma, Dharma really shows the evolution through which a man has passed, which brings him to the position he occupies in the moment. That is the first idea. The idea of past evolution conditions his present state. Then his Dharma is the next step which he has to take forward in evolution.

The law of the past shows where he is: the law by which he has to guide his conduct shows where he ought to be, and where he will be as he lives through his life, if he carries out that Dharma. The double idea is there. Let us take then an average man: he begins his life as a student. What is the duty of the student according

to Hindū Ethics? And I may remind you that the great Lawgiver, Manu, divided the relations of people into three: We are surrounded, Manu said, by our elders, by our equals, and by our youngers. That you see at once is an exhaustive classification. Every one with whom you come into contact is either your elder, your equal or your younger. And according to that relation will be the virtues that you ought to practise towards them. One most luminous way of finding out in detail what our duty is on the whole Pravṛtti Mārga is to say that it is our business to gather in everything we rightfully can. Sometimes people say: "We ought to work without desire." Certainly on the Nivṛtti Mārga. But nothing is more fatal to progress than to give up the desire for fruit until you have evolved within you the power which will make you work as hard without the desire for fruit, as you could work when you are moved by that desire. Under Christian influence in this country this idea has been lost; it is not lost in Hindūism, but it is in Christianity, where one single ethical code, as it were, is held up for everybody, for the saint and the sinner, for the philosopher and the costermonger, where we have only one set of rules for everybody, which, consequently, are not applicable to anybody. So the practice and theory are divorced: that is one thing you can see wherever you go. In India that was not the case. I know you will think of the *Gītā* where it is said that you are to work on for duty's sake, not for fruit. But think of this: Who was Arjuna? He was a Yogin; he was a disciple; he was immediately in touch with the Avatāra Himself. He was not an ordinary man living in the world, but a man who, after a number of past lives, had climbed higher and higher towards the perfection of humanity, and who cried: "I am Thy disciple, suppliant to Thee; teach me." But if Shri Kṛṣṇa had been talking to one of the common soldiers, do you think he would have sung to him the Lord's Song? Arjuna was at a stage where he did not need any fruit in order to

inspire him to action. But if the average man does not desire fruit, what is the result? He does nothing; he has no motive; every man must have a motive for action, otherwise he remains lazy. If a man has the motive of hunger, he works to get food. But if he had no wants, if he had no desires, he would simply lie like a log. A lower animal is only stirred into activity by hunger, and thirst, and sex. And you know he sleeps more than half the day. When he is satisfied for the moment, he falls back into sleep. Why do you think God made the world full of objects of beauty around us, full of desirable things? If He did not mean that they should attract us, what was His object in surrounding us with them? His object was to evolve our faculties, and the scheme is a most beautiful and admirable one. How does a mother teach her child to walk? Instead of taking the child up and carrying it, and giving it the grand theory of locomotion, the mother puts the child down and teaches it to walk by dangling a toy in front of it. The child learns to walk by trying to get at the toy. But if the toy were not there, he would make no effort at all: he would sit there until the mother took him out. He would never have learned to walk. That is exactly how God deals with us. Before us He dangles bits of tinsel, money, fame, social position, power over other people; all these things He dangles in front of us. And even as the baby learns to use his muscles, the man evolves his qualities. He makes his brain a little bit brighter; he plans, he schemes, all that he may get an object of desire, and presently he clutches it, having developed his faculties. Then having clutched it, he gets but brief satisfaction out of it. That is the *Līlā* of Ishvara. The pleasure is in the hunting after the object; when you get it, you are soon tired of it. Look at a millionaire. When he gets the money, he becomes sick of it. Money is a burden. The effect of that is that, in the next life, he will not be giving up everything for the sake of

gathering gold, which, when he has, he cannot use. The immortal Spirit in man cannot be satisfied with gathering a metal, even though it is called gold: he tries for something higher. So ambition and desire for fame ought never to be crushed out. Where it is found, it ought to be encouraged. Supposing I found you, full of life, full of vigour and strength, and therefore troublesome, not always quiet; supposing I found you had a little ambition—to rise into political power, ambition perhaps of an artistic character, ambition perhaps to be a poet, or a newspaper man, or anything else, that may move you to work; do you think I would say, "Put it aside"? I should say: "Work as hard as you can: work in order that you may gain that thing." It would keep you from the many temptations that surround a lad. It would make you keep your life pure, your body clean, because you know that low conduct would bar your success. Ambition is a higher passion, and it is useful to kill the lower passions. That is God's way in educating His children. When you come to the point of working for the general good as hard as if you were working for fruit, then can you give up the desire for fruit. Meanwhile God hides in objects of desire, in order to induce you to go after them, and so to draw out faculties which otherwise you would not have developed. "There is nothing moving or unmoving that exists without" God. There is no love but His. Every beauty, every attraction, that you see in any object, is God in that object, which is calling to the Self in you, the one great Self which is hidden in all around us. And in that way it is that evolution goes on; in that way faculties are brought out, and all the while the man is on the *Pravṛtti Mārga*, he ought to be full of desire, in order that he may progress. There is another point that relates to this. Take the life of the *Gṛhasṭha*. That is not the life of the *Brahmachārin*. It is the married life, the life of the husband, and of the father; and what are the objects which *Hindū* Ethics put before him? He has three objects set before

him in life: *Dharma* what he ought to do: *Artha*, wealth: *Kāma*, passion, emotion, pleasure. People forget all this when they are talking about what *Hindūism* teaches. You have an admirable lady, like the Christian *Pārsi* lady who said: "*Hindūism* is all renunciation." Renunciation has its place certainly; but you have to gain something to renounce, before you can renounce. If you read the history of the great men of India, you find that they have gone through the *Brahmachārin* stage, that then they became husbands and fathers, that they gathered wealth, that they took pleasure in life; and it was not until they had reaped from these two stages what they had to teach, it was not until then that they put them aside: having practically exhausted their value by learning every lesson that they had to teach. Then they began renunciation, but not before; and so many great men passed, great ministers, and great Kings. They ruled kingdoms, or they advised monarchs. They went from one step to another of earthly glory and power and splendour. And when they had done all that, and discharged their duties to the country, then, with the garb of the *Sannyāsin* they would go out into the desert. Having done their duty, they renounced, and took up the life of the *Yogin*. But you do not want to have your *Yogin* like the people whom S. Peter is said to have spoken of once, when he was warder of the gate of heaven. Some Christians used to be baptised on their death-beds. The idea was that they got rid of sins by baptism, so they put off baptism till they were going to die. They thought: "I shall be washed clean at the last moment." And that became the habit of the early Church. When S. Athanasius brought up some people to S. Peter, he looked at them, and turned round and said: "Why do you always bring me up all these carefully sealed-up bags, with nothing whatever inside?" Now that is the idea of some people with regard to the *Yogin*—that he has nothing at all inside. But, as a matter of fact, he has to be full; he must have a developed intellect, he must

important to understand: because if you come into authority when you are old, you may ruin people by weakness, by not realising that the apt use of it is in guidance, protection, and restraint. So important is the relationship between people, before you can determine what they ought, or what they ought not, to do. Take another case. You have no right to lock up somebody else in a room; but it may be perfectly right for a person in authority to put the thief into prison. Where a person is charged with a duty, there the non-carrying out of that duty becomes a weakness, and a failure of ethical obligation.

Hurrying over this—though this really wants far more elaboration—we must ask: How do Ethics change for the man who begins to tread the Nivṛṭṭi Mārga? The man who is going homeward has no claim on the outer world: all his duty to it is the payment of the debts he has incurred during his many lives on the Pravṛṭṭi Mārga. He has incurred many debts to others during those lives. He has to pay them all, when he is turning homewards. That life is the life of renunciation, the liberation of the Spirit from bonds. So the man who turns in that direction, beginning it in the Vānaprastha stage but carrying it on fully in the Sannyāsin stage, that man has no claims upon any: he has no rights.

We shall talk of rights and duties now. I saw Mr. Asquith used my favourite phrase the other day, that "the weak have rights: the strong have only duties". There is a great truth in that phrase. The Sannyāsin has no rights. He has renounced them all. He has given up every claim; he has taken up Service as his one duty. He has given his life to help the life of the world, and he has no further personal claims. Hence the whole code of Ethics changes. I shall just give one or two examples. Suppose there is a father of a family and suppose a poisonous snake is coming near. His duty is the protection of his household. He must remove the snake, in the last resort kill it. The lives in his care

come before the life of the snake. But suppose it is a Sannyāsin whom the snake is threatening. He has no right to kill that snake. There is One Life in both. He has merged his life into the One Life. He cannot defend a portion of himself against an attack from another portion. As a matter of fact, the snake would not attack him if he were a real Sannyāsin. I have known a Sannyāsin in meditation, and when he came back to physical consciousness, he found a tiger lying at his side, and stroked it like a kitten. If he is injured, he has no right to retort. To him the injury is a past deed on his own path coming back to him. It is only himself in a past life striking himself in a present one. He injured a man. That man injures him now. He has no right to return the injury. The life of the Sannyāsin is a life of perfect renunciation, and therefore his ethics are wholly different from the ethics of the man of the world. If our Chairman is administering the duties of his office, and if he said, when a thief came before him, he must give him his robe and let him go, because that is the duty of the Sannyāsin, he would certainly not be performing his own duty, and "the duty of another is full of danger". The thief has to learn that he must not steal. The Sannyāsin would have no right to teach him by punishment: the Judge has. I know that sometimes questions of Ethics arise which are complicated, because life is not cut up into these neat compartments in which we can make everything perfect theoretically. A man may be a public man, and yet a Sannyāsin. Janaka the Sannyāsin would have had no right to punish a man who took away from him what he had, but Janaka the King would have committed a sin if he had allowed the thief to go unpunished. These are the higher problems that come when the higher ranges of life are reached, and when the man learns that he is separated from his mind and body. Hence it is that Janaka said when Mithilā was burning: "There is nothing of mine that is burning."

That is the lesson of the higher life. The Yogin wants no fruit. But why? Because, realising himself as part of the One Life, as long as Īshvara works, he works. You remember Shri Kṛṣṇa said: "There is nothing either here or in the three worlds that is to be desired of Me and yet I work unceasingly: for if I did not work, the worlds would fall into confusion." Therefore He said: "Let the wise, working with Me, render all action attractive." There is the new motive—the welfare of the world. The welfare of the world is enough to keep an Avatāra labouring in the world. It keeps Viṣṇu the Preserver and Maintainer in relation to the world, for the world would fall to pieces otherwise.

There is the new motive; and when the man so realises his own Divinity, that he works with Īshvara for the welfare of the world, then the desire of fruit for him would be a degradation, because he has the higher motive of being a tool in the hands of the Divine. Hence you must discriminate. If you find that you can work as heartily, with as much self-sacrifice and self-control, without wanting any prize the world can offer you, then in the name of God, go forth and make His will only the rule of your daily life. But if you find that you become indifferent, that pleasure tempts you, that evil attracts you, that you need some corresponding higher attraction that you are able to appreciate, in order to lead the clean, pure and useful life, then do not throw away the object of desire too early, for you may find that by doing so, you have paralysed your activity, as has largely happened in India. For men who never dream of denying themselves for the sake of the public good, they say they must work without desire for fruit. And the result is that they do not work at all. The men who work hard are working for some desire; except where you get a higher desire, you must not take the child's toy away and refuse to let it play with the dog. Let the child play. Meanwhile the child develops

by playing with the dog. Men develop by struggle for place and power and fame. So if you look at this from the Hindū standpoint, you will find that at every stage of life there is an ethical teaching which helps men to "evolve". That is the test. Does it make a man better, higher, nobler, more self-sacrificing, greater in any way? If so, that is the teaching that is best for him at the time.

And now recall the Sermon on the Mount. I will just take the phrases that I want you to notice. They may seem grotesque to you, because you are not familiar with them. "If a man smite thee on one cheek, turn to him the other also. If a man compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. If a man take away thy coat, give him thy cloak also." To whom does this apply? To the Sannyāsin. It is the perfect teaching for a man becoming perfect: but for the man of the world, it is impossible, impracticable. Christianity has not made this distinction at all; but it practises the distinction although it does not realise it theoretically. The effect of recognising a thing that you do not practise is to demoralise you, and not to raise you. If you pretend that it is your theory of life that, when a thing is stolen from you, you give the thief something more, then if you do not practise it, you are a hypocrite. And hypocrisy is one of the worst vices. If you say: "I will not pretend," then at least you are honest and you realise where you stand. True practice and theory make life in all parts sacred, not secular. On Sunday the Christian goes to Church and admires the Sermon on the Mount. On Monday he goes to his office, and orders the prosecution of his cheating neighbour. The one life is sacred; the other is secular, profane. Hindūism permeates the whole life with religion, and there is no part of the life of the Hindū which cannot form part of his faith. There is no good telling a soldier: "When the Prussian strikes you on one cheek, turn the other." The only result of that would be that he would be shot as a traitor. If he is taught that, you get a clash between duties, and the man is not honestly feeling that he is right in his action. Very much more practical is S. John the Baptist. When the soldiers came and asked him what

to do, he said: "Do violence to no man; and be content with your wages." The soldier was inclined to use his strength to do violence. "No," says S. John, "that is against your Dharma."

There is a rule of conduct for each one of you which you ought to obey. It should be a little higher than your practice, but not so high that you should say: "It is impossible," because then you have no stimulus towards walking along the higher path. Realise that your ideals rise; that as we fulfil one, it ceases to be an ideal, and the next ideal rises above us and before us. Some day all will be Sannyāsins, but that day is not yet come. Only here and there is one to be found who is fit to be a Sannyāsin. For as the mind learns to leave the outer objects, gradually, slowly, you will come to find that there is something better than the world can offer you. For is it not written that when one glimpse of the Supreme has been caught, then all lower desires die away? It is on these lines of thinking that you will find that Hindūism meets you at every stage of your development. You never develop so high that it has not something higher to show you. And you can never be at a stage so low, that it has not some inspiration, that appeals to you to win you a little higher from the stage that you are occupying. That is the real greatness of Hindūism. The highest thinker cannot outstrip it; the lowliest peasant finds something in it that he can grasp and live by. And so I come back to that point with which I started: that, after a study, of some 40 years and more, of the great religions of the world, I find none so perfect, none so scientific, none so philosophical, and none so spiritual, as the great religion known by the name of Hindūism. The more you know it, the more you will love it; the more you try to understand it, the more deeply will you value it. And I would say to you, who are young, on whom the future of India depends, that that great future is bound up with this ancient religion, and that, unless the younger men love and live it, the Indian Nation will not continue to endure.

A VISION

By M. H.

I ONCE found myself in a strange land, one might have called it the land of death. For all around, every thing seemed silent, cold and motionless.

For the first time in my life I was permitted to realise by comparison the perpetual life and movement of even the most desolate of earthly spots; and the contemplation filled me with awe.

A broad stream of sluggish water, leaden-grey in colour, divided the landscape.

On its left bank stood trees without any foliage, which gave the impression of having always been lifeless and motionless.

A vast open space, grey and unrelieved like the sky, stretched away to the right.

The banks of the river were bare, no velvety carpet of moss invited the foot to linger.

From the horizon where sky and river met, there came a broad stream of grey light, like the last rays of a leaden sunset. Its reflection on the river assumed a conical shape, gradually fading into the general greyness.

I could hear no sound near or distant, nor perceive the form of a living creature. Yet all the time I was listening intently for a melody beyond sound that should awaken an echo of possibilities within the heart, now still, like the motionless water.

Gradually the water rose and stilled even the faintest of my own pulsations. Then followed a time of suspense.

The soul had departed, absorbed by the apparently lifeless river. There remained only the sensation of a point moving in space, but that point was echoing back the music of the spheres, heard now in the eternity of silence. Then a new world opened before me in which river, trees, sky, light, all joined in an activity, too intense and concentrated to be noticed by the Self while clothed in its heavy garment of fear and delight.

The light was more brilliant than anything I had known before. Its hues and tints changed with every movement and every sound.

The music was so penetrating, that the physical ear had mistaken it for silence.

As I, like a point in space, had given my own being into the harmony of the hour, I knew that the river carried all this essence of life, to the life as we see it on earth. The brooks, with their gentle murmur, the roaring sea, the mighty forests, and the life of all living beings drew their power of beautiful existence from this one source, the source to which all selfless powers of the human souls were drawn, only to flow back into endless channels for a more harmonious and beautiful expression.

THE TRUE SINGER

Speak, mighty Spirit, through my quivering hand
 In ways the heart alone will understand;
 Speak, mighty Spirit, through my waiting brain,
 For unexpressed thou art my soul's high pain.
 Tear, tear the veil aside and manifest!
 Adorned with living speech thou art the power
 That lifts me heavenward for one brief hour,
 Upholding me on bright ethereal wings,
 And through my words, it is thy voice which sings.

G. W.

SYMBOLISM, CEREMONIAL AND RITUAL

By C. SHUDDEMAGEN, PH.D.

THE facts of the lower worlds are nothing else but symbols of truths that belong to higher worlds. Nothing can show forth in the physical world without having simultaneous existence in all the higher worlds. There must be continuity of expression from any world of manifestation up to the highest spiritual worlds and beyond.

The reason why objects in the lower realms of existence are symbols of higher truths is found in the fact that manifestation in lower worlds means always limitation. It is only a part of the higher which can express itself in the lower. Now by a symbol we understand something which is a partial representation of something greater; it is something which stands for and suggests the greater. The use of symbols is simply an acknowledgment of our imperfection and incompleteness, for if we could deal with higher truths directly, we would surely not use symbols which can only partially express and suggest to us the nature of the thing which is symbolised.

A symbol stands for a mystery. The thing symbolised is too great for us to know in all its aspects and qualities; therefore we pick out from it some one or more of its qualities that we know something about, and make a symbol for these which shall stand for the thing symbolised until we shall have attained a more complete knowledge of it. When the greater truth comes to be known, then the old symbol ceases to be a symbol and becomes a mere abbreviation. For the difference between a symbol and an abbreviation lies simply in the fact

that the symbol stands for something which is, at least in part, a mystery, while the abbreviation stands for something which is known.

Symbols are of various degrees of completeness and they may be said to be of various intensities. When a symbol suggests many aspects of the higher truth or many qualities of the thing symbolised, then it is fairly complete. When it stands for something very spiritual, something which belongs to far higher worlds, then it has great intensity. Finally, symbols are of various powers, depending on the combined degrees of completeness and intensity. A very powerful symbol is one which suggests many qualities of a very spiritual truth. Thus the cross is one of the most powerful symbols we have of manifestation, the sacrifice of Spirit in entering matter. It suggests so many truths of manifestation, and most of them are very spiritual and transcendent.

Symbolism is the science of symbols, the ordered knowledge of symbols and what they stand for. The student of symbolism strives to understand the truths which are symbolised in nature, as well as those which are represented by symbols handed down by records and tradition from the very ancient times. He also strives to learn how to represent truths by well-chosen symbols. It is evident that the symbolist is a student of the correspondences between the different worlds of being, and of the limitations under which spiritual energies manifest themselves in the more material worlds. It is necessary to observe that the word "symbols" as used above is much more general and inclusive than as used in the more technical sense in ordinary usage, where it refers chiefly to various geometrical figures and objects.

Man's knowledge of spiritual worlds and conditions of being is symbolic, as it is wholly fragmentary and incomplete. While trying to understand and experience spiritual truths with a consciousness subjected to greater limitations than apply to the spiritual world, we are

necessarily forced to think in terms of symbols, and through them we try to get some slight contact with higher realities. It is well to remember that man himself is merely a symbol of what he will ultimately become. As he tries to be an accurate student of symbolism, so will he himself become a more complete and powerful symbol.

The worship of the Supreme Being through symbolic figures, words and movements is called ritualism. The acting out of definite symbols in the lower worlds, particularly in the physical world, for certain definite purposes, is called ceremonial. Many ritualists may not be aware of the fact that they are worshipping through their rituals and ceremonies, but it is a fact. Of course a deep understanding of the symbols and ritual participated in will make possible a truer worship than can take place where only the formal side is attended to, though even the formal actions have value.

Ceremonial may be said to be the use of a combination of symbols for some definite purpose, which is usually the linking of some activity in the physical world with higher worlds and energies. Ceremonial is powerful when the symbols employed are powerful, and when the purpose which it is desired to accomplish relates to very spiritual ends. If the symbols have been correctly chosen and the ceremony is correctly performed, there will be the appropriate and corresponding result, even if the fuller meaning may not be known to the participants. The effect of the ceremonial upon the individual participants, however, varies widely according to their measure of understanding of the symbolism, their purity of motive, and the degree of selflessness with which they take part in the ceremonial.

Under the most favourable circumstances, a powerful ceremonial brings about a closer connection between the physical world and the higher worlds, so that the higher energies can influence the lower worlds more easily, and do work through the objects which are concerned in the

ceremonial. This closer connection means what may be called the "spiritualising" or "making holy" of the physical objects and also, at least for the time being, of the persons who take part in a successful ceremonial. A church building properly consecrated is a different thing from what it would be as the mere physical structure. It has been made a place where higher energies may be used properly, and devout worshippers can make themselves responsive to spiritual influences much more easily there than elsewhere. The consecration, if truly performed, has made the church a place protected from those invisible agencies and energies which would tend to influence people to think selfish, unspiritual thoughts and feel the stirrings of their lower desires, and has filled it instead with those influences which belong to the higher, spiritual worlds. A ceremonial to be truly effective, must be devised by one who is well versed in the knowledge of the higher worlds with which a closer connection is to be made through the ceremonial; and many of the well-known ceremonies and priestly sacraments have been established by such men.

All physical things stand more or less perfectly for some high realities, but may not be in full correspondence and relation with them. To illustrate: the physical body of a dead person represents as far as possible in the physical world the real spiritual man, but the relation of the higher worlds to it has been cut off; while a living, physical body is actually an organism through which higher energies are working, and it has, therefore, a close connection with higher worlds. The mere grouping together of physical objects to make any structure or mechanism does not fulfil the purpose for which similar structures or mechanisms are usually intended. It must be definitely correlated to those energies which are usually working in them.

In the spiritual worlds, where the vast body of archetypal ideas exists as a group of consistent truths, there is no conflict between opposing forces of good and evil such as appears to be in our worlds of human experience. The

apparent clashing and inharmony which we know are due mainly to the incomplete adjustments between physical matter and the higher energies which are working through this matter. What very urgently needs to be done is that man should help to bring about harmony and more complete interrelation between the higher and the lower worlds. This is already being done, but generally not with the greatest efficiency and knowledge. Men are taught to pray, "Thy Will be done on Earth as it is Heaven," but the true way of realising this prayer is to remove those obstacles which stand in the way of the manifesting freely of higher energies in the lower worlds, to lessen the friction and imperfect adjustments which exist between truths and their symbols, between ideals and their realisation, and finally to aid the higher energies to express themselves in the lower worlds by true thinking, which forms an important connecting link between the abstract archetypal ideas and physical facts. Other departments of the work of harmonising the lower worlds, such as guiding the energies and applying the forces as they work down into forms and limitations, are being taken care of by other evolutions of conscious beings, but the work of furnishing the right moulds and forms to contain the higher mental energies is pre-eminently entrusted to humanity. This is a most important fact and should be more generally realised. A very powerful instance to illustrate it may be given: Parents have no first-hand control over the mental and spiritual qualities which are to make up the character of their children, but they do have very complete charge of the formation of the physical bodies of their children before birth. Hence eugenics is a most important science to be put consciously into practice, guided by all the knowledge that may be obtained. Referring again to the general subject of form creation, it should be noted that right thought is vastly more important than right action in the production of the right physical forms, for no physical forms can be

constructed without first constructing the mental forms. No building can be erected without having been mentally formed by the thought-energy of some architect.

The purpose of harmonising the various worlds of being, of making more perfect the adjustments and relations between them, is to make it easier for the great universal and cosmic life-currents to circulate freely. For even the vast physical universe is an organism ensouled and vivified by one single life, as well as many organisms ensouled by many partial lives. The universe becomes a healthier being, if the matter and energies of the various worlds of nature are more properly adjusted and each made to fulfil its function in the economy of the whole being. Ritualism is one of the ways of bringing about a closer and truer relation between the various worlds, physical, emotional, mental and spiritual, as far as they may be influenced and modified by the participants in ritual. And therefore it is true that ritualism is one way, and a very beautiful way, of worshipping the Supreme Being, for worshipping is making holy, and making holy is to make whole or healthy or more perfect. To worship God means to make His universe, His body, more complete and perfect, to allow the great life-energies to circulate more freely throughout the universe, purifying, strengthening and building up its various parts. Ritual, when properly performed, harmonises the different bodies of the participants, and by the use of powerful symbolic thought-forms, enables the great hosts of superphysical beings to ensoul these forms with higher energies, from which they may be drawn forth for various proper idealistic uses, such as promoting brotherhood, confraternity and philanthropic works.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JANUARY 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of December:—

WAKE UP, INDIA

A PLEA FOR SOCIAL REFORM

By ANNIE BESANT

7½" X 5". Boards. Pages 303.

Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c. *Postage extra.*

CONTENTS: Foreign Travel; Child-Marriage and Its Results; Our Duty to the Depressed Classes; Indian Industries as Related to Self-Government; Mass Education; The Education of Indian Girls; The Colour-Bar in England, the Colonies and India; The Passing of the Caste System.

"The eight lectures on Social Reform with the speeches made by the eminent men who occupied the seat of President on each occasion, are now issued under the title *Wake Up, India*, humbly borrowed from His Majesty's 'Wake up, England'."

Everything that Mrs. Besant has to say on India always commands attention, but on this occasion it is more especially true. The object of these lectures was to awaken India to a sense of her own responsibility, and, by pointing out certain

national weaknesses, to urge her to rouse herself and once more take that place among the Nations of the World, which is hers by right.

A powerful and compelling book.

PRANAVA-VĀDA OF GĀRGYĀYAṆA

(VOL. III)

By BHAGAVAN DAS

7½"×5½". Cloth and Gold. Pages 412.

Price : Rs. 4-8 or 6s. or \$ 1.50.

Postage : India Ans. 4; Foreign 8d. or 16c.

CONTENTS: Sec. iii Contd. Parā and Aparā-prakṛti; Spirit and Matter; The Psychology of Kriyā and Pratikriyā—Love and Hate; The Endless Moods of the Opposites, Love and Hate; Triplets; The Triplet of Substance-quality-movement; The Principal Varieties of Substance, Attribute, Movement; The Evolution of Pravyas; Vibration. Sec. iv. *Sṛṣṭy-aika-deshika-prakarana*—One part out of the Continuum of the World. Sec. v. *Manṭaryāmanṭarya-prakarana*.—What to Approve and what to Disapprove. Sec. vi. *Mukṛti-Sādhana*—The Achievement of Freedom. In Memoriam. Index.

The long-expected third volume of Mr. Bhagavan Das' book has at last come to hand, and will be a very welcome boon to all students of the science of the Sacred Word. The author's scholarly work is too well-known to need any recommendation. This volume is enriched by a most carefully compiled index of the completed work.

SUPERHUMAN MEN

IN HISTORY AND RELIGION

By ANNIE BESANT

7½"×5". Cloth. Pages 133

Price : Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c.

Postage : India 1 Anna; Foreign 2d. or 4c.

CONTENTS: Manifestation of Superhuman Beings in our World; Saviours of the World, or World-Teachers; "The Christ in Man"; The Restoration of the Mysteries; The Conditions of Intellectual and of Spiritual Growth; The Policy of the Theosophical Society.

These lectures were delivered, partly in London, partly in Stockholm, during Mr. Besant's flying visit to Europe last summer. In the Foreword Mrs. Besant writes: "May the little book, which took its origin in times so stormy, carry to some the Peace which ever broods over its author's heart." We venture to think that even from the printed volume breathes some of the power and love which were so freely given with the spoken word.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

(DECEMBER)

No. 12

VOL. I

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 48.

Price : Single Copy : India Ans. 3; Foreign 4d. *Post free.*

Yearly : India Rs. 1-4; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant; 'The New Year,' by Erna Meyer; 'Teaching of the Vernacular in Schools and Colleges in India,' by P. Ramanathan; 'If it were True?' by Dr. L. Haden Guest; 'A Golden Chain Class,' by Mary Pye; 'Some Animals I have Known,' by Elisabeth Severs; 'Servants of the Empire'; 'The Star in the East'; 'The Round Table'; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust'; The Children's Corner: 'The Bells of Leyden,' by K. F. Stuart; The Golden Chain: 'Letter to the Links,' by Ethel M. Whyte.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

(DECEMBER)

No. 12

VOL. VI

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 44.

Price : Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*

Annual Subscription : Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'A Word-Religion,' by Annie Besant; 'The Song of a Comet' (Poem), by Eva M. Martin; 'The Way of the Cross' (Note), by M. O. Macvicar-Shaw; 'Students in Council'; 'From Twilight to Dawn,' by N. K. Ramaswami Aiyar; 'The Candle that was a Star,' by G. W.; 'Transmutation,' by M. R. St. John.

THE INFLUENCE OF THEOSOPHY ON THE LIFE AND TEACHINGS OF MODERN INDIA

By GYANENDRA NATH CHAKRAVARTI

No. 35 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½"×5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 23.

This is a valuable contribution to the Series and deserves to be widely read. It contains a balanced criticism of the Influence of Theosophy in India—a criticism which can be nothing but helpful.

INVESTIGATIONS INTO THE SUPER-PHYSICAL

By ANNIE BESANT

No. 36 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½"×5". Stronger Wrapper. Pages 33.

"In dealing with super-physical researches we are in the world of science, and not of revelation." This sentence forms the keynote of the pamphlet showing the attitude in which Mrs. Besant regards, and wishes her readers to regard, her occult investigations. The methods of investigation are explained, and some of the results given. A most absorbingly interesting pamphlet.

Price: Each, Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

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Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post free.*

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXV (JANUARY) No. 4

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9×6½". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.

Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*

Yearly: Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$3. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'On the Watch-Tower'; 'Memories of Past Lives,' by Annie Besant; 'Art as a Factor in the Soul's Evolution,' by Captain Oswald Kylenstierne; 'Difficulties which Theosophy creates,' by Capt. A. E. Powell; 'The Harmonious Development of a Child,' by Alba; 'Peace comes at Last' (Poem), by Marguerite Pollard; 'Rishi Gargayana's Pranava-Vada,' by Sir S. Subramania, Iyer, K. C. I. E.; 'The Allopathic and Ayurvaidik Systems of Medicine,' by H. Subba Rao; 'The Virgin Birth,' by Clara Baker Smith; 'A Vision of the Minutes,' by C. V. Maddocks; 'Death and After,' by O. S. Mohammadu; 'In the Name of the Prophet,' by K. F. Stuart; 'S. George and the Dragon,' by the Rev. F. C. Montagu Powell; 'A Prayer' (Poem), by Lily Nightingale; 'The Healer of Asnieres'; 'A Challenge to the Bishop of Madras,' by Annie Besant; Quarterly Literary Supplement; Supplement.

OUR FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Issued every Friday. The first number will appear on January 2nd, 1914.

Subscription: Foreign: Single Copy 3d.; per annum 10s. 6d. *Post free.*

India: Single Copy Ans. 2. *Postage extra:*

Quarterly Rs. 2; Half-yearly Rs. 3-8; Yearly, Rs. 6. *Post free.*

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By G. HERBERT WHYTE

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9½" X 6½". Wrapper.

Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. or 25c.

THE VASANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, FEBRUARY 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of January:—

MRS. BESANT'S THEOSOPHY

ACCORDING TO THE BISHOP OF MADRAS

By JOHAN VAN MANEN

9½" X 6½" Wrapper. Pages 120.

Price: Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

Postage: India Ans. 1½; Foreign 2½d. or 5c.

This book is an answer to an attack upon Theosophy, the T. S., and some of its leaders, written and endorsed by the Bishop of Madras and seven missionaries. The attack was unfair, unjust, untrue, and Mr. Van Manen has given a most admirable reply. Apart from controversy, Mr. Van Manen's book should be in the hands of every Theosophist, as it contains an enormous amount of solid information, and is especially useful for those who have not time for wide reading, to turn to for reference. The book is indeed a noteworthy production.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy, India Ans. 2. *Postage extra*; Foreign 3d. or 6c. *Post free*.

Yearly, India Rs. 6; Half-yearly Rs. 3-8, Quarterly, Rs. 2; Foreign: Yearly 10s. 6d. *Post free*.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS :

No. 1. 'Our Policy'; 'The Commonweal of the World'; 'The Indian National Congress'; 'The *Times* and India,' by Annie Besant; 'Crisis in South Africa'.

No. 2. 'Hindus and Musalmans'; 'Oxford and Calcutta,' by Govinda Das; 'The Women's Movement,' by a Suffragist; 'Common Ideals'; 'The Cherniavsky Trio Interviewed'; 'On Speling,' by Sir William Ramsay.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(JANUARY)

No. 1

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\times$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Wrapper. Pages 48.

Four Half-toned Illustrations.

Price : Single Copy : India Ans. 3; Foreign 4d. *Post free.*Yearly : India Rs. 1-4; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS : 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant; 'Behold, Thy King Cometh' (Poem), by P. Powell; 'The Grand Old Man of India,' by K. F. Stuart; 'Preparation for Citizenship,' by George S. Arundale; 'Kashmir' (Illustrated), by Marie Bermond; 'Kin,' by Olive Powell; 'On the Path' (Poem), by B. N.; 'What a Piece of Work is Man!' by Anne Van Hook, M.D.; 'One Summer Afternoon,' by M. Kochersperger; 'Inner Music' (Poem); 'The Coming of Arthur,' by Lancelot; 'A Note'; 'The Theosophical Teacher,' by Ernest Wood.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(JANUARY)

No. 1

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\times$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Wrapper. Pages 44.Price : Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free.*Annual Subscription : Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post free.*

CONTENTS : 'From the Editor'; 'Presidential Address'; 'Treasurer's Report'; 'Theosophy the World Over'; 'The Adyar Library,' by Johan van Manen; 'The Thirty-Eighth Convention of the Theosophical Society,' by W. H. Kirby, M. A.

THEOSOPHY AND CHRISTIANITY

By ANNIE BESANT

No. 37 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\times$ 5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 21.

Price : Each Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

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The Fourth Volume of the Series begins with this exposition of the relation which exists between Christianity, one of the many streams of spiritual power, and Theosophy, the great fountain head of them all. The points discussed are: The existence and Nature of God, the Divinity of Christ, and the Nature of Man. The pamphlet gives also the views regarding the Christian doctrines of Hell, the Vicarious Atonement, Imputed Righteousness, and Divine Grace, which are held by Esotericists. This should prove helpful to all who are endeavouring to escape from the suffocating fumes of dogmatic Churchianity.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXV

(FEBRUARY)

No. 5

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " $\times$ 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ ". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.Price : Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*Yearly : Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$ 3. *Post free.*

CONTENTS : 'On the Watch-Tower'; 'Memories of Past Lives,' by Annie Besant; 'Heirs of Prometheus: Auguste Rodin, Aesthete,' by Lily Nightingale; 'Education from the American Standpoint,' by S. E. Palmer, B.Sc.; 'A Great Mystic and Worker,' by Miss C. S. Bremner; 'A Remarkable Priest'; 'The Brotherhood of Arts,' by Mabel Besant-Scott; 'Rishi Gargayana's Pranava-Vada,' by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K. C. I. E.; 'The Allopathic and Ayurvedic Systems of Medicine,' by H. Subba Rao; 'Faery,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'The Coming Buddha'; 'Notes from a Diary on Sea and on Land,' by Hestia; 'The Garment of Womanhood,' by Susan E. Gay; 'Into the Night' (Poem), by M. M. C. Pollard; 'Theosophy in Many Lands'; Reviews.

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THE VABANTĀ PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MARCH 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of February:—

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7½"×5". Cloth. Pages 102.

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GENERAL REPORT

OF THE

XXXVIII ANNIVERSARY AND CONVENTION

HELD AT BENARES

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 212+cxxix

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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

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Yearly, India Rs. 6; Half-yearly, Rs. 3-8; Quarterly, Rs. 2; Foreign: Yearly, 10s. 6d. *Post free*.

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

No. 3: The Recent Education Debate; The Moral Effects of the Co-operative Movement in India; No 'Votes for Women'; L'Alliance Française; Indian Art (An Interview); Some Lessons from America.

No. 4: A High Court for India; Anarchy; Common Standpoints; "It's a Mad World, My Masters"; Anthropology and Hinduism; Indian Music.

No. 5: The Protection of Minor Girls; The Burden of Armaments; Party Spirit and Woman Suffrage; China and Her Revolution; Hindus and Musalmans.

No. 6: Destruction of Plumage Birds in India; Our Commons; Dr. Tagore and the Problem of popular Education; Spineless Cactus; The Oxford Movement; A Cry for Help; Colour Bar or Character Bar.

No. 7: Sanitary Reform in Indian Villages; Hindu-Muslim Conciliation Boards; Hindus and Their 'Untouchables'; The Public Services Commission.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(FEBRUARY)

No. 2

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 48.

Four Half-toned Illustrations.

Price: Single Copy: India Ans. 3; Foreign 4d. *Post free*.

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CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant; 'William Stead, Idealist,' by G. K.; 'Kim,' by Olive Powell; 'Playing the Game,' by Anne van Hook; 'The Judgment,' by R. Holbrook-Keen; 'The Teaching of the Vernaculars in Schools and Colleges in India,' by P. Ramanathan; 'Fancies about Bells and Their Brothers,' by A. J. Willson; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust'; 'A Letter from Krotona, America'; 'Education,' by Ernest Wood; 'Letter to the Links,' by Sonia Guerrier.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(FEBRUARY)

No. 2

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 44.

Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free*.

Annual Subscription: Rs. 2 or 3s. or 75c. *Post free*.

CONTENTS: 'From the Editor,' by Annie Besant; 'A World-Religion,' by Annie Besant; 'The Sacrifice,' by M. Powell; 'Conservation,' by M. R. St. John; 'Ambassadors for Christ' (Poem), by T. P.; 'From My Scrap-Book,' by Felix; 'From Twilight to Dawn,' by Josephine Ransom; 'Students in Council'; 'The Kerala Conference,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'Address of Welcome to Mr. C. W. Leadbeater'; 'The Burning Bush' (Poem), by K. F. Stuart.

THE VALUE OF DEVOTION

By ANNIE BESANT

7½"×5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 17.

Price: Ans. 2. or 2d. or 4c.

Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign ½d. or 1c.

A Reprint of a most helpful pamphlet.

THE RELIGION OF GOETHE

By DR. OTTO SCHRADER

No. 38 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½"×5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 43.

Price: Each Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign ½d. or 1c.

Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post free*.

An intensely interesting and scholarly exposition of the subject is herein given; and numerous quotations, not only from the publications that are generally known, but also from the private correspondence of the great German Philosopher-Poet, illustrate and confirm the author's views.

THE THEOSOPHIST

Vol. XXXV

(MARCH)

No. 6

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.
 Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free.*
 Yearly: Rs. 8 or 12s. or \$3. *Post free.*

CONTENTS: 'On the Watch-Tower'; 'The Theosophical Attitude,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'A Great Mystic and Worker,' by C. S. Brenner; 'Love Divine' (Poem), by G.M.H.; 'Education,' by Prof. B. Sanjiva Rao, M. A. (Cantab); 'The Allopathic and Ayurvedic Systems of Medicine,' by H. Subba Rao, Kaviratna (Cal.); 'Rshi Gargyayanas' Prauava-Vada,' by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K. C. I. E., LL. D.; 'Then and Now' (Poem), by X.; 'Occultism,' by Annie Besant, F. T. S.; 'The French Curve,' by Fritz Kunz, F. T. S.; 'The Garment of Womanhood,' by Susan E. Gay, F. T. S.; 'The Oasis,' by Baroness M. d'Asbeck, F. T. S.; 'Tobias and the Angel,' by Annie Besant, F. T. S.; 'Horbehutet,' by Nina de Gernet, F. T. S.; 'The Problems of Life,' by Jyotischandra Bhattacharya, M. A., B. L., M. R. A. S., F. T. S.; 'To the Members of the T. S.'; 'Correspondence'; Reviews; Supplement.

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By A. SCHWARZ

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 41+Charts

A valuable guide in the study of *Man: Whence, How and Whither*.

Price: Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, APRIL 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of March:

VADE-MECUM

TO

Man: Whence, How and Whither

By A. SCHWARZ

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 41+Charts and a Map.
 Price: Ans. 6 or 6d. or 12c. *Postage extra.*

This little book will prove an invaluable aid to the study of the monumental work—*Man: Whence, How and Whither*. Throughout there are illuminating references to the *Inner Life*, Vol. II, and charts for our guidance as well as a map are included. Readers, who remember *The Pedigree of Man* will also remember with gratitude the notes of Mr. Schwarz. He has done a similar service for us in tabulating and analysing the later researches of Mrs. Besant and Mr. Leadbeater.

THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF NATIONAL REFORM

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

Single Copy, India: Ans. 2. *Postage extra*; Foreign: 3d. or 6c. *Post free*.

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS:

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No. 9: The Method of Medical Inspection of Children in Schools; The Present Situation in Persia; Students' Strikes; National Education; The Preservation of Plumage Birds; Chinese Cloisonné.

No. 10: The Indian Budget; Modern Sanitation for Indian Bungalows; How Contempt of India is Created; The Truth about Conversions; House Searches.

No. 11: Hindu Sabhas; The Ulster Problem; My Point of View, by an Inspector of Schools; The Personal Equation in Industrial Problems; The Desertion of Indian Villages; The Press Act.

THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 48.

Four Illustrations.

Price: Single Copy: India Ans. 3; Foreign 4d. *Post free*.

Yearly: India Rs. 1-4; Foreign 2s. 6d. or 65c. *Post free*.

CONTENTS: 'From the Front,' by Annie Besant; 'Cecil Rhodes,' by G. K.; 'The Law of Love' (Poem); 'Some Notes on the Evolution of English Literature,' by F. Gordon Pearce, B.A.; 'Towards Perpetual Peace,' by Keshavlal L. Oza, M.A.; 'Bluegirl's Nature-Spirit Dreams' (Illustrated), by E. Noble; 'The Beggar Pest in India,' by K. S. Dabu; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust'; 'What a Piece of Work is Man!' (Illustrated), by Anna Van Hook, M.D.; 'Peter Pan,' by E. Sawyers; 'The Beautiful Land of Nod' (Poem), by G. W.; 'The Star in the East'; 'The Coming of Arthur,' by Lancelot.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(MARCH)

No. 3

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Wrapper. Pages 44.

Price: Ans. 4 or 4d. or 8c. *Post free*.

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CONTENTS: 'From the Editor'; 'The Place of Theosophy in India,' by Annie Besant; 'From *The Commonweal*'; 'How an Old-Fashioned Theosophist Regards the Orders,' by Henry Hotchner; 'From Twilight to Dawn,' by Herbert Whyte; 'Love Magic,' by G.F.W.; 'Appearance after Death'; 'The Kings of Light' (Poem), by Marguerite Pollard; 'Interrogations,' by A.C.; 'Theosophy for Children,' by C. W. Leadbeater; 'Universal Religion' (Poem), by F. G. Greenwood.

ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MAGIC

By H. P. BLAVATSKY

No. 39 of *The Adyar Pamphlets Series*

7½"×5". Strong Wrapper. Pages 34.

Price: Each Ans. 2 or 2d. or 4c.

Postage: India ½ Anna; Foreign ½d. or 1c.

Annual Subscription: Rs. 1-8 or 2s. or 50c. *Post free*.

This contains two papers, reprinted from an early *Theosophist* which are of extreme interest. They give a vivid description of Magic in the older times, and show how even in the modern world, the dark side of Magic—Sorcery—is still at work. The writer's name is more than sufficient guarantee for the work, and the above pamphlet is written in her most bright and vivid style.

THE THEOSOPHIST

VOL. XXXV

(APRIL)

No. 7

Edited by ANNIE BESANT

9½"×6½". Handsome Wrapper in Blue and Silver. Pages 160.

Price: Ans. 12 or 1s. 3d. or 25c. *Post free*.

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, MAY 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of April:

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(APRIL)

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A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

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By ANNIE BESANT

A New Indian Edition.

THE HERALD OF THE STAR

We apologise to our Indian subscribers for the very late delivery of the February *Herald of the Star*. This was due to the Head Office in London sending us the copies by freight boat instead of by post. We trust, however, that from March onwards each subscriber will receive his or her copy direct from England.

THE VASANTA PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JUNE 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of May:

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By A. P. SINNETT

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No. 17: The Mexican Trouble; The Deadlock of Orthodoxy and the Way Out, by A. Mahadeva Sastri; What Socialism is, and How It may be Brought About, by Capt. J. W. Petavel, R.E. (Rtd.)

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Co-operation in India, by Dewan Bahadur M. Adinarayana Iyah; The Progress of Co-operative Credit in India, by K. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., B.L.; Co-operation and Agriculture, by M. Subraya Kamath; Distributive Co-operation, by N. Ramaswami Iyer, B.A., B.L.; The Economic Value of the Idealistic Factor in Co-operation, by J. Van Manen; Agricultural Progress in India; Progress in Veterinary Work, etc., etc.

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Vol. II

(MAY)

No. 5

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A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

Vol. VII

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(JUNE)

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, JULY 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of June:—

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This book will be familiar to most Theosophists, and this tasteful Indian edition will be welcomed by all. The lectures contained therein are perhaps one of the most wonderful series that Mrs. Besant has ever given, and beginning with a most magnificent picture of the path to be climbed, she leads the aspirant through the difficulties of the "Outer Court," to the threshold of the very Temple itself.

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No. 22.—Co-operation in India, by D. E. Wacha; Indian Sanitation; Caste, Colour, and Unspirituality, by A. Mahadeva Sastri; Letter from the Editor; Chinese Cloisonné (From our Own Correspondent). Literary Notes.

No. 23.—The Present Congress Situation, by Prof. V. G. Kale, M.A.; The High Court of Madras; The India Council: How to Abolish Caste, by A. Mahadeva Sastri; Mr. Wacha and Co-operation, by a Co-operator.

No. 24.—The Grievances of Indian Students, by Annie Besant; Progress of Education in India; Indian Art in London (From a Special Correspondent); Mr. Wacha on Co-operation—Letters from Mr. D. E. Wacha and the Hon'ble. Mr. Khandalvala; Journalism in England; Salt in India.

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A compilation of quotations from various authors.

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Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, AUGUST 1914

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No. 26.—Indian Cowardice and English Pluck, by George Bernard Shaw; Judicial Reform in India, II, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.; The Fate of Persia, by H. N. Brailsford; Co-operation in India; Indian Students and the London Hospital.

No. 27.—The Local Cess; Judicial Reform in India, III, by Sir S. Subramania Iyer, K.C.I.E., LL.D.; Some Lessons from the Life and Teachings of Swami Vivekananda, by the Hon. Dewan Bahadur Justice T. Sadashiva Iyer.

No. 28.—Co-operation and Industry; Indian Students in England, by T. W. Arnold; Race-Prejudice in India, by Captain J. W. Petavel, R.E. (Retired); Away with Caste! A Voice from Afar, by Pandit A. Mahadeva Sastri, B.A.; The Irish Volunteers, by H. N. Brailsford.

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN

VOL. II

(JULY)

No. 7

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'The Myth of Er,' by I. D. S.; 'Practical Mystics'; 'The Star in the East'; 'Talks to the Little Ones,' by Ethel M. Whyte; 'The Teacher—A Gardener,' by Ernest Wood; 'The Theosophical Educational Trust'.

THE ADYAR BULLETIN

A THEOSOPHICAL JOURNAL FOR EAST AND WEST

VOL. VII

(JULY)

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THE THEOSOPHIST

(AUGUST)

VOL. XXXV

No. 11

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Sanskrit Text with Translation into English.

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By C. JINARAJADASA

PICTURES OF BUDDHIST CEYLON

By F. L. WOODWARD, M.A.

SELF-PURIFICATION

A compilation of quotations from various authors.

ON THE VALENCY OF THE CHEMICAL ATOMS

(In Connection with Theosophical Conceptions Concerning their exterior form.)

By A. C. DE JONGH (Mining Engineer)

NOTE: We regret that owing to some unknown reason no copies of *Bibby's Annual* for 1914 have come to hand.

THE VASANTA PRESS, ADYAR, MADRAS.

Supplement to this Issue

Theosophical Publishing House

ADYAR, MADRAS, INDIA

CIRCULAR, SEPTEMBER 1914

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS

The following have been issued during the month of August:—

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